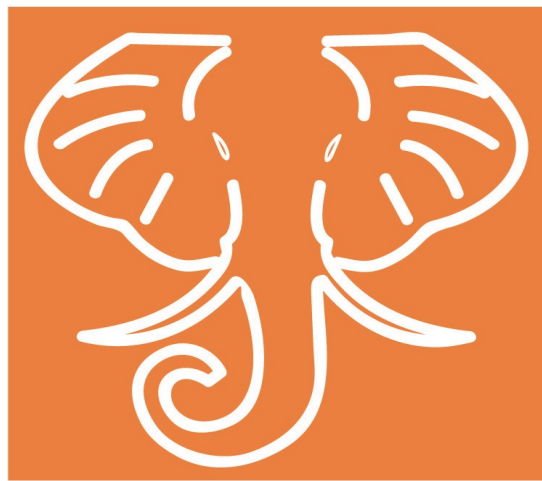


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Painting by C. E. Chambers

Illustration for "Miss Cynthia's Rosebush"

SHE SMILED AND NODDED TO HIM EVERY DAY, BUT NOT AS IF HE COUNTED

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The Conquering Chinese

BY WALTER E. WEYL

IT was a Chinese official at Peking who first gave me the sense that China is unconquerable and conquering.

I had gone to this official to ask certain questions concerning political affairs. He had listened quietly and answered with seeming frankness. He had no illusions concerning the present situation. The Chinese Government was weak; its finance bad; there was no money for schools; no money for anything. Officials were corrupt, and repeated promises of reform were unfulfilled. The armies, under the leadership of semi-independent generals, could not be disbanded because they had not been paid; to disband them would convert the soldiers into brigands. The internal situation was serious.

The foreign situation was even worse. Upon a map the official showed me how Japan was encircling China. She held Korea and

southern Manchuria and from Port Arthur and Tsing-tao menaced Peking. She had Formosa, claimed special rights in Fu-kien and would not surrender Shantung peninsula unless forced. Step by step she was gaining industrial and political influence throughout the republic.

So long as the war lasted Japan would have a free hand; in case of an insurrection she could land troops, with the consent of the Powers, and once her armies were in China it would be hard to dislodge them.

All this he told me without any display of agitation. His voice was almost uninflected and his speech gestureless. As he sat at his desk with his long, fine hands hidden in the sleeves of his black silk Chinese coat, he seemed the incarnation of passivity. It required a violent effort to realize that this immobile and imperturbable Chinese



THOUSANDS CROWDED OFF THE LAND ARE
FORCED TO LIVE AFLOAT

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had spent four years in an American university, perhaps had rowed with the crew or played on the baseball team. The idea seemed incongruous. Despite his Western knowledge, his mind was tenaciously Chinese. He was detached, impersonal, with a patient, unhurried mental attitude, as though the noisy turmoils of centuries did not count in a nation's destiny.

"If the worst comes to the worst," he concluded, "we shall invite Japan to conquer us."

I stared. "Invite Japan? That would be the end of China."

He smiled indulgently. "You people of the West are so impatient, so—may I say?—immediate. You think in years instead of in centuries. There can be no end of China."

"What can the conqueror, as we call him, do? He can make money out of us and for us, and he can rule us—for a time; but he cannot absorb us and we can and will absorb him. I would give the Japanese just fifty years of control; then they would go the way of the Manchus."

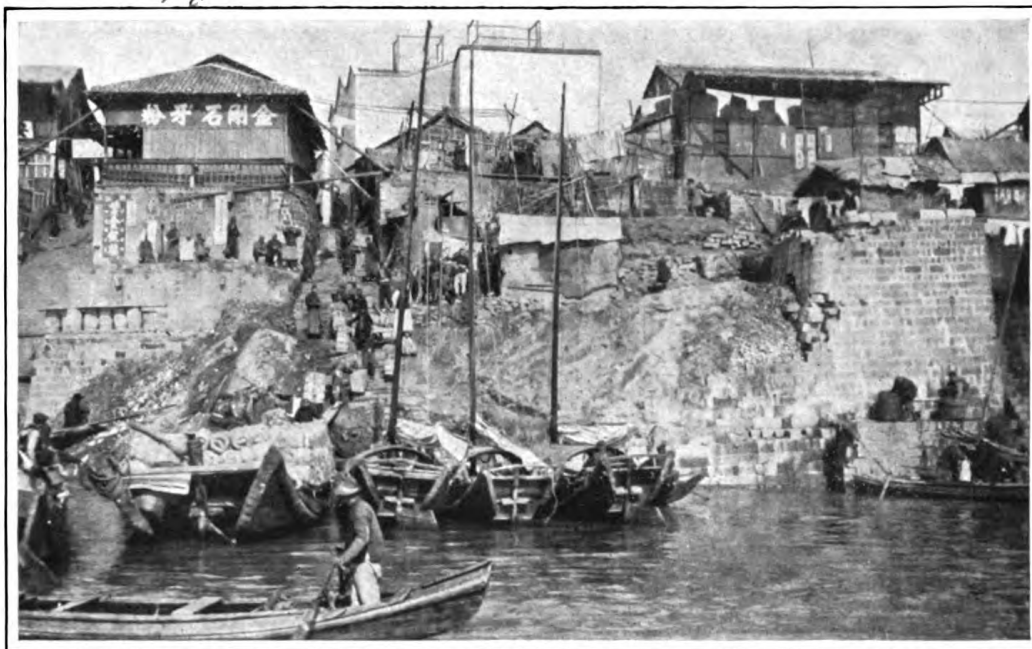
He went into details. He portrayed a new China growing up vigorously under

its supposed Japanese masters. He assumed that under the foreign rule the Chinese would get railroads, telegraphs, factories, schools, and universities, and would become a wealthy and intelligent nation. Every effort of Japan to exploit China would aid China, and though the seat of empire might be at Tokio, the real administrators, the tens and hundreds of thousands of subordinate officials, would be Chinese. Officer the army with Japanese and it would still be a Chinese army. The real power would remain with the Chinese people. And in the end, in twenty, fifty, or at most a hundred or two hundred years, the people would exercise this power and the fragile Japanese domination would be shattered. The day of little nations, he intimated, is over; the great masses learn quickly and all the tricks of organization and discipline and science can no longer be monopolized by any one people. Perhaps the Chinese by themselves would throw off the yoke; perhaps they would wait until Japan was embroiled with another nation; perhaps they would wait even longer until the sated foreigners, by sheer pressure from the population around them, became Chinese, as



MAN-POWER STILL PROVIDES THE MAXIMUM OF ENERGY AT A MINIMUM OF COST

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THE RIVER-FRONT AT HANKOW—"THE CHICAGO OF THE EAST"

the Normans became English. In the end it would be the same, the little island folk would succumb to the continental people. And the same if Europe were ever to divide China. Jealousies, boundary disputes, wars between these hasty nations—and in the quiet fullness of time China, educated and drilled, would come into her own again. Either she would drive out the invaders or they would drive one another off, as Japan drove out Russia and Germany.

"No," he declared, "China may be overrun, but in the end will be triumphant. We are no doubt the weakest and most unpolitical of nations, but we are unconquerable."

As I left the office and found myself again upon the thronged Peking streets, it seemed as though these swarms of blue-clad Chinese had taken on a new significance. Everywhere were men in silk and cotton, with long skirts and ceremonial skull-cap, or dressed in tight-fitting cotton garments. The winter sunlight poured upon an endless stream of ragged rickshaw-men, panting hard as they ran at a dog-trot which they could maintain for hours. Coolies passed under their great loads; the carters were drawing stone upon the springless Peking carts. There followed

men leading asses and camels, and then more coolies carrying on their shoulders the city's human refuse that, like all things in China, is sedulously hoarded. There were thousands and thousands of these common Chinese folk, and beyond, in the republic's eighteen provinces, hundreds of millions of them. The street was one vast hive of crowding men. It was an ugly, sordid, malodorous life that it revealed, but a life that endures.

These Chinese, I thought, have the viability of rats. Wretched, laughing, philosophical, they withstand heat and cold, dwell in the tropics or in the frigid zone, perform labor that no white man would undertake, live on food upon which a white man would starve. A comfortless race, not despising comfort, but ignorant of what it is. Living on a bowl of rice and a morsel of fish, sleeping on a cold dirt floor or at best on a brick oven with a straw mattress for a bed and a wooden block for a pillow, living amid dirt and vermin and intolerable stench, these people have reached the irreducible minimum of physical existence. Perfect machines, devised to give a maximum energy at a minimum cost.

Because its scale of living is low and because it is fruitful, the Chinese nation is indeed indestructible. You cannot re-



A WELL-TO-DO MERCHANT AND HIS FAMILY

move this population or exterminate it or even lessen it. Scourge it with famines, pestilences, and wars, like that Taiping rebellion which destroyed ten to twenty millions, and in the end the population is greater than before. The procreative impulse rules China as the Manchus never ruled it. Three out of four babies die, but the fourth is more than enough. Kill a hundred million Chinese and in two generations there are more graves cluttering the earth, but as many living as ever. The principal product of China is cheap, rice-fed men, who work and starve, or perhaps freeze to death during the cold January nights, or die by the hundreds of thousands in periodical famines, or obstinately survive and raise more cheap, rice-fed men. There are hundreds of millions of them with vision bounded by a bowl of rice and the desire for male offspring. The race is like the sea, inexhaustible, imperishable. It does not wither away at the breath of Western civilization. It does not disappear. It does not go under. It persists.

It is, moreover, an impermeable race; to attempt to interpenetrate it is as hopeless as to pour water into a jar filled with mercury. I thought of Macao. The Portuguese have been there for over

three centuries and have contrived to make of it a beautiful city, living on opium, gambling, and other vices, like a pretty prostitute in pink ribbons. The picturesque streets have Portuguese names, but the city is irredeemably, unalterably Chinese. Look down from the green-clad hills upon the flat roofs, blue and green and red, of the clustered, wind-swept city, and you see the homes not of Portuguese, but of Orientals. Of a population of seventy-five thousand, only a scant two thousand claim a dubious Portuguese origin.

The same is true of Hongkong, with its British *bund* and its foreign banks and its few thousand white-faced men surrounded by swarming Chinese. In the Hongkong city of Victoria, which is a narrow strip between the granite hills and the bay, the wealthy white inhabitants are forced upward on to the terraced hillsides, where their charming semi-tropical gardens look out upon the blue water, while below, on the narrow plain, inundation after inundation of Chinese fills the city to the saturation point. There are districts in the city—Chinese districts, of course—where the population averages over 640,000 to the square mile, and the crowding tends to become worse. It is a Chinese city.

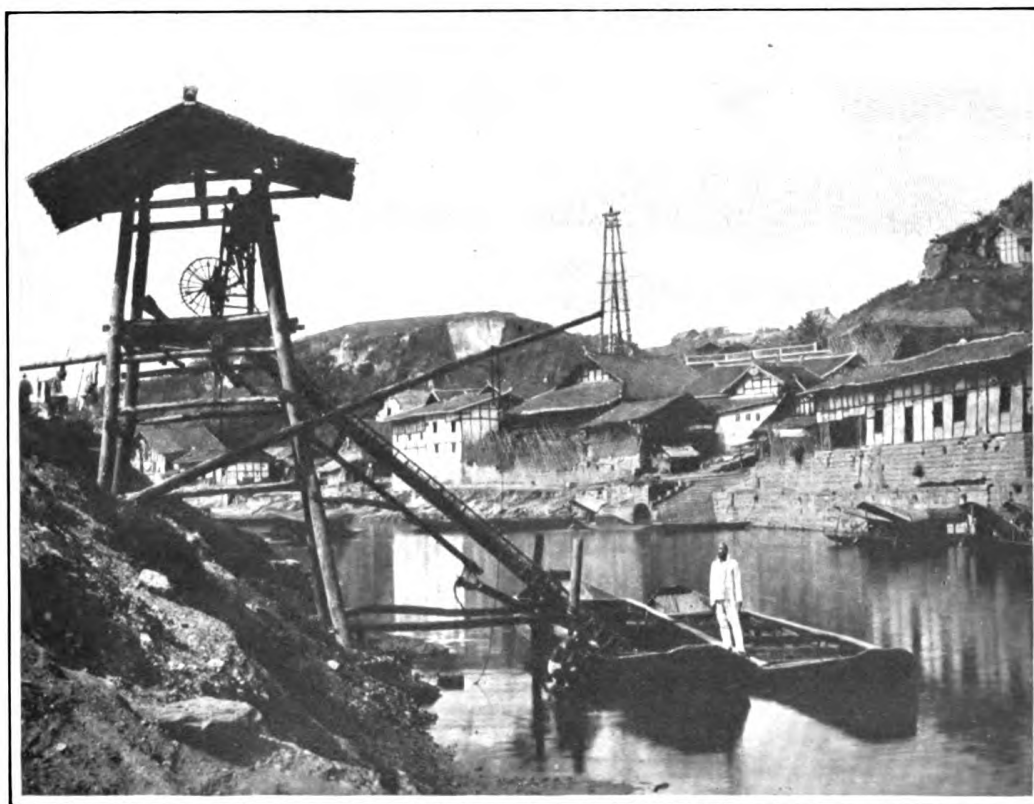
So, too, Tientsin, Shanghai, Hankow, though they have their foreign concessions, small European islands in an Asiatic ocean, are in population unmistakably Chinese. The white man comes and goes; he lives on the surface of China as a flea might live upon the hide of a rhinoceros. The Chinese remain, breed, multiply.

Nor have the Japanese been much more successful in interpenetrating China. Japan lies near and she has swarming millions of hardy, industrious, intelligent men accustomed to poverty and almost forced to emigrate. Yet in the whole of China there is only a scant one hundred and twenty thousand Japanese of all sorts, or about one to every three thousand Chinese. The Japanese, following in the footsteps of the Russians, developed southern Manchuria, and opened it to immigration, but it was the Chinese, not the Japanese, who immigrated. By hundreds of thousands they poured from the northern provinces by land and sea into Manchuria, began to cultivate the profitable

soya bean and to prosper under the new conditions brought about by Japan. The Japanese themselves strove to colonize this rich territory. They, too, have their population problem, their over-dense crowds. Their workmen and little shopkeepers went to Mukden. They worked hard; they scrimped. But year by year, although the Japanese immigration increased, Japanese were forced out because they could not compete, and year by year the Chinese immigration swamped the country. The Japanese shopkeepers found it hard to do business, to make both ends meet; the Japanese wage-earners, except in the more skilled trades, found it difficult to get jobs. The water could not displace the mercury.

So China endures, indestructible, impermeable. Foreign adventurers come with blazon of trumpets, conquer, and are conquered. They, their armies and camp-followers, drop into the vast sea of the Chinese population and are submerged.

In the mean while China expands,



UNLOADING BRINE BOATS ON A CHINESE RIVER

Continuously, overwhelmingly. A new phenomenon. From the Chinese have gradually spread over their present vast territory, including not only the eighteen provinces, in which is massed the immense majority of the population, but also over the great wastes of Mongolia, Manchuria, eastern Turkestan, and Tibet. The Manchurian immigration illustrates this process. For a long time the Manchus held their own and resisted all invasion. Within recent periods, however, the Chinese entered in vast numbers, until they formed the overwhelming majority of the population, and they largely absorbed the minority by intermarriage. The pure-blooded Manchus are becoming rare; the country, race, and civilization are Chinese. Here, as also in Formosa, and indeed everywhere, the Chinese have met with hopelessly inferior cultures, and they have steadily expanded and conquered.

This emigration never was, and is not to-day, a spontaneous, joyous movement. The Chinese, if one may generalize concerning so immense and diverse a people, is essentially a stay-at-home. He is not like the restless American

pioneer who drove his Conestoga wagon over the Appalachians and sold his cleared land as soon as overtaken by neighbors. The Chinese coolie is attached to his home, his family, his birthplace. He loves his ugly walled town or his austere and filthy village, his broken-down, cheerless mud hut, with its smoke-blackened walls, its gaping window-holes, its mud floor upon which pigs and fowls and children forgather, its unsuspected absence of everything we consider essential—carpets, wallpaper, furniture, ornaments, books, pictures, games, flowers. His religion attaches him to the place where his ancestors died and where he wishes his children's children's children to be reared. Even the beggars, deformed, tattered, and starving, cling desperately and lovingly to their birthplace. The Chinese coolies, who are to-day being brought over by tens of thousands to till the lands of France and release French peasants for the trenches, have no real ambition to leave China. If they die en route or in France, so it is stipulated in their bond of service, their bodies are to be returned to their homes in China.



COOLIES OFTEN TAKE THE PLACE OF DRAUGHT ANIMALS FOR FARM WORK



EVERYWHERE ARE MEN IN SILK AND COTTON

Nothing but a dead, insistent, omnipresent poverty could force the Chinese to emigrate. It is a poverty everywhere found in China, in the north and south and east and west, in the mud villages on the plains, in the farming districts in the mountains, where generations of laborers have hewn petty farms out of the steeply sloping hills and in congested, one-storied cities like Canton, where the house walls almost meet over the narrow, sweaty streets, and hundreds of thousands are pushed off the land to live in river junks. It is a poverty caused by a low stage of industrial development and by an over-high birth-rate, a poverty which creates superfluous men, who toil at carrying water, at pulling loads, at lifting weights, at all forms of semi-useless labor for a wage which barely buys millet or rice. It is a poverty which keeps millions semi-employed and millions unemployed.

Not all these superfluous Chinese emigrate; only the smallest fraction of them have as yet gone through that door. Chinese emigration, except into Manchuria and Asiatic Russia, still comes overwhelmingly from a few south-

ern maritime provinces. It is the mobile, alert Cantonese whom we find in San Francisco or New York; the coolies of the north, the west and the middle provinces are rarely met overseas. Yet China has sent some eight to ten million sons to foreign lands.

In the United States there are still almost a hundred thousand Chinese, and but for the fact that their coming was prohibited there would be to-day millions of them. All along the east Pacific, in Alaska, British Columbia, Mexico, Ecuador, Peru, and Chile, there are colonies of Chinese. They are also found on the other side of the American continent, in British Guiana, Trinidad, Jamaica, Cuba, Porto Rico. Of the Hawaiian population they formed in the year 1896 one-fifth; but, as in the Philippines, their numbers have been relatively reduced by the Chinese Exclusion Act. A similar obstacle meets them in Australia and British South Africa. Still, in both these regions they have secured a slender foot-hold.

It is in the countries surrounding China, however, especially in the fertile lands to the south, that the Chinese car-



A NOTE OF QUAINOT GOTESQUERY MARKS THE CHINESE FUNERAL PROCESSION

ries himself, and in the end his language and civilization. In Burma, Annam, Siam, the Malay Peninsula, in Java and other Malaysian islands, he comes and conquers. Over the indolent Cambodian, the apathetic Burmese, the easy-going, pleasure-loving Malays of all sorts, he gains a victory. He is an excellent farmer, mechanic, sailor, miner, laborer; he is sober, thrifty, docile, immensely enduring, and an unloyal observer of the peace. The Chinese immigrant, schooled to an abject poverty, arrives in these fertile lands empty-handed, ragged, without any capital except his willingness to work. He comes without the encumbrance of wife or children, who in any case belong to the ancestral home, to which he himself hopes eventually to return. Having nothing, the emigrant binds himself by a harsh contract to work for a wealthier fellow-countryman in the new land. He saves something above the cost of his daily rice; he does not lose the whole of his belongings at the gambling-table. Gradually he becomes a small capitalist. He buys land and raises gambier and pepper. Or he becomes a miner, or a shopkeeper and usurer, holding the na-

tive population under his sway. Year by year his numbers increase, his control grows. He thrives upon law and order, whether it be British, Japanese, or Siamese. He gains his foothold. He opens the door to his countrymen at home.

One cannot gauge this vast expansion without the use of statistics, and for the most part the statistics at our disposal are vague and conflicting. Orientals abhor exact figures far more than nature ever abhorred a vacuum. Some estimates place the number of Chinese in Siam at 400,000; others at 1,500,000; between these extremes one has a wide liberty of choice. In Burma there are supposed to be 40,000, many of whom have taken Burmese wives, without even consulting their wives at home. In Cochin-China there are some 60,000 of these immigrants, and of the city of Saigon almost one-third is Chinese. In Siam, as elsewhere, the Chinese, although scattered throughout the country, tend to concentrate chiefly in the cities. Bangkok is in very large part inhabited by Chinese, who, as elsewhere in the East, almost monopolize the local business.

It is a far distance from Peking or even from Canton to Singapore, yet in that city, though ruled by the British and in the Malay orbit, seven out of ten inhabitants are Chinese, who outnumber the Europeans and Eurasians twenty to one and the Malays more than four to one. In the Straits Settlements as a whole the Chinese population is 400,000 as compared with a Malay population of only 250,000. In the year 1915 a round 100,000 immigrants came from China to Singapore.

Every year there arrive at Singapore these hundred thousand hardy Chinese, and many find their way into Johore, where there are already 63,000 of their countrymen, or into Kedah or into Java or into Borneo. Steadily their numbers increase as they make their way in the Malaysian world.

This movement into Malaysia is only in its beginnings. In these fertile islands there seems to lie the second home of the Chinese. Here they are to conquer a vast new territory.

They will not conquer it by force of arms. There is little danger—perhaps no danger at all—that within the present century China will become an aggressive nation, building fleets and raising armies to overcome this district and wrest it from its Dutch, French, German, British, and American rulers. It will be a peaceful conquest, a gentle, unresisted economic invasion. The Chinese conqueror will be an unimaginative laborer without a cent in his pocket or a stone in his hand. He will come solely for a job. But year by year he will come in greater numbers. His will be an economic warfare, a competition for lands, mines, trade, investment. He will be competing with men who do not much want these things, who take life easily as it comes, who are content to live and die as their forefathers did, without fussiness or effort. Back of the Chinese emigrant, pushing him out and forward, will be the three hundred, or, as it may come to be, the five or eight hundred, millions of Chinese at home. It will be a competition between gentle, lazy, instinctive Malays and a very hardy population schooled to misery and effort. A non-expansive race will be pitted against a race which, though peace-

ful, has always conquered, and which, though far from missionary, has always imposed its civilization.

The land over which and in which this contest will be fought is one of the future paradises of the world. There are a million square miles of territory in the Malay Archipelago, and some fifty million people. There is plenty of fertile land here. Three of its islands are greater than Great Britain, "and in one of them," says Russel Wallace, "the whole of the British Isles might be set down and they would be surrounded by a sea of forests." The soil is immensely fertile, the temperature high, the rainfall plenteous, so that the rank vegetation and the rapidly growing forests overcome the feeble efforts of the sparse populations, unable to uproot the trees and keep them uprooted. To conquer these lands many millions of industrious workers are necessary.

In only one of these islands has this conquest been made—in Java. This island came early under Dutch rule, and as a result of its excellent administration the population rapidly increased in two centuries from 2,000,000 to over 30,000,000. It is still increasing. To-day Java, though comprising less than seven per cent. of the area of the Dutch East Indies, includes over two-thirds of its population. It has 720 people to the square mile, or more than any country in Europe.

It is in the other Malaysian islands, in those still unpopulated, that a field for Chinese immigration lies wide open. If these islands ultimately attain a density of population as great as that of Java they will hold 720,000,000 souls instead of 50,000,000. These islands are yearly becoming more habitable. Under the rule of European and American governments the best methods of colonial administration will be applied, as well as those new systems of combating tropical diseases which have proved so successful in Panama. They lie close to the southern provinces of China, so close that a few dollars will carry a steerage passenger bringing with him his own rice. The Chinese thrives under good government; he spreads as a result of European imperialism, just as in Africa Mohammedanism spreads un-

der the political expansion of the Christian Powers. In the Dutch East Indies, we are told, there are already "1,500,000 Chinese and 300,000 Arabs," and "these are the over-lords of the land; and the Chinese are superior to the Arab traders." "Throughout the length and breadth of Malaysia," writes Dr. Francis Guillemard, "the Chinese has made his way."

Thus the meek inherit the earth, and the non-resisting, unarmed Chinese conquer. How rapid that conquest may be within the present century it would be idle to speculate. But when we remember that before the war over a million Europeans annually came to the United States, to say nothing of Argentine and Brazil, we may gather some idea of the limitless possibilities of emigration from one of the greatest of human reservoirs. It is not impossible or even improbable that another century will find 100,000,000 or even 200,000,000 Chinese in this almost unoccupied territory. As the temperate regions of the world become more and more dependent upon the product of these tropical regions, the field for Chinese immigration, unless it be artificially checked, will grow astoundingly.

At home, too, China seems about to expand. We are constantly speaking of China as an impossibly overcrowded country, and on the basis of her present industrial development she is intolerably overcrowded. In proportion to area and to her still undeveloped natural resources, however, China is far from the limits of possible growth. The eighteen provinces have an estimated population of less than 250 per square mile (perhaps even less than 200), which is far lower than that of Japan, Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Massachusetts, or New Jersey. China's vast mineral resources are almost untouched, her railroads and roads are unbuilt, her new industrial system is not yet even sketched. She is on the eve of a stupendous industrial revolution, which will vastly increase her wealth and, probably, her population; will create a middle class, educated according to Western ideals; will bring the north and south into far closer intellectual relations than ever before, and which cannot possibly pro-

ceed far without creating a national feeling.

A century hence China at home and China beyond the sea may not improbably consist of a capable, energetic, intelligent, and highly trained population of five or eight or even ten hundreds of millions. With wealth, internal cohesion, and a grip on modern economic and political methods, how can such a nation remain in permanent subjection? What can happen to its conquerors, if conquerors there be, other than to be quietly swallowed up in this measureless yellow sea?

China is enduring, permanent, unconquerable, conquering. As one views the nation one thinks of the words that Montaigne applied to a civil polity, but which can be applied with even greater force to a living nation. It is, he says, "a mighty and puissant matter, and of very hard and difficult dissolution; it often endureth against mortal and intestine diseases—yea, against the injury of unjust laws, against tyranny, against the ignorance and *débordement* of magistrates, and against the licentiousness and sedition of the people." The thing which unites a people, which holds it together under oppression and even under prosperity, is tenacious and lasting. And of all things, that which a virile race finds easiest to resist is foreign domination.

Finally, the Chinese have the qualities which make for national perpetuation. They are not a weak people, not a loose-fibered people, not an imitative and pliable people, but strong, stubborn, ultra-conservative, excessively self-centered. They are more unimpressionable than the English, more stiff-necked, more immovable. Upon Europeans who live long among them they exert an overpowering cultural pressure. They do not yield, but force others to yield. Nor are they a mere congeries of diverse peoples, like the East-Indians, but one people, divided by its spoken tongues, yet united by its written language; divided by its past economic history, yet bound to be united by its present economic development; a nation sufficiently homogeneous racially, sufficiently joined by a powerful and ancient tradition; a people long-viewed, patient,

non-resistant in the ordinary sense, but more tenaciously resisting in a true sense than perhaps any people in the world. The Chinese official was right—there can be no end to China.

As I proceeded on my way through the darkening streets, through the throngs and throngs of rapidly moving 'rickshaws, there sounded the loud horn of a motor-car in which two Americans

were being driven by a clever Chinese chauffeur. The 'rickshaw-men made way for the quickly moving car. They lazily glanced at it and smiled as it passed; then each man looked at the man straight ahead, put down his shoulders, and pulled hard again at his 'rickshaw. The endless procession moved on; the dust-cloud raised by the automobile had disappeared.

The Dancers

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

OURS was a quiet town, a still town, a sober town,
Softly curled the yellow roads that slept in the sun,
Staid came the day up and staid came the night down
And staidly went we sleepwise when the day's work was done!

Oh, they came dancing down, the gay ones, the bonny ones,
We had never seen the like, sweet and wild and glad,
Down the long roads they came, fluting and dancing,
Flowers in each lass's hair and plumes on each lad!

Sweet were their clinging hands, kind were their voices,
"Dance with us, laugh with us, good grave folk," said they,
"Swift we must go from you, time's long for toiling,
Come and make joy with us the brief while we stay!"

Oh, then was a gay time, a wild time, a glad time,
Hand in hand we danced with them beneath sun and moon,
Flowers were for garlanding and greens were for dancing—
This was the wisdom we learned of them too soon!


Swift went the day past, a glad day, a wild day,
Swift went the night past, a night wild and glad,
Down fell their arms from us, loosening, fleeting,
Far down the roads they danced, wild lass and wild lad!

Far fled their dancing feet, far rang their laughter,
Far gleamed their mocking eyes beneath the garlands gay,
All too late we knew them then, the wild eyes, the elf eyes,
Wood folk and faun folk that danced our hearts away!

Ours is a still town, a sad town, a sober town,
Still lie the dun roads all empty in the sun,
Sad comes the day up and sad falls the night down,
And sadly go we sleepwise when the day's watch is done!

Extra Men

BY HARRISON RHODES

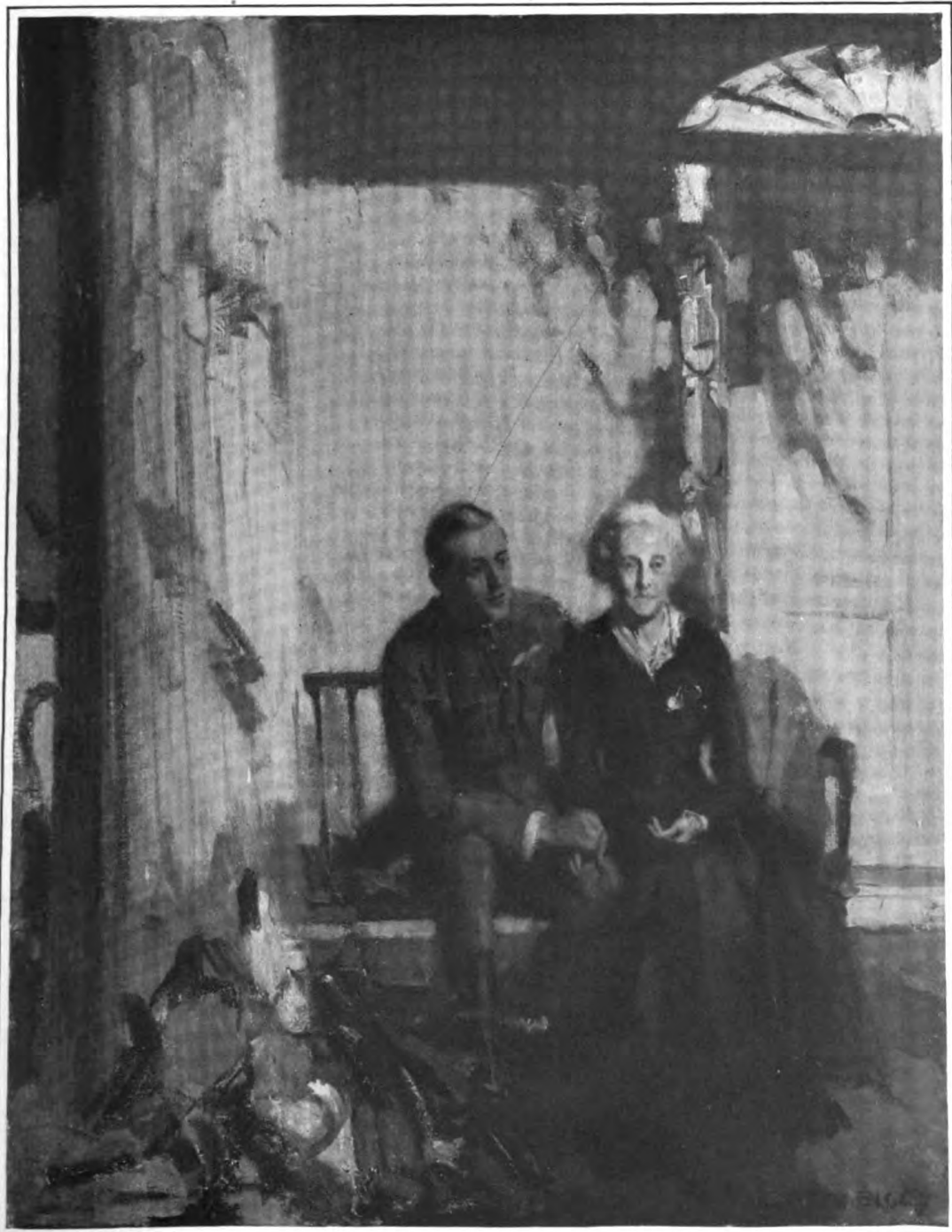
HE pretty, peaceful Jersey farm-land slopes gently up from the Delaware River to the little hill which Princeton crowns. It is uneventful country. The railway does not cross it, nor any of the great motor trunk roads. On the river itself there is no town of considerable size, though on the map you read the quaint name of Washington Crossing for a little hamlet of a few houses. This will remind you of the great days when on these sleepy fields great history was made. But the fields have lain quiet in the sun now for more than a century, and even the legends of Revolutionary days are for the most part forgotten along these country roads.

As for modern legends, the very phrase seems proof of their impossibility. And in spite of her spacious and resounding past, New Jersey's name now seems to mean incorporations and mosquitoes and sea-bathing and popcorn-crisp rather than either legend or romance. But with the coming of the Great War strange things are stirring in the world, and in the farthest corners of the land the earth is shaken by the tramp of new armies. In the skies by day and night there is a sign. And the things one does not believe can happen may be happening, even in New Jersey.

The small events on the Burr ridge Road which are here set down cannot even be authenticated. There are people down by the river who say they saw a single horseman go through the village at dusk, but not one seems to know which way he came. There is no ferry at Washington Crossing and the bridge at Lambertville had, since three that afternoon, been closed for repairs. What facts are set down here—and indeed they are scarcely facts—were acquired because a chauffeur missed the road and a motor then broke down. What story

there is—and indeed there is perhaps not much story—has been pieced together from fragments collected that afternoon and evening. And if the chronicle as now written is vague, it can be urged that, though it all happened so recently as last year, it is already as indeterminate and misty as a legend.

We may, however, begin with undisputed facts. When her grandson enlisted for the war old Mrs. Buchan became very genuinely dependent on the little farm that surrounded the lovely old Colonial house on the Burr ridge Road. (Meadows, and horses, and hay and the quality and price of it, have much to do with our story—as, indeed, befits a rural chronicle.) The farm had been larger once, and the hospitality which the old house could dispense more lavish. Indeed, the chief anecdote in its history had been the stopping there once of Washington, to dine and rest on his way to join the army in New York. Old Mrs. Buchan, who, for all her gentleness, was incurably proud, laid special stress on the fact that on *that* night the great man had not been at an inn—which was in the twentieth century to cheapen his memory by a sign-board appeal to automobile parties—but at a gentleman's house. A gentleman's house it still was; somehow the Buchans had always managed to live like gentlemen. But if George, the gay, agreeable last one of them, could also live that way, it was because his grandmother practised rigid heart-breaking economy. The stories of her shifts and expedients were almost fables of the countryside. When George came home—he had a small position in a New York broker's office—there was gaiety and plenty. He might well have been deceived into thinking that the little he sent home from New York was ample for her needs. But when he went back his grandmother lived on nothing, or less than that. She dressed for dinner, so they said, in black silk and



Drawn by Walter J. Biggs

"YOU AREN'T DEPENDENT ON ME, NOW, DEAR"

old lace, had the table laid with Lowestoft china and the Buchan silver, and ate a dish of corn-meal mush, or something cheaper if that could be found!

George Buchan's enlistment—it was in the aviation service—had been early. And very early he was ordered to France to finish his training there. Two days before he expected his ship to sail the boy got a few hours' furlough and came to the Burrigle Road to say good-by to his grandmother.

What was said we must imagine. He was all the old lady had left in the world. But no one ever doubted that she had kissed him and told him to go, and to hold his head high as suited an American and a Buchan. Georgie would perhaps have had no very famous career in Wall Street, but no one doubted that he would make a good soldier. There had always been a Buchan in the armies of the Republic, his grandmother must have reminded him. And very likely Georgie, kissing her, had reminded her that there had always been a Buchan woman at home to wish the men God-speed as they marched away, and told her too to hold her old head high.

There must have been some talk about the money that there wouldn't be now; without his little weekly check she was indeed almost penniless. It is quite likely that they spoke of selling the house and decided against it. Part of the boy's pay was of course to come to his grandmother, but, as she explained, there were so many war charities needing that, and then the wool for her knitting— She must manage mostly with the farm. There was always the vegetable-garden, and a few chickens, and the green meadow, which might be expected to yield a record crop of hay.

We may imagine that the two—old lady and boy—stepped out for a moment into the moonlit night to look at the poor little domain of Buchan that was left. Under the little breeze that drifted up from the Delaware the grass bent in long waves like those of the summer seas that Georgie was to cross to France. As the Buchans looked at it they might have felt some wonder at the century-old fertility of the soil. Back in the days of the Revolution Washington's horse had pastured there one

night. Then, and in 1812, and during the great battle of the States, the grass had grown green and the hay been fragrant, and the fat Jersey earth had out of its depths brought forth something to help the nation at war. Such a field as that by the old white house can scarcely be thought of as a wild, primeval thing; it has lived too long under the hand of man. This was a Buchan field, George's meadow, and by moonlight it seemed to wave good-by to him.

"You aren't dependent on me now, dear," he may have said, with his arm around his grandmother. "I just leave you to our little garden patch and our chickens and the green meadow."

"You mustn't worry, dear. They'll take care of me," she must have answered.

So George went away; and the night after, the night before he sailed, the horseman and his company came.

It was at dusk, and a gossamer silvery mist had drifted up from the Delaware. He had hitched his horse by the gate. He was in riding-breeches and gaiters and a rather old-fashioned riding-coat. And in the band of his hat he had stuck a small American flag which looked oddly enough almost like a cockade. He knocked at the door, quite ignoring the new electric bell which George had installed one idle Sunday morning when his grandmother had felt he should have been at church. As it happened, old Mrs. Buchan had been standing by the window, watching the mist creep up and the twilight come, thinking of Georgie so soon to be upon the water. As the horseman knocked she, quite suddenly and quite contrary to her usual custom, went herself to the door.

His hat was immediately off, swept through a nobler circle than the modern bow demands, and he spoke with the elaboration of courtesy which suited his age; for, though his stride was vigorous, he was no longer young. It was a severe, careworn face of a stern, almost hard, nobility of expression. Yet the smile when it came was engaging, and old Mrs. Buchan, as she smiled in return, found herself saying to herself that no Southerner, however stern, could fail to have this graceful lighter side. For his

question had been put in the softer accents of Virginia and of the states farther south.

"I've lost my way," he began, with the very slightest, small, gay laugh. But he was instantly serious. "It is so many, many years since I was here."

Mrs. Buchan pointed up the road.

"That is the way to Princeton."

"Princeton, of course. That's where we fought the British and beat them. It seems strange, does it not, that we now fight with them?"

"We must forget the Revolution now, must we not?" This from Mrs. Buchan.

"Forget the Revolution!" he flashed back at her, almost angrily. Then more gently: "Perhaps. If we remember liberty!" He glanced an instant up the road to Princeton hill and then went on. "They fought well then, madam. As a soldier I am glad to have such good allies. But I was forgetting. Yonder lies Princeton, and from there there is the post-road to New York, is there not? I must be in New York by morning."

Mrs. Buchan was old-fashioned, but she found herself murmuring amazedly something about railroads and motor-cars. But he did not seem to hear her.

"Yes," he continued, "I must be in New York by morning. The first transport with our troops sails for France."

"I know," she said, proudly. "My grandson, George Buchan, sails for France."

"George Buchan? There was a George Buchan fought at Princeton, I remember."

"There was. And another George Buchan in the War of Eighteen-twelve. And a John in the Mexican War. And a William in eighteen sixty-three. There was no one in the Spanish War—my son was dead and my grandson was too young. But now he is ready."

"Every American is ready," her visitor answered. "I am ready."

"You?" she broke out. And for the first time she seemed to see that his hair was white. "Are you going?"

"Every one who has ever fought for America is going. There is a company of them behind me. Listen."

Down the road there was faintly to be heard the clatter of hoofs.

"Some joined me in Virginia, some as we crossed the Potomac by Arlington, where there is a house which once belonged to a relative of mine. And there were others, old friends, who met me as we came through Valley Forge in Pennsylvania. You would not now know Valley Forge," he finished, half to himself.

The river mist had crept farther up and was a little thicker now. The moon had risen and the mist shimmered and shone almost as if by its own light. The world was indeed of the very substance of a dream. The hoofbeats on the road grew nearer, and at last, while old Mrs. Buchan stood in a kind of amazed silence, they came into sight, even then mere shadowy, dim, wavering figures behind the gossamer silver veil which had drifted there from the lovely Delaware. The horses looked lean and weary, though perhaps this was a trick of the moonlight. Yet they dropped their heads and began eagerly to crop the short, dusty grass by the roadside. The moonlight seemed to play tricks with their riders, too. For in the fog some of them seemed to have almost grotesquely old-fashioned clothes, though all had a sort of military cut to them. Some few, indeed, were trim and modern. But the greater part were, or seemed to Mrs. Buchan to be, in shabby blue or worn gray. The chance combination of the colors struck her. She was an old woman and she could remember unhappy far-off days when blue and gray had stood for the fight of brother against brother. Into her eyes the tears came, yet she suddenly smiled through them—a pair of quite young men lounged toward the fence, and then stood at ease there, the blue-clad arm of one affectionately and boyishly thrown around the other's gray shoulder.

"These go with you?" asked old Mrs. Buchan, still held by her memories.

"Yes. They are of all kinds and all ages, and some of them were not always friends. But you see—" He smiled and pointed to the lads by the fence. "One of them is from Virginia and the other from Ohio. Virginia and Ohio fought once. But I only say that I can remember that Ohio was part of Virginia once long ago. And is not Virginia part of Ohio and Ohio part of Virginia again



Drawn by Walter Biggs

"EVERY ONE WHO HAS EVER FOUGHT FOR AMERICA IS GOING"

now? I should be pushing on, however, not talking. It is the horses that are tired, not the men."

"And hungry?" suggested Mrs. Buchan.

"The horses, yes, poor beasts!" he answered. "For the men it does not matter. Yet we must reach New York by morning. And it is a matter of some five-and-fifty miles."

"Rest a half-hour and let the horses graze. You can make it by sunrise."

Mrs. Buchan went a little way down the path. It was lined with pink and white clove-pinks and their fragrance was sweet in the night.

"Open the gate there to the left, men," she called out, and her voice rang, to her, unexpectedly strong and clear. "Let the horses graze in my green meadow if they will."

They gave an answering cheer from out the mist. She saw the meadow gate swing open and the lean horses pass through, a long, long file of them.

"But they will spoil your hay crop," objected the horseman. "And it should be worth a fair sum to you."

Mrs. Buchan drew herself up. "It is of no consequence," she answered.

He bowed again.

"But I don't understand," she almost pleaded, staring again at his white hair and the little flag in his hatband that looked so oddly like a cockade. "You say you sail to-morrow with my boy?"

"I think you understand as well as any one."

"Do I?" she whispered. And the night suddenly seemed cold and she drew her little shawl of Shetland wool more tightly about her shoulders. Yet she was not afraid.

Her guest stooped and, rising, put one of her sweet-smelling clove-pinks in his button-hole.

"If you permit, I will carry it for your boy to France. We are extra men, supercargo," he went on. "We shall cross with every boat-load of boys who sail for France—we who fought once as they must fight now. They said of me, only too flatteringly, that I was first in peace. Now I must be first in war again. I must be on the first troop-ship that goes. And I shall find friends in

France. We have always had friends in France, I imagine, since those first days. Of course, madame, you are too young to remember the Marquis de la Fayette."

"Yes, I am too young," answered old Mrs. Buchan. And she smiled through her tears at the thought of her eighty years.

"You're a mere chit of a girl, of course," he laughed—one of the few times his gravity was relaxed. "Shall I know your boy, I wonder?" Then, without waiting for her answer, "The George Buchan who fought at the battle of Princeton was about twenty-two, slim and straight, with blue eyes and brown hair and an honest, gallant way with him, and a smile that one remembered."

"You will know my boy," she told him. "And I think he will know you, General."

Even now she swears she does not quite know what she meant by this. The magic of the June night had for the moment made everything possible. Yet she will not to this day say who she thinks the horseman may have been. Only that George would know him, as she had.

"I want them all to know that I am there," he had replied. "They will know. They will remember their country's history even as we remember. And when the shells scream in the French sky they will not forget the many times America has fought for liberty. They will not forget those early soldiers. And they will not forget Grant and Lee and Lincoln. The American eagle, madam, has a very shrill note. I think it can be heard above the whistle of German shrapnel."

He drank a glass of sherry before he went, and ate a slice of sponge-cake. Perhaps altogether he delayed a scant quarter of an hour. The lean horses came streaming forth from the green meadow, a long, long file; and while the moon and the river mist still made it a world of wonder, the company, larger somehow than she had thought it at first, clattered off up the Princeton road toward New York and salt water and the ships.

The mist cleared for a moment and the great green meadow was seen, so trampled that it seemed that a thousand horses must have trampled it. Al Fenton, dignified by Mrs. Buchan as "the farmer," had now belatedly roused and dressed himself. He stood by the old lady's side and dejectedly surveyed the ruin of the hay crop. He is a sober, stupid, serious witness of what had happened. And this is important; for when the sun rose, and Mrs. Buchan opened her window, the breeze from the river rippled in long green waves over a great

green meadow where the grass still pointed heavenward, untrampled, undisturbed. The Buchan meadow could still, as George had believed it would, take care of his grandmother.

This is the story, to be believed, or not, as you like. They do as they like about it in Jersey. But old Mrs. Buchan believes that with each American troopship there will sail supercargo, extra men. And she believes that with these extra men we cannot lose the fight. George, too, writes home to her that we shall win.

Piping

BY CATHARINE EMMA JACKSON

O, PIPER, pipe; and I shall dance
Upon the edges of the sea,
For I am glad and young and free;
The world is all for my delight—
A ball of crystal, shining bright.
Then I must have what is for me—
And ever young and glad I'll be.
I will not heed the foolish creed
That I must pay the Piper.

Come, Piper, pipe a wilder tune
Beneath the slow, sea-rising moon.
How firm and smooth the yellow slope!
How strangely dumb the shadows grope
From out the edge of every tree
To reach the wild and dancing me.
For no still shadows do I care;
The beauty of the moonlit air
Is in my heart, and I must dance—
Yet, must I pay the Piper?

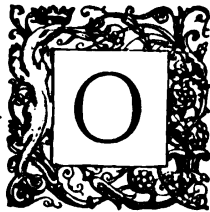
Then, Piper, pipe, and do not cease;
And when I wish for my release
I'll vanish then like quick sea-dawn,
No one to find where I have gone.
For I have always had my way—
I always dance when I am gay—
But I am swift to steal away;
I will not pay the Piper.

O, Piper, Piper, must I pay?
The gray and chilly light of day
Has caught me here—I cannot go.
When pipings end I did not know
That I must pay all I can give;
And that is all my strength to live—
For I must pay the Piper.

Beads

WAR-TIME REFLECTIONS IN PARIS

BY MARGARET DELAND



OVER here in Paris, I thread my perplexities like many colored beads upon a string. Perhaps, sometime, the pattern of a clear opinion may work itself out. At present my colors are only other people's opinions; and as I put a crimson bead on the string, or a black one, and then some crystal beads—many, many of these—and every now and then a gold bead—many of these, too—I say to myself over and over: “I don’t know; I don’t understand. I wonder. . . .”

And so I thread my perplexities.

One thing that puzzles me is the sense of unreality which many of us Americans feel. “Nothing seems real,” we say to one another, with bewildered looks. Back of the sense of unreality is an inarticulate *something* that seems like anger. Yet it is not exactly anger, for anger at least implies the outraged sense of justice, which is deeply righteous. This emotion (whatever it is!) does not wait for any rational process, and cannot by any stretch of self-approval be called “righteous.” It rises, with a sudden murderous flare of rage, in quiet, reasonable minds; then sinks down, apparently gone. But it has not gone. It lifts again the next day, perhaps at the sight of a blind man clinging to his wife’s hand as he stumbles up the steps of the Madeleine. Of course this fury must be rooted in the sense of justice, but it has blossomed into a rank growth that is so remote from our placid experience that it has the quality of a dream. When I see it, or feel it, I slip a crimson bead on my string.

Beside it, in the still unseen design, I put the sinister consciousness in everybody about me of *waiting*. For what? No one knows. Some say for an Allied victory. Some say the same words, but add a question, “Then what?”

Others—only a very few—say they wait for an Allied defeat; these whisper their confidence that out of defeat will come the real victory—the birth of the Spirit! The Allies (so these people say) need rebirth as much as Germany. On all sides is this inchoate expectancy. . . . And as I think about it I slip a black bead on my string.

Yet perhaps this is a mistake; perhaps the sense of waiting for something undefined ought, as those whisperers say, to be symbolized by the color of Hope? It may be that some minds really are hearing, as they say they hear, very far off, very faintly, from across blood-stained years ahead of us, a Voice:

“Wait, I say, on the Lord.”

Those who hear that Voice in the unspoken expectancy are waiting with good courage; they are willing to tread even the hard road of Defeat, because they are confident that they will meet Him at its end!

But for most of us the sense of waiting takes the color of Fear, and black beads grow into the pattern. . . . With them come the crystal beads. As I look at these, shining among the rest, I wonder whether—there are so many of them!—any far-off interest of tears can possibly repay the nations—all the nations!—for their present pain? Some say it will. “*Vivre pour tout cela*,” said a man whose son has died for France, “*mourir pour tout cela. . . . ça en vaut la peine*.” So men have always said—for themselves; but tears are not too much to pay for the precious knowledge that a man may say it, with passion, of something infinitely dearer than himself—an only son—*mort au champ d’honneur*! Yet marching with the triumph of the Spirit, is the grief of the world. A grief which questions and questions. . . . Surely never before have so many broken hearts stormed together the gate of Death, saying: “Where? Where?”

Now, here is a curious thing. In this new, unreal rage that has fallen upon us some of us say we do not know ourselves; but through Grief, many French people say, we are beginning to know God! They believe—these people who have wept—that Grief will destroy a materialism which has cried its impudent self-sufficiency into the face of God. If this be true, we shall all share the high knowledge, for it seems as if there were more crystal beads than all the rest put together.

No, it is the golden ones that outnumber the others! Perhaps, after all, there will be no pattern—nothing but a golden string that will hold heaven and earth together. . . .

These are my perplexities, which are jumbled in my mind like beads in a child's box: Why are we angry with this curious kind of anger? Why do we fear something that has no name? Does grief imply a final joy? Is courage to be trusted to make the race gentler? . . . Sometimes I ask Gaston what pattern he thinks my beads will make. Gaston's height indicates that he is eleven, but his little white, pinched, wicked-eyed face suggests that he is at least fifteen. When he happens to think of it, he comes in from the street to answer the bell of the *ascenseur* and carry me up to my floor in this dingy old hotel.

"*Troisième*, Gaston."

"*Oui*. Did Madame observe the newspaper this morning?"

"What about it, Gaston?"

He takes his hand from the wheel of the antiquated mechanism by which the elevator jiggles up and down, and we stop abruptly between floors. Then he fumbles in some tiny pocket of his little blue jacket, brass-buttoned to his sharp white chin, and produces a crumpled newspaper—a single flimsy sheet whose smudged head-lines shout the Caillaux indictment—

"*Traître!*" cries Gaston, shrilly.

"What will be done with him?" I ask, adding, mildly, that I should be glad to ascend.

Gaston, grinning, draws his forefinger back and forth across his throat; then he spins his wheel about and we leap with upsetting rapidity to my floor.

Gaston is obligingly ready to cut anybody's throat at any time. He makes his vicious little gesture when various people are named, especially the German Emperor. And everybody who sees him do it nods approval. Here it is—that uprush of rage! We are, all of us non-combatants, accepting killing as a commonplace—just as in our dreams we are matter-of-fact over the most preposterous happenings of joy or horror, and the ages of evolution which have named them "right" or "wrong" are as though they had never been. Possibly the commonplaceness of it is because murder is loose now in the world. Or is it that the "natural man" in us has been masquerading as the "spiritual man" by hiding himself under splendid words—courage, patriotism, justice—and now he rises up and glares at us with blood-red eyes? At any rate, fury is *here*, and most of us are shaken by the surge of it—except the blind man groping and stumbling up the steps of the Madeleine. He, apparently, feels no rage. One soldier said, thoughtfully, "The longer I fight the Germans the better I like them."

But eyes that are not blind sometimes see red. I first realized this in one of the air raids, and I said to myself, like the old woman in Mother Goose: "If this be I, as I suppose it be . . ."

It was nearly midnight when the sirens screamed suddenly from all quarters of the sky at once. It was a screech that ripped the air as if the scroll of the heavens was being rent; and instantly all the lights went out and we were in pitchy darkness, except as the surprised moon peered in between our curtains. There was a gasp of astonishment; then people who were in bed jumped out, fumbled about for more or less clothing, and rushed to windows or out into the street. From my third floor I could see Gaston on the pavement below, dancing up and down like a midge and shrieking with joy at the rattling crash of the air-guns, or the terrible detonations of exploding bombs. A group of American girls leaned appallingly far out of their window and craned their young necks to stare up at the stars of man's ingenuity moving about among the stars of God's serenity and

law. They were darting—these stars—zigzagging, soaring up to grapple with one another against the face of the moon; and some of them were dropping death down on our heads. As “efficiency” duplicated the French signal lights on German machines, we did not know which were the stars of murder and which were the stars of defense—only God’s stars were candid. And all the while the pretty young Americans (why *do* their fathers and mothers let them come over here?) watched the battle with exactly the same happy excitement that I have seen on their faces at a football game; they were all ready to turn down their pink thumbs for a German aviator, only—“Which *are* the Germans?” one said, distractedly.

A moving star suddenly seemed to stagger . . . then swooped, then fell, straight—straight—straight down, with horribly increasing velocity. We knew that in that flaming star were men keyed to furious living, panting, screaming orders to each other, sweating, tearing at levers, knowing they were plunging from abysmal heights to smash like eggs on some slate roof. As that agonizing star fell, the eager young faces were smiling fiercely, and I could hear panting ejaculations:

“Oh! Oh! *Oh!* Look! See him? *See* him! Oh, I *hope* he’s a German!”

And so before their eyes two men dropped to death.

Of course this sort of excitement is as old as human nature. But the difference between the football and arena joy which are without danger (I mean as an animus) and this rejoicing is that these women—and Gaston dancing on the pavement—were themselves in danger of instant death. Only a block or so away two persons were blown to pieces. Yet there was not a quiver of alarm!

After it was all over some one said, with a sort of gasp, a curious thing: “I don’t, somehow, believe it.” She paused, and caught her breath with a scared look. “*I don’t know who I am,*” she said, in a whisper.

Of course the monstrous thing was not real to her; the whole business of war cannot, for the moment, be real to any of us Americans because frightful-

ness is outside of our experience and our minds do not know how to believe it. As for this especial unreality of the raid, never before has the sky betrayed us; so how could those falling bombs be anything else but of the substance of a dream?

I suppose the indifference to danger was because anger as well as love casts out fear; and down below the unreality there was in all of us a very real and righteous anger that the Germans should make the heavens their accomplice! But as for this other kind of anger, which made the woman who had said, in a whisper, “I don’t know who I am,” add, smiling fiercely, over clenched teeth, “I *hope* he was a German!”—that scares me. It is a slipping down into the primitive. When I climb out of it I am smirched by the slime of hate. Gaston, and the pretty girls, and certain dull, elderly folk, all were seething with the fury of combat, and grinning with lust for death that made us strangers to ourselves. I heard a calm, fat, gentle, and rather unusually reasonable person say: “I’d like to squeeze his [a German’s] throat, in my hands, and feel the blood spurt between my fingers, and see his eyes pop out onto his cheeks!” This is not an expression of justice; it is a desire to commit murder.

I have found this smiling ferocity in many people. Sometimes it is respectable and practical—“No trade ever again with the Boche!” In other words, death by economic strangulation! But oftener it is the open and unashamed vindictiveness which would like to feel the blood spurt. As non-combatants have no chance to sink their fingers into howling throats, they find it a satisfaction to make Gaston’s gesture in their minds.

Which makes me wonder, while I thread my beads in so many shades of crimson—Gaston’s scarlet, the girls’ blush-rose and pink, my own dull red—whether our fury is perhaps *not* ours, but just a ripple creeping into the pools and inlets of our minds from the tide of rage which at certain moments rises—*must* rise!—in the minds of the men in the trenches (the Boche and the Allies) who, without the assistance of personal animosity, must do this wet, dirty, bad-smelling business of killing? They could

not do it unless they were carried along on the surge of an emotion which does not wait upon reason. Once they have done what they have to do, this motor rage ebbs. But it does not ebb from the little pools on the shore which it has filled—Gaston's mind, and mine, and many, many other minds, which have no outlet of action; *they* lie harsh and brackish, long after the tide has swept back into the deep. It is the menace to the future of this inactive fury of non-combatants which frightens me, because it is corrosive; it may poison the springs of the idealism which we had hoped would make democracy safe for the world. . . .

Of course it may be more than a ripple of the necessary fury of the trenches; it may be, for all we know, the spume and froth from the lift and heave of a reasoning World-anger which is reproaching humanity for continuing to endure "the foolish business of kings and queens"—a business which has brought the world to its present pass! Some people think Gaston is going to illustrate this World-anger and teach us to be done with our folly. These are the people who say they are "waiting" for victory; but they add the uneasy question, "Then what?"

I asked Gaston about this sense of expectancy, in which he himself, although he does not know it, has a place. But he evaded an explanation. I pulled him in from the street, where he had been buying a *petit Suisse* for private consumption in a little niche under the stairs where, when not on the pavement, he curls up like a brass-buttoned rat and sleeps.

"Gaston, I have waited five minutes for the elevator!"

"The *ascenseur* is out of order."

"Gaston, I admire and envy your powers of imagination."

Gaston moved the car up a foot, dropped it six inches, then let it shoot up another foot; here we paused while he experimented with the wheel.

"Madame, the dirty Boches return to-night."

"Who says so?"

"*Tout le monde.*"

"And what will you do, Gaston—go down to the cellar?"

"*Moi?*" shrieked Gaston. "*La cave? Non! Madame a peur?*"

I said I hoped not, I really thought not; but wasn't anybody afraid?"

"No *French* people," Gaston said, politely. (The hotel was full of Americans.) After that he became absorbed in the Noah's Ark elevator and confined his remarks to, "*Oh, la-la!*" He did, however, while we hung between the second and third floors, throw me a kind word:

"Did Madame observe the decorations of the new *concierge*?"

"Indeed I did, Gaston!"

"*La Croix de Guerre et la Médaille Militaire!*"

"And when will you receive the *Médaille Militaire*?"

"Madame, my age is such that *je ne la porte pas à présent*. When my age is *en règle* peace will be here."

"When will that be?"

"*Oh, la-la!* Very soon."

"Who says so, Gaston?"

"*Tout le monde.*"

"Oh, Gaston, you have taken me to the fifth floor!"

Gaston looked patient and lifted his little shoulders to his ears. "Madame was conversing."

So Gaston "waits" for peace. And it is to come soon! It is not only Gaston's world which says so; other worlds declare it, too! But their certainty is not quite so certain as Gaston's "*La-la.*"

I asked a *concierge's* wife about it—a woman, heavy-eyed, dressed in black, sitting alone in a chilly little den at the entrance of a hotel. It was dark and rainy, and all Paris was cold, and the mud in the streets that used to be so clean, but are now so filthy, made one think of the mud in the trenches. I spoke of the war and the hope of an early peace, and she agreed listlessly. Oh yes, peace must come, of course.

"Soon?"

She hoped it would be soon. She was very listless.

"Madame," I said, "I rejoice that the American soldiers are here at last."

Then she lifted her somber eyes and looked at me, yet it seemed as if she looked through me, beyond me, at something I could not see.

"Madame," she said, with patient

but quite terrible dignity—"Madame, the American soldiers come too late."

The significance of this left me dumb. For what kind of a peace is *she* "waiting"?

I quoted the *concierge's* wife to a man who knows more of the real state of things over here than this poor woman (or Gaston) could possibly know, and, of course, far more than any bewildered American whose especial fear is of generalizing from insufficient data and who only knows that everybody seems to be waiting . . . waiting . . . waiting. He laughed and shrugged with amused disgust.

"Oh, you Americans have not come 'too late.' You may still help us—if you ever really get in. But have no fear, Madame, have no fear! Whether you get in or not, *we* shall never give up while there are any of us left!" Then, even while I was slipping a golden bead on my thread, he added, his voice dropping almost to a whisper, "*But there are very few of us left!*"

So he, too, is "waiting" for a peace which he does not define. But some people skirt the edge of a definition. A laconic word or two in the compartment of a train that was dragging itself, hours late, into Paris, was fairly definite. Two elderly French officers in faded blue uniforms were talking together. Their faces were worn and lined, and one man had white hair. Apparently they did not notice the American sitting opposite them, trying to forget French indifference to ventilation by reading a novel. At any rate, they made no effort not to be overheard.

"*Eh bien,*" said one of them, heavily, "*nous sommes finis. Même avec les plus grandes victoires, nous sommes finis.*"

The "peace" hinted at in these words is one which civilization is not willing to face. Yet some people think France is facing it. They say that the falling birth-rate has for several years been an anxiety, but that the talk about it now, apropos of a million and a half dead young men, is confession. "While there are any of us left"—we shall not be "finished." But, "There are very few of us left."

In the United States we have known, with horrible disgust, that Germany,

facing some such possibility for herself, has—with her customary efficiency—begun to educate her people as to the probable necessity of polygamy. France has not been credited with any such foresight. But it would seem that she has it; and in its train may come extraordinary ethical changes (and for these, too, *tout le monde* "waits"). If Germany officially approves the Torgas pamphlet on the plurality of wives—"secondary marriages"—France unofficially—but without public or legal disapproval—may read *Mère sans Être Épouse*—a study of existing conditions, written with dignity and solemnity. It is addressed to the "*jeunes filles et jeunes veuves de France,*" and advocates—what the title indicates. According to this book, France "*ne peut éviter l'abîme qu'en choisissant entre la maternité des célibataires et la polygamie*"—to which last the author is sure the Frenchwoman will never agree. So, while the nation waits for "victory," some people face the fact that victory may bring France to the edge of an "abyss."

The essence of war is the substitution of one set of ideals for another; it offers certain spiritual gains—courage, self-sacrifice, loyalty; against those gains thoughtful persons must set the spiritual losses—one dares not enumerate them! But is one of these losses to be the throwing over, with a *coup de main*, of sex ethics which, imperfect as they are, have taken us so long, so very long, to build up? If this is a possibility hidden in the unspoken *expectancy*, surely the color of Fear has its place in the vaguely growing pattern. At any rate, it seems as if many of these brave people, these people of supreme courage, are *afraid*. They are afraid, not because they are cowardly, but because they are intelligent. Their wisdom shows them two things to be afraid of—first, the kind of peace which may come; and next, the thing which may come after the peace—be the peace what it may!

What will come afterward?

As to the present moment, the French look facts in the face, as we Americans have not yet done. To begin with, many of them feel, so people say, that the war now is as much a state of mind as it is a military situation. That is why

they are afraid. Their state of mind has resulted from recognizing perfectly obvious things—first, that they are tired; next, that the English are tired—and hungry; then, that America (not the soldiers, but the nation) which has come into the war, “so late,” is neither tired nor hungry; it is something much worse—it is not serious. America is stepping out into the cataclysm with a sunshade and a smiling face. The French do not resent the smiling—they smiled themselves with complete self-confidence when they started in. They do not resent the sunshade—they, too, know the parasitic plague of politicians who bind the hands of War Departments with miles of red tape; they do not even resent the mentality that makes it possible for an American soldier to say, “These here French ‘ain’t taught *me* nothin’!” It is not these things they fear in us. It is, I think, our fundamental lack of seriousness. Nobody in America is venturing to say that the bright lexicon of Youth *does* contain such a word as failure. The French people are not so—young. When they see us here—with our government’s sunshades and smiles—they are kind to us, extraordinarily kind to us! And they are really glad to see us, because they think we may be helpful if we “ever get into the war.” But their lexicon is, I think, more complete than ours, so they smile to themselves, now and then, as one smiles at well-meaning and conceited children.

Some of them say, a little impatiently, that the Americans do not know how big it all is, or how far-reaching in its outcome. But the French know! They know that the present situation is as far beyond the declaration of war in 1914 as the declaration of war was beyond that pistol-shot in the street in Sarajevo. They know it is beyond the question of a struggle between the Central Powers and the Allies; some of them believe that it has become a cosmic question—that Civilization and Chaos are at grips. The Americans, on the other hand, seem to be under the impression that it is the local issue of throttling Fritz—a thing which they mean to do P.D.Q.! “Oh, the simplicity of us!” said an American long resident

in France. “We are provincial in the death struggle!” For the World—not just the Allies, and poor, mad Germany, who happens to be the child who took the candle into the powder-magazine—the whole World is shaking! The French people know it, if we don’t, and what their knowledge may do in creating a “state of mind” needs no comment. The two worn and haggard officers in the train put it into words: “*Même avec les plus grandes victoires. . .*”

You will not wonder that I mark the expectancy in the air by a black bead?

The wife of the *concierge* calls that bead the fear of defeat; the brilliant Frenchman would name it, if he were willing to name it, the fear of conquest; the two officers know it is fear of national extinction.

But there are others who call it Hope, and not Fear at all. This handful of dreamers have opened their windows toward the east! Their “state of mind” bids them look beyond the gathering darkness toward a Dawn. But they do not deny the terrors of the dark. During the hours before daybreak may come—God knows what! But whatever comes, it will be part of a process which will bring about an adjustment of the social order. It is probable, they say, that Gaston, with his hideous little gesture, will have a hand in it. This is their hope—a new Heaven and a new Earth; Chaos dragged from the throat of Civilization; our code of morals saved from the assault of an efficiency which would reinforce itself by polygamy; the Idealism of Jesus preserved for our children’s children! All this through Gaston’s surgery. He accomplished, they say, a good deal in 1789. “But that which is coming,” said a Frenchman, smiling, “will be for thoroughness, to 1789, as a Sunday picnic, as you call it.” Another of the Intellectuals put it in a way which would, I think, have appealed to Gaston:

“It will come,” said he, “the new world! But first will come the world revolution. It has already begun in Russia. After the Peace, Germany will explode, then England, then France, and then you people!—with your imitation Democracy. And during the process,”

he ended, joyously, "it will be *casser des gueules!*"

It is fair, in this connection, and also cheerful, to quote the comment of an American on that reference to the breaking of snouts—and his slang is just as forcible as that of the French editor:

"If anybody said that sort of thing to me," said this youngster, grinning, "I should reply, gently but firmly: 'To hell wid yez! There ain't going to be no revolution in *ours!* Why, what have we got to revolute about? *We're* a free people. No, sir! We'll lick these damn Germans out of their boots, and then, so far as the Allies go, everything will be lovely, and the goose hang high!" I fancy many of us at home share this opinion.

The possibility the American denied was put in still another way by a French gentleman, whose serene face, furrowed with suffering, shines with a confidence that is willing to suffer still more—for with him experience has worked Hope.

"Madame," said he, "I had in my country place two horses of an unfriendliness. They *mordaient*; they nipped, as you would say; they *hennissaient!* And two dogs that loved me. They were both my friends, but to each other they were of a ferocity terrible. I had also a gaz'l. . . ."

"Gaz'l?" I queried.

"Madame! Gaz'l. You are acquainted with the gaz'l in your wonderful country of Southern America?"

Some one behind me murmured, "Gazelle," and I said, hastily: "Oh yes, certainly. Pray proceed, Monsieur."

"*Eh bien, mes chevaux* snorted and *mordaient*; my dogs fought and tore each other; but all, all, united in attacking my gaz'l."

I sympathized.

"My gaz'l was, you understand, of a smell. It was a wild beast, and so was of a smell, *ma pauvre gaz'l!*"

I again pitied the wild beast.

Madame, it was winter. *Je faisais des réparations* to my stable wherein these animals lived. It became upon a cold day—*froid extrême*—necessary to lift the roof of my *écurie*. I said to my *garde*, '*Les animaux* go to perish!' He said, '*Non, Monsieur*, they are very warm.' I said: '*C'est impossible!* What have you

done with them?' He replied, 'They are all in one stall.' I said: 'My God! They will destroy one another. The horses will kick each other to death, the dogs will tear each other to pieces—and *ma pauvre gaz'l!*' 'Monsieur,' my *garde* said, '*venez avec moi voir les animaux?*' I accompanied him to the stall. Madame! The cold extreme, the frost of a degree, was such, my horses, my dogs, my gaz'l were all togezzzer in the stall! ver' close, ver' close; *serrés*—huddled, you would say in your language, so expressive. Yes, close togezzzer, because they had been uncomfortable apart! Cold apart! They, to be comfortable, to be warm, was togezzzer. *Madame, Democracy was born!*"

"Must we be uncomfortable to learn the meaning of the word?" I said.

"Comfort has not taught you its meaning, in America," he said, smiling a little cynically. "You think you are a democracy? Dear Madame! it is in America an empty word. Many of you are comfortable. Many, many of you are uncomfortable. Not so is the true democracy."

"So, we must all suffer together?" I pondered. . . .

Before this belief that the Kingdom of Heaven may be brought about by pressure from the outside, how was one to say that when the roof was put back on the barn *les animaux* would not again squeal and nip and tear, and the smell of the gaz'l be as pronounced as ever?

It is hardly necessary to say that the immense majority of people do not believe in this possibility of a revolution. They are waiting for victory—complete, complacent, vindictive victory! With no Gaston anywhere in it—except, indeed, as he has been privileged to help in bringing it about, by dying for his country. This comfortable certainty is held by people who have never felt the cold of the lifted roof, and to whom, consequently, huddling is quite unthinkable. They belong in the class with a gentle and very kindly woman in America who said to me some two or three years ago:

"I am tired to death of all this talk about working-people. They *never* wash, and there's a great deal too much done for them, anyhow. All these

tiresome girls' clubs! *I* say, let working-girls stay home with their mothers in the evenings, instead of running around to girls' clubs!"

This is almost as far removed from the hope of "huddling" as a scene I remember in my childhood—a big, rocking, family carriage; two fat, strong horses, pulling over a terribly muddy Maryland road. I sat inside with a very majestic and rigid old lady with gray side curls, who never leaned back upon the ancient cushions. We were going, I think, to Hagerstown, to call on some other majestic old lady. As the coach pulled and tugged and I tumbled about like a very small pea in a peck measure, we passed a group of school children, who drew aside to escape the splashing mud from the fetlocks of the fat horses. They didn't escape very much of it, and I can see now their look of dismay at spotted aprons, but the old lady did not notice the aprons. She frowned—and said:

"Fy! fy! What are we coming to? *Not one of them bowed to us!* When I was young children in their station respected their betters. Where, *where* shall we end?" she demanded, darkly. She, too, had never huddled.

I remember pondering, as we sank into the muddy ruts, and tugged out to balance on precarious wheels before plunging down again: "Why should the children bow to her? She didn't bow to them."

There is one more hope that a very, very few people feel; it is even more like Fear than the hope of the owner of the gaz'l. I heard it expressed by a little group of Americans, who thought, so some of them said, that the only certain way of ushering in the Kingdom of God was to refrain from ever putting the roof on the stable. "Let 'em all grow their own hair if they want to be warm!" said one of these vaguely speculating folk.

In other words, let us return to the beginnings of things. This will be easy, because, the speaker said, we are seeing the end of a civilization which created the box-stall and is therefore responsible for the differentiation of comfort. "But it must be the whole hog," she went on; "there is no half-way house on the road

to regeneration. Gaston won't accomplish it."

This girl, her eyebrows gathering into a frown, seemed to be trying to talk out her perplexities. Some one had said that Nationalism was responsible for the idea that population should be valued by quantity, not quality; naturally, such a standard can contemplate polygamy! "Nationalism is the seed of war," this person said. "*Dulce et decorum* is death for an ideal, but not for a geographical boundary! Christ died for People, not for Nations. We must learn to think of ourselves, not as French or American or German, but as we are born—just poor, little, naked *humans!* When we do that the foolishness of war will end." But the Girl went further than that: "An Allied victory will just strengthen Nationalism," she said, "and, of course, there is going to be an Allied victory! *Must* be, you know. I don't doubt it for a moment! We've simply got to win—only—sometimes I—I wonder . . ."

"I wonder most all of the time," I confessed.

"Isn't it possible," she said, slowly, "that if we just prop up Nationalism we shall prop up for a little while longer this rotten thing that you call civilization? Is it worth while to do that? Civilization is rotten; you can't deny it."

"I'm not denying it."

"It is the expression of a debauched commercialism that has been squeezing the life out of—well, your friend Gaston's body and soul. Look at his nasty, wicked, little body! Apparently he has no soul. Your civilization, which is pure materialism, has done it!"

"I do wish you wouldn't call it mine!" one of her hearers said.

"It is yours! You batten on it. You grind Gaston's bones to make your bread—"

"Oh, come now!"

"I mean you draw your dividends," she said to the company at large; and some one protested, meekly:

"Not very many now, or very large ones."

"That's not from any excess of virtue on your part," she said, sweetly. "I bet you, none of you ever objected to a melon yet. Well," she went on,

frowning, "I know I am all balled up and going off on side-tracks, but what I'm trying to say is, that an Allied victory will only keep the civilization of materialism going a little while longer. I think M. Blank is right, and we shall 'huddle.' But I feel pretty sure that there will come a moment when the gaz'l will suddenly take the whole box-stall; and I sha'n't blame him! Civilization has created him, and it is he who has suffered the most from a war which he did not desire, and did not make, but only fought. When he gets the stall he will die in it, because it isn't Nature—Or turn into a horse, and then we'd have the whole business to do over again!"

Some one said here, that her ideas on evolution would interest Darwin, but she did not notice the flippant interruption.

"Isn't it possible," she said, "that, to get straightened out, to *live*, in fact, we've got, *all* of us, to get out into the open? Haven't we got to grow our own hair to keep warm? Yes, we must go farther than Gaston's revolution which every one is whispering about; *that* will only be a piece of court-plaster on an ulcer. We will go the whole hog."

This was too preposterous.

"You mean, a return to the primeval slime? Thank you! I prefer the box-stall even if the gaz'l is of a smell."

"I don't think your preferences will be consulted. But it does seem"—her face fell into painful lines of sincerity—"it really does seem that the sooner the smash of the whole darned thing comes the better. It isn't any easier to pull a tooth by degrees."

(I may say that this thoughtful woman is a doctor, so her illustrations are natural enough.)

"So that's why," she ended, quietly, "that sometimes, I—I *think* I believe, that it will be better for Germany to win the war!"

There was an outcry at this, "Germany is the apotheosis of materialism!"

"I know. It would be casting out devils by Beelzebub, the Prince of Devils. But a German victory would ice the toboggan and get us down to the bottom more quickly."

A ribald voice suggested that "ice" wouldn't last long in the place to which

she seemed bent on sending us. But the girl was in too painful earnest to retort.

"You bet," she said, "we'll drag Germany over the precipice with us, and, once at the bottom, we shall all begin to climb up again. But we must touch bed-rock first."

Everybody laughed, and, of course, nobody took her seriously. Yet this, stripped of slang, is a thing for which, here and there, a very few people are "waiting." They are saying, carefully, with weighed words, something that confesses what this extravagant statement means.

"Not even Gaston's surgery can better conditions that ought not to exist," they say. "We are at the end of our epoch. We must begin all over again."

Of course, very few go as far as this. Gaston is the boundary set by most of the dreamers. Those who do go farther believe, as this girl put it, that an Allied victory will be only a temporary uplifting; that Gaston would be but a palliative, and that it is better, not only for France, but for Western civilization, to get to the bottom as quickly as possible.

"Don't prolong the agony by defeating Germany," one of them said. But whether victory comes, or defeat, Gaston, they say, will do his part. Under his star there will be, perforce, some huddling; and dogs and horses and gaz'l will be quite sure that they are going to live happily for evermore. . . . But after that, the dark. And after *that*, the dawn!

It is a Hope! Eons off, perhaps, but a Hope. The hope of the upward curve of the spiral after it has dipped into the primeval. Back again, these people say, to the beginnings of things, must go our miserable little civilization. Back to some bath of realities, to wash us clean of an unreality which has mistaken geographical boundaries for spiritual values, and mechanics for God. Then, up—up—up—toward the singing heights!

"We will find God," the crystal beads declare! Not in our time, perhaps; perhaps not even in the time of our children; but sometime. "The processes of God are years and centuries."

And as I write, the guns are trained on Paris. . . .

White Elephants

BY ELOISE ROBINSON



WHAT are you doing to help win the war, Sarah Delle Sherwin?" "I guess I'm doing as much as you are," Sarah Delle said, calmly diving her hand into her bag of chocolate caramels again and not offering me any. Sarah Delle is one of these plaguematic girls who never get excited at anything you say, even in your most serious moments.

"At least," I reminded her, with dignity, "I'm not eating chocolate caramels. Many a poor Belgian or soldier has perished for lack of a chocolate caramel."

"Pooh!" Sarah Delle sniffed up her nose. "If I had known you were going to be disagreeable I wouldn't have waited for you." Her tone was kind of lumpy and oozy from the caramel.

"I'm not disagreeable, my dear child," I said, as kindly as I could. "I'm only patriotic."

"I don't care what you call it. The effect is the same."

I saw that Sarah Delle was on the verge of being mad. At any other time I would have let her get mad, but when our country calls we must sacrifice our personal feelings, so I said:

"I admit I'm not doing what I ought to, either, and that's just what I want to see you about. I picked you out because you've got more sense than the other girls." This was not exactly true, but politic license, which is often necessary in managing women.

"Well, what's your plan?" As she spoke she passed over the bag of caramels.

I took one. It wouldn't do to hurt Sarah Delle's feelings now, when I needed her aid in a patriotic enterprise, by refusing. And besides, I knew my friend too well to suppose that the soldiers would ever get these caramels, anyway.

"My dear," I said, after a gummy pause, "have you been reading about the terrible condition our country is in?"

No, Sarah Delle admitted, she hadn't.

I told her she was just like hundreds of other people who are sleeping on in false securities while all the time the country is tottering on the verge of destruction. Seeing she was so ignorant, I told her about the way it had been proven that we have only nine guns to our names and practically no bullets, except a few old ones that won't go off. "And likely within a few days," I ended, "the Germans will be thundering at our shores."

"Anyhow," retorted Sarah Delle, "I don't see what I can do, if it's true. I can't go to war and I haven't any husband. I'd willingly sacrifice my father, but he's too middle-aged and too fat."

"Yes, we're only women," I agreed, "but still there's a lot we can do. We can encourage others and eat only enough to keep ourselves barely alive and we can give money to the government."

"I have only fifty-five cents," Sarah Delle demurred, "and I need it worse than the government does."

"Welcome as the chocolate caramels are, Sarah Delle," I answered, helping myself to another, "you would have had sixty-five cents for your country if you had not just gone into Belser's and bought these."

"Well," Sarah Delle wanted to know, "why can't Mr. Belser give the government my dime as well as I could? And then I'd have the candy besides."

This was a question I could not answer. I have often wondered the same thing myself.

"That wasn't what I started out to say, though," I hastened to say, turning Sarah Delle's mind back to what we were talking about. "Fifty-five cents or even sixty-five wouldn't do the government much good, probably. But if we

girls clubbed together I have a plan by which we could raise thousands, and save the land from the cruel foe by buying all kinds of ammunitions for our soldiers to fight with—shrapnels and liberty-bombs and those things they throw back and forth like baseballs."

"How could we?"

"We would give a sale."

"What would we sell?"

I lowered my voice, in case there should be any Germans within hearing, and whispered:

"White elephants."

Sarah Delle looked at me. She did not say I was crazy, but it was only her innate breeding that kept her from it.

"I don't mean the kind that are alive," I explained. "But haven't you loads of things in your house that your mother could do without? We have. We could get every girl in school—except the pro-Germans, of course—to bring something her mother was tired of, and then we'd auction them all off. I'd be the auctioneer and stand on a table and pound with a hammer."

"What would I be?" was Sarah Delle's first question.

I looked at her in pity. She was showing herself to be one of these people who are looking out to see how they can profit by the war instead of being ready to give up all, but I only answered:

"We can decide that later."

"Who would buy the things we sold?" was the next thing Sarah Delle wanted to know.

"Oh, poor people," I told her. "Of course, it would be fine if we could get our mothers to come and bid things in, too."

"What would they do that for? I thought you said the things we sold were things our mothers didn't want any more?"

"Of course, foolish, but they could buy them for the poor or give them back to us to sell over again. It would be for the good of the country. However, I don't really expect them to come. It would be unlike mothers."

Sarah Delle thought it was a wonderful idea after she once understood it. We formed a committee on the spot. I was chairman and treasurer, and she was secretary, and Fidenia Jacocks was

the plain member. Sarah Delle wanted to be either treasurer or chairman, but I told her that would not be wise. It was my scheme and I knew more about it than anybody else, so of course I ought to be chairman, and after I had explained to her that if I was treasurer my father would probably let us keep thousands of dollars in his bank free, and that, as secretary, she could have a cute little note-book and write things down, she gave in. We stopped in at a store and bought the note-book—a darling little red leather one, spending thirty of Sarah Delle's fifty-five cents for it. A quarter, especially when it is in two dimes and a nickel, being an awkward amount of money to carry around, and easily lost, I persuaded Sarah Delle to spend it on a sundæ for each of us. It is impossible to send sundæes to the soldiers and the Belgians, of course, or we wouldn't have gotten them. I have told mother that we ought to live entirely on sundæes and cream-puffs and other perishables we cannot send abroad, but she does not agree with me. How few of our countrymen are really patriotic!

I was sorry to see that Sarah Delle had not gotten over her childish greediness. She ordered a maple-nut for herself, while I had to get along with a plain chocolate and no nuts, because there would be only ten cents left after paying fifteen cents for hers. But I didn't say a word, and I tried to act toward her as if nothing had happened. But of course a person can't help remembering those things.

We had an exciting time when it came to telling the girls at school about the sale, which we did that afternoon. The trouble was, we couldn't include any German sympathizers, for if they found out what we were doing they would tell the German government and we'd be blown into goodness knows how many pieces. Of course it wouldn't matter about our perishing, for we should have lost our lives for our native land, like Joan Corday, and had statues made to us, but then our poor country would never receive the thousands of dollars for ammunitions. Still, we wanted everybody possible in it, because the more people there were, the more white

elephants. Finally we decided to let in everybody but Beulah Alvord, who was suspected of being a pacifist, and Elise Duvivier, because anybody could tell from her name that she was an alien enemy, and, of course, Miss Hodges, our German teacher, though she did claim to have been born in England.

Afterward we found out that we had made a mistake in asking Miss Lawson, the head of the school, because the old traitorous thing refused to let us have one of the class-rooms to sell our white elephants in, even after it had been explained to her that she might be keeping us from winning the war by her actions. She said it would *disturb the school!* Good heavens! I agree with my father that some of these people who are hindering the government ought to be taken out and, if not hung to the first lamppost, at least be put in durance vile, where they can do no more harm. But alas! As we soon discovered, this land is a nest of traitors and people who think only of their own good, hiding in the bosoms of our best families, even.

In spite of everything, we managed to achieve a good deal that first afternoon. Sarah Delle took down the names of all the girls, with a space for the things they would contribute and the price these were worth. That first afternoon we counted that we would make eight hundred and seventy-one dollars and sixty-three cents.

I was the one to have the real inspiration of the afternoon. I say this not to be immodest, but because it is the truth. This inspiration was to write to the President, telling what we were going to do for the United States.

"Surrounded by spies and traitors," I told the girls, "it will cheer him up to hear there are a few souls, though of a feminine sex, still loyal. And besides, he will want to know these ammunitions are on the way so that he can plan things."

Sarah Delle, being the secretary, was ordered to write out the letter, which she did, using up nearly a whole tablet of paper and the entire eraser on her pencil. But when it was finished it was a good letter. This was it.

DEAR PRESIDENT OF OUR BELOVED COUNTRY
When, in the course of human events it

becomes necessary for our respected land to go to war, we take pen in hand to write you that in this crysea we are standing ready to uphold your hand. Though only women we have negotiated a simply corking plan by which we can make thousands of dollars for our army by a week from Saturday, so that our brave men will no longer have to face the enemy with naked hands.

Respectfully yours,

SARAH DELLE SHERWIN, Secretary
of the White Elephant Sale Commission.

P.S. Kindly let us know whether we are to buy the ammunitions or whether you would rather do it yourself.

2nd P.S. Kindly answer at once.

3rd P.S. Kindly give our regards to the First Lady of the Land.

We all recognized the beginning of this letter as something we had had to learn in history class once, but as he had not gone to our school the President would not know it, and it was too wonderful-sounding to leave out. The part about holding up the President's hands Sarah Delle said she had gotten out of her minister's prayer on Sunday. Ours had said the same thing.

Have you ever noticed that when you feel especially noble and uplifted, as if you had accomplished some benefit for mankind, and go home, your family seem to take delight in making you feel that you are a mere worm in the dust?

I began to tell about the white elephants at the dinner-table, as soon as we sat down, before anybody else began on something, or I knew I shouldn't have any chance at all.

"I want to tell you all," I said, "about the most perfectly wonderful—"

"If you lower your voice, Barbara," interrupted mother, her own exaggerated in lowness, "we can hear you just as well. None of us suffers from deafness."

"The most perfectly *wonderful*—" I commenced again, as calmly as I could.

"Just a minute, Barbara," father broke in. "Meccia, what is this—er—dish, may I ask?" He was prodding with the carving fork a large brown ball that had been put on the table for him to serve.

"A nut roast," said mother. "Meatless day."

"Oh!" father muttered, glumly, and began hacking at it.

"You don't wish me to disregard



"SO, THAT'S YOUR MARVELOUS SCHEME!" SAID KATHERINE

these things, do you?" mother asked, sweetly but firmly.

"No," said father, "of course not. But for pity's sake don't let us have any more of these — substitutes." Because I am a lady I omit the word he used before substitutes.

"Kesley?" Mother raised her voice at the end of the word as if she were asking a question, which she was not.

Father did not reply. He did not take any of the nut roast off for himself, either.

I was sorry this episode had happened, because I had hoped to have the family bright and cheerful when I told them about the white elephants, and meatless day always has a souring effect on dad's nerves.

"Well, this plan of ours," I began again, "is positively the most marvelous—"

"You must be careful about exaggerating, dear," put in mother. "I have noticed lately that you are inclined to overstate things. No doubt what you have to say is interesting, but hardly

the 'most marvelous.'" She smiled at me hypocritically.

"I don't see any reason why the youngest member of the family should monopolize the conversation, anyway," kit complained, peevishly. "I want to talk to you about those surgical dressings."

I looked at my sister with deep-meaning sarcasm. Monopolize the conversation! I hadn't even been allowed to finish my first sentence.

"Perhaps you'd better wait till after dinner, dear," mother said. "Yes, Katherine?"

And that girl then went on to talk about little ishy pieces of cheese-cloth while the fate of our nation was hanging on my words.

So it wasn't until we'd gone into the library that I had an opportunity to speak. Mother had picked up her knitting-bag, and as she sat down by the table she said:

"Barbara, I must teach you to knit. Mrs. Peterson told me to-day that Lucy, who is only fourteen, has finished two

sweaters for the Red Cross and is beginning on a helmet. We ought all to be doing our part."

I smiled at her pityingly. I did not tell her that, if I were going to learn to knit, I would pick out somebody outside of the family to teach me. I only said:

"Knitting sweaters and helmets is all right for children like Lucy and idle women who have nothing else to do, but I haven't time for anything like that."

"Haven't time!" mother exclaimed. "My dear child!"

"No," I replied. "And, besides, I am engaged in a work that will make all knitting and rolling of bandages and such things seem small and insignificant."

Mother just looked at me, but Kit snickered.

"You may laugh," I said to my sister, "but ere long you will realize with bitter pangs of jealousy that I speak the truth."

"Now, Barbara," mother questioned, "what do you mean?"

I felt like not telling, then, the way she said it, but seeing that it was for the good of our beloved country I divorced my pride.

"The girls at school are going to give a wonderful sale," I explained to her, "to make money for the government. We're all going to collect from our homes any article of furniture or clothes that we can, and auction them all off a week from Saturday."

"A rummage sale," mother commented.

"So," I went on, "I want to know what I can take."

Mother had become engaged in counting stitches to see if she ought to be purling or plaining, and did not answer right away. If ever I do learn to knit I am not going to keep saying, "Plain, purl, plain, purl," under my breath. This habit is maddening to others, especially when they are waiting for an answer to an important question.

"So that's your marvelous scheme!" said Katherine.

I silenced her with a stern look.

"Mother," I repeated, "what can I take?"

But mother finished the row before

she said: "Why, I don't know. We'll look through the attic if you come home early."

"The attic!" I exclaimed. "The attic!"

"Yes," mother announced, "there are any quantity of things up there I should be glad to get rid of."

"That's just it!" I cried. "That's just the light-minded way people in this country are taking the war! Giving old truck they'd be glad to be rid of!"

"Barbara, what is the matter?"

"What's the matter?" I was so overcome with shame that I could scarcely speak. "Here's our country tottering on the verge of ruin and you talk about giving a lot of old broken chairs and things no one wants! And all the other girls are going to take wonderful things. Even if you haven't any patriotism I should think you'd have some family pride, at least, and not let every one think that old stuff's all we've got!" I ended with a gulp.

"Now, my child, don't excite yourself over nothing. The chairs aren't broken. But why didn't you tell me you wanted to take something new? I thought you said it was a rummage sale."

"You were the one who said it was a rummage sale," I reminded her. "It's called a white elephant sale, but who wants it to be thought that even their white elephants aren't grand-looking? And besides, how can we make thousands of dollars out of things no one wants?"

"Thousands of dollars!" Kit laughed.

"Katherine," came from mother reprovingly, "be still. I'm sure it's very nice for Barbara to be interested in the war and want to help. I'll get you something nice for your sale the first time I go down town," she promised me.

Every night I came home from school after that I told mother what the other girls were promising, so she would have some idea what to get for me. It was simply wonderful what the girls were doing. There was a kind of noble rivalry among them to see who could do the most. Sarah Delle filled the red note-book and ran over into another, putting down leather chairs and evening gowns only a little worn and mahogany tables and piano lamps. But Fidenia

Jacocks capped the climax when she announced that her father had bought her the Liberty rug to donate. She hadn't asked him to do it, either. It had been entirely of his own accord, happening to notice it as he passed by a downtown window, which shows that there are still a few parents who are kind and thoughtful as well as patriotic. The Liberty rug was called that because it had woven all over its "more than a hundred and twenty square feet" fifty patriotic scenes, such as the Capitol at Washington and the Panama Canal and the Liberty Bell and Niagara Falls and Lincoln being shot by a traitor. It was a wonderful work of art, and, as the man who sold it to Mr. Jacocks said, "surely a credit to any home."

"What are you going to bring?" Fidenia inquired of me, after announcing her own gift.

I looked at her kindly but distantly. "Fidenia," I responded, "no perfect lady ever brags about her earthly possessions. I will only say that my donation will not lag behind any, even the Liberty rug."

These words were the means of silencing Fidenia and giving myself the reputation of having a wonderful white elephant.

As the time for the sale drew near I thought I would better remind mother again about getting my donation. Mother is very forgetful. However, she does not realize this and is always speaking to me about the same fault, which every one knows I am not guilty of.

The next morning I was eating my breakfast when she came down with her hat on, evidently going out.

"Barbara!" she said. "Do you mean to tell me you are just eating your break-



"SAY, NOW, I CALL THAT REAL CUTE. YOU'RE SOME LITTLE BUSINESS WOMAN"

fast? When do you expect to get to school? It is half-past nine this minute!"

"Surely, mother," I reminded her, hoping she would notice the difference in our tones of voice, "you would not wish your own child to go to school with no breakfast?"

"Breakfast," retorted mother, sternly, "has been ready for an hour and a half. All the rest of us finished long ago."

I did not argue this question with her, because in cases of this kind mother is apt to lose control of her temper. My own conscience was clear; I knew it was not my fault that I was late. The night before I had set my clock as usual, and then shut my eyes and given it two or three turns forward. I have found this to be a fine plan, because then, when I wake up in the morning, my clock always says it is later than it really is. Of course, I know it is fast, but as I don't know how much, ten minutes or an hour, I can't allow myself much more time than if the clock was really right, and so I'm always on time. The trouble was, I'd made a mistake the night before and turned the clock backward instead of ahead.

I looked at mother critically. "How well your suit looks, honey," I soothed her.

"Do you think so?" I could see mother softening a little. "I was afraid it wrinkled across the back."

"Not a speck. That gray brings out your complexion. Mrs. St. John Jones looks like a fright in it."

"Yes. Not many can wear it." She tried not to look pleased.

I seized on the favorable opportunity. "Are you going down town?"

"Yes. Kit wants my judgment on a coat she is considering. Is there anything you would like?"

"Not for myself. I feel as if we all ought to make sacrifices for the war. But I wish you'd get that donation for the white elephant sale."

"I'm glad you reminded me of it. Is there anything in particular—?"

"I've made a list of things for you to choose from." I pulled out the paper.

"There's Conrad honking for me," mother broke in, taking the list and

stuffing it into her bag. "I'll do the best I can."

"Don't get anything but one of the things on the list," I called after her.

"All right." Then mother stuck her head back into the dining-room to add: "Don't let this happen again, Barbara. You *must* take to getting up earlier."

Never count on your parent of the feminine gender's forgetting anything unpleasant.

But, anyway, I have a sigh of relief. My white elephant was on the way to being bought. I knew it would be a good one—better than any of the other girls', because I had not left it to mother's judgment. This was the list:

A mahogany four-poster bed.

A wonderful velvet evening coat, with fur.

A chest of silver.

An automobile.

A gold-mesh bag with jewels on the handle
(They have the kind at Hershing's for \$150).

And at the end of this list I had written in large letters:

"REMEMBER YOUR COUNTRY'S NEED AND DO NOT BE STINGY."

After finishing my meager meal I hurried to school. It was to be a busy day. Before the sun set we had to find some place to hold our sale, Miss Lawson being so cranky and pro-German.

We finally decided to go down on MacMillan Street, which is the business section of the Hill, and where both rich and poor pass. Sarah Delle, Fidenia, and I had elected ourselves the committee.

Never before that day have I realized how many of our countrymen are either pro-Germans or else think only of their own good and making money out of our poor bleeding country which has only nine machine-guns, and those probably rusty, to fight the enemy. You would think that a man would be glad to give the use of his store for one day to save the nation, but no. The excuses they gave were really childish. One man said it would cost him hundreds of dollars to move his stock and lose a day's business. I looked at him with a gleaming eye.

"We must all sacrifice for the good of our brave men," I uttered.

What he replied had nothing to do



EVEN THE LIBERTY RUG WENT FOR THREE-FIFTY. IT HAD BEEN MARKED A THOUSAND DOLLARS

with the subject we had been discussing, and was an insult, besides. His words were:

"Little girl, where is your mother?"

"My dear sir," I replied, with a super-human effort to be calm, "you may not know it, but we are in conspiracy with the President of the United States. Your words will be reported to him."

At this he only laughed, so we walked out of the store. At the door I said to Fidenia, in tones loud enough for him to hear, "My dear, is it any wonder the English call us a nation of money-grubbers?" I hope he will feel ashamed of himself.

It was Jimmy St. John Jones who finally helped us out. For a long time I had not been having anything to do with Jimmy, because he was a slacker and had not enlisted. He gave as his excuse

the fact that he was only seventeen, and the nation would not take any one below eighteen, and then you had to have the consent of your parents. But as I told him witheringly at the time, a real patriot could easily move up his age three years and eleven months, or else run off where he was unknown and swear both parents were deceased.

As I say, after this Jimmy and I had not been on any too good terms. But as long as he would not play a man's part and go into the army, he might as well work for the war, anyway. So when we met him as we came out of the store where the man had been so rude, I was nicer to him than I had been for a long time.

"Hello, Jimmy!" I said.

"Oh, hello, Barbie!" he answered, eagerly, looking surprised that my only

greeting was not to hiss, "Slacker!" at him as he passed. "I say, come on in and have something."

Belser's seemed a better place to discuss important business for the government than the street, where all who passed might be spies, so we went in. While we were having hot chocolate and maple pistachios, large, on Jimmy—not physically on him, but poetically speaking—we told him our difficulties.

Jimmy thought he could help us out. He said there was a man just moving into a store farther along, and maybe he would let us hold our sale there before his things were arranged. Jimmy said the man was "under obligations to him," anyway. Well, maybe he was, but from the way he acted he couldn't have been very far under. But at last he agreed to let us have our sale there Saturday, as he said he wasn't going to bring the rest of his goods up till Monday, because that was heatless day and would be otherwise wasted. He allowed this with the understanding that we would clean out the store for him. The store had been used as a grocery before Mr. Short—that was his name—came, and even now it was full of old paper boxes and withered carrots and turnips lying around on the floor, but as I said to the girls, it was for our beloved country and probably we'd have our pictures in all the papers after the sale was over. So we rolled up our sleeves on the spot and went to work superintending Jimmy carry out the trash. I forgot to say Mr. Short was a seller of old furniture. He now packed his things in a corner and covered them over carefully, though they were all awful old things.

Things seemed to be going well. Sarah Delle put up a lot of posters she'd made of white elephants—at least she said they were elephants—with bubbles coming out of their mouths telling about the sale, and Jimmy promised to spend every minute he was not in school hauling the girls' donations down in his car. We got most of the dirt out, except what we swept behind Mr. Short's furniture. I went home with a feeling of pride to think what the efforts of three women, which are usually considered a helpless seck, had accomplished unaided—except, of course, by Jimmy.

But alas!

As usual, my family was my downfall. "Mother!" I called as soon as I stepped into the house. "Did you get my white elephant?"

"Yes, dear," she answered. "It's on my dressing-table."

I flew up stairs, on goggles to see my donation, though I knew what it was. She'd bought the gold-mesh bag with jewels in the handle for a hundred and fifty dollars, because no opera coat or mahogany bed or automobile would fit on top of her dressing-table.

But the only package there was a little mushy one, not a bit like a jeweler's box, and I had to call to mother to come find it for me.

"Goodness, Barbara!" grumbled mother, puffing into the room, "you *are* helpless. Here it is, just where I told you it was." She picked up the squashy package.

I will not mention the untying of the string, and only say that what was inside the package was socks. Gray woolen socks. Two pair.

As I sat staring at them, too stunned to speak, mother picked one up and began stretching it back and forth.

"I thought they would be the very thing. So useful and serviceable for poor people. They're an excellent quality. They had some for forty-nine cents but I paid seventy-five for these."

"Why didn't you buy one of the things on my list?" I gasped, at last.

"I must have mislaid your list," mother admitted. "But I knew this would be the very thing. Aren't you pleased?"

"Pleased!" I exploded. "Pleased! *Pleased!*" With a cry I threw the socks on the floor and rushed to my own room. After a minute I heard mother go downstairs. I knew she had gone to tell father that it was no use trying to do anything for that child—she was simply incomprehensible.

That night I lay awake a long time, thinking how I could possibly get out of the torturing difficulty I was in. At last I decided that there was no one who could help me but Mr. Short, the furniture-dealer. So the next day I looked up the address he hadn't moved from yet, in the telephone-book, and

after school made him a syruptitious visit.

When I told him the way in which I had been deceived by my parent, and about the socks and all, he acted very sympathetic—as much as a man can act sympathetic when he is fat and bald and has eyes like a fish—but he said he did not see how he could help me.

"I have been thinking it all out, Mr. Short," I said, "and I see even if you don't. All you have to do is to lend me an article of furniture—not one of those already up there, that the girls have seen, but something more stylish."

"How would that help you?" he wanted to know.

"Why," I told him, "I will pretend that it is my donation to the auction. Then when it is sold I will quietly turn the money over to you. In that way I shall be saving my reputation, doing you a good deed and helping our beloved country all at the same time."

"Suppose you don't sell it?"

"We shall sell it. But if we didn't, you are moving up on Monday, anyway, so you wouldn't be losing anything by taking the bed up a little earlier."

He looked at me with admiration in his pale eye.

"Say, now, I call that real cute. You're some little business woman."

I wished some member of my family could have been at hand to hear these words, especially my father, who is always grumbling at the way I spend my allowance.

"The next thing to decide," I reminded him, "is what you're going to lend me. I have only one condition, and that is that it will be handsomer than Fidenia Jacocks's Liberty rug."

"Hum!" Mr. Short meditated. He leaned against a table and began writing on his front tooth with a lead pencil, which seemed to be a habit of his. At length he gave a snap with his fingers.

"I've got it!" he exclaimed.

He led the way up to the second floor and opened a window-blind and moved things around, and there in one corner was what he was going to lend me.

As soon as I saw it I knew that my most sanguinary hopes were realized. One of the articles on my list had been a four-poster bed. This was a four-

poster bed, and it looked like new. It was the largest one I'd ever seen, and the four posts were four beautiful carved nimps, their arms holding up a kind of bronze trellis-work to hang the bed-curtains to. The nimps's eyes were bronze also, and so was their long, flowing hair. Packed in a box to keep them clean were the curtains and the bed-spread—*red velvet*, with gold fringe. It was magnificent. It looked at least as if the King of England or the Pope had died in it.

"Oh, Mr. Short!" I cried.

"That," Mr. Short said, "belonged to an old codger up on the hill. Slept on it, he did, for nigh onto twenty years, and it's as good as ever yet. Rich as creases. Had his whole house furnished up in that style. That's his coat of arms on the side, there."

"It's the very *thing*!" I gasped. "The Liberty rug will look like two *cents* beside it!"

"Well, now, I just thought it would take your eye."

"It does. How much money is it worth?"

"Well," he said, "I'll be satisfied if I get fifty dollars out of it."

"Fifty dollars?" I gasped.

"The wood and metal ought to be worth that much. Of course it cost a heap more in the first place, but I'm not able to sell it. People don't want that sort of thing any more. Yes, I'll be satisfied with fifty dollars. If you get any more you can have it for your ammunitions."

You can see what a patriot Mr. Short was.

"Mr. Short," I said, "I will see to it that the President hears of your noble services."

He laughed. "Oh, that's all right."

I went home resolving to see how much Fidenia marked the Liberty rug, and then mark my bed at least three hundred dollars higher. My only regret was that I could not bid it in for my own room at home. If you could sleep in a bed like that you wouldn't care what happened to you in the daytime.

When the girls saw it they simply went wild.

"Where did you get it, Barbara?" Flossie Redway inquired, awe-struck.

"It belonged to the family." I did not say what family, so this was not a lie. "The old man it belonged to was a Codger. There is his coat of arms. He was as rich as grease."

"My dear! I didn't know you were related to royalty!"

"Didn't you?" I said. "Well, of course it's distant."

"Let's put the bed right in the center of the room, where it will show off," begged Fidenia. She had had to admit that the Liberty rug wasn't in it with my white elephant.

"I'll let you put your Liberty rug down for it to stand on," I told her, generously.

For that matter, there wasn't much trouble about anything's showing off, there was so much room. The store seemed to be larger than we'd thought.

And at the last things didn't go exactly as we'd planned, either. It seemed that many of the girls had promised things without consulting their mothers, thinking, of course, that anybody would be willing to do that much for their country, and then later, when it came time for the things to be taken, the mothers were not willing to part with them. Other articles, which the girls had been allowed to bring, for some reason or other did not look as they had sounded as if they would look when the girls described them. But then, as Sarah Delle said, probably they would seem better to the poor than they did to us, and the poor would be willing to pay more for them than we would. Also, we still had Fidenia's Liberty rug and I had finally persuaded Sarah Delle to order a victrola—she would get only a fifteen-



I HAD A FEELING THAT ALL WAS NOT WELL

dollar one—sent out on approval. After it was sold her father would have to pay for it. This, I told her, he would of course be glad to do, seeing what it was for, but Sarah Delle did not agree with me. At last, just to fill up space and make things a little more homelike, we borrowed Mr. Short's furniture, that he had stowed away in the back of the store until after the sale. It looked kind of shabby, but it took up space.

Saturday morning we were all on hand at nine o'clock. The freshmen were the street committee—they went up and down outside and got people to come in and look at our stock, but not buy, as everybody said our things were too high. But each article had been marked at the price that the girl who brought it said it was worth, and we could not lower the price without hurting her feelings, so it couldn't be helped.

Our posters had announced that in the afternoon we would auction off all the goods we had not sold in the morning, which turned out to be all of it. At one o'clock there came along a lot of women, shoving one another and examining everything—biting the dresses to see if they would fade and trying the varnish on the furniture by nicking it with their finger-nails. They must have belonged to our lower classes. Some of the girls thought we ought not to sell to such rude people, but as all the customers we had were alike, we shouldn't have sold anything at all, that way. But we were disappointed that, instead of being willing to sacrifice for their country, they kept trying to jew us down and get things cheap. The victrola brought only a dollar and eighty-five cents and even the Liberty rug went for three-fifty. It had been marked a thousand dollars.

I admit I haven't a very clear idea of the details of that afternoon. I was sorry that I had agreed to be auctioneer. It seems to me now like a hideous nightmare, with every one pulling and hauling at things and poking them at me to auction off and then getting mad because I didn't do it right. Quite a few women went off without remembering to pay—though remembering to take their purchases—or discovering they didn't have nearly as much money as they'd bid for a thing. However, after

an article had been knocked down we felt that it wouldn't be honorable to take it back.

My bed caused quite a few roars. Almost all the women wanted it, but most of them said it was too big to go into their houses. Finally it simmered down to two women. One of them said she thought she could get it into her front room if she had her husband saw off the nimp's feet. The other woman was a neighbor and friend of the first woman, and she said she simply couldn't let the other get ahead of her, even if she had to take the bed apart and keep it in the wood-shed. They kept raising each other, ten cents at a time, until one of them bid seven dollars. I guess the woman that thought it might fit her front room ran out of money, because she did not bid any more, so I sold it to myself for seven dollars and ten cents.

I had felt all along that I would do anything to get that bed, but when it had been marked one thousand five hundred dollars I knew it was beyond my means. Of course, I didn't have seven dollars and ten cents, either. But the girls would trust me till I could ask my father for the money. He would not refuse because it was such a marvelous bargain, and, anyway, he had often said that he was willing to do anything for his country, and here was his chance. If anything happened that his business failed or he was robbed or something, I could sell my fur coat that Aunt Barbara gave me to my sister Elizabeth. I was sure she would pay seven dollars and ten cents for it, because she had always had her eye on it. And it wasn't doing me any good, anyway, on account of my being thought too young to wear it.

By five o'clock we'd sold everything and we had a cigar-box full of money. It was just as we were about to count the money, sitting around on the floor, because everything had been taken away except a few heavy things that we had promised Jimmy would deliver C.O.D. in his auto on Monday, that Mr. Short came in.

"Well, how'd you make it?" he inquired, genially.

"We have all this money," we told him.

"I see you didn't sell the bed, did you?"

"Oh yes," I said. "All these things are sold. They aren't to be delivered till Monday."

"Fine, fine!" He looked around, and slowly a strange, unpleasant look came over his face. All at once his kind manner changed.

"My God!" he roared. (I know this is an unladylike expression and should never be used except on the stage, but how can I write a voracious account if I do not put down exactly what he said?) "Where is my furniture?"

We gazed at him. And then it came over me that in the excitement we had sold Mr. Short's furniture, that we had gotten out to take up space, by mistake. It was every scrap gone except a sideboard and a chest of drawers, which were the things we had promised to deliver, and, of course, the bed.

Well, I quickly saw that I had been mistaken in Mr. Short. Neither his actions nor his words were those of a gentleman, let alone a patriot. It seemed to have no influence with him that it was a mistake, or the money to be used for the good of the country. I feel that it is better to run the risk of not being voracious rather than to repeat all he said. Miss Lawson would have been very angry if she had known her school was exposed to such words.

When he ran out of breath, I stepped forward.

"I don't see what you're so furious about," I remarked to him. "You had that furniture to sell, didn't you? Well, you ought to be grateful to us for selling it for you."

He cooled down a little at that, and said that if we were willing to pay him for it, all right, he would say nothing more.

I told him he was giving false interpretations to my words, because I had not said anything about paying him for it. He ought to be willing to sacrifice a few old tables and chairs to his country. But at this he became so violent that we were forced to agree to pay him for everything but the sideboard and the chest of drawers which had not been delivered and which he said never would be. Out of a whole boxful of money we

could certainly afford to pay him rather than have trouble. While he was figuring out what his furniture was worth we counted our money. He finally said he would charge us only a hundred and ninety-eight dollars and fifty cents. I told him I thought this was high, but he replied that all his things were solid mahogany antics and we were getting off mighty cheap.

But the fearful part of it was that when we had counted our money we had only fifteen dollars and three cents. It had been mostly in nickles and pennies, and so deceitful. And besides that, owing your creditor a hundred and ninety-eight dollars and fifty cents!

Then some one remembered that we would have seven dollars and ten cents more when the bed was paid for.

When Mr. Short heard that the bed had sold for seven dollars and ten cents he went off into another paroxysm of rage. He said that I owed him fifty dollars for it. In his anger he forgot that it was to be a secret that the bed hadn't belonged to my ancestor, and gave the whole thing away. Flossie Redway said she knew all the time I hadn't been royalty or had a grandfather who was a Codger. Anyway, I couldn't see how I owed him fifty dollars and the girls seven dollars and ten cents at the same time, but they said I did. I knew Elizabeth would never pay me fifty-seven dollars and ten cents for my coat. It was simply terrible.

Finding out how little money we had, Mr. Short became stern and terrible. He took down Mr. Jacocks's and Mr. Sherwin's and dad's addresses, and he said that if we did not pay him what we owed him he would put Fidenia and Sarah Delle and me in jail. (The rest of the girls had sort of slithered out, one by one, and were now gone.) At this Sarah Delle began to cry. But Mr. Short said he would see our parents first, at an early date. His words had an omnivorous sound.

I went home slowly, with the fifteen dollars and three cents in the cigar-box. I had been intending to give it to my father to keep for me, but after what had happened something warned me to take care of it myself. And I am glad I did.

The reason for my being glad is be-

cause Mr. Short did not even wait until dinner was over. He came just as Rose was bringing in the sweetless desert—fruit chopped up and stuck together with wobbly gelatine.

When I heard that there was a strange man in the reception-room to see father, I had a feeling that all was not well. Peeking through the portières, I saw that I had been right, and, putting on my coat and hat, I flew quietly out the side door and over to Sarah Delle's house. Under the window I gave a whistle which we only use to each other when something very important has happened, and which means, drop everything and come.

Sarah Delle came. I guess she had been kind of uneasy.

"Sarah Delle," I whispered, "Mr. Short is at our house now. I do not need to tell you what for. Dad hasn't finished his coffee yet, but he will in two minutes and then you know what will happen."

Sarah Delle wrang her hands in silent anguish.

"There is just one thing for us to do," I said. "We must go and give ourselves up to the police."

At this Sarah Delle wrang her hands harder than ever and began to cry.

"Sarah Delle," I said, sternly, "this is not a time to cry. We must act. I have been thinking the whole thing over. If we give ourselves up, explaining all, we shall be martyrs for our beloved

country and have statues erected to us and our pictures in the paper, and our families will be ashamed of all the mean things they have done to us, after we are honored dead. And as it is, in a few minutes, when our parents have seen Mr. Short, there is sure to be something

as unpleasant—maybe more so—which has no glory about it. After we are in jail there will be no use of their scolding us. Maybe their hard hearts will even be softened and they will bring us chocolate and paper to write our memoirs."

Sarah Delle soon saw it as I did. She sneaked in to get her coat and give one last look at her beloved family before following me down the familiar street where our footsteps would never return.

It was a long, weary walk to the police station and neither one of us had any money to ride on the car,

or even refresh our weary feet with a sundæ on the way. And when we got there things were not as we had expected them.

I mean, instead of joyfully seizing us and throwing us into a dark cell, they seemed to be surprised and not wish to put us in jail, even after I had told the man at the desk that we were hardened criminals and had stolen a hundred and ninety-eight dollars' worth of furniture and a bed besides, and that Mr. Short was even now searching for us. They asked us all kinds of questions, and



"THERE IS ONE THING FOR US TO DO. WE MUST GIVE OURSELVES UP TO THE POLICE"

where we lived. At first they said they could not arrest us without a warrant, but I told them we would never leave that station-house till they did. After talking together in low tones, and telephoning, and I don't know what all, they finally said, all right, but we'd have to wait there awhile until a cell was ready. They had to put new straw in for us to sleep on. I asked if they didn't want to put chains on us, but the man at the desk said no, those had gone out of style. So we sat down and waited. It took them an awfully long time. Nobody said anything to us and it was hot and stuffy, and Sarah Delle said she did not want to be a martyr, after all, but would rather go home, even if the family did make trouble. At least it would be over sooner.

It was just as I was wondering what to do that the door opened and father came in. Mr. Short was not with him.

I forgot that I was arrested and gave one leap to him. I guess I cried once myself, and tried to tell him, all at once, about the white elephants and Mr. Short's bed and being a patriot and the wool socks. He did not scold me, but just blew his nose and patted me on the back. It came over me with a gush that it would be terrible to leave my father for a stony jail and bring down disgrace on his hairs, which were not white now, but would be sometime. But I guess my father must be an influential citizen, because after he came nothing more was said about getting the cell ready for Sarah Delle and me. I found that we were to go home with him. My father shook hands with the officer at the desk and said that if ever there was anything—though I don't see what the officer had done.

Anyway, we went home. Father left Sarah Delle at her door with a few words, and I saw Mrs. Sherwin kissing her, so I guess it was all right. I had a talk with father in the library. He said that he and Mr. Jacocks and Sarah Delle's father had arranged about Mr. Short. He said that he wished that everybody was as patriotic as Fidenia and Sarah Delle and me; if they were the war would be over quick. But he said that there were a great many things I did not understand, and after

this I must come to him before attempting things of this kind. I promised I would.

Later I heard him say to mother that he didn't want to hear a word of Kit's twitting me about what had happened, and didn't mother think it might be better if she would take enough time from the Red Cross to play with me a little?

Monday Sarah Delle telephoned me to come over. She wanted to consult me about a letter that had come from the White House and that she was afraid to open because, after having a written contract with the government to furnish thousands of dollars' worth of ammunitions, maybe they would stand us up against a stone wall and shoot us in the cold gray light. But they weren't going to at all. The letter was a noble epistol from the President's secretary. It thanked us in the name of the nation, but, it said, the country was now being well provided with ammunitions and maybe we'd better use our money for the Red Cross. On the whole, we were glad to have it decided that way.

"I suppose we shall have to learn to knit," Sarah Delle said.

"I suppose so," I agreed. "Well, it's fashionable, that's one thing."

"My dear!" Sarah Delle suddenly grasped my arm. "I know what we'll do. With the three cents of our fifteen dollars and three cents we'll send a courteous reply. With the fifteen dollars we'll buy us each a knitting-bag. I've been wild for one, and they have simply adorable ones at the Fancy Shop, with apples and tomatoes on them, for seven-fifty each. That'll just use our money! Doesn't it seem like Providence?"

Well, it did. Fidenia, when she saw our bags, did not think so. She said part of the money ought to be used for a bag for her. But she had not been to jail, and, besides, there was only enough money for two bags. She made herself unpleasant, but one can endure anything, feeling that it is for the sake of her country.

When our white elephant sale is forgotten I am going to try to get mother to buy me that bed from Mr. Short. I shall be blighted if I have to live my life without it.

The Country Doctor

BY THEODORE DREISER



HOW well I remember him—the tall, grave, slightly bent figure, the head like Plato's or that of Diogenes, peering, all too kindly, into the faces of dishonest men, the mild, brown-gray eyes. In addition, he wore long, full, brown-gray whiskers, in winter a long gray overcoat (soiled and patched toward the last), a soft black hat that hung darkeningly over his eyes. But what a doctor! And how simple, and often non-drug-storey, were so many of his remedies!

"My son, your father is very sick. Now, I'll tell you what you can do for me. You go out here along the Cheever-town road about a mile or two and ask any farmer this side of the creek to let you have a good big handful of peach sprigs—about so many—see? Say that Doctor Gridley said he was to give them to you for him. Then, Mrs. —, when he brings them, you take a few, not more than seven or eight, and break them up and steep them in hot water until you have an amber-colored tea. Give Mr. — about three or four teaspoonfuls of that every three or four hours, and I hope we'll find he'll do better. This kidney case is severe, I know, but he'll come around all right."

And he did. My father had been very ill, so weak at last that we thought he was sure to die. The house was so somber at the time—an atmosphere of depression and fear, with pity for the sufferer, and groans of distress on his part; and then the solemn visits of the doctor, made pleasant by his wise, kindly humor and his hopeful predictions, and ending in this mild prescription, which resulted, in this case, in a cure. He was seemingly so remote at times, in reality so near, and wholly thoughtful.

On this occasion I went out along the

long, cold, country road of a March evening. I was full of thoughts of his importance as a doctor. He seemed so necessary to us, as to everybody. I knew nothing about medicine or how lives were saved, but I felt sure that he did and that he would save my father in spite of his always conservative, speculative, doubtful manner. What a wonderful man he must be to know all these things—that peach sprouts, for instance, were an antidote to the agony of gall-stones!

As I walked along, the simplicity of country life and its needs and deprivations were impressed upon me, even though I was so young. So few here could afford to pay for expensive prescriptions—ourselves especially—and Doctor Gridley knew that and took it into consideration, so rarely did he order anything from a drug-store. Most often what he prescribed he took out of a case, compounded, as it were, in our presence.

A brisk wind had fluttered snow in the morning, and now the ground was white, with a sinking red sun shining across it, a sense of spring in the air. Being unknown to these farmers, I wondered if any one of them would really cut me a double handful of fresh young peach sprigs or suckers from their young trees, as the doctor had said. Did they really know him? Some one along the road—a home-driving farmer—told me of an old Mr. Mills who had a five-acre orchard farther on. In a little while I came to his door and was confronted by a thin, gaunt, bespectacled woman, who called to a man inside:

"Henry, here's a little boy says Doctor Gridley said you were to cut him a double handful of peach sprigs."

Henry now came forward—a tall, bony farmer in high boots and an old wool-lined leather coat and a cap of wool.

"Doctor Gridley sent cha, did he?" he observed, eying me most critically.

"Yes, sir."

"What's the matter? What does he want with 'em? Do ya know?"

"Yes, sir. My father's sick with kidney trouble, and Doctor Gridley said I was to come out here."

"Oh, all right. Wait 'll I git my big knife," and back he went, returning later with a large, horn-handled knife, which he opened. He preceded me out through the barn lot and into the orchard beyond.

"Doctor Gridley sent cha, did he, huh?" he asked as he went. "Well, I guess we all have ter comply with whatever the doctor orders. We're all apt ter git sick now an' ag'in," and, talking trivialities of a like character, he cut me an armful, saying: "I might as well give ya too many as too few. Peach sprigs! Now, I never heered o' them bein' good fer anythin', but I reckon the doctor knows what he's talkin' about. He usually does—or that's what we think around here, anyhow."

In the dusk I trudged home with my armful, my fingers cold. The next morning, the tea having been brewed and taken, my father was better. In a week or two he was up and around, as well as ever, and during this time he commented on the efficacy of this tea, a strange remedy, something new to him, which caused the whole incident to be impressed upon my mind. The doctor had told him that if at any time in the future he was so troubled again and could get fresh young peach sprigs for a tea, he would find that it would help him. And the expense for drugs was exactly nothing.

In later years I came to know him better—this thoughtful, crusty, kindly soul, always so ready to come at all hours when his cases permitted, so anxious to see that his patients were not taxed beyond their resources financially.

I remember once, one of my sisters being very ill, so ill that we were beginning to fear death, one and another of us had to take turns sitting up with her at night to help and to give her medicine regularly. During one of the nights when I was sitting up, dozing, reading, and listening to the wind in the pines outside, she seemed to get worse persistently. Her fever rose, and she

complained of such aches and pains that finally I had to go and call my mother. A consultation with her finally resulted in my being sent for Doctor Gridley—no telephones in those days—to tell him, although she hesitated so to do, how she felt, and ask him if he would not come.

I was only fourteen. The street along which I had to go was quite dark, the town lights being put out at 2 A.M., by reason of thrift, perhaps. There was a high wind that cried in the trees. My shoes on the boardwalks here and there sounded like the thuds of a giant. I recall progressing in a shivery, ghost-like sort of way, expecting at any step to encounter goblins of the most approved form, until finally the well-known outlines of the house of the doctor on the main street—yellow, many-roomed, a wide porch in front—came, because of a very small lamp in a very large glass case to one side of the door, into view.

Here I knocked, and then knocked more. No reply. I then made a still more forceful effort. Finally, through one of the red-glass panels which graced either side of the door I saw at the head of the stairs the lengthy figure of the doctor, arrayed in a long white night-shirt, and carrying a small glass hand-lamp. His feet were in gray-flannel slippers, and his whiskers stuck out most discordantly.

"Wait! Wait!" I heard him call. "I'll be there! I'm coming! Don't make such a fuss! It seems as though I never get a real good night's rest any more."

He came on, opened the door, and looked out.

"Well," he demanded, a little fussily for him, "what's the matter now?"

"Doctor," I began, and proceeded to explain all my sister's aches and pains, winding up by saying that my mother said, "Wouldn't he please come at once?"

"Your mother!" he grumbled. "What can I do if I do come down? Not a thing. Feel her pulse and tell her she's all right. That's every bit I can do. Your mother knows that as well as I do. That disease has to run its course." He looked at me as though I were to blame, then added, "Calling me up this way at three in the morning!"

"But she's in such pain, Doctor," I complained.

"All right—everybody has to have a little pain! You can't be sick without it."

"I know," I replied, disconsolately, believing sincerely that my sister might die, "but she's in such awful pain, Doctor."

"Well, go on," he replied, turning up the light. "I know it's all foolishness, but I'll come. You go back and tell your mother that I'll be there in a little bit, but it's all nonsense, nonsense. She isn't a bit sicker than I am right this minute, not a bit—" and he closed the door and went up-stairs.

To me this seemed just the least bit harsh for the doctor, although, as I reasoned afterward, he was probably half asleep and tired—dragged out of his bed, possibly, once or twice more in the same night.

In due time the doctor came. The seizure was apparently nothing which could not have waited until morning. However, he left some new cure, possibly clear water in a bottle, and departed. But the night trials of doctors and their patients, especially in the country, were fixed in my mind then.

One of the next interesting impressions I gained of the doctor was that of seeing him hobbling about our town on crutches, his medicine-case held in one hand along with a crutch, visiting his patients, when he himself appeared to be so ill as to require medical attention. He was suffering from some severe form of rheumatism at the time, but this, apparently, was not sufficient to keep him from those who in his judgment probably needed his services more than he did his rest.

One of the truly interesting things about Doctor Gridley, as I early began to note, was his profound indifference to what might be called his material welfare. Why, I have often asked myself, should a man of so much genuine ability choose to ignore the gauds and plaudits and pleasures of the gayer, smarter world outside, in which he might readily have shone, to thus devote himself and all his talents to a simple rural community? For that he was an extremely able physician there was not the slight-

est doubt. Other physicians from other towns about, and even so far away as Chicago, were repeatedly calling him into consultation. That he knew life—much of it—as only a priest or a doctor of true wisdom can know it, was evident from many incidents, of which I subsequently learned, and yet here he was, hidden away in this simple rural world, surrounded probably by his Rabelais, his Burton, his Frazer, and his Montaigne, and dreaming what dreams—thinking what thoughts?

"Say," an old patient, friend, and neighbor of his once remarked to me years later when we had both removed to another city, "one of the sweetest recollections of my life is to picture old Doctor Gridley, Ed Boulder who used to run the hotel over at Sleichertown, Congressman Barr, and Judge Morgan, sitting out in front of Boulder's hotel over there of a summer evening, and haw-hawing over the funny stories which Boulder was always telling, while they were waiting for the Pierceton bus. Doctor Gridley's laugh, so soft to begin with, but growing in force and volume until it was a jolly shout. And the green fields all around. And Mrs. Calder's drove of geese over the way honking, too, as geese will whenever people begin to talk or laugh. It was delicious."

One of the most significant traits of his character, as might have been predicated from the above, was his absolute indifference to actual money, the very cash, one would think, with which he needed to buy his own supplies. During his life his wife, who was a thrifty, hard-working woman, used frequently, as I learned after, to comment on this; but to no result. He could not be made to charge where he did not need to, nor collect where he knew the people were poor.

"Once he became angry at my uncle," his daughter once told me, "because he offered to collect for him for three per cent., dunning his patients for their debts, and another time he dissolved a partnership with a local physician who insisted that he ought to be more careful to charge and collect."

This generosity on his part frequently led to some very interesting results. On one occasion, for instance, when he was

sitting out on his front lawn in Warsaw, smoking, his chair tilted back against a tree and his legs crossed in the fashion known as "jack-knife," a poorly dressed farmer without a coat came up and, after saluting the doctor, began to explain that his wife was sick and that he had come to get the doctor's advice. He seemed quite disturbed and every now and then wiped his brow, while the doctor listened with an occasional question or gently accented "Uh-huh, uh-huh!" until the story was all told and the advice ready to be received. When this was given in a low, reassuring tone, he took from his pocket his little book of blanks and wrote out a prescription, after which he handed it to the man and began talking again. The latter took out a silver dollar and handed it to him, the which he turned idly between his fingers for a few seconds, then searched in his pocket for a mate to it, and, playing with them awhile as he talked, finally handed back the dollar to the farmer.

"You take that," he said, pleasantly, "and go down to the drug-store and have the prescription filled. I think your wife will be all right."

When he had gone the doctor sat there a long time, meditatively puffing the smoke from his cob pipe and turning his own dollar over in his hand. After a time he looked up at his daughter, who was present, and said:

"I was just thinking what a short time it took me to write that prescription and what a long time it took him to earn that dollar. I guess he needs the dollar more than I do."

In the same spirit of this generosity, he was one day sitting in his yard of a summer day, sunning himself and smoking, a favorite pleasure of his, when two men rode up to his gate from opposite directions and simultaneously hailed him. He arose and went out to meet them. His wife, who was sewing just inside the hall, as she usually was when her husband was outside, leaned forward in her chair to see through the door, and took note of who they were. Both were men in whose families the doctor had practised for years. One was a prosperous farmer who always paid his "doctor's bills," and the other was a miller, a ne'er-do-well, with a delicate wife and

a family of sickly children, who never asked for a statement and never had one sent him, and who only occasionally and at great intervals handed the doctor a dollar in payment for his many services. Both men talked to him a little while and then rode away, after which he returned to the house, calling to Enoch, his old negro servant, to bring his horse, and then went into his study to prepare his medicine-case. Mrs. Gridley, who was naturally interested in his financial welfare and who at times had to plead with him not to let his generosity stand wholly in the way of his judgment, inquired of him as he came out:

"Now, Doctor, which of those two men are you going with?"

"Why, Miss Susan," he replied—a favorite manner of addressing his wife, the note of apology in his voice showing that he knew very well what she was thinking about, "I'm going with W——."

"I don't think that is right," she replied, with mild emphasis. "Mr. N—— is as good a friend of yours as W——, and he always pays you."

"Now, Miss Susan," he returned, coaxingly, "N—— can go to Pierceton and get Doctor Bodine, and W—— can't get any one but me. You surely wouldn't have left him without any one?"

What the effect of such an attitude was may be judged when it is related that there was scarcely a man, woman, or child in the entire county who had not at some time or other been directly or indirectly benefited by the kindly wisdom of this Samaritan. He was nearly everybody's doctor, in the last extremity, either as consultant or otherwise. Everywhere he went, by every lane and hollow that he fared, he was constantly being called into service by some one—the well-to-do as well as by those who had nothing; and in both cases he was equally keen to give the same degree of painstaking skill, finding something in the very poor—a humanity and possibly an art interest—which detained and fascinated him. The very, very poor were as much his patients as, if not more so than, the well-to-do, although his reputation was such that all felt that they needed and demanded him. If anything, he was a little more prone to

linger at the bedside of the very poor and neglected than anywhere else.

"He was always doing it," said his daughter, "and my mother used to worry over it. She declared that of all things earthly, papa loved an unfortunate person; the greater the misfortune, the greater his care."

In our town was an old and very distinguished colonel, comparatively rich, and very crotchety, who had won considerable honors for himself during the Civil War. He was a figure, and very much looked up to by all. People were, in the main, overawed by and highly respectful of him. Plainly, he was one born to command, as I used to think—a remote, stern soul—yet to Doctor Gridley he was little more than a child or school-boy—one to be bossed on occasion and made to behave. Plainly, the doctor had the conviction that all of us, great and small, were very much in need of sympathy and care and that he, the doctor, was the one to provide it. At any rate, the latter had known the colonel long and well, and in a public way—at the principal street corner, for instance, or in the post-office where we school-children were wont to congregate—it was not at all surprising to hear him take the old colonel, who was quite frail now, to task for not taking better care of himself—coming out, for instance, without his rubbers or his overcoat in wet or chilly weather, and in other ways misbehaving himself.

"There you go again!" I once heard him call to the colonel, as the latter was leaving the post-office and he was entering (there was no rural free delivery in those days), "walking around without your rubbers, and no overcoat! You want to get me up in the night again, do you?"

"It didn't seem so damp when I started out, Doctor."

"And of course it was too much trouble to go back! You wouldn't feel that way if you couldn't come out at all, perhaps."

"I'll put 'em on! I'll put 'em on! Only, please don't fuss, Doctor. I'll go back to the house and put 'em on."

The doctor merely stared after him quizzically, like an old schoolmaster, as the rather stately colonel marched off.

Another of his patients was an old Mr. Pegram, a large, kind, big-hearted man, who was very fond of the doctor, but who had an exceedingly irascible temper, and who was the victim of some obscure malady which medicine apparently failed at times to relieve. This seemed to increase his irritability a great deal, so much so that the doctor had at last discovered that if he could get Mr. Pegram angry enough the malady would occasionally disappear. This sometimes seemed as good a remedy as any, and in consequence he was occasionally inclined to try it.

Among other things this old gentleman was the possessor of a handsome buffalo-robe which, according to a story that long went the rounds locally, he once promised to leave to the doctor when he died. At the same time all reference to death both pained and irritated him greatly—a fact which the doctor knew. Finding the old gentleman in a most complaining and hopeless mood one night, not to be dealt with, indeed, in any reasoning way, the doctor returned to his home and early the next day without any other word sent old Enoch, his negro servant, around to get, as he said, the buffalo-robe—a request which would indicate, of course, that the doctor had concluded that old Mr. Pegram had died—or was about to—a hopeless case. When ushered into the latter's presence, Enoch began innocently enough:

"De doctah say dat now dat Mr. Peg'am hab subspired, he was to hab dat ba-ba-buffalo-robe."

"What!" shouted the old irascible, rising and clambering out of his bed. "What's that? Buffalo-robe! By God! You go back and tell old Doc Gridley that I ain't dead yet by a damned sight! No, sir!" and forthwith he dressed himself and was out and around the same day.

Persons who met the doctor, as I heard years later from his daughter and from others who had known him, were frequently asking him, just in a social way, what to do for certain ailments, and he would as often reply in a humorous and half-vagrom manner that if he were in their place he would do or take so-and-so, not meaning really that they

should do so, but merely to get rid of them, and indicating, of course, any one of a hundred harmless things—never one that could really have proved injurious to any one. Once, according to his daughter, as he was driving into town from somewhere, he met a man on a lumber-wagon whom he scarcely knew, but who knew him well enough, who stopped him and, showing him a sore on the upper tip of his ear, asked him what he would do for it.

"Oh," said the doctor, idly and jestingly, "I think I'd cut it off."

"Yes," said the man, very much pleased with this free advice; "with what, Doctor?"

"Oh, I think I'd use a pair of scissors," he replied, amusedly, scarcely assuming that his jesting would be taken seriously.

The driver jogged on and the doctor did not see or hear of him again until some two months later, when, meeting him in the street, the driver smilingly approached him and enthusiastically exclaimed:

"Well, Doc, you see I cut 'er off, and she got well!"

"Yes," replied the doctor, solemnly, not remembering anything about the case, but willing to appear interested—"what was it you cut off?"

"Why, that sore on my ear up here, you know. You told me to cut it off, and I did."

"Yes," said the doctor, becoming curious and a little amazed; "with what?"

"Why, with a pair of scissors, Doc, just like you said."

The doctor stared at him, the whole thing coming gradually back to him.

"But didn't you have some trouble in cutting it off?" he inquired, in disturbed astonishment.

"No, no," said the driver; "I made 'em sharp, all right. I spent two days whettin' 'em up, and Bob Hart cut 'er off fer me. They cut, all right, but I tell you she hurt when she went through the gristle."

He smiled in pleased remembrance of his surgical operation, and the doctor smiled also, but, according to his daughter, he decided to give no more idle advice of that kind.

In the school which I attended for a

period were two of his sons, Fred and Walter. Both were very fond of birds and kept a number of one kind and another about their home—not in cages, as some might do, but inveigled and trained as pets, and living in the various open bird-houses fixed about the yard on poles. The doctor himself was intensely fond of them and of all other birds, and, according to his daughter and his sons, always anticipated their spring return—blackbirds, blue jays, wrens, and robins—with a hopeful, "Well, now, they'll soon be here again."

One of the most interesting of his bird friendships was that which existed between him and a pair of crows he and his sons had raised, "Jim" and "Zip" by name. These crows came to know him well and were finally so humanly attached to him that, according to his family, they would often fly two or three miles out of town to meet him and would then accompany him, lighting on fences and trees by the way, and cawing to him as he drove along! Both of them were great thieves, and would steal anything from a bit of thread up to a sewing-machine, if they could have carried it. They were always walking about the house, cheerfully looking for what they might devour, and on one occasion carried off a set of spoons, which they hid about the eaves of the house. On another occasion they stole a half-dozen tin-handled pocket-knives, which the doctor had bought for the children, and which the crows seemed to like for the brightness of the metal. They were recovered once by the children, stolen again by the crows, recovered once more, and so on, until at last it was a question as to which were the rightful owners.

The doctor was sitting in front of a store one day in the business heart of the town where he liked also to linger in fair weather, when suddenly he saw one of his crows, flying high overhead and bearing something in its beak which it dropped into the road scarcely a hundred feet away. Interested to see what it was the bird had been carrying, he went to the spot where he saw it fall, and there found one of the tin-handled knives which the crow had been carrying to a safe hiding-place. He picked it up, and, when he returned home that

night, asked one of his boys if he could lend him a knife.

"No," said his son. "Our knives are all lost. The crows took them."

"I knew that," said the doctor, sweetly, "and so when I met Zip up-town just now I asked her to lend me one, and she did. Here it is."

He pulled out the knife and handed it to the boy, and, when the latter expressed doubt and wonder, insisted that the crow had lent it to him; a joke which ended in his always asking one of the children to run and ask Zip if she would lend him a knife, whenever he chanced to need one.

Although a sad man at times, as I understood, the doctor was not a hypochondriac, and in many ways, both by practical jokes and the humoring of odd characters, sought relief from the intense emotional strain which the large practice of his profession put upon him. One of his greatest reliefs was the carrying out of these same practical jokes, and he had been known to go to no little trouble at times to work up a good laugh.

One of the, to him, richest jokes, and one which he always enjoyed telling, related to a country singing-school located in the neighborhood of Pierceton, in which reading (the alphabet, at least), spelling, geography, arithmetic, rules of grammar, and so forth, were still taught by a process of singing. The method adopted in this form of education was to have the scholar memorize all knowledge by singing it. Thus in the case of geography the students would sing the name of the country, then its mountains, then the highest peaks, cities, rivers, principal points of interest, and so on, until all information about that particular country had been duly memorized in song or rhyme. Occasionally they would have a school-day on which the local dignitaries would be invited, and on a number of these occasions the doctor was, for amusement's sake merely, a grave and reverent listener. On one occasion, however, he was merely passing the school, when, hearing "Africa-a, Africa-a, mountains of the moo-oo-oon" drawled out of the windows, he decided to stop in and listen awhile. Having tethered his horse outside, he knocked at the door and was received by the lit-

tle English singing teacher, who, after showing him to a seat, immediately called upon the class for an exhibition of their finest wisdom. When they had finished this, the teacher turned to him and inquired if there was anything he would especially like them to sing.

"No," said the doctor, gravely, and with an amused twinkle in his eye, no doubt. "I had thought of asking you to sing the Rocky Mountains, but, as the mountains are so high and the amount of time I have so limited, I have decided that perhaps it will be asking too much."

"Oh, not at all, *not at all*," airily replied the teacher, and, turning to his class, he exclaimed with a very superior smile, "Now, ladies and gentlemen, 'ere is a scientific gentleman who thinks it is 'arder to sing of 'igh mountings than it is to sing of *low* mountings." And forthwith the class began to demonstrate that in respect to the vocal qualities of mountains there was no difference at all.

Only those, however, who knew Doctor Gridley in the sick-room and knew him well, ever discovered the really finest trait of his character—a keen, unshielded sensibility to, and sympathy for, all human suffering, that could not bear to inflict the slightest additional pain. He was really, in the main, a man of soft tones and unctuous laughter, of gentle touch and gentle step, and a devotion to duty that carried him far beyond his interests or his personal well-being. One of his chief compunctions, according to his daughter, was the telling friends or relatives of any stricken person that there was no hope. Instead, he would use every delicate shade of phrasing and tone in imparting the fateful words, in order to give less pain, if possible. "I remember in the case of my father," said one of his friends, "when the last day came and knowing the end was near, he was compelled to make some preliminary discouraging remark, I bent over with my ear against my father's chest and said: 'Doctor Gridley, the disease is under control, I think. I can hear the respiration to the bottom of the lungs.'

"'Yes, yes,' he answered me, sadly, but now with an implication which could by no means be misunderstood, 'it is nearly always so. The failure is in the

recuperative energy. Vitality runs too low.' It meant from the first, 'Your father will not live.'"

In the case of a little child with meningitis, the same person was sent to him to ask what of the child—better or worse. His answer was, "He is passing as free from pain as ever I knew a case of this kind."

In yet another case of a dying woman, one of her relatives inquired, "Doctor, is this case dangerous?" "Not in the nature of the malady, madam," was his sad and sympathetic reply, "but fatal in the condition it meets. Hope is broken. There is nothing to resist the damage."

One of his perpetual charges, as I learned later, was a poor old unfortunate by the name of Id Logan, who had a little cabin and an acre of ground a half-dozen miles west of Warsaw, and who existed from year to year, Heaven only knows how.

Id never had any money, friends, or relatives, and was always troubled with illness or hunger in some form or other, and yet the doctor always spoke of him sympathetically as "poor old Id Logan," and would often call out there on his rounds to see how he was getting along. One snowy winter evening, as he was traveling homeward after a long day's ride, he chanced to recollect the fact that he was in the neighborhood of his worthless old charge, and, fancying that he might be in need of something, turned his horse into the lane which led up to the door. When he reached the house he noticed that no smoke was coming from the chimney and that the windows were slightly rimmed with frost, as if there were no heat within. Rapping at the door and receiving no response, he opened it and went in. There he found his old charge, sick and wandering in his mind, lying upon a broken-down bed and moaning in pain. There was no fire in the fireplace. The coverings with which the bed was fitted were but two or three old worn and faded quilts, and the snow was sifting in badly through the cracks, where the chinking had fallen out between the logs, and under the doors and windows.

Going up to the sufferer and finding that some one of his old, and to the doc-

tor well-known, maladies had at last secured a fatal grip upon him, he first administered a tonic which he knew would give him as much strength as possible, and then went out into the yard, where, after putting up his horse, he gathered chips and wood from under the snow and built a roaring fire. Having done this, he put on the kettle, trimmed the lamp, and, after preparing such stimulants as the patient could stand, took his place at the bedside, where he remained the whole night long, keeping the fire going and the patient as comfortable as possible. Toward morning the sufferer died, and when the sun was well up he finally returned to his family, who anxiously solicited him as to his whereabouts.

"I was with Id Logan," he said.

"What's ailing him now?" his daughter inquired.

"Nothing now," he returned. "It was only last night," and for years afterward he commented on the death of "poor old Id," saying always at the conclusion of his remarks that it must be a dreadful thing to be sick and die without friends.

His love for his old friends and familiar objects was striking, and he could no more bear to see an old friend depart than he could to lose one of his patients. One of his oldest friends was a fine old Christian lady by the name of Weeks, who lived down in Louter Creek bottoms and in whose household he had practised for nearly fifty years. During the latter part of his life, however, this family began to break up, and finally, when there was no one left but the mother, she decided to move over into Whitley County where she could stay with her daughter. Just before going, however, she expressed a wish to see Doctor Gridley and he called in upon her. A little dinner had been prepared in honor of his coming. After it was over and the old times were fully discussed, the little visit was fairly concluded and he was about to take his leave when Mrs. Weeks disappeared from the room and then returned shortly bearing upon her arm a beautiful yarn-spread which she held out before her, and, in her nervous, feeble way getting the attention of the little audience, said:

"Doctor, I am going up to Whitley now to live with my daughter and I don't suppose I will get to see you very often any more. Like myself, you are getting old and it will be too far for you to come. But I want to give you this spread that I wove with my own hands since I have been sixty years of age. It isn't very much, but it is meant for a token of the love and esteem I bear you and in remembrance of all that you have done for me and mine."

Her eyes were wet as she concluded, and her voice quivering as she brought it forward. The doctor, who had been wholly taken by surprise by this kindly manifestation of regard, had risen during her impromptu address and now stood before her, dignified and emotionally grave, his own eyes wet with tears of appreciation.

Balancing the homely gift upon his extended hands, he waited until the force of his own sentiment had slightly subsided, when he replied:

"Madam, I appreciate this gift with which you have chosen to remember me as much as I honor the sentiment which has produced it. There are, I know, threads of feeling woven into it stronger than any cords of wool and more enduring than all the fabrics of this world. I have been your physician now for fifty years and have been a witness of your joys and sorrows. But, as much as I esteem you and as highly as I prize this token of your regard, I can accept it but upon one condition, and that is, Mrs. Weeks, that you promise me that, no matter how dark the night, how stormy the sky, or how deep the waters that intervene, you will not fail to send for me in your hour of need. It is both my privilege and my pleasure and I should not rest content unless I knew it were so."

When the old lady had promised, he took his spread and, going out to his horse, mounted and rode away to his own home, where he related this incident and ended with, "Now I want this put on my bed."

His daughter, who lovingly humored his every whim, immediately complied with his wish, and from that day to the hour of his death the spread was never out of his service.

One of the most pleasing incidents to me was one which related to his last illness and death. Always, during his later years when he felt the least bit ill, he refused to prescribe for himself, saying that a doctor, if he knew anything at all, was never such a fool as to take his own medicine. Instead, and in sequence to this humorous attitude, he would always send for one of the younger men of the vicinity who were beginning to practise here—one, for instance, who, having other merits, needed some assurance and a bit of superior recognition occasionally to help him along. On this occasion he called in a very sober young doctor, one who was greatly admired but had very little practice as yet, and saying, "Doctor, I'm sick to-day," lay back on his bed and waited for further developments.

The latter, owing to Doctor Gridley's great repute and knowledge, was very much flustered, so much so that he scarcely knew what to do.

"Well, Doctor," he finally said, after looking at his tongue, taking his pulse, and feeling his forehead, "you're really a better judge of your own condition than I am, I'm sure. What do you think I ought to give you?"

"Now, Doctor," replied Gridley, sweetly, "I'm your patient, and you're my doctor. I wouldn't prescribe for myself for anything in the world and I'm going to take whatever you give me. That's why I called you in. Now, you just give me what you think my condition requires and I'll take it."

The young doctor, meditating on all that was new or faddistic, decided at last that, just for variation's sake, he would give the doctor something of which he had only recently heard, a sample of which he had with him, and which had been acclaimed in the medical papers as very effective. Without asking the doctor whether he had ever heard of it or what he thought, he merely prescribed it.

"Well, now, I like that," commented Gridley, solemnly. "I never heard of that before in my life, but it sounds plausible. I'll take it, and we'll see. What's more, I like a young doctor like yourself who thinks up ways of his own—" and, according to his daughter,

he did take it and was helped, and always said that what young doctors needed to do was to keep abreast of the latest medical developments; that medicine was changing, and perhaps it was just as well that old doctors died or went to school again! He was so old and feeble, however, that he did not long survive, and when the time came was really glad to go.

One of the sweetest and most interesting of all his mental phases was, as I have reason to know, his attitude toward the problem of suffering and death, an attitude so full of the human qualities of wonder, sympathy, tenderness, and trust that he could scarcely view them without exhibiting the emotion he felt. He was a constant student of the phenomena of dissolution, and in one instance calmly declared it as his belief that when a man was dead he was dead, and that was the end of him, consciously. At other times he modified his view to one of an almost prayerful hope, and in reading Emily Brontë's somewhat morbid story of *Wuthering Heights*, his copy of which I long had in my possession, I noted that he had annotated numerous passages relative to death and a future life with interesting comments of his own. To one of these passages, which reads:

I don't know if it be a peculiarity with me, but I am seldom otherwise than happy while watching in the chamber of death, provided no frenzied or despairing mourner shares the duty with me. I see a repose that neither earth nor hell can break; and I feel an assurance of the endless and shadowless hereafter—the eternity they have entered—where life is boundless in its duration, and love in its sympathy, and joy in its fullness.

he had added on the margin:

How often I have felt this very emotion. How natural I know it to be. And what a consolation in the thought!

Writing a final prescription for a young clergyman who was dying, there being no longer any hope, and for whom he had been most tenderly solicitous, he

added to the list of drugs he had written in Latin the lines:

In life's closing hour, when the trembling
soul flies

And death stills the heart's last emotion,
Oh, then may the angel of mercy arise
Like a star on eternity's ocean!

When he himself was upon his death-bed, he greeted his old friend Colonel Dyer—he of the absent overcoat and overshoes—with:


"Dyer, I'm almost gone. I am in the shadow of death. I am standing upon the very brink. I cannot see clearly, I cannot speak coherently, the film of death obstructs my sight; I know what this means. It is the end, but all is well with me. I have no fear. I have said and done things that would have been better left unsaid and undone, but I have never wilfully wronged a man in my life. I have no concern for myself. I am concerned only for those I leave behind. I never saved money and I die as poor as when I was born. We do not know what there is in the future now shut out from our view by a very thin veil. It seems to me there is a hand somewhere that will lead us safely across, but I cannot tell. No one can tell."

This interesting speech, made scarcely a day before he closed his eyes in death, was typical of his whole generous, trustful, philosophical point of view.

"If there be green fields and placid waters beyond the river that he so calmly crossed," so ran an editorial in the local county paper edited by one of his most ardent admirers, "reserved for those who believe in and practise upon the principle of 'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you,' then this Samaritan of the medical profession is safe from all harm. If there be no consciousness, but only a mingling of that which was gentleness and tenderness here with the earth and the waters, then the greenness of the one and the sparkling limpidity of the other are richer for that he lived, and wrought, and returned unto them so trustfully again."

The Laugh

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

O one outside Dawes Hole knows how the strike on the Range started. Even in Dawes Hole they couldn't have told you that a laugh began it. Every one has different theories, from that of the easy explanation—"outside agitators"—that comes to the mine-owner's hand as readily as a half-brick to the hand of a street urchin, to the grandiloquent and idealistic one put forward by the champion of labor—"a spontaneous uprising of the people."

Now the truth was neither one thing nor the other. You cannot explain strikes that way. Outside agitators cannot send satisfied men, hundreds of them, swinging out over forty miles of road past the scarred abysmal desolation of their mines.

As for a spontaneous uprising of the people—!

The reason why the men in Dawes Hole walked out was on account of Red Tarleton's losing his punch. A laugh did it—but for the laugh he might have come back. As it was, Red Tarleton, the egregious, met his match, and suddenly the miners were on strike.

They found the company off its guard. After the beginning of the war, when a wave of discontent darkened the face of labor, and fierce storms broke in one place and another, the foremen of the mines and the men in the office sat with their ears to the ground and reported no more than the usual incessant grumbling that was always in their ears like distant thunder, and an occasional act of violence, that was like a stab of lightning. To make sure they even gave a raise to avoid trouble, for Pittsburgh clamored for ore.

"How's things at the Hole?" young Allen in the company office asked Tarleton.

Tarleton, the mine boss, straddled his chair, huge, predatory, gay.

"Fine as silk," he answered, cocking his one eye at Allen.

"Keep 'em steady," Allen suggested. Here he hesitated uncomfortably. One of the men higher up had informed Allen that this was a good time for "that pirate Tarleton to quit his funny business"—war-time was no time for mine bosses to get gay, and Allen had better give Tarleton a hint.

A mine boss has legitimate power, but an unscrupulous boss can use this power in illegitimate ways. There was talk in the Range, plenty of it, of men buying good shifts from their bosses, for a man is paid by the number of tons of ore he mines. There are hard places that yield little ore, and soft shifts that yield a great deal, and men who had worked to good ore found themselves suddenly transferred and their places given to a boss's favorite. There were other ways in which a boss who needed a piece of change could get it—he could engage in a raffle, for instance. The men—in theory—didn't have to take a chance. If any one wanted to complain, let him complain to the company and see what happened—they don't believe in collective bargaining on the Range.

The company, however, doesn't approve of these things, and it was up to Allen to tell Tarleton as much. He found it hard to begin. Allen was young and romantic, and he fancied that all Tarleton needed to be the picture of a buccaneer was a sash with a cutlass in it, and a parrot to yell "Pieces of Eight" for him. Indeed, Allen was not so far wrong; the mine in its isolation was not unlike a ship with Tarleton its bucko mate.

He ran the mine and the men in it. He drove them, he harried them, bullied them, fleeced them, but he jollied them, and on occasion got drunk with them. He went through life gay and vengeful, a smile on his face, his hand clenched in a fist, dominating by sheer vitality; he was rank with it, he wantoned in it.

As Allen talked with him, he shifted his simile. Tarleton was a man who invited similes, so like a natural force he seemed. Now he appeared to Allen like the utterance of one of the gaping mines; he was red and powerful, and as tricky, and he knew just as much about his duty to his neighbor.

Allen became more and more embarrassed as a realization of his inadequacy invaded him. Knowing his admonition would be like a pebble cast into the waters of eternity, he faltered out something about care—tact—the men were restless. In the matter of women, now, there had been talk—Tarleton must know that there had.

Tarleton threw back his red head so one could look down his red gullet while he laughed. His teeth were as white as an animal's.

"Ho-ho-ho!" he howled. "Ho-ho—talk, you say—talk! Why wouldn't there be?"

Allen found himself laughing with Tarleton; that was the damnable charm of the man. Suddenly Tarleton stopped laughing; he thrust out his jaw at Allen menacingly, his face flushed to purple—to the color of the big mines—and a triangular patch of white on his forehead where the scar was gleamed out as if it had been greased.

"Talk!" he cried. "Who talks? What makes 'um come with me, then—they know *me*—what makes 'um come? They got *eyes*, 'ain't they—an' *ears*? They come o' their own free will, don't they? Oh, I know 'um. I don't put up no bluff with no girl. Let 'um stay home!" The storm had passed. His laughter boomed out again. "But they can't stay home—hey, Allen?—ho-ho-ho! Talk! You betcha!"

Allen had the feeling of being made a partner in one of Tarleton's rascalities.

"There wasn't only talk of women," he went on, feeling the need of keeping his self-respect. "There was talk of a—raffle."

"Oh—boy! The raffle—the raffle! Tarleton flung back his head again. "The old horse and shay! An' the Austrian that won it! 'What you goin' to do with it?' I says. 'Don't you want to buy it?' says he. 'I'll give you ten,' I says. I felt gen'rous—I give 'um ten.

Ho-ho! Ten! Say, Allen, what's eatin' you, anyway? The ol' man tell you to hold an equisatorium over me? 'Fraid o' trouble, is he? Tell him he should worry. Ain't the ore comin' out? Am I paid to get out ore or am I paid to be a sky pilot? Tell him"—he stuck out his chest and beat upon it with the flat of his wide hand—"tell him that as the movie star says, 'He can buy me labor but not me private life.' Get me, Allen—hey, boy!" He strode to the door and turned and smiled confidently at Allen and dropped into a purring conversational tone. "Tell the ol' boy he don't need to worry—honest. Them sons o' guns to the Hole ain't goin' to make no row—not with me there." He stood there large, his one eye twinkling with pugnacious malice, intact in his own belief in himself, a man, Allen decided, on whom little was put over and who could put over a whole lot.

Before Tarleton could go out the door flew open as though blown by a wind, and a girl ran into him. She regarded Tarleton with a sort of tense fury.

"You couldn't look where you was goin', could you, *Mister* Tarleton—*Mister-Red-Tarleton*? I'm not afraid of you and your one ugly eye!"

She stood steady and her insult had the effect of level and calculated gunfire. She was angry, but only as angry as she felt like being, riding her anger as though it were a horse of high mettle.

Tarleton looked at her, for once at a loss, his mouth agape.

She was small, but with the strong build of a woman whose ancestors not long ago have worked in the field. Warmth glowed from her, the warmth of anger, of generosity, of passion, and yet she had the fire of her heart in control. Others would scorch and burn through it, but she would burn only if she were a willing victim. The Orient must have helped to make her. She had the beauty of Central-European women of mixed blood. There was a quality in her so foreign that to Allen it was vaguely shocking. Her eyes were black, not dark brown, but sloe-black and, like her hair, blazing darkly with some inner fire. She wore her American

clothes and even her American speech like a chance ornament.

Tarleton's eye wandered to her white throat which sprang from her shoulders round and lovely. He noticed the peculiar whiteness and freshness of her skin. She had the quality of wildness he had seen before in the Austrian women, but theirs was the wildness of young animals; and while animals can be tamed or cowed, there was about this girl an indomitable quality.

They had faced each other a moment before she snapped:

"Keep your eyes to yourself! I ain't a lookin'-glass." Then, turning to Allen, "Are you the superintendent?" she inquired, politely. Her voice had dropped an octave.

"I represent the superintendent," Allen admitted.

"I'm Miss Moscovitch—Tessie Moscovitch—and I've come to complain of *him*." She nodded her head insultingly in Tarleton's direction. "Oh yes, you can stay if you want," she wheeled on him. "I'm not afraid of you, if my brother-in-law is! My brother-in-law's dumb. I says to him, 'You must be dumb to stand it!' If I was a miner an' any one played me a trick like that, I'd take an' gouge his eye out!" Her anger escaped from her ever so little, and Tarleton saw his advantage.

"Haw-haw!" he laughed. "You'd gouge it, would you? Hear her—she'd gouge it!" He slapped his thigh in huge delight.

The girl flushed and laughed, too—not with Tarleton, but at herself. Then she grew grave and accusing.

"This is what he did to my brother-in-law, who's one of the steadiest men he's got—an' Tarleton, *Mister* Tarleton, knows it. He's got five kids, one a new one—an' he knows that, too. That's how I come up here—to take care of my sister—my home's in Duluth—an' I'm glad I did." She flashed a hostile look at Tarleton. "He took Joe's shift from him an' gave it to some one that *paid* him." Again the accusing nod in Tarleton's direction. "Took a married man's good shift from him an' gave it to one o' the unmarried ones, an' got a rake-off—an' my poor sister not off her bed yet. Took him off a shift where he was makin'

maybe five a day, an' put him on one that couldn't keep body and soul together. They think if they come to the comp'ny to complain they'll get fired." Here her voice rose menacingly. "Let 'em fire Joe, an' I'll go up and down the Range an' tell every comp'ny officer there is what *Mister* Tarleton's doin' to Dawes Hole." She turned on Tarleton in her sudden controlled fury. "You touch a hair o' Joe's head, an' I won't rest till I *get* you—you *hear* me? I'll let 'em know about your tricks. There's plenty o' comp'ny officers that's all right—they want steady men like Joe."

Tarleton had drawn himself up. His manner expressed worth and gravity, but Allen saw the devil glancing and gleaming in his eye.

"Young lady," he said, severely, yet with kindness, "I admire the way you stick up for your folks, but you been misinformed. Every time I have to change men on their shift, there's a howl I been bribed. There's a howl every time such things happen; *but why don't they howl to me? Tell me that.*" He addressed Allen, his jaws stuck out, his dangerous violent face ablaze. "But I guess I'll have to look into your brother-in-law's case—for I do like spunk in a girl—I do, now, even when she don't know what she's talkin' about. What you say your brother-in-law's name is?"

"Joe Mostow," she answered. She was watching him guardedly, unimpressed by his airs.

"I'll be around to look into it."

"I don't want it looked into. I want him to have his shift back," she snapped. "Which way is it to the trolley?"

"I'll show you," Tarleton volunteered. As he left the office he turned and winked at Allen, a wink which admitted everything, which defied every one, and which conveyed to Allen his opinion of this flaming, angry girl.

Allen, being young and romantic, had the impulse to rush after them to warn the girl, to tell her to "stay home," as Tarleton had said. They moved off, two opposing forces. Allen, watching them from the window, saw Tarleton bend toward her with flattering gravity, saw her flash a bright provocative look from her extraordinary black eyes.

That night when Tarleton called "to

look into things" her talk gave him the feeling as though humming-birds were darting through the air, so dazzling she seemed, so swift her wit, so full of color her thoughts. She talked to her sister—she ignored him. Tarleton watched her greedily. He sat with his mottled hairy hands relaxed on his knees, but when he dropped his voice to the note of flattery, she eluded him. He found his words tripping, he stumbled over his own compliments to the accompaniment of her derisive laughter. If he gained a point, she gained two; if he made a detour to catch her, she dodged him.

From the first he saw it was to be none of the easy victories that made him so contemptuous of girls. He did what he could to please her. He hired a motor and took her to the nearest big town to "the pictures." He took her to town to a dance at the Finnish Opera House. Always she insisted on other girls going, always she made excuses that kept them with other people, not because she was afraid of him, Tarleton gathered from the mockery which flamed in her black eyes, but to annoy him.

Once when he had been alone with her he had tried to slip his arm about her and she had turned on him, lashing at him with that calculated anger of hers:

"Because I go 'round with you, don't think you can get gay with me!" she cried. "If you was the last man on earth you couldn't touch me!"

Time went on, and he got no further with Tessie. She accepted what he gave her with insulting indifference. She did not pretend to like him. If he wanted to spend money to amuse her he might, was what her manner proclaimed. He took this as a higher form of coquetry. He noticed that she was shiveringly conscious of his slightest approach, and this fastidious consciousness of him pleased Tarleton. Whatever she was, she wasn't cold, and it was his experience that the flesh, first or last, plays women false. He didn't know that the instincts of some women make them as incorruptible as fire.

"You want to look out for Tarleton," Tessie's sister warned her. "He don't spend money on a girl for nothin'."

"He's goin' to get stung then," Tessie

answered. "He's stung everybody else—it's his turn now."

Tessie's visit was almost over, and the madness for her was in Tarleton's blood, and time was against him. He relaxed his grip ever so lightly on the mine. Ever so little the hold of the men slipped from him, and a venal mine boss must be as watchful as a lookout in a storm.

What worried Tarleton was that he needed money. Like easy-come money, it was easy-go. He was always hard up. So he raffled a cook-stove, and how far the men had slipped from him they showed by the way they took it; they had swallowed other raffles and the sale of the shifts, but they didn't want to chip in a dollar each for a twenty-dollar cook-stove so that Tarleton could take his girl out in a motor; let him see how they felt about it. The dissolving knots of men who met on their way to work talked and muttered, and Tarleton realized they had slipped from his grasp, and he damned them. But what mattered to him was that Tessie was going on a picnic with him almost alone, since she took with her only two of the Mostow children.

The men lounging about on that Sunday stared sullenly at Red Tarleton making for his hired motor. Opposite the houses the mine dump rose up sheer. Men were lounging on its red flanks. They laughed with meaning, and one of them, made bold by drink, called out:

"How's the little old cook-stove?"

Such a thing had not happened before. Tessie understood, and sat rigid beside him, putting distances between them.

They picnicked in the great woods. Still she kept the distance between them, looking at him gravely. Around them the underbrush snapped and crackled perpetually as with memories of forest fires. The children wandered off in its thick depths.

Tessie lay flung on the ground as though she were part of it. She had forgotten Tarleton. She was off her guard, sunk into the deep bosom of life. When he spoke to her she answered from far off. Her manner was laid aside like a garment. She seemed naked to life, as though she offered herself to all the wan-

dering impulses that might be borne by the wind.

Tarleton had never before seen her like that. It was his moment. He edged closer to her; for the first time she did not shrink; she did not even notice his approach. Then quietly he put his arm around her and drew her to him. She sprang from his grasp, pale with fury. He stood for a moment, contemplating the beauty of her anger, and in that moment she had again eluded him. She called, and at the sound of her voice the children came crashing through the brush.

"Aw, Tessie—" he began.

She wheeled upon him, master of herself, but white to the lips, the fury of madness in her eyes, though all she said to him was:

"We are going home!" The sound of her voice was like the cracking of a whip.

At that moment love was born in Tarleton's heart. This lovely, angry woman was made for him, a proud woman on whom one could put over nothing. As she got out of the motor he tried to speak to her again. She put up her hand warningly.

"Don't speak to me," she said in her low, dangerous voice. "Never come near me again." She paused and turned on him sharply. "I mean that," she cried at him. "*Never come near me again!*" There was no compromise in her.

Why—he would even marry such a woman! Of course that was the only way to get her—marry her!

Tarleton went home and washed up. For one golden hour life was beautiful to him—for an hour he loved a woman who would love him; he loved her proudly and honorably. When he went around to Tessie's house Tessie's sister sat in the front room talking to Joe and some other men. The story of the cook-tove was being retold.

Tessie was clearing up in the kitchen. One went in by the kitchen door, not by the front door, at Dawes Hole. Tarleton knocked.

"What are you doing here?" Tessie cried. She was as stern as a sentencing judge.

"I—I—came— You don't understand—" he faltered. He had never

asked a woman to marry him before—and meant it. "I—I—want to marry you, Tessie."

At that fury broke loose in her.

"Marry you!" she cried. "Marry you!"

"Tessie — don't — you understand?"

He couldn't believe it. It had never occurred to him that he could not have any woman he wanted. He had never even had to pay a price before.

The spectacle of her anger inflamed him. He tried to gather her to him. She broke from him and stood, her hands on the table, staring at him, and calling him to go in her low, dangerous voice. He advanced on her again, his arms outstretched.

At this a cry broke from her. She seized the pepper from the table and threw it in his eye, screaming at him to go. He cried aloud in pain and struck blindly at her. She screamed, and screamed again, and Joe Mostow unfolded his big frame from his chair and plunged into the room, his visitors following. They saw their enemy pawing his eyes, and Tessie screaming with the hysteria of rage. They thought that some last insult had been offered her under the roof of her protector, and they saw him helpless. And so they beat him up and threw him out of the door.

"What did he do, Tessie—what did he do?" cried Mrs. Mostow.

"He—asked me—to marry him—the red devil! Marry *him!*" Tessie's voice broke with the insult of it. "An' I peppered him good!"

There was the silence of amazement, then the men's laughter boomed out, peal on peal, the while Mrs. Mostow shrilled:

"*Tarleton asked you to marry him—an' you threw pepper on him!*" Her laughter rang out; Tessie's joined her.

Big Red Tarleton, crawling off through the dusk, pawing at his blinded eyes, and limping from his bruises, heard them. He heard Tessie's laughter, and strength went out of him. His pride in himself had fallen. The woman he loved loathed him, loathed him with an intenser fire than he loved her, loathed him so much that her impulse to defend herself even against an honorable love had been to hurt him.

He had realized this in the second when he had clasped her in his arms. He had revolted her very soul. Her fiery heart sickened at his touch, and then, having hurt him and humiliated him, she laughed at him.

He had met his match, had received a knock-out blow, and as he crawled through the dusk he knew that he could not come back, and the men knew it, too. The joke fate had played on him was too great. People sitting on their steps saw him stumbling along blindly, and now from one house and now from another they went to Joe Mostow's to find out the reason. And the laugh grew. Big Austrian women doubled themselves up with laughter.

"He ast her to marry him—pepper in his eyes!" they roared.

One long Finnish woman shook her fist violently after him with a gesture that had in it a menace of vengeance. Dawes Hole had one voice that night, and its first note was laughter. Then the men buzzed back and forth like a hive of angry bees. They had thought him invulnerable; they had feared him, and now he had fallen.

So the next day the discontented men of Dawes Hole streamed out on strike,

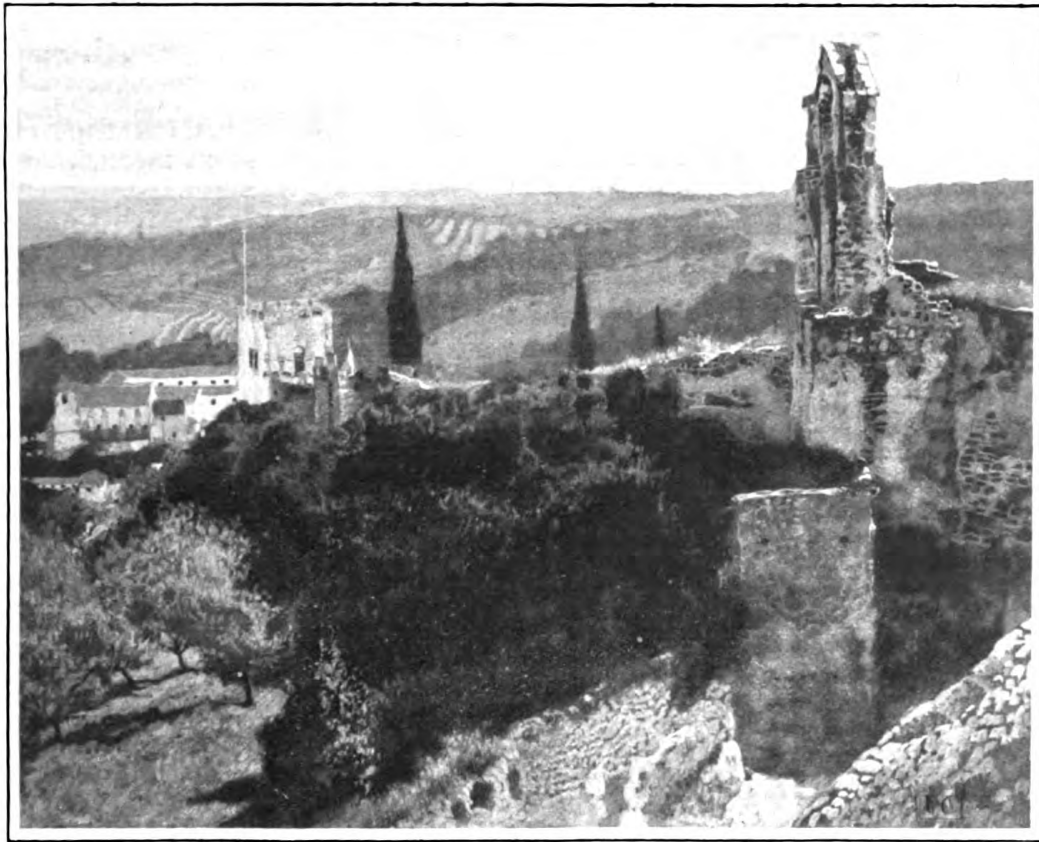
flowing like water down the smooth road, gathering impetus as they went.

That was how the miners of the Range came to lift up their puny heads, insignificant Davids in the face of the Goliath of the Trust. And even if David slung a glancing pebble there were moments when it had epic qualities—that strike, with its yawning decorations of disaster, for the Range is the natural setting for violence. And the men streamed down the road which uncoils its lengths past the grim regiments of blackened stumps of the fire-swept country, past the sanguinary scars of the open-pit mines, and wherever they went others joined them. They hired a band and they marched with music playing—Croats and Dalmatians, Rumanians and Finns, all the mixed Slavic races of South Austria and Bohemia. Their women, strong of leg and deep-bosomed, marched beside them, pushing their baby-carriages along. They marched along singing, celebrating the downfall of the tyrant, and now and then a woman's laugh rang out, echoed by the bass laughter of men, as they told one another how Red Tarleton lost his punch. The Range was ready for a conflagration and the laugh had been the torch.

The Idol-Maker Prays

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

GREAT god whom I shall carve from this gray stone
 Wherein thou liest, hid to all but me,
 Grant thou that when my art hath made thee known
 And others bow, I shall not worship thee.
 But, as I pray thee now, then let me pray
 Some greater god—like thee to be conceived
 Within my soul—for strength to turn away
 From *his* new altar, when, that task achieved,
 He, too, stands manifest. Yea, let me yearn
 From dream to grander dream! Let me not rest
 Content at any goal! Still bid me spurn
 Each transient triumph on the Eternal Quest,
 Abjuring godlings, whom my hand hath made,
 For Deity, revealed but unportrayed!



THOMAR GIVES THE TRAVELER HIS FIRST GLIMPSE OF AN OLDER PORTUGAL

A Corner of Old Europe

BY WILLIAM T. BREWSTER

THE Portuguese are our allies in the Great War, and their troops have done good service in France and in East Africa. We have long welcomed Portuguese from the Azores and the mainland of Europe as among the most industrious and orderly of immigrants to our shores. But Portugal itself is little known to Americans. It lies far off the line of the old "Grand Tour," and probably will continue its peaceful exclusion from that new route of sightseers which will embrace such places as Louvain, Arras, Verdun, Nish, Lemberg, and, let us hope, Potsdam. Yet from whatever

point of view one considers the matter, Portugal will, at the close of the war, probably remain the least changed of all European countries. Furthermore, it has changed less in the past few hundred years than most other European lands. Many of its customs cling to it from the glorious days of Prince Henry the Navigator. Its last period of agony began when Junot entered Lisbon in 1807 and ended with the defeat of Dom Miguel in 1832; but that was before the period of curious and unrestricted sight-seeing. Portugal has always been a corner of Europe; at the close of the war it may well be the last complete relic of a passing world.

Considerations of the war aside,

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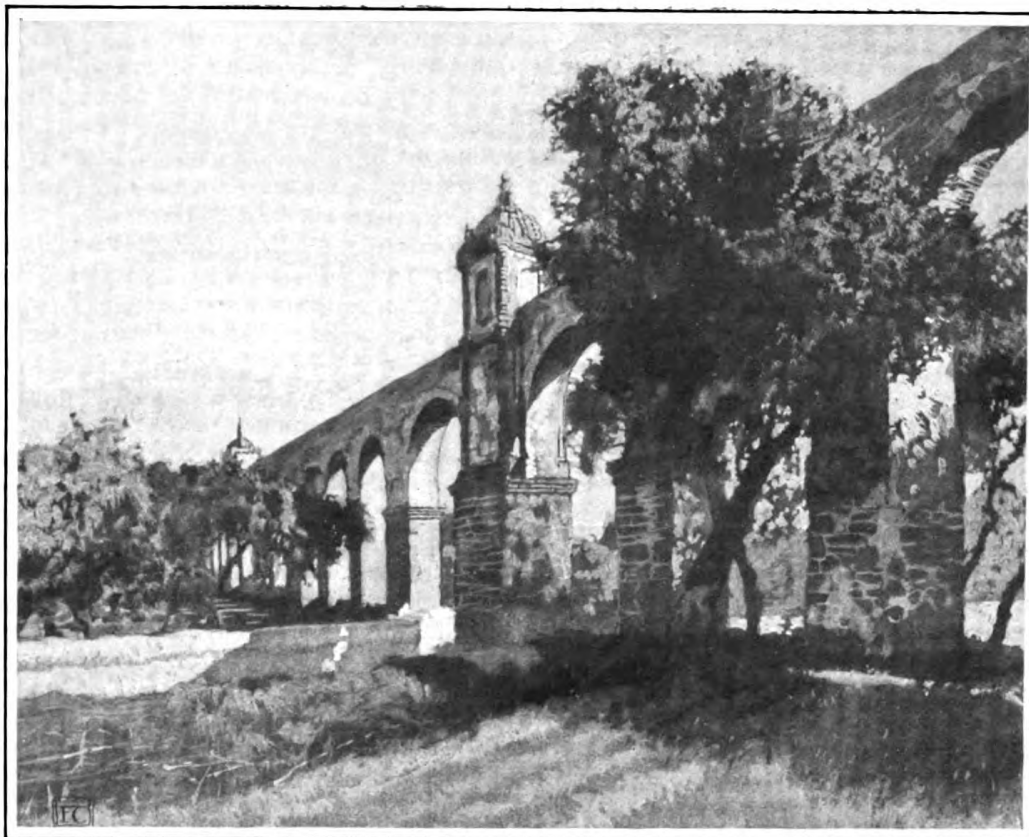
Portugal has been chiefly a land for English visitors, not unmoved by commercial incentive. For Americans it has not until recently been easy to get to; it had not the reputation—being quite overshadowed by its great romantic neighbor, Spain—of great interest after one arrived. It meant at least three days by steamer from England or a longish and slow trip from Paris and back again to the more frequented parts of the Old World. By sea one could go directly from America only on slow and cramped steamers, once a month or so, lingering along ten days to the Azores, and idling three or four days among those lovely islands. Possibly you went out of your way five hundred miles to the southeast to lie over a steamer at the incomparable Madeira, and, having thus visited all the outlying domain of Portugal, except Portuguese Africa and a station or two in Asia, you entered the Tagus six or eight weeks after you left New York. If you did not go to Madeira but kept the same ship, you would

be in Lisbon within three weeks. But that would give you only a glimpse of relics of a once proud and extensive empire. And a day or two in Lisbon, which you can enjoy from certain modern steamers, even if you spend part of the time in Cintra, by no means makes up the whole of Portugal.

The rest, however, is not relics or collections or pictures. Compared with Spain, Portugal is poor in the works of man. Very little of the absolutely first-rate power or charm or sublimity of, say, the Velasquez at Madrid, or the Alhambra, or the Mosque of Cordova, or the interior of Seville cathedral, is to be felt. A few churches at Thomar, Coimbra, and elsewhere have a star in Baedeker, and the convents and monasteries at Batalha and Alcobaça, commemorative of the victories over the Spanish in 1385, and the celebrated cloisters at Belem, built in honor of Vasco da Gama's great voyage, merit two stars as the choicest monuments in Portugal; but these, as Balzac remarks, somewhat



AN ITINERANT DAIRY THAT BRINGS FRESH MILK FOR BREAKFAST



THE GREAT AQUEDUCT THAT SUPPLIES LISBON

crabbedly, of England, have "no charm that is not equally to be found elsewhere," whereas it is significant that guide-books repeatedly call attention to superb landscape and "illustrate" the magnificent wood of Busaco with those same unfailing touchstones of the confiding traveler. The well-known Portuguese saying, "Whoever has not seen Lisbon has not seen a beautiful thing," ultimately applies rather to the first vision of a superbly placed city than to a more detailed examination of its monuments.

Thus, if you enter the Tagus on a fine fall morning—and fine autumn mornings are many and prolonged in Portugal—you are conscious of warm, soft sunshine playing on broad waters, on sandy stretches of beach and clustered bathing-places, and the pinnacles of riverside villas. Behind them to your left, green hills roll backward to the mountains of Cintra. The estuary is nearly as broad as the Hudson; on your right a line of

cliffs, less regular, but comparable to the Palisades, terminates in a vast lake, several times as large as the Hudson between Tarrytown and Nyack and so extensive that its shores seem to merge into the comparatively low country beyond. If your steamer casts anchor opposite the Praça do Commercio, where the unfortunate Dom Carlos and his son were murdered a few years ago, you will have a fine view of what the loyal Portuguese deems the most beautiful thing in the world—a deep-running valley with crowned heights on either side. That to the west rises in a long crest from the water-front and under the bright sunlight gleams with low houses—stone, brick and stucco; red, blue, yellow, orange, green, blue-green, even purple—over the tops of which lift towers, domes, and the heads of palm-trees. Perhaps you may see the slender white skeleton of the Carmo church, a few delicate columns and buttresses still standing as when the great earthquake shattered

them a hundred and sixty-two years ago. The hill to the right is sharper and more cone-like. Its buildings are old, white and confused, and the castle that crowns it may in part be that stormed by English crusaders in the twelfth century as a diversion of their enterprise toward Palestine.

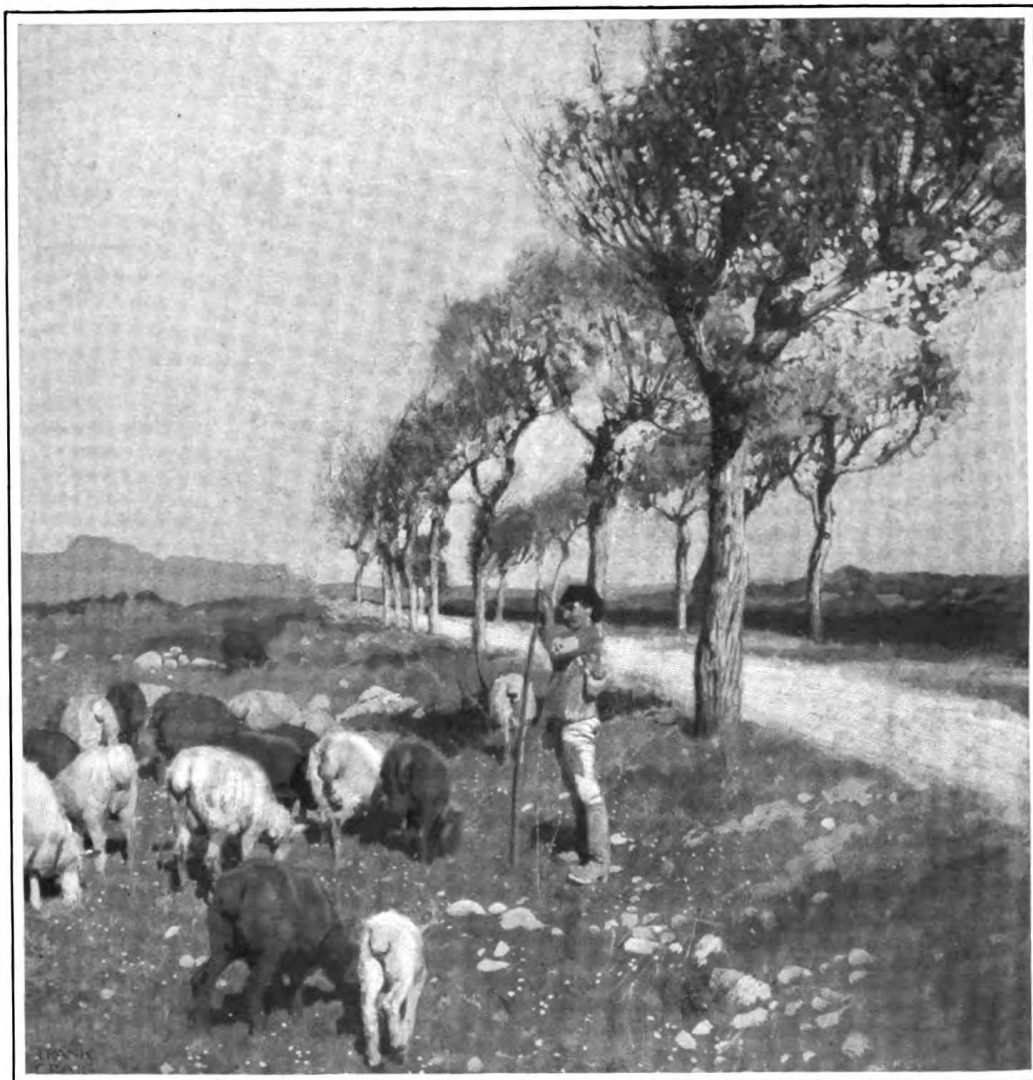
This triple arrangement gives the character to the city when one has landed. Going north from the Praça do Commercio, one traverses a quarter of a mile or more of regular streets laid out in a rectangular way. These lie in the valley and their arrangement is the result of the rebuilding after the earthquake, which swept most violently up the valley. They bear fantastic names—the Golden Street of Gold, the Beautiful Street of the Queen of Silver, the August Street, and some evidently take their names from the guild or trade originally frequenting them—for example, the Street of the Shoemakers. They open into the Rocio, the principal square of Lisbon, a substantial space of pavement, gravel, trees, benches, kiosks and commercial buildings, comparatively new. Even newer and more suggestive of other modern European capitals, is the spacious Avenida da Liberdade which continues from the upper end of the

Rocio, like a smaller and inferior Champs Elysées from the Place de la Concorde. Here is the Lisbon of fashion, where crowds converge of an afternoon to stroll and to be seen. But here are also things unlikely in the more cosmopolitan capitals—flocks of almost countless small birds darkening the branches of trees or whirring off in a cloud; troops—often two or three hundred strong—of turkeys gathered from the country at Christmas time, controlled by the broom switches of a few turkey-herds; the itinerant cow, pausing before your door in the early morning to be milked fresh for her customers; prying urchins who seem to think it odd that a stranger should care to peer into a shop-window.

Eastward the old Lisbon of the castle is the same sort of maze that makes Toledo and the Kasba of Algiers so fascinating to travelers. It is dirty—more like the Albaicin of Granada than the cleaner tangle of Toledo. It is not all thus. If you go up by the funicular, you may quickly arrive at a region of wide, bending streets, of comfortable villas, and churchyards whence you may look down on the city in the valley. Opposite are the ruins of the Carmo and tiers of not antiquated houses. Over there you



ONE OF THE PURVEYORS OF PORTUGAL'S MARKETS



FLOCKS OF BROWSING SHEEP REMINISCENT OF FALCAO'S PASTORALS

will find a younger and more modern city, not so modern at first as the Avenida region, but within the space of two miles becoming a modern affair, like the newer parts of Rome or Madrid, though less a city of apartment-houses than of individual roofs. They call the newest part Buenos Aires, not inappropriately; you have a broad outlook on the Tagus and breathe the airs of the sea.

I lived some months in the high western city overlooking the Square of Luis de Camoens where the statue of the poet rises from the surrounding group of eight less renowned epic poets and chroniclers. Generally speaking, the streets

in this part of the city bristle with the names of statesmen and men of letters. What one recalls of them are rather commonplace and somewhat dingy buildings, few straight lines, occasional fine vistas, many, many ramps that often tax your breathing, cable-car lines, agreeable terraces, not very alluring churches, and unenchanted public buildings, and—perhaps pleasantest of all—very nicely kept parks of all sizes and shapes. You may make it an object to visit the excellent walks of the Botanical Gardens, but even pleasanter are the sudden little *largos*—trim, clean, shining little oases filled with peaceful green palms and quiet people. They are

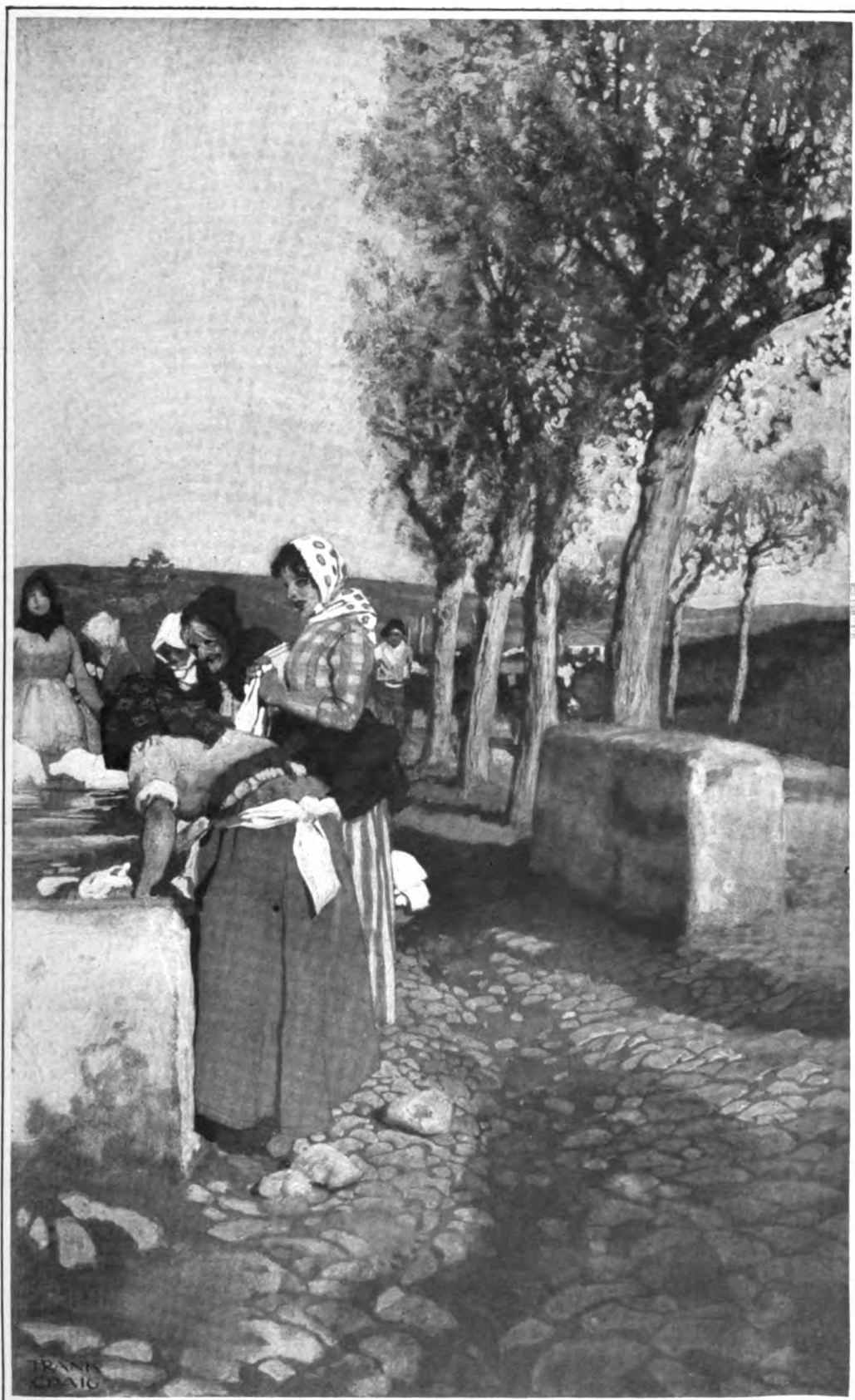
what I remember with the most pleasure of all the city.

The chief excursion from Lisbon is to Cintra, and it is an uncommonly fine one for a fine day. Some eighteen or twenty miles through rolling country of olives and open fields, alongside the great aqueduct of the *aguas livres* that supplies the city, brings you under the castle of the Pena that crowns the highest summit of a very enchanting range of mountains just about high enough and extensive enough for a long day's ramble. It is the "*muy prezada Sintra*—the mountain range of the Tagus shore—near the place where the river Tagus mingles with the salt water," of which Christovão Falcão sang nearly four hundred years ago, in one of the most beautiful of pastorals. Even to-day you may see those flocks of sheep that gave him the accompaniment to the wailings of his lovers, who characteristically "weep as lost the hours when they are not weeping." The modern shepherd is probably less sensitive, and Cintra itself is quite invigorating. From the clustering little town with an interesting old palace you ascend through fine woods and gentle paths to the palace on the mountain-top, a curious semi-modern concoction of tiles, battlements, and a dome or two, in the Portuguese early-Victorian style imported by a prince-consort from Coburg about 1840, but atoning for its Teutonic origin by superb views that embrace everything from Mafra to the Tagus and from Lisbon to the sea. It is a grand walk from the castle along the highland to the sea and thence back by the lower road through Collares to Monserrate, where Beckford erected his luxurious estate and where now you may buy English temperance tracts as the price of a visit to an incomparable *quinta*, and thence back to Cintra town.

Even so, the region of Lisbon and Cintra impresses one as European; European touches are everywhere. In spite of the pleasant palm-bearing parks, and a few street scenes that you do not find elsewhere, the Tagus, the tangle of old, unclean streets—on the east—the grandiloquent street names that followed the great disaster of 1755, matutinal kine, and Christmas turkeys, Lisbon must remain, to the casual observer at

least, the city of the Avenida, and Cintra a region of Teuton and British efflorescence. The more native Portugal seems to begin after you leave Lisbon and get beyond the "immortal lines" of Torres Vedras thrown up by Wellington to keep the French out of Lisbon. The country grows in quality as you go northward until you get what you fancy to be its best at Coimbra, Oporto, and Braga. In the course of two or three hundred miles you pass from the comparatively low land—which, though picturesque enough at first sight, seems flat on your return—to a region of mountains and ravines and swift rivers; from among a people dark, hirsute, possibly with a generous mixture of Berber blood, to a blue-eyed, blond, smiling people, more purely Iberian; from a land once overrun by Moors, to provinces that have never been conquered; from a sense of politics, government, and foreign customs, to a winning, open, gay, friendly people. There is all the difference that one cannot help noticing between the Tagus and the Douro, rivers of nearly the same length, though I must add that any symbolism is a mere fancy. The Tagus at Lisbon is broad, sluggish, nearly all sea. The Douro is to Oporto what the Tagus is to Toledo—a deep, narrow stream at the bottom of a chasm; it repels the sea through so narrow a mouth that a timid landsman can hardly comprehend how the city ever came to be called The Port.

Thomar perhaps gives the northward-bound traveler his first glimpse of the older and riper Portugal. For about five hours he has been winding along the narrower and shallower reaches of the Tagus, among brown and golden rows of little grape-vines on the banks of the river, white salt mounds, rolling bluffs on his left, with Santarem and other towns perched on the ridges, through immense groves of olive-trees, purple with ripe fruit, and cork-trees girdled with light-brown bands where the bark has been freshly cut. After eighty miles of such landscape he reaches Payalvo, whence a drive of four or five miles through a pleasant, open, rolling, olive- and eucalyptus-grown country brings him into one of the most picturesque towns in Portugal. It is set in a



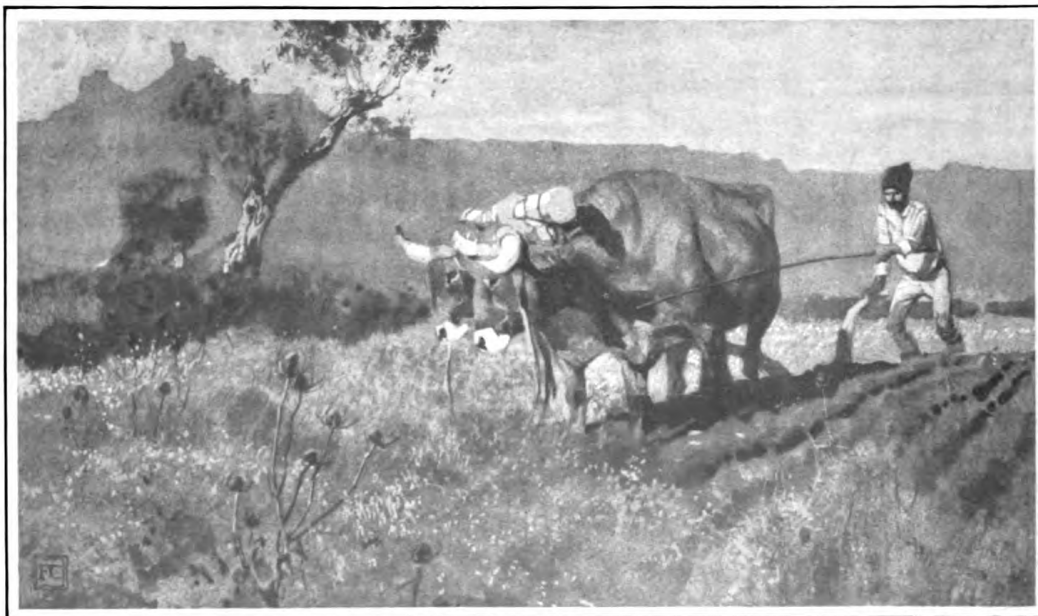
Drawn by Frank Craig

WASHERWOMEN SHOUTING MERRILY AND POUNDING CLOTHES

sort of shallow bowl among the hills; one has an impression of the surrounding heights being devoted to churches and castles. That is not unlike the Lisbon habit, where some of the ancient orders of monks—the Carmelites, for example—as well as modern ecclesiastics, seem to have had a fine eye for commanding sites. But at Thomar this is the chief impression: the church set upon a hill cannot be hid. The real reason, however, must lie in the historical fact that Thomar was long the southern bulwark of Christianity, and necessity compelled the church to be not only a place of worship, but also a fortification against the Moors of Lisbon. If so, the necessity has become a sort of symbol. The most conspicuous building, a comparatively modern church occupying the place of some older edifice, is faced by a long flight of steps, easy and comfortable but very numerous, up which the worshiper has to aspire to his devotion. On another hill is the castle, where one can find some of the most rococo architecture in existence—elaborate carvings of trees and chains, wreaths and roots, grotesque gargoyles and sad-faced kings. These belong to the period of Dom Manoel, about 1500, when Portugal was long out of danger from the Moors and had reached the height of her power.

From any of these heights the town appears as a compact, strongly outlined cluster of houses, cut by a pleasant stream. Along this, on nearer approach, you will see wooden water-wheels, washerwomen, "petticoats up to the knees, or even it may be above them," shouting merrily and pounding clothes on the gravel, a neat little park, a pilgrimage church, which one likes to fancy more democratic than the churches on the hills—and above everything the dominating shrines.

Coimbra, too—another eighty miles, or four or five hours beyond Thomar—has its churches, some of them among the most ancient and interesting in Portugal, with a character that seems to be all of old Portugal. You are likely to approach it in the late afternoon. It appears as a hill clad with houses and capped by the towers of the university buildings, rising out of trees and the clean sand-bed of the Mondego. Along the stream you will see the familiar figures of washerwomen on the white sand of the river-bed—a healthy, attractive set of people with good features and bright eyes, altogether much more winning than their class in Lisbon. The city itself is the tangle of narrow, winding streets, alleys and terraces that is the heritage of all old Iberian towns



OXEN STILL DRAW THE PLOUGH IN LUSITANIA

and that must always engage the interest of dwellers from the plains. It is the university town, chiefly; the Portuguese say that the university is the oldest in Europe. At all events, the university is the dominant object to a degree that is scarcely equaled elsewhere. Almost at the moment of your arrival you are conscious of the presence of students; the city is so small that it cannot obscure them; you meet them everywhere, strolling about the streets or in the cafés or the quadrangle of the university. Distinguished by their academic dress, a frock-coat buttoned up to the throat, with a gown thrown over one shoulder, they are a dignified, orderly and pleasing set of men. Murray speaks very highly of them: "The civility and courtesy which the stranger will meet from them cannot fail to impress him very favorably." My own experience bears out that estimate. A trifling favor at a table d'hôte, such as any one would afford to a group of fellow-men, led to my being asked to join a party of medical and law students who, with a local poet, were dining together. They entertained me very quietly and graciously for several half-hours after dinner, interested in whatever I had to tell them about America and eager to give me information about their own life.

The university itself is a spacious quadrangle inclosed by somewhat bare but venerable buildings, except at the corners, whence open spaces afford uncommonly good views. It is over the Mondego, as the castle of Heidelberg is over the Neckar, and one's eye instinctively, almost, seeks, along the white and yellow sands of the stream, among the brown and purple fallow-land, the light-green trees, the light-green marshes, the dark-green meadows, and the dark, blue-green olives, for the celebrated *Quinta das Lagrimas*. Its yellow walls are to be made out amid a few palms and flat-topped cedars, some ten or fifteen minutes up the road on the other bank of the stream. It is celebrated because it happens to be commemorated in the most famous passage in Portuguese literature; the lines of Camoens are charged with more of the real Portuguese feeling for beauty and tragedy than any others:

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Thou, fair Ignez, wast bosomed in repose,
Gathering, the while, sweet fruit of thy
 young years,
In the soft blind delusion the soul knows
Which soon by fortune's change, soon disappears;
In the fond meadows where Mondego flows,
Whose stream can never dry of thy sweet
 tears,
Teaching the mountains and the flowerets
 round
The name that in thy breast was written
 found,

To the north from the quadrangle of the university you can see, in clear weather, the long ridge of Busaco, where the duke defeated Massena in 1810. On the slope of the mountain is one of the most beautiful places in Portugal, one of the choice spots of the world, the wood of Busaco. One has to go by a side line at no convenient hour. I remember getting out late one evening at Pampilhosa and announcing my intention to proceed to Busaco. Presently I found myself in a train with a young woman and two men, one of whom had a large covered basket. At Luso, where we all got out, one of the men motioned me to a carriage, which presently drove off with the three others and myself. A bit nervous, I asked one of the men where we were going. "Oh, to Busaco," he replied, "about twenty minutes on." The other chap, apparently a Swiss, said in French that it was more like an hour, adding for my private ear that the Portuguese couldn't tell time or distance. They turned out to be, not confidence men, as I had half imagined in the dark, but a detail from the personnel of the hostel in the wood, then closed for the season. The Swiss was cook; the Portuguese, head waiter; the woman, chambermaid; and presently the boots was added. For two days I had the hotel to myself, and my total outlay from Pampilhosa and back was less than four dollars, of which the fixed hotel charge amounted to \$1.12 a day.

There is no more beautiful spot. The site of an ancient Carmelite monastery, sequestered by the Government something like seventy-five years ago; the park, now public property, is surrounded by the old convent wall, some three miles in extent. Within, lying on a gentle hillside, watered by tranquil

brooks, and traversed by winding paths, is the wood that must have represented the leisure time through hundreds of years of monks instinct with a sense of what is lovely. I believe that it contains cedars from Lebanon and all the varieties of rare wood that will grow in the soft Portuguese climate; but the total effect is in no wise that of a botanical garden, but of a most harmonious blending of form and color, woodland light and woodland darkness. From this spot of complete peace and beauty you may, if you will, suddenly emerge by an upper gate on the bare, bracing upland of the ridge of Busaco, where sheep graze peacefully and whence, on a clear October day, you can see the dim, fissured buttresses of the Serra da Estrella as it comes crowding over the Spanish border all the way from the Guardarramas, north of Madrid. It must have been a superb fight that took place for this ridge, the British rushing up from the west and the French from the Spanish side. Only the monument shaft, set in a cirque of old guns, suggests that this has not always been the most peaceful spot on earth.

One is likely to reach Oporto, another stage of eighty miles beyond Coimbra, after dark, and to be aware of his approach to the city by the open rumble of his train on a slender railway bridge and by tier on tier of faint lights blinking from the north bank of the Douro. The morning reveals perhaps the most interesting place in Portugal. Buildings are of secondary attraction. There are some curious churches, to be sure; one of them, S. Francisco, is manifestly a place of grotesque altars and dusky alcoves filled with rudely modeled saints, martyrs, and angels, in tawdry gilt apparel.

Personally, I like it outside the churches, especially in Oporto, much better. The city is full of life, seeming almost as large as Lisbon, which has about twice the population. But the country about is the best and most populous in Portugal, and the narrowness of the Douro, compared with the breadth of the Tagus, seems to thrust the city into great prominence. Then it strikes one as more original and less commonplace; it lives more out of doors. In the suave autumn weather the people

seem to be doing their work outside of their houses, not using the streets merely to stroll in. You may see a cooper bending staves for a pipe of Port wine before his gate, comely fishwives wrangling good-humoredly at the market or along the quays, peasant women in native dress, going about their business, but adorned with elaborate head-ornaments of pure gold, their visible dowry; they are celebrated for their looks among all the Portuguese. Down by the river the odd, snub-snouted Douro boats come close to the quays; they do not anchor half a mile a-stream as in the Tagus. Overhead tower the steep sides of the chasm, and the two slender bridges are two hundred feet above you. The outskirts of the city seem to be full of friendly ox-teams, to the comparative exclusion of horses; they are small, meek beasts, with incredibly long horns; I used to measure them to see how long they were; often longer than my walking-stick, they would be five feet or more from tip to tip—as wide as the track of an automobile.

The river has you continually in its power. At the city it seems like a long, curving lake with high cliffs on either side. There it is placid enough, but as you walk toward the sea it appears to gather force. At St. João da Foz it bursts forth round the end of a sand-pit, through an entrance that appears to be hardly fifty yards wide, but is really nearer a furlong, and almost literally repels the waves of the Atlantic. There is nothing placid about it; boats, I understand, sometimes have to lie to for days at a time before they can enter. The engineers got around the difficulty some twenty-five years ago by building a harbor right out into the Atlantic, at Mattosinhos, about five miles from the city.

Walking thither one Sunday, I spent the forenoon on two huge breakwaters, over a mile and a half in extent, that enclose a harbor of some two hundred and forty acres. They are so large that a British bark standing in between the overlapping ends seemed like a toy boat. The scene was vast rather than animated. A line of old fellows, like that which edges the Hudson of a Sunday morning, were fishing, with about the

success that encourages our native Waltons to spend the day in the elusive pastime; I think I saw one fish in the act of catching, and there were evidences of a pound or two more among the fishermen. Near-by was a man singing to himself as he mended his nets. He had some gray hairs and bright eyes of so friendly a quality that I sat on the grass and talked with him. He said that his nets cost forty-five milreis, commented on my gloves and the price and excellence of gloves in Porto; said he had a gold watch, was amazed that I came from America. He was a good fellow, and we had a friendly smoke before I left.

Braga, some thirty miles to the north of Oporto, and the largest town north of that city, is the great church city of Portugal, and is said by the Portuguese to outrival Spanish Santiago as the most venerable of the ecclesiastical sees. The traveler, however, is more likely to be impressed with the local life of a small provincial town, made up largely of band-playing of an evening in the open square and promenading therein by the local gentry. Still more interesting is the shrine and pilgrimage church of Bom Jesus, two or three miles to the east. A Portuguese lady of Lisbon was inclined to sneer at it as a merely commercial affair, but I am sure that the explanation of Samuel Butler is much truer. If you are lazy, you take the funicular at the end of the tramway and ascend the mountain, getting a leisurely breakfast at the good hotel amid a circumference of excellent views. The more devout peasant goes up the long, long flight of steps, pausing at every landing to view the figures in innumerable octagonal shrines. There, as on the top of the mountain, he is confronted with images of saints and patriarchs, a complete history of the life of Our Savior, and may contemplate the more abstract virtues allegorized in rude statuary, appropriately marked with Latin texts, culminating in *Haec tres; sed major eorum est Charitas*. The art is of a crude order, but the place is impressive and genuine. Crowds of simple

Portuguese visit it, with all the enthusiasm and zeal that more sophisticated Americans and Englishmen display at Coney Island and Blackpool. Its full name is Bom Jesus dos Naufragios (Good Jesus of the Shipwrecked), a simple, primitive and lovely place, and I do not wonder that all good Portuguese regard it with veneration and visit the happy shrine, bringing gifts and offerings. It appears to have a good effect on the countryside, for one fancies that the people are more cheery and joyous, more kindly and good-humored, than anywhere else in Portugal.

A couple of miles farther on is a higher and less frequented shrine, Mount Sameiro, which one reaches by a lovely walk through girdled cork, oak and linden. From the summit one has a view of vast and indescribable beauty and extent. You see over a circuit of a hundred miles of valleys, rolling hills, craggy mountains, and the sea. The form is very beautiful, but even more alluring, and toward sunset unsurpassed, is the variety and range and delicacy of color, an effect very characteristic of distant landscape in Portugal. Much grander mountains, like the Alps, have not that tremulous variety of delicate light and shade. As of the eastward view from Coimbra or Busaco, one feels that in those distant mountains there is an old, old world of tiny hamlets and villages, quite unexplored and unexploited. Few, very few, people visit those regions; they are probably quite unspoiled; they have not appeared in political history since the days of Afonso Henriques. One may get a nearer view of them by train along the slow, winding road from through the Serra da Estrella from Salamanca to Coimbra or along the Douro from the Spanish city to Oporto, but nobody, I fancy, ever stops along those lines, and only at very rare intervals do those useful spirits of Murray and Baedeker visit them. Away from these scant lines of railway it is an unknown land and it is likely to retain its ancient and present character longer than any other part of a rapidly changing Europe that can be named.

Impressions of the Kaiser

III.—THE KAISER AS A STAGE-MANAGER

BY DAVID JAYNE HILL

Former American Ambassador to Germany



WITHOUT question, Kaiser William II is the most histrionic sovereign of his time, and perhaps of any time. As a boy in school at Cassel, he was fond of amateur acting and sketched a scenario and *dramatis personæ* of a play in which Charlemagne was the principal character. The instinct to set the stage has been manifested in every period of his life. He has not only collaborated in the writing of plays; he has superintended the rehearsal of them on the stage, and is fond of organizing historic ballets. In the larger field of scenic impression which only a monarch can command, he has displayed the same talent for dramatic effect. Not only has he patronized the theater, but he has affirmed the value of it to him as a sovereign. "Yes," he once stated in public, "the theater is also one of my weapons. . . . It is the duty of a monarch to occupy himself with the theater, because it may become in his hands an incalculable force."

Among the Kaiser's rules, one is that no Hohenzollern may be represented on the stage without the Emperor's express permission, and he must be previously given an opportunity personally to revise the part. Nothing political can be permitted to be introduced. Joseph Lauff's "Frederick of the Iron Tooth," dealing with a revolt against an Elector of Brandenburg, was thus revised; and Leoncavallo was invited to write an opera upon it, "Der Roland von Berlin"; but the Kaiser personally cut out the story of the woman who figured as Frederick's mistress, and wrote in the margin of the manuscript, "A courtesan has no place in a Hohenzollern drama."

He has even attempted to rescue the reputation of the half-mythical kings of antiquity, apparently for no other reason than to maintain the dignity of the

royal caste. The Greeks and Lord Byron had represented Sardanapalus, the Assyrian king, as the most effeminate and debauched monarch that ever existed; but the Kaiser, at the expense of two hundred thousand marks, with the help of the Assyriologists, in an opera of great magnificence has restored him to respectability as a brave sovereign who could face a heroic death rather than yield to his enemies. The effort was incidentally a fine tribute to scholarship as well as to kingship, but it was not so great an artistic success as the Emperor had expected. "You can't dramatize a museum," a Berlin critic had the courage to say, and the public joined in confirming the judgment.

It is convenient for a monarch, claiming to rule by divine right, to possess a gift for histrionic action. Not being able by any current system of philosophic thought to establish the thesis of a right to rule by special divine authority, such a claimant must resort to other means. This pretension being merely a dogma incapable of proof, it belongs to the realm of faith rather than of knowledge. To induce faith in it, or assent to it, signs, symbols, and, above all, the practical advantages of the doctrine to the believer, must be employed. In brief, whoever makes this claim must play the part it implies successfully, or he is lost. As a claimant of divine right a plain person in civilian clothes, and crowned by a silk hat, could hardly hope to have a following, even among a superstitious people.

There is no evidence that as a young prince William II was especially pious or exceptionally devoted to the offices of religion; but he understood, as Frederick the Great, although personally a disciple of Voltaire, understood, that there was in the German people a deep undercurrent of religious feeling which German princes had successfully utilized to increase their power and their estates.

In his first proclamations to his subjects the Kaiser did not set up the claim which he afterward made the foundation of his throne. The memory of the *Kulturkampf*, in which Bismarck had so deeply offended the Catholics of the Empire, was a sufficient reason for not too much accentuating questions of religion at a time when the new Emperor was gaining his foothold. It was not until these wounds had at least partly healed, and Bismarck had been disposed of, that the claim was positively asserted in the Emperor's speeches; for Bismarck considered the expression *von Gottes Gnaden* to mean "by the grace of divine permission," not "by the grace of divine appointment." He had had too much to do with maintaining the Prussian throne and establishing the Empire to accept any form of mysticism in connection with either.

The Kaiser's first enunciation that even remotely savored of the full-blown dogma was in March, 1890, at a meeting of the provincial diet of Brandenburg, where he spoke simply of "a talent intrusted to me by God, which it is my task to increase." A year later, at Bremen, he said, "We, the Hohenzollerns, regard ourselves as appointed by God to govern and lead the people whom it is given us to rule." It was not, however, until 1895, at Königsberg, that he announced that his crown was "born with him," and that he would follow the same path as his ancestor, Frederick I, "who of his own right was sovereign prince in Prussia." Two years later, at Coblenz, he spoke of his "fearful responsibility to the Creator alone, from which no human being, no minister, no parliament, no people can release the prince."

So long as this presumption led practically to no oppressive act, the German people felt no impulse to challenge this apparently harmless obsession. German writers who have commented upon it have not taken it very seriously, and have been inclined to excuse it as an ebullition of sincere religious rapture, induced in great measure by the thrilling events of the war of 1870 and the sudden rise of the Empire, which had touched all imagination and appeared to many pious minds as a direct divine intervention. If the Empire itself was a miracle,

why should not the Emperor, who certainly had never been chosen by the people, be recognized as a part of it?

The Kaiser has always seemed to his people a sovereign over whom a special divine watchfulness was needed, and might, therefore, be graciously vouchsafed. Who could prove, or wish to prove, that his extraordinary spontaneity, his occasional delphic ambiguity, and his extreme exaltation of will and purpose unfitted him to be a medium of supernatural influence? He has been so devoted to his task, so industrious, so versatile, so completely a symbol of the aspirations of the German people, that he has had only to play the rôle in order to create faith among his trustful subjects and to silence, upon nearly all occasions, the impulse to detraction. Other nations do not understand this. The impossibility lies in the fact that they are not Germans.

The Teutonic race may not possess so refined an esthetic sensibility as the Latin, but it has been peculiarly receptive to the symbolism of art. Here was an avenue to German faith which the Kaiser was quick to perceive and to utilize. Monuments in great numbers have marked his reign, the silent sentinels of national glory. Not only have his ancestors been thus memorialized, but he himself has been constantly brought home to every city, town, hamlet, and home in Germany. He has been painted as a Roman Emperor and as the war-god Mars. His life-size statue in marble forms part of the external decoration of a church, where he figures as a canonized saint. He and his House are glorified in windows of stained glass, and magnificent vases of porcelain are adorned with his portraits. Every German embassy throughout the world possesses a life-size representation of his well-known face and figure. Photography has made his features familiar in a hundred ways, until his image is stamped indelibly upon the memory of nearly the whole human race. He would be recognized if he passed by in any village, not only of Germany, but wherever the printing-press is known. This is no accident. The world wants to know what a sovereign by divine right is like.

One distinction which William II is

said to have craved has been denied him. His grandfather, William I, had raised objections to the title "German Emperor" ("*Deutscher Kaiser*"), and wanted to be called "Emperor of Germany." To this Bismarck objected that it would involve a claim to non-Prussian territory, that the council had chosen the former title, and that the German sovereigns would, perhaps, not agree to a change; and, after some contention, but in a testy humor, the lesser title was accepted.

When William II became Emperor, it is said, he desired to magnify his office by the ceremony of a regular coronation, and in 1892 had a throne constructed for this purpose after antiquarian drawings made by Emile Döpler. There was to be ordered a reproduction of the crown of Charlemagne, Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, who on Christmas Day, 800, had been crowned at Rome. The unwillingness of the federal princes to assent to a coronation is reported to have defeated the project; but it is claimed that a photograph is in existence in which the Kaiser is represented seated upon the throne, an ermine cloak over his shoulders, the imperial scepter and the globe in his hands, and a gilded imitation of the crown of Charlemagne in stucco on his head.

But this is only the corollary of a far greater demonstration. Art, all art, in the Kaiser's opinion, is a valuable and appropriate vehicle of sovereign influence. History is wholly the work of princes. All that is great in the world emanates from them. Of his grandfather, William I, he has said, "God had destined him to realize the desire of all Germans and to give unity to Germany on the field of battle. For that work he was able to find great men who had the honor to execute his designs, and as his councilors to work with him." The whole of civilization is nothing but the result of such instruments of God, chosen to carry out the divine plan in human life. "Properly speaking," he says, "William I has become for us a saint." By inference, all Hohenzollerns are saints, or in process of becoming saints. All painters, sculptors, musicians, and architects have the duty of teaching this religion of imperial supremacy, re-

vealed through their princes. "The cult of the ideal is the greatest work of civilization. . . . It can accomplish its task only with the aid of art." But what is the "ideal" in the Kaiser's mind? It is defined by him as "the inspiration which God sends to the artist," and the highest existing example of it is in the Siegesallee, which tells the story of the House of Hohenzollern.

Believing himself especially open to this form of inspiration, Kaiser William II has always considered himself a great critic of art, and, therefore, the most competent person to direct its development. Even in Germany, however, this conviction is not generally shared. Indeed, the Kaiser and the experts in art have seldom agreed; but in practice his judgment has usually triumphed.

Although artistic feeling is, perhaps, the most refractory and untamable of all the impulses to self-realization, artists, being human, have for obvious reasons been anxious to receive imperial approbation. But the artistic inspiration of Kaiser William is not always calculable.

The passion of the Kaiser for the grandiose is celebrated sumptuously in Berlin. What it might lead to in time is, perhaps, only prefigured in the attempt to embody Prussian history in the vista of the Siegesallee, in the image of Germania on the top of the Siegessäule, and in the Gargantuan architecture of the Kurfürstendamm. *Grossartig* and *kolossal* are the vocables that express the impression everywhere created.

In a long personal conversation, the substance of which it is no violation of confidence on my part to repeat, the Kaiser dwelt upon the value of "form" as a medium of public education. "Men think most often and most deeply," he said, "of what they have seen. To impress the eye is to take possession of the mind." It is a mode of conquest which the Kaiser has practised all his life.

In the large field of imperial development also art has had a great part to play. The time, the place, and the scenic accessories for dramatic effect, with the world for an audience, have been carefully chosen. The result, primarily calculated for Germany, has not always been precisely what was intended. At

Damascus, for example, during his journey in the East, William II took occasion to say how deeply moved he was "at standing on the spot where one of the most knightly sovereigns of all times, the great Sultan Saladin, had stood"; overlooking the fact that this "knightly sovereign" was a heartless murderer who had sacked Jerusalem and turned its holy places into mosques. Not content with this fulsome compliment to a fanatic of the past, the Kaiser next proceeded to offer the hand of perpetual friendship to the most notorious criminal of the age, the Sultan Abdul Hamid, and "the three hundred million Mohammedans scattered over the earth who venerate him as their caliph." While at home the words were passed over lightly as an excusable means of preparing the Mohammedan mind for the favorable reception of German commercial penetration and control, even in Germany the performance evoked smiles among those who knew that the Kaiser was astray by a hundred million of the population in his estimate of his Oriental friends, and that it was precisely Saladin who had struck Christendom its most fatal blow by the capture of the Holy City; while to other nations this adulation was a clear premonition of the exclusive Oriental policy on the part of Germany that has culminated in a world war.

Under ordinary circumstances, the Kaiser finds it easy to play the rôle of apparent omniscience, because he can summon to his side for his information on any subject the most learned specialists in the Empire, who are always eager to enjoy this distinction. Having utilized this advantage to an extraordinary degree, he is, undoubtedly, in matters in which he is interested, as far as German knowledge extends and German prejudice permits, one of the best-informed persons in the world. For all his important audiences and utterances he carefully prepares. He speaks with American exchange professors with a fullness of knowledge of their subjects that frequently surprises them. Nothing gives him greater pleasure than to exploit in conversation with his guest some new discovery just learned of from a German professor, or from a military or naval officer. Sometimes, however,

his informant has been wrongly selected or has misunderstood the theme; as when, for example, the Emperor delivered a rather technical discourse to a supposed expert in the science of seismology, only to learn that his visitor was a geographer.

Within the limits of his knowledge, which is wide, and served by an excellent memory, the Kaiser's mind is extremely alert and active, prone to resort to and to evoke repartee. He is seldom caught napping, for his position gives him every advantage, and his courtiers are disposed to leave him the victor in every encounter of wit, and even in every serious controversy. Except by Americans, he is seldom frankly dealt with; and his interest in them, when it is not for purely political purposes, arises largely from his real interest in the freedom with which they are accustomed to express themselves.

The legend of the Kaiser's "spontaneity" has caused to be ascribed to him some indiscretions which were not original with himself. Such, for example, was the celebrated "Kruger telegram" of January 3, 1896. It is now well established that this was not an impulsive and personal performance. It was so strictly official that the text of it was prepared in the Foreign Office and brought ready for signature to the Chancellor's palace by the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, the Kaiser having been summoned to Berlin from Potsdam to approve it. He at first demurred, but at last permitted himself to be persuaded; and Herr von Holstein, who was waiting for the result in the anteroom, has testified to the jubilation of the Secretary as he came from the presence of his Majesty waving in triumph the paper to which the Kaiser had just appended his signature. The telegram was generally interpreted as a purely personal message of congratulation to President Kruger that he had defeated the Jameson raid "without calling on the help of foreign Powers"; thereby conveying the intimation of willingness on the part of the Kaiser to intervene if it had been necessary. Not unnaturally the British government, considering it as a menace that might be followed by action, as an answer put a flying squadron in immedi-

ate commission and made an official announcement that, by a convention of 1884, the foreign relations of the Transvaal had been placed under the supervision of the British Foreign Office. As nothing further happened, the Kaiser for many years bore in silence the odium of this unwise suggestion of German intervention. It was just that he should do so, for by his own theory of government there is no defensible distinction between his personal and his official acts. Being responsible to no one, a sovereign by divine right can never be expected to apologize or explain. To do either would be a confession of his own accountability. An absolute ruler can punish a councilor for giving him bad advice, but if he follows it the act cannot be regarded by him as an error. The king can do no wrong.

The attempt in any way to separate the personal and the official acts of the Kaiser is, therefore, purely academic. So long as William II's theory of his personal supremacy is not rejected, the Imperial German government, and even the whole German nation, are bound to assume responsibility to other powers for what the sovereign does or fails to do. It is the necessary consequence of submitting to absolute personal authority.

The speech made by William II at Tangier, on March 31, 1905, only nine days after the "We are the salt of the earth" proclamation at Bremen, was regarded throughout Europe as an open challenge to France, whose proposals of reform in Morocco the Sultan, Abdul-Aziz, was practically cautioned not to regard. "Germany," said the Kaiser, "has great commercial interests in Morocco. I will promote and protect trade . . . and make it my care to secure full equality with all nations. This is only possible when the sovereignty of the Sultan and the independence of the country are preserved. Both are for Germany beyond question, and for that I am ready at all times to answer."

The news of this pronouncement was instantly flashed round the world, and for weeks all Europe was breathlessly awaiting what would happen next. Like the "Kruger telegram," this fulmination was at first set down as one of the Kaiser's personal indiscretions; but it soon became evident that it was the Foreign

Office where the *mise en scène* of Germany's new foreign policy had been conceived. Prestige in Europe was, undoubtedly, one of the objects to be obtained; but there was a still more important reason for declaring the "integrity" of Morocco. Kaiser William had promised the Mohammedans "scattered over the globe" that the German Emperor "will be their friend at all times." "We should have completely destroyed our credit in the Mohammedan world," said Von Bülow, "if so soon after this declaration we had sold Morocco to the French. Our ambassador in Constantinople, Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, said to me at the time, 'If we sacrifice Morocco in spite of Damascus and Tangier, we shall at one fell swoop lose our position in Turkey and therefore all advantages and prospects that we have painfully acquired by the labor of many years.'"

Certainly, no more effective method of proclaiming an intention to intervene in the affairs of North Africa, where Germany was exposed to no danger and had no other than very limited commercial interests, could have been chosen. What shocked the chancelleries of Europe was that it was thought necessary thus publicly to strike France a blow in the face. It seemed like the opening of an entirely new school of diplomacy, in which the mailed fist was to take the place of argument.

From a less strident declaimer than William II the same acts might not have been subject to the same interpretation; but, notwithstanding professions of peace, he was constantly justifying the imputation of aggressive purposes by his utterances at home. At the gala dinner attending the unveiling of the statue of Moltke, for example, a short time after the speech at Tangier, the Kaiser introduced his toast by crying out, "We have seen, gentlemen, in what a position we are placed with reference to the rest of the world: in consequence, hurrah for the powder dry and the sword sharpened, for the recognized purpose and our forces ever on the alert, for the German army and the General Staff!"

It is true that there had been in 1904 an agreement between Great Britain and France, whereby Great Britain was not

to be interfered with by France in safeguarding her interests in Egypt, and France was to be free to demand reforms in her near neighbor, Morocco; but the commercial interests of Germany were in neither case denied or affected. The attitude of Germany was expressed in the speech from the throne of November, 1905. "The difficulties which have arisen between France and us, apropos of the Morocco affair," said the Kaiser, "have no other origin than a tendency to regulate without our collaboration questions where the German Empire has interests to defend."

In claiming equal commercial privileges in an independent country awaiting future development, the position of Germany was entirely reasonable; but it was the first time the saber had been publicly rattled and a virtual threat of war uttered by a Great Power in the face of friendly nations for such a cause. "The signs of the times," the Kaiser declared in his speech from the throne, "make it a duty to the German people to reinforce their defenses against all aggression."

A different temper might have secured to Germany, without disturbance, every right, in so far as her interests could be made to appear; but the purpose of William II was not so much to maintain German interests in Morocco, which at most were inconsiderable, as to assert, in a manner to force recognition, the dominant position of Germany as a World Power that had always to be reckoned with in every question. To force this admission, the demand was made that France should be summoned before a European Conference—a tribunal before which the Kaiser has since systematically held that no nation could honorably be compelled to appear.

For a time it seemed as if the boast of Berlin were well founded. M. Delcassé, who had negotiated the arrangement with Great Britain, was forced out of office, while Von Bülow was created a Prince. Diplomatically, the calling of the Conference of Algeciras, in 1906, at first appeared to be a triumph for Germany; but in the end proved the virtual isolation of the German Empire, except for the loyal adherence of Austria-Hungary, which won the distinction of a "bril-

liant second." It served to reveal the ambition of Germany to dominate; but substantially it obtained for her nothing that could not have been secured by a reasoned exchange of notes—namely, the "open door" in Morocco, which was never denied. In its ultimate consequences, as a thinly veiled threat to France at the moment when Russia was impotent as an ally, German insistence threw the stress of future diplomatic intercourse upon armed force and rendered the problems of equity mere problems of power. It is, however, only in the light of later developments that the true significance of the Moroccan question can be accurately understood.

It immediately became evident that France would never permit herself, through a *rapprochement* between Russia and Germany, to be brought into vassalage to the Kaiser, as he had intended. The interest of William II in the secret treaty with Nicholas II, therefore, soon began to relax. The agreement the two Emperors had made, that the Kaiser, on his visit to Copenhagen, in July, 1905, should inform the King of Denmark that, in case of war with England, Germany and Russia would be obliged jointly to seize and occupy that kingdom, fell by the wayside; and the Kaiser informed the Czar, "I thought it better not to touch the subject with the Danes and refrained from making any allusions, as it is better to let the idea develop and ripen in their heads and to let them draw the final conclusions themselves, so that they will of their own accord be moved to lean upon us and fall in line with our two countries."

Evidently, since Russia was losing in the Russo-Japanese war and threatened with domestic revolution, the Kaiser was not so eager to insist upon the alliance he had been laboring to impose upon Nicholas II. In fact, in the changed conditions, an alliance would, perhaps, be wholly undesirable; for it might, without a substantial equivalent, place Germany under obligations to a Power unable even to save itself.

Just here we have, through recent disclosures, an interesting revelation of the Kaiser's real estimate of the divine right and responsibility of rulers. In August,

1905, William II was encouraging Nicholas II to accept parliamentary government for Russia. "I beg you," he writes, "to accept my warmest congratulations for this great step forward in the development of Russia." Not only so, but he explicitly advises the Czar to place the responsibility of the terms of peace upon the Duma! "I would in your place not miss this first and best opportunity," he continues, "to decide to get in close touch with your country's feelings and wishes about peace or war, giving the Russian people the long-wished-for opportunity to decide, or take part in the decision, relating to its future. . . . The decisions which are to be taken are so terribly earnest in their consequences and so far-reaching, that it is quite impossible for any mortal sovereign to take the responsibility for them alone on his shoulders without help of his people."

Is this the spirit in which the Kaiser was ruling in Germany, when he said, "You Germans have only one will, and that is my will; there is only one law, and that is my law"? Should the people's parliament bear "the odium of the decision" between peace and war, as the Kaiser proposed, and have nothing to say regarding secret treaties of alliance which might lead to war? Yet the Kaiser wishes the secret treaty to remain secret, although he attaches less importance to it than before. Still, with a change in the cards, it might prove useful. "We joined hands and signed before God, who heard our vows," he says. "I therefore think the treaty may well come into existence." Nevertheless, as bitterly as any democrat, he rails against the alleged secret diplomacy of "the arch mischief-maker of Europe in London," as he calls Edward VII, whom, he says, "the revelations of Delcassé" convict of "planning war against our friendly nation in peace." "Like brigands in a wood," he declares, he has sent the Russian ambassador to Copenhagen on a clandestine mission, to induce the Czar's mother to influence him for a policy against Germany.

Nicholas II, with the war off his hands and the Duma to "bear the odium" of the terms of peace—but only to be disbanded a short time afterward—was

resuming his independence, defending his ambassador as grossly misunderstood, and thinking lightly of the secret treaty. William II, on the other hand, having arrived at the conclusion that England, after all, was likely to be a more useful friend than Russia, while tightening the alliance with Austria-Hungary, who at the Conference of Algeciras had proved, "*la fidélité d'un allié sûr*," was soon staging a closer *entente* with Great Britain. On August 3, 1906, during the visit of Edward VII at Kiel, the Kaiser wrote to the Czar: "The maintenance of friendly relations between Germany and England is an absolute necessity for the world. I am pleased about this result of Uncle Bertie's visit." In less than a year, "the arch mischief-maker of Europe" had become the mainstay of peace. The meeting with Uncle Bertie at Wilhelms-höhe, in August, 1907, was also "satisfactory"; and the Kaiser recorded, "Uncle Bertie in good humor and peacefully disposed." In November of that year William II returned the King of England's visit, and in his speech accepting the degree of Doctor of Civil Law conferred upon him by Oxford University, praised Cecil Rhodes—who had been reported to be the inspirer of the Jameson raid—for "the amplitude of his views" in founding scholarships at Oxford which "permitted young Germans to associate themselves with young Englishmen in studying the character and qualities of their respective nations." Even the journalists were not neglected, and in a speech to them the Kaiser said: "We belong to the same race and to the same religion. These are bonds which ought to be strong enough to maintain harmony and friendship between us." Wearing a British uniform and adorned with British academic honors, for the Kaiser there was now no need of the secret treaty with Russia.

Thus, within two years, and without other reason than the hope of increasing the power of Germany, William II had abandoned the Czar in the time of his weakness, after secretly conspiring with him to isolate Great Britain and attach France to a Russo-German alliance; and, failing in this, he had endeavored to form a close relation with Great Britain, in

order to prevent an *entente* with France. We shall see how, a little later, unable even with these new professions of friendship for the "arch mischief-maker of Europe," as he had called Edward VII, to prevent the growing good understanding with France, the Kaiser made most bitter accusations of hostility against Great Britain, merely because the King was endeavoring to be friendly with the Czar.

It is, perhaps, an inevitable consequence of the system that has long prevailed in Europe, that all general understandings are in danger of being rendered impossible by the assumption that friendship between a sovereign's friends signifies hostility toward himself. So long as the friendship of nations is based on the conception of offensive and defensive alliances, this assumption is a perfectly natural one. It runs through the entire history of European diplomacy. It is the foundation on which the whole theory of the balance of power rests. Too large an aggregate of mutually friendly nations has always created the suspicion of a conspiracy among them against the others, which then feel it necessary to find new friends, outside the combination, in order to hold the first group in check. As the aggregation broadens, isolation seems intended; and when isolation is believed to be complete, the peril is felt to be unendurable. So long as secret diplomacy is practised these conditions may be expected to prevail.

It would be agreeable to find evidence that at any time since the beginning of his reign William II had in mind any plan, any principle, or any desire for a general understanding in Europe that would relieve the nations from dependence upon armed force for their safety.

The opportunity had been twice offered. In 1898, the Czar of Russia had proposed a limitation of armament. The German delegates to the first Hague Conference were instructed to take no part in discussing this subject, and it was promptly dropped from the program at Germany's instigation. The English and American delegates, supported by Russia and France, sought to establish international institutions that would enable nations disposed to

act justly to solve at least some of their problems in a judicial manner. The history of that effort is well known. The German first delegate, Count Münster, dismissed the idea of arbitration as "humbug"; and the reason he gave for this opinion, as reported by the American first delegate, was that "Germany is prepared for war as no other country is; Germany can mobilize her army in ten days, a performance that could not be equaled by France or Russia or any other state. An arbitration court would, however, give an enemy time to make his preparations. Therefore it would only place Germany at a disadvantage."

It was only after extraordinary efforts to induce the Emperor to see that this attitude, if persisted in, would cause him and his country to be distrusted, scorned, and hated by every civilized people, and especially by millions of the German race in America, that instructions were finally issued from Berlin to accept some kind of purely voluntary and occasional method of adjudicating international differences; but without the least promise to resort to it, even in the case of strictly legal questions.

The second Hague Conference offered another opportunity. It was treated in a different manner, but with almost the same result. Three eminent German jurists were sent as delegates. Their instructions have not been published, as those of the United States have been; but it was given out by them that, while the limitation of armaments, either on land or sea, could not even be considered, Germany was ready for arbitration and a court of international justice, and was prepared to work for them. This time, the Kaiser, although he had manifested no interest in this Conference, had set the stage for avoiding the error his delegates had made in the first.

It soon became evident, however, that while Germany, her allies, and her Balkan satellites were, "in principle," ingeniously professing to accept every great aim of peaceful international organization, they were blocking every practical proposal leading to a definitive result.

The method was very simple. Unlike the parliamentary bodies of a single nation, in which decisions are made by

majorities, an international conference requires, because of the complete sovereignty of the separate states composing it, entire unanimity before any final result can be obtained. Playing several small Powers as mere pawns upon a chess-board, the German first delegate was able, when he did not find it convenient himself to raise objection, to prevent unanimity by the objection of one of Germany's allies or benevolent colleagues.

By those accustomed to trace the intricacies of negotiation, and who knew the affinities that were controlling this collusion, often quite perplexing, the procedure was from the beginning perfectly comprehended; and, months before the termination of the Conference, they were prepared to predict that, notwithstanding Baron Marschall von Bieberstein's bland and plausible assurances that Germany was eager for a court of arbitral justice, no such court would ever be brought to completion in that Conference.

Hardly credited at first, this prediction was extremely disappointing to the American delegation, which throughout toiled bravely on, in the hope that success might ultimately prove attainable.

Whispered from time to time, even by those delegates who sincerely wished for a good result, were the words, "Germany must not be isolated!" With the support Baron Marschall von Bieberstein was able to command, the danger of Germany's isolation was not so imminent as her nervous neighbors sometimes feared. If Germany were isolated, they knew what the Imperial wrath would be, and saw in such a *dénouement* the gathering of the storm; for, with the plans that were then in contemplation, Germany would not yield to the decisions of a European Areopagus. Baron Marschall von Bieberstein knew there was no probability of Germany's isolation. To isolate Germany would be to defy Germany; and it was felt, even by the most ardent advocates of the judicial method of dealing with international controversies, that it was not the part of wisdom to permit a convocation called in the name of peace to become the occasion of provoking war.

As weeks and months slipped by, the intention of Germany became so evident

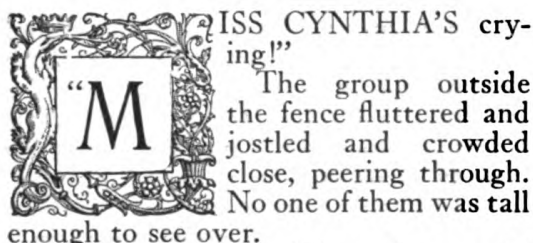
that the American first delegate, the Honorable Joseph H. Choate, who had toiled like a giant in the cause of effective international justice based on law, had the courage, with greater regard for truth than for diplomatic precedent, to say of Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, the German first delegate, in a plenary session of the Conference, and in his presence: "Baron Marschall von Bieberstein is an ardent admirer of the abstract principle of arbitration and even of obligatory arbitration, and even of general arbitration between those he chooses to act with; but when it comes to putting this idea into concrete form and practical effect he appears as our most formidable adversary. He appears like one who worships a divine image in the sky, but when it touches the earth it loses all charm for him. He sees as in a dream a celestial apparition which excites his ardent devotion, but when he wakes and finds her by his side he turns to the wall and will have nothing to do with her."

A few weeks after the adjournment of the Conference His Majesty the Kaiser visited Holland as the guest of the Queen. He spoke with fervor of the relations between the Houses of Orange and Hohenzollern, recalled how the Great Elector had found his noble spouse in Holland, and wished the kingdom "prosperity in the midst of the benefits of peace"; but of the great work so recently undertaken there, for the peace of the whole world by representatives of all civilized nations—the only universal international congress that ever assembled—he had not one word to say.

To play the double rôle of William the War Lord and William the Peacemaker at the same time, even with such able support as the Kaiser believed himself to have in Count Münster, who was chosen for his "common sense," and Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, who was chosen because in Oriental diplomacy he had out-Turked the Turk, exceeded the dramatic talent of even this prodigy in histrionic art. Beneath the flowing robe of the peacemaker the protruding scabbard of the sword has always trailed across the stage, and it has rattled loudest when the Kaiser has discoursed most vociferously of the German love of peace.

Miss Cynthia's Rosebush

BY JENNETTE LEE



MISS CYNTHIA'S crying!"

The group outside the fence fluttered and jostled and crowded close, peering through. No one of them was tall enough to see over.

But between the pickets they could see Miss Cynthia bending over a rosebush by the path and they could see the handkerchief raised hastily to her eyes as her fingers lifted a broken stem and drew it up.

They were astounded.

"You did it, Jimmie Hallam!"

"I never did!"

"You did, too. You just run and jumped—and you hit it!"

"I—never," he muttered.

They held on to the pickets, watching Miss Cynthia.

She reached to the place where the broken stem hung limp, and severed it carefully from the bush and held it in her fingers, looking down at it—and now they could see that she was crying in earnest—great drops that rolled down her cheeks and were wiped hastily off.

They turned away from the fence, awestruck.

As soon would they have expected the meeting-house steeple to cry—or the marble lady among the shrubbery in the little park on Main Street. They went with lagging steps, looking back to Miss Cynthia's house. She had gone in and closed the door, and the broken rosebush by the path remained a mere stump of a rose.

"You never'd ot-to 'a' gone in her yard, Jimmie Hallam!"

"I had to get my ball, didn't I! What'd Tom Nutty want to t'row it over her fence for, anyway?"

"I didn't know where it would go!" protested Tom.

"No—he didn't know! You ot-to be ashamed of yourself, Jimmie Hallam!"

"Well—I ain't!" he said, shamefacedly.

"I shouldn't think a grown-up woman would cry!"

"Come on!" said Lydia Bowley. She was small and dark and round, with cheeks that glowed like two little apples. "Come on!" she said. "I ain't going to think about it! Let's play hop-scotch!"

They marked off the lines on the hard earth of the side-path and drove broken bits of blue-and-white china from number one to ten, with stubby, determined toes.

Passers-by skirted the place and left the marks intact.

No one would have guessed, watching the intent, eager heads bent above the game, that each small, round head held a shocked place in which was engraven the vision of Miss Cynthia Adams crying in her front yard.

Not till dark did they leave the hop-scotch lines and straggle home. And not till supper had been eaten and they were being tucked in bed did the vision reassert itself.

Lydia Bowley, being rocked in her mother's arms a few minutes, before she was sent up-stairs to bed, brought her lips close to her mother's ear.

"Miss Cynthia Adams had her rosebush broke to-day," she said.

"Did she? That was too bad!"

"Yes. . . . she cried. . . ."

"What!"

Lydia felt that her shot had gone home. It seemed to justify the haunting feeling of tragedy that tugged at her.

"She cried and she used her handkerchief."

"Well, well, I wouldn't think about it any more."

"No'm." It was a deep sigh of relief. At the confessional of ages she had been absolved, and her eyes closed sleepily to the gentle motion of the rockers.

When Mrs. Bowley came down from tucking Lydia in bed and giving a soft

kiss to the round, flushed cheek, her face was thoughtful. She took up her sewing from the basket on the table and scanned it.

Her husband shifted his paper a little. "I see eggs have gone up," he said.

"Yes." She sighed a little and fitted the patch in place with thoughtful fingers. "Lydia said she saw Miss Cynthia crying to-day—"

"What!" He put down his paper and thrust up his spectacles and stared across at her.

She nodded. "It seems funny, doesn't it?"

"Oh, the child just got some notion." He dismissed it.

"No, she said she saw her. She said her rosebush was broken."

He shook his head. "It won't do. I've seen Cynthia at two funerals without a tear—one of 'em her own father. I don't know as I blame her so much for that one!" he added, with a grim smile.

"Jim—!"

"Well, just because a man's dead, don't make what he's been any better, does it? Cyrus Adams was a mean, self-centered, hard-hearted man. You know that!" He looked across at her accusingly.

"Yes," she assented, "I know he was."

"Well, then, what are you 'Jim-ming' me about?"

"I wonder what the matter was," she said absently.

"With Cyrus?"

"No, no. Of course not! I *know* it was so. About Cynthia. I could see the child was shocked."

"Well she might be! I should have been!"

He turned to the door. A man in slippers and house coat stood in it, an unlighted pipe in his hand. Bowley greeted him with a smile.

"Come on in, Hudson. What do you think Lydia has brought home as the latest cock - and - bull story — Cynthia Adams crying in her front yard over a rosebush!" He chuckled.

The other man looked down at his pipe. "Have you got a match?" he asked.

James Bowley felt in his pockets and produced a match and tossed it over.

"That's the worst of electricity!" he said. "No creature comforts!"

The other lighted his pipe and stood by the mantel, smoking. He thought his sister-in-law looked a little tired as she bent over the torn coat and fitted the patch skilfully in place. He was glad neither of them seemed conscious in speaking about Cynthia. It showed how completely they had forgotten. Everybody had forgotten! He drew two or three whiffs and strolled to the back of the table and looked down at the books and papers scattered on it, fingering them idly. Then he went out of the room. His steps were heard going up-stairs.

James Bowley put down his paper with a half-guilty look of amusement.

"I declare, I forgot all about Hudson and Cynthia!" he said. She looked up helplessly from the coat.

"Forgot—?"

"Hudson used to go with her, you know."

"Oh, that was years ago."

"Yes."

They went on reading the paper and mending the patch.

Up-stairs, Hudson Bowley moved restlessly about his room. He examined his bank-account and found an error, months back, that he had been searching for, off and on, and righted it. Then he sighed and looked at the book. His balance was getting too large. He must invest again. . . . And it made so little difference whether the balance was large or small! He pushed it away irritably and got out his coat from the closet and changed his slippers, taking care that his pipe did not go out meanwhile. He might as well get some matches—and he would sleep better for a little walk.

As he passed the sitting-room door his sister-in-law called out to him, "Got your key, Hudson?"

"Yes." He looked in and nodded. "I sha'n't be out late. I'm going to take a turn around the block."

He carried out with him into the darkness a picture of the two in the sitting-room, the man and woman on either side the lamp. He knew his sister-in-law was tired and Jim was selfish, but they were happy together. Every day he saw them meet life. And he knew that they literally "halved sorrows and doubled

joys. . . .” For himself, he had missed it! He knocked the ashes from his pipe on a fence railing, and stowed it in his pocket.

Then he saw that the fence was Miss Cynthia's. It was almost the only fence left in town, he thought, grimly. Cyrus Adams had insisted on keeping up his fences to the last. He didn't want folks tramping all over his grass, he said. Well, he had a fence around his lot in the cemetery now, cast-iron, painted black. Nobody trampled on his grass there, either.

Hudson Bowley's thoughts were a little cynical as he stood looking at the darkened house. No light appeared in it anywhere, and the moon rising behind the house made the darkness of the front seem almost black. But in the yard the light blooming flowers and the low shrubs stood out in shimmering relief. . . . All the flowers in the yard had been planted since Cyrus Adams's death. The first year there had been a straggling attempt at candytuft and nasturtiums in a pathetic little row along by the house. The next spring the whole lawn had been spaded up and there were flowers everywhere. And every day Cynthia worked among the flowers.

Hudson Bowley knew pretty well what went on in Miss Cynthia's yard. He passed it four times a day on the way to the mill and back. Sometimes Cynthia looked up and bowed to him distantly. But more often she bent in absorption over her flowers. And he went by without a glance. He had never stood as he was standing now, staring in on the flowers that lifted themselves in the mysterious half-light against the blackness of the house. . . . A subtle fragrance stole over the fence, of mignonne and phlox and candytuft. It seemed to tangle itself in his brain and waken something puzzling there. He turned away vaguely and walked on. He could not rid himself of “Miss Cynthia and her rosebush”—and Cynthia crying!

He went on, past the fence, across the park to Main Street, and turned in at the drug-store for a box of matches. When he had lighted his pipe again he strolled back across the little park. In the shrubbery on the right a marble fig-

ure gleamed mistily. There was a bench near the statue, and he went in and sat down, smoking and looking up at the graceful half-poised figure that seemed to spring out of the green tracery of the leaves and branches and hold itself back from flight. The night had put him in a curious turmoil. . . . For years he had not thought of Cynthia Adams as he was thinking of her now. At first, after the quarrel, it had been hard not to think of her. She had thrown him over for a whim—hardly more, it seemed to him. Her father needed her, she said. And to his protest that other girls who had fathers married and were happy, she only said, over and over, “You do not understand.”

No, he had not understood. He was willing to admit it now. Any more than he had understood the life that Cynthia chose to lead. She devoted herself to her father and to his needs—not abjectly, but with a kind of proud dignity that seemed to give itself freely and ask no pity from any one. . . . Everybody who knew Cyrus Adams knew that he was a selfish man—but not a hoarding one. He spent his money for whatever would give him pleasure or add to his importance, and Cynthia as part of his importance was always comely and well dressed, and her clothes were chosen with the exquisite taste that was a part of Cynthia. Hudson Bowley had seen them change from the floppy, flowered fashions of twelve years back, to the scant draperies and severe skirts of later times, and then at last to an austerity that seemed to have little relation to the prevailing style—as little as the tenuous draperies of the marble lady there on her pedestal. Cynthia's clothes seemed merely to belong to Cynthia—though they were still very becoming.

He sat looking up at the statue and smoking reflectively. Cynthia had hardly grown—any more than the statue up there. There was something girlish in her figure and her quick step, and in her unwrinkled face—not the soft, flabby comfort of massage, but something fine like porcelain, as if a light glaze held its smoothness untouched. Curiously, he found himself wondering whether over his own feelings, too, there had been a little fine glaze that had kept him from

feeling things too much. He smiled cynically, and rapped his pipe on the bench, and leaned forward, his hands clasped between his knees, looking up at the cool figure amid the green of the shrubbery. He knew suddenly why he liked the statue and why he had so often turned in here to sit with his paper or his pipe. It had been a kind of assurance to him that change was not needed—that, once a choice was made and accepted, it had a beauty and meaning of its own. And now the quiet was broken for him. Miss Cynthia had been crying in her front yard. Cynthia crying—that hurt a little, somehow!

He got up impatiently and moved off. There was nothing a man could do—and what did he want to do? Nothing. Of that he was sure. . . . There was not in his heart a vestige of the feeling that had hurled him away from Cynthia Adams twelve years ago. . . . He had battled then, and almost cursed her for her immovable, doll-like obstinacy! But to-night he could only wonder a little at himself and at life—and there was the discomfort that Cynthia should have wept about the rosebush. He came again to her fence and looked over to the house as he passed.

A single light shone in the room on the right. The shade was not drawn, and through the thin curtains he saw a figure standing by the table, looking down at something.

He carried the picture home with him. And in his dreams Cynthia came like some remote Byzantine statue—a kind of slim caryatid, bearing on her uplifted head a heavy marble lintel, and in her hand she carried an earthen flower-pot, dull red, with a single rose-stalk growing in it, as straight and slim as Cynthia herself. . . .

When he came down to breakfast, after the troubled night, the room was empty—except for Lydia sitting at her mother's desk, a sheet of paper spread before her. The tip of her tongue was held firmly between her teeth, and her legs curled themselves about the rounds of the chair as she formed letters with slow care and dipped her pen in ink. She did not look up.

"Hello, Lydia!"

"Good-morning," she replied, absently.

He seated himself at the table.

"Had your breakfast?" he asked.

There was no response. Her fingers traced a slow, difficult curve, then she looked up and nodded with satisfaction.

"I've had breakfast," she announced.

"I'm writing a letter," she added, with dignity.

"Oh! To any one in particular?"

"No."

He dismissed his curiosity and watched with amusement while she took an envelope from the pigeonhole and wrote and licked and sealed it and pounded it down with her fat, grim fist. She climbed down from her chair.

"Going to post it?" he inquired, politely.

She nodded without speaking. His eyes twinkled as they followed her from the door. He felt grown-up and superior and very kindly toward the small figure grasping its letter tight and hurrying with importance from the room. If any one had suggested to him that Lydia bore the guise of Fate and carried destiny in her hand—messenger to the gods—he would have laughed out. She was an amusing little thing and you couldn't head her off once she got an idea.

That summed up Lydia.

He attacked his breakfast with such appetite as he could summon after a night of troubled statues and flower-pots and dreams.

In the little room off her kitchen Cynthia Adams stood back from the table and surveyed it—to see that everything was in place.

The table, with its dark, polished surface and straight legs, stood facing a window that was covered with a curtain of transparent scrim fulled a little at top and bottom and held in place by small brass rods. The light, falling through this curtain on the polished table and delicate china and silver, seemed etherealized—like pictured sunlight. The great copper bowl of flowers that stood against the gathered scrim completed the effect of an Old World picture.

The room might have been "an interior" painted with loving skill by some Dutch or Flemish artist. And the woman standing with her hand on the

tall chair, looking thoughtfully down at the table, belonged in the picture. The eyes set wide apart and the reposeful, unmoved face were those of a Flemish portrait. Only the eyes seemed a little reddened about the lids, as if something had lately disturbed their serene quiet.

She turned from the table and brought a little silver pitcher of cream and a dish of cereal from the kitchen, and sat down. A book was on the table by her plate, and before she began to eat she opened it, laying a glass paper-weight on it to hold it open. All her movements were gentle and quiet and undisturbed. Only the faint redness of the lids betrayed a sleepless night and the long hours of lying awake and watching the past stream before her. She tried to read, but after a minute she pushed back the book, impatient, and her eyes stared through the transparent folds of the curtain out into the yard beyond. There were flowers everywhere. Last year there had been almost nothing in the side yard. But in the fall she had ordered perennials, great quantities of phlox and sweet-williams and larkspur and hollyhocks and pinks; before the summer was over her yard would be a mass of flowers. But there had been only the one rose, set out in the spring and watched with jealous care. She sat thinking of it absently—how frail the rose had been, and how she had nourished it back to life. The first thing in the morning and the last at night she bent over it and watched the pink bud emerge from its green sheath and push out toward the light. The nurseryman had warned her not to let it blossom this first summer—to cut off any buds that appeared and save the life for the roots. But she had not the heart to do it. Several times with shears in hand she approached it—only to turn away and leave it unharmed. And yesterday there was the pink bud, curling a little at the edge in crisp fullness. The first rose she ever had—of her own!

She sat staring with puzzled eyes, wondering dully why she had cried. Not since her mother's death had she cried. She had not let herself think or feel or desire anything apart from the trust that had been left to her. She could hear still the words whispered in the darkened

room: "He is a weak man, Cynthia, and you will hold him as I have. Do not leave him, child. You will not leave him!" And she had promised gladly—not blindly. She had known what the promise meant—to steady a weakness just below pride-level, to fill each day with importance and a sense of dignity and keep him level with life. She skimmed the thought lightly and turned away. She had no shame before her promise, but she did not dwell on it if she could help. As to what was happening to herself, she had never given it a thought—until now.

She got up from the table and went into the front room. The rose on its single stalk stood in a vase on the table, and she bent to it and inhaled the opening fragrance and touched it with her finger gently.

A sound at the front door startled her. She turned her head a little. It was not a knock—hardly a sound, more as if a mouse rustled a piece of paper across the floor for its nest. She waited a minute. Then she moved to the door and opened it. There was no one in sight—only the flowers filling the yard with color and fragrance. She stood looking out at them happily. The sunlight falling on her hair and shoulders traced pretty patterns, and her hair glimmered with gold. She turned back, and her eye fell on something on the floor. She stooped to it—a crumpled paper that had been pulled back by the opening door. She picked it up, smoothing it a little, and read the sprawling inscription with a faint smile—"For Mis Sinthy."

She carried it to the front room where the rose stood on the table, and opened it. There were only two lines in the round, laborious hand—

"We ar sorry for the rosebush."

She laid it on the table and stared down at it, and brushed a blur from her eyes and stared again. . . . And all the overwhelming flood of the night was upon her. She fell to her knees, groping blindly and sobbing in great, choking breaths. The clock on the wall ticked its time gently. The rose unfolded the tip of a petal without motion and shed its fragrance in the room. And Miss Cynthia, on her knees, was weeping away the hardness and repression and

the bitter longing that choked life in her. The sun traveled across the floor, and the shadows of the small-paned windows traveled with it and crossed Miss Cynthia. She was very quiet now. The ticking of the clock with its swinging, restful rhythm brought the sound of home to her. Through the open door she could see the sunlight and the curtained window and the table beneath it. She did not move to clear the table or wash the dishes or put her house in order. Her eyes turned to the rose on the table. In their reddened, swollen lids they rested on it lingeringly.

After a time she got up and bent to the flower, and touched it with a kind of wonder and reverence, and her broken face quivered a little. She smiled and nodded to the rose as if it understood her. She glanced at the clock.

Half past eleven! But she did not put on her work-apron. Instead, she brought out her hat and gloves from the closet, and a basket and pair of garden shears. But when she saw her face and eyes in the glass as she put on the hat, she took it off hastily and ran up-stairs and bathed her face and eyes again and again.

When at last she came down and stepped out into the sunlight she had a sense that a new Cynthia went with her down the path—a Cynthia strangely like a girl she had known, but stronger and full of buoyant life. She moved along the paths, gathering handfuls of flowers and filling the basket on her arm. Voices from over the fence came to her and she moved toward it, and paused. Then she went quickly to the gate and opened it. The group behind the fence had broken like quicksilver as she approached, but at her voice it came together again and moved slowly toward her. She was holding the gate ajar and smiling at them.

"Won't you come in?" she asked.

They came to the gate in awed silence.

"Come in!" she urged. The flowers on her arm, the little, quivering smile on her lip, seemed to beckon them. "I will pick you some flowers," she said.

They crowded about the gate. But they did not enter.

"It's dinner-time," explained Lydia Bowley. Lydia's heart was thumping

in little knocks and her voice sounded suddenly strange and far away.

Cynthia smiled. "Of course it is dinner-time! I forgot! But you will come some other time, perhaps?" The wistful eyes might have been another child begging to be taken in.

They nodded, embarrassed.

"We'll come this afternoon, maybe," said Tom Nutty, gruffly; "after school, maybe."

They all nodded again gravely.

Her eyes danced at them. Why had she never seen how adorable they were? She longed to take the little girl—the red-cheeked one with hair in two straight braids, and hug her!

"Be sure you come!" she said. "I shall look for you!"

They nodded again and withdrew. Cynthia stood with her hand on the gate, swinging it and watching them trail away out of sight. Then she turned back to her flowers.

A man passing outside the fence glanced in. Miss Cynthia, bending to the mignonette-bed and gathering great handfuls and heaping it in her basket, was smiling to herself. She did not look up or see the man across the fence. He went on a little grimly. Cynthia was getting almost as self-centered as Cyrus, he told himself—shut in there behind her fence with her flowers.

Just then she lifted her head and looked up and saw him. He almost stopped in surprise at the light in her face. It seemed to question him with a little smile, half-afraid, across the fence. His own smile leaped to meet it before he knew. Then he lifted his hat gravely and passed on.

He drew a quick breath.

Cynthia! Adams! Well! He would not have believed Cynthia could look like that! All the little happy thoughts of the past came out of sleep and flocked about him, begging to be taken up, till he shook them off. Absurd! All that was done with—years ago. . . . But through the afternoon, in and out through his work, he saw the look in Cynthia's eyes questioning and timid like a child's delight.

When he put on his hat to go home, a resolve was forming under the confused thought of Cynthia. If she was there in

her garden he would stop, perhaps, for a minute's chat by the fence.

But when he came abreast of the fence, even before he reached it, he was aware of a difference—something that made him look quickly over the fence. Voices in Cynthia's yard, and laughter, and children running up and down the paths as if they had always been there, as if Cynthia always had children in her front yard. He stared at them and glanced at Cynthia, with her flushed face and shining eyes—and raised his hat and went on.

They gathered about her, waiting for what might come next. There had already been lemonade and cakes on the back porch—all the lemonade you could drink! And Miss Cynthia had picked a bunch of flowers for each child and placed the stems in water, "to have a drink" before they were carried home in hot hands. It was not so much the flowers that worked enchantment, nor even the lemonade, as it was the sense of wonder at being in Miss Cynthia's yard and finding that when you came close to her like this her eyes were full of little dancing lights. It was like a dream of a strange wild bird that lights in your hands if you hold them up, and nestles close and makes you very happy—something like that they may have felt if they could not say it. . . . To-morrow they might criticize or wonder, but now they only drank it in, standing grouped about her and waiting what might happen next.

She was swinging her hat idly, her eyes smiling and her face full of the little quivering light that looked down on them.

"Have you had a good time?" she asked.

"Yes! Yes!"

"You bet!" from Jimmie Hallam.

She turned to him. "You are the boy—" she said.

The group held its breath. Lydia pressed forward.

"Jimmie didn't mean to!" she said, breathless. "Tom Nutty t'rowed the ball—and we *all* looked on." She gulped a little at the last words.

Then to their surprise Miss Cynthia laughed out. She threw back her head

and laughed like a girl—laughed till little tears twinkled in her eyes—and they all joined in, looking at one another shyly.

Cynthia wiped the tears away and regarded Lydia. "You're very conscientious, aren't you, child?" The little quivering smile danced on her lips.

"Yes - m." It was a venture on Lydia's part. She saw deep water ahead.

Cynthia patted the dark, straight little braids. "That's right! But be careful, dear—not to be too conscientious, won't you? It's dangerous, being too conscientious! . . . I ought to know all about that!" she said, under her breath. "Come now, just one more thing and then you must go!"

They followed her to the corner of the house in expectant silence, while she took down a large basket from the corner of the porch and lifted a paper that covered it.

They pressed close.

It was filled to the brim with nuts and the little bags of confection sacred to Christmas-time and Christmas trees. She portioned them out with swift fingers, filling their pockets with nuts and the little bags till they fairly bulged.

"There!" she said. "That's all!" She turned the basket upside down and gave it a shake. "That's all!" she said.

"It's like Christmas-time, ain't it?" said Tom Nutty.

She waited a minute. She wanted them to understand. But it was difficult to find the words.

"That's what I wanted it to be—like Christmas!" she said, slowly. "Something happened to me yesterday that made me very happy—as glad as when the Christ-child came—and I wanted to share it with you. . . . Do you understand, children?"

"Oh, yes'm! We understand." they said.

And, looking into their eyes, she knew they did understand. What to older people might have seemed only queer-ness was to them the breaking of bread because new life had come to her. She nodded to them in comradeship.

"That's right. You will come again, won't you?"

"Oh yes, we'll come!" reassuringly.

"We'll stop a good many times—when we're going by, maybe."

"I shall watch for you. Good-by!" She stood at the gate again and watched them go—wondering at the difference in the world—all the thousand little threads tangled in her heart and reaching over the fence and away!

She went slowly into the house and stopped with a start. The breakfast-table in front of the scrim curtain had not been touched!

All day she had been sewing bags and planning for the impromptu party. Her house was in confusion—nut-shells were on the floor, and bits of tarleton and bright worsteds and broken fragments of candy everywhere. Nothing was as it should be, and she reached out her hands to it in a quick little gesture of welcome.

Then she tied on her apron and set to work. And all the while underneath her thoughts ran the happy sense that beauty and cleanliness were only a part of life—and duty was only a part. Yet for years she had known only duty and cleanliness and beauty—nothing else. Duty first, because she had given her promise and because her father needed her. Looking back now, she could forgive it all—the promise and all it had cost her. She had steeled herself against self-pity and done her duty. But under it her heart had been often disdainful, and the duty she performed so punctiliously had held scorn for the weakness that accepted it and even craftily, she knew, counted on her promise. But now it was swept away—all the hardness, and she saw only the futile life that had needed her—the pity of it. She saw it as her mother must have seen it in the clearness of death. For it seemed to her she, too, had passed through the cleansing fire of death—all that had been important before was swept into the urge of this new life. All her delight in faultless beauty, all her pride in neatness, was gone, and in place of it—this singing joy and comradeship.

She dried her china and silver with careful touch and polished the shining table, looking out through the transparent curtain on her flowers. Beside the path stood the rosebush that had been broken off. . . . It stood very straight and stiff—a mere stump of a bush.

Hudson Bowley tied his necktie anew and looked in the glass. He had chosen the green-plaid tie, the one with a little stripe of red in it, hoping it might make him look younger. After a glance in the glass he pulled it off and threw it on the floor and searched again in the top drawer.

"I like your blue one," said Lydia from a chair across the room. She was watching him with devoted eyes.

He turned from the rumpled confusion of the top drawer. "I haven't any blue one," he said, shortly.

"Yes, you have." She skipped down from her chair and approached him slowly.

He made no reply. He was holding out a purplish checked silk, regarding it with doubtful gaze.

"I wouldn't wear that!" she said.

He cast it from him and followed it with a handful from the drawer. They lay tangled about his feet, and Lydia skirted them warily as she came. She mounted the chair beside him and slipped her hand under a handkerchief-case and drew out a trailing end.

"There is your blue one," she said, competently.

He gazed at it. "Um-m! I'd forgotten that one!" He took it from her and tied it and regarded it in the glass with a little satisfied pat.

"That 'll do!" he said.

Lydia looked on with deep approval. She glanced down at the scattered ties on the floor.

"I'll pick 'em up for you—and fold 'em."

"Throw them away. I never want to see them again—any of them!"

"Throw them away! Throw *that* away!" She held out the purplish silk with a tragic gesture.

He glanced at it indifferently, and then at her face, and smiled. "Perhaps you could make use of it?" he suggested, politely.

"I guess I *could*! And all of them!" She gathered them up with jealous hand. "I shall make a crazy-quilt for my doll," she said, with dignity.

"I would. That's about what they look like! Where are my gloves?"

"They are in the hall closet, where you left them," she supplied.

"Oh!" He turned away and took a stick from its corner and tested it a little. "Good-by," he said.

Lydia's eyes admired him openly. She followed him to the door. "You going somewhere?" she asked. It was as near as one might question a god.

"Oh—nowhere in particular," he replied.

But as he went down the stairs and out into the late glow of the July day he knew that he was going somewhere "in very particular," and he walked briskly. He did not want time to think. He had been thinking for more than a month—and for over a month he had been looking across Miss Cynthia's fence in silent amaze—and then into his own heart. Children came and went through Miss Cynthia's gate, and Cynthia, with the shining look and the little flush in her cheeks, had smiled and nodded to him every day as he passed. But not as if he counted—only as a part of the general happiness of life.

Hudson Bowley had been at first startled by Miss Cynthia's careless, happy recognition of him as he passed her gate, then he had been a little piqued, and finally indignant. And his indignation had grown. If Cynthia Adams thought she could treat him like an ordinary man—she would find she was mistaken!

He swung his cane a little and walked on.

He reached the gate, and saw her with her watering-can standing among the flowers in the side yard. He opened the gate and came up the path.

She turned and saw him and put down the watering-can hastily.

"Why, Hudson! I am so glad to see you!"

He took her offered hand a little stiffly. This was no shy girl fluttered by romantic memories. He knew suddenly that he had been thinking of Cynthia as a starved soul. Her eyes twinkled at him like stars.

"Come in," she said. She led the way toward the house. But at the door he paused and hung back a little.

"Your garden is very beautiful!" he remarked.

"Yes, isn't it? The children have been helping me. Everything is coming on fast." She stood looking at it happily.

He gazed at the flowers with clouded eyes. He could not say what he had come to say—not to this glowing creature! The past was dead to her. And he had been hoping that when she saw him coming up the path she would remember, perhaps. He twirled his stick a little. She looked at him in surprise.

"Won't you come in?" Then her eyes on his face held a sudden wonder and disbelief. She turned toward the garden.

"Let us stay outside," she said, simply. "It is pleasanter out here."

He followed her dumbly. There was a little arbor at the end of the side garden where vines had been planted. They reached as yet barely to the low seats. But a tree cast a little shadow on the arbor, and Cynthia's books and work gave it a home-like air as they came in.

"Sit down," she said. "The children like it here." Her hands busied themselves with something on the table. He watched her silently. He had not thought he should be so dumb with Cynthia! And before he came he had been dreaming. . . .

She looked up and caught his gaze, and the work dropped from her hands.

"Hudson!"

"Yes—?" It was courteous and non-committal.

But she seemed not to heed it or to check her impulse. "I have wanted—so much—to see you!" she said, breathlessly.

"You have wanted—?" He shook it off. "You seemed very happy with the children," he said, stiffly.

Her eyes regarded him wide. "I am happy with the children. Yes. I love to have them about me. But—!" She broke off. Her lip quivered.

Somewhere deep within him something stirred and his heart beat strangely. He moved toward her. But she did not notice or stir. Her eyes were resting on something unseen, something that shook the quiver on her lip to a little smile.

"And I thought love was something to take—or put aside—as I chose!" she said, humbly.

He reached his hand, almost timidly it seemed, and touched the clasped ones in her lap.

"And now—?" he said, quietly.

She turned with a smile—and he waited, the strong hand gripping a little on hers. She was looking at him with wide, misty eyes. She laughed out. The drops shook themselves away.

"Now there is nothing in the world but love—for everybody!"

His face flushed a little, and she laughed again swiftly.

"You do not understand, Hudson! But you will! You will! The children know."

"What do they know?" His voice was gentle and very happy, and Hudson Bowley knew that life had not passed him by. He would be as other men—as Jim and Mary! And he saw them with the worn light of happiness in their faces—and Lydia's small round head and red cheeks and the two straight braids of

hair—and he saw all children in their love and helplessness. He was holding Cynthia close. Something like a sob came to him unawares and caught his throat.

She looked up and nodded. "You do understand!" she said.

Then he bent and kissed her. The voices of the children sounded close. They were at the gate. They were coming up the walk. And still he held her, till she put up her hands and drew back a little and looked at him with smiling, misty eyes.

She went to the opening of the arbor and watched the children hurrying to her along the path.

Their voices laughed as they ran. "We've come, Miss Cynthia! We've come!" they called. "Where are you?"

"There Will Come Soft Rains"

BY SARA TEASDALE

THERE will come soft rains and the smell of the ground,
And swallows calling with their shimmering sound;

And frogs in the pools singing at night,
And wild-plum trees in tremulous white;

Robins will wear their feathery fire
Whistling their whims on a low fence-wire;

And not one will know of the war, not one
Will care at last when it is done.

Not one would mind, neither bird nor tree,
If mankind perished utterly;

And Spring herself, when she woke at dawn,
Would scarcely know that we were gone.

Tree Worship

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE



EARLY Buddhist theology was long exercised over the question whether or not trees had souls. The question was finally decided in the negative. To some of us it will seem a very natural question to raise, nor will all of us be satisfied with the finality of the answer. The lover of trees and woods will be by no means sure on the point, and the longer he knows and wanders among them, the more will he find himself inclined to allow his fancy to sway his reason; and, though he may not credit each individual tree with a spiritual tenant, the less will he be able to resist the impression, as he loses himself in the aisles of a forest, that there indeed, more than elsewhere in the natural world, breathes and moves the presence of divinity. *Numen inest*, as the Romans used to say. The spiritually sensitive Emerson in our own times showed himself susceptible to this feeling when he wrote, "'Welcome!' the wood-god murmured through the leaves."

Most of us have heard that murmur of welcome as we entered some woodland in the solemn hours of the early morning; and if the Gothic architects—as some aver, and others deny—modeled their cathedrals on the boles and arched branches of the forest, the fact suggests more than a decorative significance. The very architecture of Christian churches would thus embody a religion far older than Christianity, and certain philologists have suggested that the word *kirk* had its origin in the Latin for oak—*quercus*. No doubt modern philologists will scorn the derivation as fanciful, as that arboreal origin of Gothic architecture has also been scornfully discredited; but antiquated philology, like antiquated geography, has a charm for some of us who are not ambitious of the learning that

disillusionizes, and who, in the matter of antiquated mythologies, are inclined to think that they, at all events, are not perhaps so antiquated or "fanciful" as usually regarded. To any one who would comment on that phrase of Emerson's, "But, of course, there is no such thing as a 'wood-god,' as you very well know," some of us would be prepared to answer: "How do you know? The gods always hide from the unbeliever. That is his punishment."

This feeling that comes over us in entering a wood, or in the presence of certain vast and ancient trees, is no mere "literary" feeling. It is not merely reminiscent of classical reading, or anthropological studies—with which, indeed, we may well be but poorly furnished—though it may delight us to find confirmations and correspondences there, but it is the instinctive feeling out of which those early mythologies originally sprang. If the Greeks had not created—or discovered—Pan and those other spiritual dwellers in the woods, dryads and fauns, and so forth, the modern lover of nature would have created—or discovered—them all for himself. Such beings are not conscious poetic inventions. In a deep sense they are glimpses of truth, divinations, intuitions, of the mysterious *Anima Mundi*, the invisible spiritual essences behind appearances. So, at least, it does some of us no great harm to think. Others for whom trees and forests are so much lumber—"only that and nothing more"—are, of course, welcome to their dreary opinion, and they, doubtless, have their reward.

But, indeed, whether as objects of use or of worship, or of esthetic enjoyment, trees are more closely bound up with the life of man than anything else in nature; and it is, therefore, little wonder that they have entered so largely into the web of his imagination from time immemorial. Cut down, they make his

houses, his boats, his tables and chairs, and a thousand other commodities and instruments of his existence; and, alive and growing, apart from their physical uses as rain-bringers, as dispensers of friendly shade for himself and his cattle in torrid noons, as screens from bitter winds, apart from the store they bring him of pleasant fruits, apart from all such service and bounty to him, they are responsible for the greater part of his religion and his poetry—his best friends on the planet, alike for body and soul.

No wonder, therefore, that man's most impressive symbol of the cosmogony should be a tree, that ash Ygdrasil, whose branches have the stars for fruit, and whose roots are deep in the chambers of death, the invisible, mysterious sources of things. No wonder, either, that man's life should so often be likened to a tree—the Tree of Life.

Among many widely separated races, mankind itself is supposed to have sprung from trees. According to the Edda it was descended from the ash—the man—and the elm—the woman—quickened by the breath of Odin and his two brothers:

Spirit they owned not,
Sense they had not,
Blood nor vigor,
Nor color fair.
Spirit gave Odin,
Thought gave Hoenir,
Blood gave Lodir,
And color fair.

Virgil and Homer alike refer to this evolution of men from trees, the ash again being the chosen tree. The great Greek family of the Pelopidæ—"Pelop's line"—claimed descent from the plane, and the great Persian family of the Achæmenidæ claimed a like arboreal origin. No doubt, from some similar echo of primitive thought come the many stories in old English and Scotch families of the fatal connection of certain old trees in the ancestral park with the lives of its members—the old oak or elm, whose sudden crashing fall in the still night was the sure forerunner of death and doom. The phrase "genealogical tree" thus becomes of deeper significance, perhaps, than we had imagined.

So closely identified have trees been

with the life of man through the ages, that whole races and nations spring to the mind involuntarily with the mention of certain trees. The oak might almost be said to be a synonym for England, as the poplar for France. And the maple, the olive, the linden, the palm, and the pine, are no less identifiable with other great nations. That it should be so is, after all, very natural; for the differences between nations mainly register the differences between climates, and men and trees alike are the most conspicuous products of their particular environments.

The presence or absence of men or trees is the first feature we notice in any landscape; and perhaps of the two it is the trees we miss most. Without any intention of flippancy, it might be said that no few of us could get on without men better than without trees. The "companionship" of trees is no mere fanciful sentimental phrase. It is a deep and blessed fact for many natures, who, except on rare occasions, would grudgingly exchange it for the companionship of their fellows—natures for whom usually man is the only blot on the landscape, and for whom the old Duke's greenwood philosophy in "As You Like It" would seem, if anything, too social.

As one recalls that sweet-smelling dream of greenery, one realizes how absolutely it is the forest that is, so to speak, the protagonist; that, for all the charm and quaintness of the human actors in comedy, it is the forest itself that alone really matters, that haunts and remains with us at the end. The reality of Rosalind and Jacques indeed comes of their seeming to be embodiments of certain moods of the woodland spirit—Rosalind a dryad slipped out of some pretty birch-tree, and Jacques merely the personification of woodland melancholy. It is the old wood itself that is felt to be generously and largely alive, and by its mere existence at once the scene and the action of the play. It lives in one's mind as a huge, green freshness, in which the doings and sayings of the human characters are no more important than the flitting here and there of butterflies catching a glinting sunbeam, the playful antics of squir-

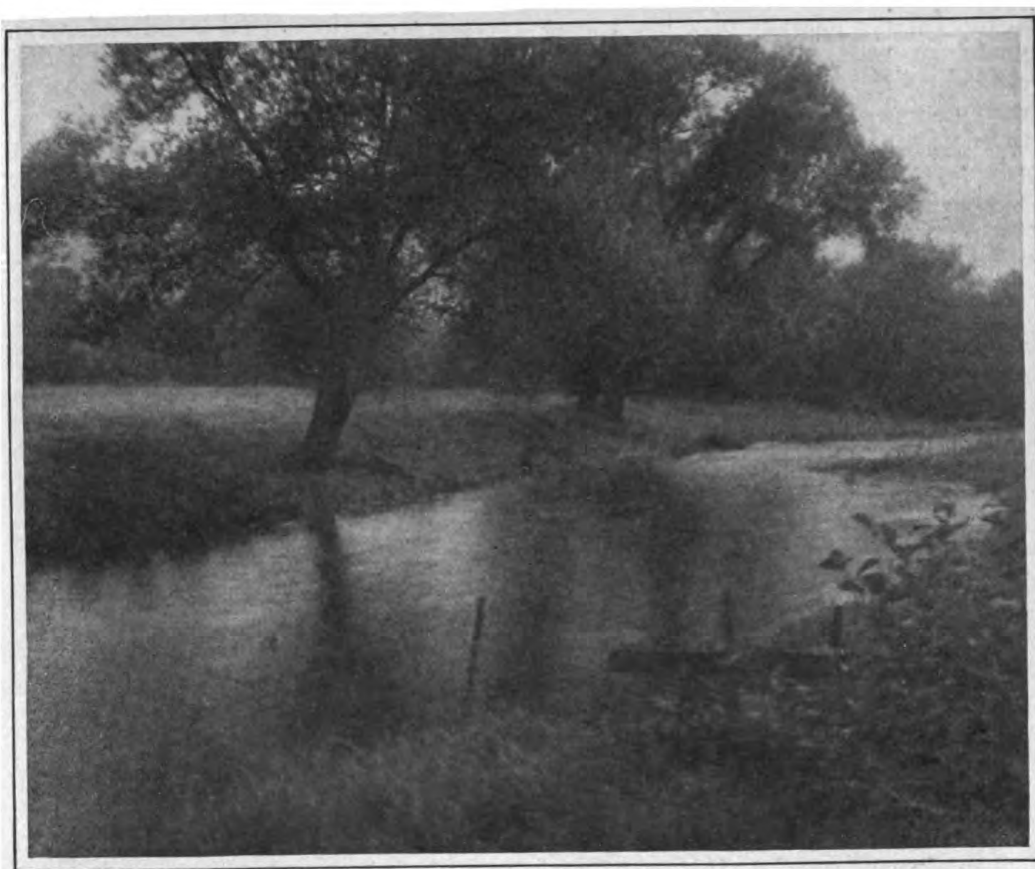
rels, the furtive passage of a fox across a glade, or the ringing of bird songs overhead. One could almost imagine "As You Like It" put on the stage without human characters, or even words, for all that is done or said seems but the expression of the changing moods of the woodland itself. And, as the Forest of Arden thus speaks to us through the medium of a literary mas-

terpiece, so the actual woodland, where it fortunately still remains, speaks to us as a living presence, or collection of living presences, and mysteriously conveys to us intimations that, according to our receptiveness and interpretative endowment, become conscious, and even articulate.

If one tries to set down what one feels in the presence of a great old tree, I



MOST OF US HAVE HEARD THE MURMUR OF WELCOME ON ENTERING SOME WOODLAND
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HERE APOLLO MIGHT HAVE PURSUED DAPHNE

think that first of all its bigness, its vastness, counts for a great deal, and with it that sense of protectiveness which always goes with certain kinds of generous bigness, as with generously built men—a sheltering largeness, and with it a huge, kindly wisdom showered down soothingly upon us, as though out of the stores of the consolatory experience of all those ages, recorded in ring upon ring of the sternly patient trunk—the experience of age that is still so palpably youth; age grimly rooted as the eternal hills, yet spreading abroad with such gay and careless amplitude this enormous morning and tenderness of bright leaves.

Then, too, while making us feel this actual sense of being, as of a great, wise-hearted, understanding monster made of green leaves, pouring into us somehow, as we lean against its rocky trunk, something of its strength, or, as a river gives us of its freshness, expanding and

purifying and gladdening us with all this multitudinous ripple of green; it brings us also the home-sense of great old houses. It is an immense home for innumerable, small, mysterious lives—a vast house of many stories, of whispering corridors, and odd little, cozy rooms. For your lonely soul, star-smitten, troubled with “obstinate questionings,” it is at once a shelter and a friend; but for how many little anxious beings is it the veritable home of their hunted or hunting lives—lives whose whole business is to pipe and peck, to sit all day on speckled eggs or fill greedy yellow beaks; lives whose whole existence is one long forage for nuts, chattering over them with plummy, uplifted tails, or flying with them, swift and silent as thought, to their hoards in secret cupboards of the old tree, hidden by the arras of green leaves; or again little hairy, velvet, traveling lives that crawl about from leaf to leaf, eating delicately as they

move, and looking at last for some secret crevice of the kind old bark where they can spin themselves a silken cradle against the sleep that is beginning to fall over them, from which, when the spring comes, again they will awaken with bright wings for their brief and pretty day. What a vast home and shelter indeed is this old tree for all such and a hundred other lives, lives for whom elsewhere is no kindly refuge, from the poor, blinking owl whose love-cry frightens fools, to the winter-sleeping snake at its roots that even among the wise has scarce another friend.

Is it to be wondered at that such a mighty old tree should have been worshiped as a god by primitive peoples, or even by a people so far from primitive as the Greeks, and that the will of Zeus himself should be uttered in oracles from the lofty oak in the sacred grove of Dodona? It was "under an oak which was in Ophrah" also that the angel of the Lord spoke to Gideon, as it was

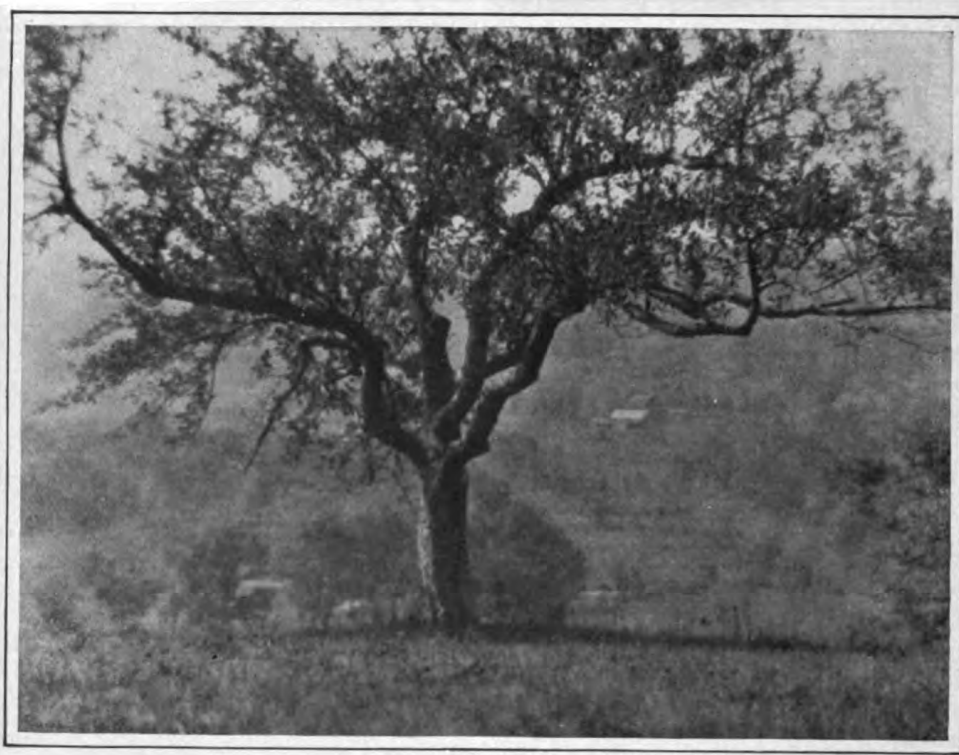
under a tree no less sacred to humanity—the famous elm at Cambridge—that Washington first drew his sword on behalf of American liberty.

Nor was it any less natural to feel that divine beings of lesser might dwelt, the gentle friends of man, in the more delicate trees of the wood, or in the fruit trees of the garden. Though to him, doubtless, a literary fancy, how near and appealing seems the picture of "the garden god" in Catullus—how eternally true to the indomitable religious spirit in man: "I, traveler, I, fashioned by rustic art out of a dry poplar, watch the little field you see on the left, and the cottage and the little garden of the poor owner, and repel the thief's rapacious hands. I am crowned in spring with a wreath of many colors; in the heat of summer with reddening corn; in autumn, with sweet grapes and green shoots of the vine, and with the pale-green olive. . . ."

"Pretty fancies of the primitive



THE DARKER HEM OF THE WOODLAND BORDERS THE BRIGHT TILLED FIELDS



EVEN THE GNARLED VETERAN OF THE ORCHARD IS A THING OF BEAUTY

mind!" smiles the modern materialist, yet there are some modern minds by no means primitive who see in such fancies guesses nearer to the truth of things than the so-called explanations of cheap atheism. Such was Emerson, with his many sensitive interpretations of wood-magic:

Heed the old oracles,
Ponder my spells,
Song wakes in my pinnacles,
When the wind swells.
Soundeth the prophetic wind,
The shadows shake on the rock behind,
And the countless leaves of the pine are strings
Tuned to the lay the wood-god sings.
Hearken! hearken!
If thou wouldst know the mystic song
Chanted when the sphere was young.
Aloft, abroad, the pæan swells,
O wise man, hear'st thou half it tells?
O wise man, hear'st thou the least part?
'Tis the chronicle of art,
To the open ear it sings
Sweet the genesis of things.

Such was George Meredith, from youth to age, a daily consultant of the

woodland oracles mysteriously shrined in "The Woods of Westermain":

Enter these enchanted woods,
You who dare.
Nothing harms beneath the leaves
More than waves a swimmer cleaves.
Toss your heart up with the lark,
Foot at peace with mouse and worm,
Fair you fare.

Only at a dread of dark
Quaver, and they quit their form:
Thousand eyeballs under hoods
Have you by the hair,
Enter these enchanted woods,
You who dare.

Here the snake across your path
Stretches in his golden bath:
Mossy-footed squirrels leap
Soft as winnowing plumes of Sleep:
Yaffles on a chuckle skim
Low to laugh from branches dim:
Up the pine, where sits the star,
Rattles deep the moth-winged jar.
Each has business of his own;
But should you distrust a tone,
Then beware.
Shudder all the haunted roods,
All the eyeballs under hoods
Shroud you in their glare.

Enter these enchanted woods,
You who dare.

Such preëminently was Wordsworth, who, in no fanciful mood—for fancies were not characteristic of him—but in sober earnest and profoundly pious conviction, announced his faith that

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

Here are three of the loftiest and keenest modern minds seeking and finding divinity precisely where the Greeks and our Celtic and Teutonic ancestors sought and found it, *in antiquam silvam*; and, had they been born in earlier times, it is not difficult to imagine Wordsworth as a Druid, Meredith as a priest of Zeus at Dodona, and Emerson a priest of Apollo at Delphi.

Thus, more or less definitely, the modern lover of trees and woods "finds religion" among them very much as his forefathers found it, and not merely in any imitative attitude based on

mythological or literary associations, though these very properly and inevitably play their part in the modern man's approach to nature. Apart from the truths that flow into him he knows not how from "a vernal wood," it is but right and natural that such reading as he possesses should add a charm to his wildwood wanderings and meditations, supplementing the visible scene with the storied memories of the inner eye; though, as laymen, we are all, of course, accustomed to being lectured by the sophisticated critic on the enormity of mixing up "literature" with our impressions, not merely of the other arts, but even with our impressions of the natural world itself, from which some painters and poets are credited with drawing their inspiration. By "literature" is meant all that accretion of association and interpretation which in the long processes of time has gathered about certain natural objects, such as the sea or mountains or rocks or trees, which, whatever they may be in themselves, are really, so far as man is con-



GRIMLY ROOTED AS THE ETERNAL HILLS

cerned, unknown and indeterminate till either some man of science, with this or that theory of their origin or their constitution, begins to consider them, or some race of men with a genius for religion reads them mystically or seizes upon them as symbols, or some poet or painter sees in them some meaning poignantly intimate to himself, his moods or his history, or his wayward interpretation of the world.

To take an extreme example: the world, says one of these superior critics, is palpably nothing but an alkali desert; and they forbid you to remember, in

contemplating it, that certain writers and painters have put on record certain moments when that alkali desert blossomed like a rose—put them on record so expressively that it is impossible for you to look upon that alkali desert henceforth otherwise than as they saw it in that transfiguring light, literally remade it by their dreaming eyes. All seeing is really an act of creation, or recreation, and nothing is really seen without being changed for those who see or are made aware of the vision.

Thus Virgil has made it impossible for us to throw ourselves down at the



ONE STILL HEARS IN FANCY THE HORNS OF ROBIN HOOD



THE "COMPANIONSHIP" OF TREES IS NO MERE FANCIFUL SENTIMENTAL PHRASE

roots of a beech-tree without remembering:

*Tityre, tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi
Silvestrem tenui musam meditaris avena. . .*

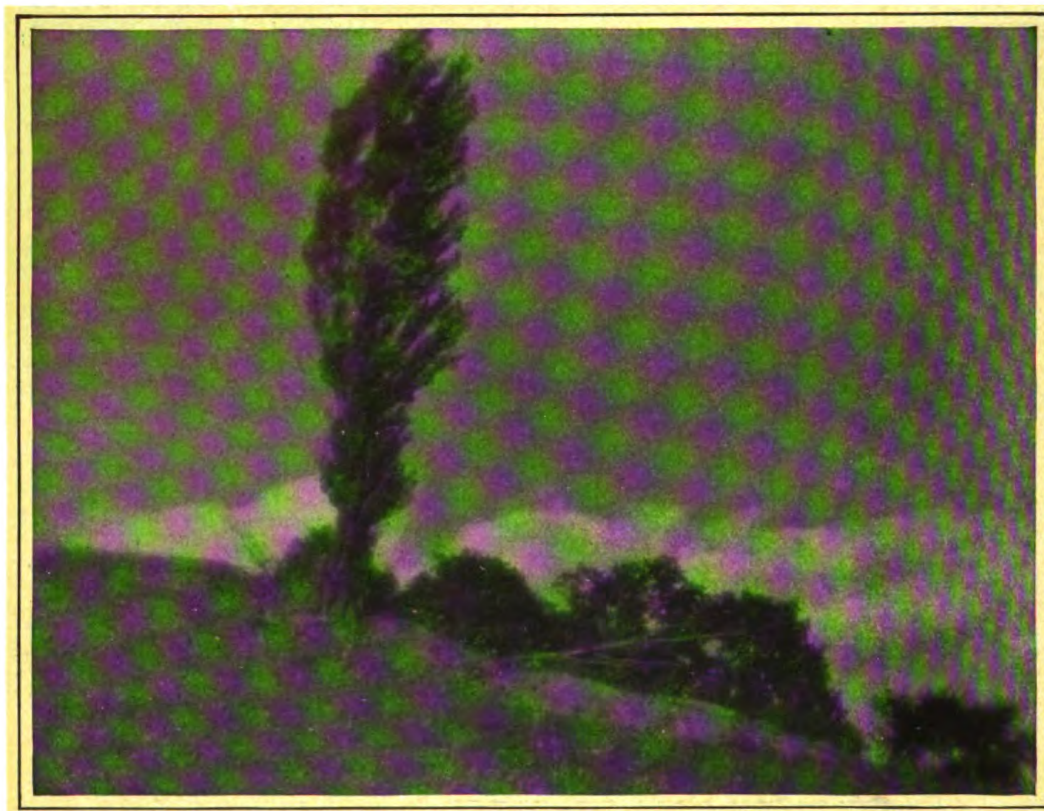
And how is it possible to gather laurel without thinking of Apollo and wood-nymph, Daphne; and how, as the god pursued her through the wood, her wild prayer to Artemis was answered, and, when at length he caught up to her, the bright girl had changed into a different wonder of bright leaves—forever sacred to the brows of those who worship the god, the supremest crown of victory? Surely no harm is done, as we admire the beauty of the willow by the streamside to connect its beauty with Ophelia:

There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;

There with fantastic garlands did she come—
or with the little Chinese maiden, Koong Shee, who loved her father's secretary, Chang, and so forever runs away with

him on our "willow-pattern" plates. Must we think only of acorns and pigs as we lie under a great oak, nor remember how the great Merlin lies under the oaks of Broceliande in a magic sleep; or, as we mark how ivy meets ivy high up among the boughs, can we forget how from the graves of Tristram and Iseult, set far apart by the jealous old king, two plants of ivy stole up and up to meet in the vaulted roof of the old Cornish church. Surely the woods seem more truly "the greenwood" as we fancy we hear the horns of Robin Hood and his merry men resounding down their aisles, or imagine them peopled by Oberon and his train.

All these associations are as they should be, and make still more expressive and significant the beautiful natural facts of trees and woods, which, to view merely as botanists, or even as landscape-artists, were an attitude scarcely more fruitful than that of a lumberman.



A LOOKOUT FROM WHICH EARTH SIGNALS TO THE SKY

Beautiful as daffodils are, who will deny that they have gained in beauty since Herrick and Wordsworth wrote of them, and that other great master who first sang how they come "before the swallow dares." A light has been poured about them forever, a new brightness fallen over them, from the intense tender gaze of those poets' eyes that once so lovingly beheld them. So the lilac blooms in the dooryard still more freshly each spring because of Whitman, and so the apple-tree for Bryant's sake:

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
Boughs where the thrush with crimson breast
Shall haunt, and sing, and hide her nest;
We plant, upon the sunny lea,
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple-tree.

This reference to Bryant's beautifully simple and dignified poem reminds one how to this day the planting of a tree

has still a semi-sacred character, not entirely unconscious, particularly on certain civic occasions when the planting of a tree by some eminent person takes on the character of a solemn, symbolic, almost religious, ceremony. Similarly, the death of an old tree is still regarded with a certain superstitious awe, as the wanton felling of fine trees is regarded as an act of brutal vandalism, to which a suspicion of impiety still attaches. We still look askance at the man who has the hardihood to commit this sacrilege. The cry of "woodman, spare that tree" is one still instinctive on human lips, and has deeper and more complicated meanings than mere surface sentiment. It comes from the very roots of the human past, a cry such as indeed the very trees themselves were once supposed to give out as they fell beneath the ax. The quaint, seventeenth-century antiquary, Aubrey, soberly vouches for an instance of this phenomenon even in his day. "When the oak is being felled," he

gravely tells us, "it gives a kind of shriekes and groanes that may be heard a mile off, as if it were the genius of the oak lamenting. E. Wyld, Esqr. hath heard it several times." I found this curious citation in the fascinating dissertations appended by Grant Allen to his translation of the "Attis" of Catullus—that Attis who ever moans among the pine-tops because by the wrath of Cybele he was changed into a pine. Grant Allen tells of many trees that cry and bleed, from Greece to the Tyrol, and from the Tyrol to Hawaii. When you pluck the common American blood-root, and your fingers grow wet and red, it is the blood of a dead Indian that is on them, and we all know the tree in Dante that cried, "Why pluckest thou me?"

But with such tree notions whole anthropological libraries are filled. Here I have only brought a few of them together at random, to vindicate the man who in these days, looking for a visible god—as the dog, according to Maeterlinck, has found his in man—should see him in some giant oak or wind-worn poplar, or some gnarled apple-tree, or, at all events, in the woods and in the

society of trees find a still living temple, or a whispered revelation of divine secrets. Such a man is far from singular. On the contrary, he may be said to belong to the broadest Church that has ever been, a Church supported by the most voluminous and authoritative body of divinity. Since Thor and Zeus alike thundered from oaks, since Christ hung upon the cross—which, by the way, was supposed to have been made of four woods, those of the palm, the cedar, the cypress, and the olive—since the Lord Gautama meditated under the Bo Tree, since our first parents dwelt in a garden and ate of the Tree of Good and Evil, since in that other garden of the Hesperides the mystic maidens danced about the trees of gold, or since the stricken Adonis was laid to sleep in his mystic grove, or since in the loveliest garden of them all the King Alcinous walked—yea! since there has been a Tree of Life, and likewise a Gallows Tree—men have been worshipers of trees, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop that springs out of the wall—and still they worship them, whether they know it or not.

Passing Princeton Junction

BY HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG

PALE towers that flash against a dying sky
 And with the impetuous train are seen and gone,
 Did you light fires within only that I
 Might know they were: and after they were born
 Sweep them into the ruck of war and flame
 Where hope's a dream and chivalry a name?

Your walls and spires are past—the sun is set—
 But through the grinding dust, the uneasy dark,
 I see your laughing greens with spring rains wet,
 Your windows wide, each with its friendly spark.
 So you still live within, still dearly bright,
 So tranquilly you light the dizzy night.

The Industrial Workers of the World

AN INTERPRETATION

BY ROBERT W. BRUÈRE



THE organization known as the Industrial Workers of the World has been given a factitious prominence in public attention by the charge of criminal conspiracy to interfere with the prosecution of the war brought by the Federal authorities against some two hundred of its leaders. In so far as its propaganda may be prejudicial to the objects of the nation at war, it must be immediately and swiftly dealt with by the appropriate, constituted authorities, for the success of our military enterprise must now take precedence over all other considerations. As an expression of one phase of the industrial unrest which is seething throughout the country, however, it has another, and possibly a more lasting, importance. It represents one of the forces with which the nation will have to reckon in the period of industrial reconstruction that will inevitably follow the coming of peace. For this reason, especially, it is important that the American public should know what manner of men the I. W. W. are, and should understand the conditions that have given rise to their propaganda of industrial revolution.

The Industrial Workers of the World are most numerous among the migratory workers of the West; among the homeless, wayfaring men who follow the harvests from Texas across the Canadian border; among the lumberjacks who pack their quilts from camp to distant camp in the fir and pine and spruce forests of the Northwest; and among the metalliferous miners of Michigan, Minnesota, Montana, Idaho, Colorado, Arizona, and Old Mexico. In other words, they are strongest among the men upon whom the nation depends for

three of its basic raw materials—materials of fundamental importance at all times; of crucial importance in time of war.

According to our best information, approximately four-fifths of these migratory workers are men whose family ties have been broken—"womanless, voteless, and jobless men." Competent authorities estimate that about one-half of them are native Americans, and the other half men who have been uprooted by labor-brokers and padrones from their native ethnic and social environments; voluntary or forced immigrants from the agricultural districts of Ireland, from the Welsh and Cornish mines, from the hungry hills of Italy, Serbia, Greece, and Turkish Asia Minor.

We like to call America the Melting-pot of the World, the flaming furnace in which the heterogeneous bloods of Europe are fused into a new and integrated nation. For tens of thousands, undoubtedly for millions, of immigrants America has been the controlling factor of a healing rebirth, a liberator and generous benefactor. They have found new opportunities here for social and economic well-being. But for other tens of thousands she has been a kidnapper, a gospeler of false promises, an indifferent and cruel stepmother. This fact has recently been brought home to us with poignant force by the Bolshevik orators who have included America in their indictment of the capitalistic system, and by the returned immigrants who have taken so conspicuous a part in the turbulent drama of the Russian revolution.

The division superintendent of a great Western railroad recently explained to me his reluctant part in the creation of the socially disintegrating conditions out of which the migratory workers

and the rebellious propaganda of the I. W. W. have sprung.

"The men down East," he said, "the men who have invested their money in our road, measure our administrative efficiency by money return—by net earnings and dividends. Many of our shareholders have never seen the country our road was built to serve; they get their impression of it and of its people, not from living contact with men, but from the impersonal ticker. They judge us by quotations and the balance-sheet.

"The upshot is that we have to keep expenses cut close as a jailbird's hair. Take such a detail as the maintenance of ways, for example—the upkeep of tracks and road-beds. This work should be going on during the greater part of the year. But to keep costs down, we have crowded it into four months.

"It is impossible to get the number and quality of men we need by the offer of a four months' job. So we publish advertisements broadcast that read something like this:

'MEN WANTED! HIGH WAGES!
PERMANENT EMPLOYMENT!'

We know when we put our money into these advertisements that they are—well, part of a pernicious system of sabotage. We know that we are not going to give permanent employment. But we lure men with false promises, and they come.

"At the end of four months we lay them off, strangers in a strange country, many of them thousands of miles from their old homes. We wash our hands of them. They come with golden dreams, expecting in many cases to build homes, rear families, become substantial American citizens. After a few weeks, their savings gone, the single men grow restless and start moving; a few weeks more and the married men bid their families good-by. They take to the road hunting for jobs, planning to send for their families when they find steady work. Some of them swing onto the freight-trains and beat their way to the nearest town, are broke when they get there, find the labor market oversupplied, and, as likely as not, are thrown into jail as vagrants. Some of them hit the trail for the woods, the ranches, and the mines. Many of

them never find a stable anchorage again; they become hobos, vagabonds, wayfarers—migratory and intermittent workers, outcasts from society and the industrial machine, ripe for the denationalized fellowship of the I. W. W."

This is a small but characteristic example of a vast system of human exploitation that has been developed by the powerful suction of our headlong industrial expansion, by the Gargantuan growth of our steel and packing industries, of our logging operations from Florida to the Pacific coast, of our feverish railroad and mining enterprises. Even in ordinary times these gold-brick advertisements are posted not only in the labor market of our great cities, but also in the distant agricultural and mountain villages across the sea. For generations the hustling builders of American wealth have recruited men from all corners of the earth without regard to their adaptability to American life, and without any planned provision for their transformation into American citizens. They come to Ellis Island and other Atlantic and Pacific ports and are there labeled and transhipped like freight to vaguely apprehended destinations. During its recent investigation of labor disturbances in the Arizona copper country, the President's Mediation Commission found as many as thirty-two different nationalities represented in a single mining-camp. In the great mining city of Butte, Montana, one of the wealthiest sources of copper and of precious metals in the world, I recently found a score of alien tongues, but not so much as one night school for the teaching of English to foreigners. In the vast regions traveled by the migratory workers, especially in the states where prohibition has abolished the saloon, practically the only social refuge where these strangers are welcomed and made to feel at home is the union hall, and in the lumber and agricultural districts it is almost exclusively the I. W. W. headquarters.

In approaching any consideration of the I. W. W. as a labor movement striving toward industrial revolution, it is of the first importance to remember that the organization is not an exotic, but a perfectly natural, product of conditions for which we, as a self-governing democ-

racy, are ourselves responsible. We must not allow ourselves to be diverted from the actual conditions which have produced this movement by the highly colored and frequently extravagant language in which the members of the I. W. W. have expressed their protest. I dwell upon these facts because the background of the great migratory labor group out of which the I. W. W. is principally recruited is filled in by our antiquated immigration policy and our anarchistic habits of labor distribution. As a community we can no more protect ourselves by denunciations and indictments of the I. W. W. based on their tracts and speeches, than we can keep ourselves from communicable diseases by punishing sick men for their fevered utterances.

One outstanding result of our national trafficking in human beings has been the growth of a state of abnormal psychological tension between the masters and the strangers in the house. The state of mind I refer to is one which all travelers in foreign lands have mildly experienced. Most of us have felt it in a heightened form since the beginning of our war with Germany. In this time of apprehension and national peril we feel an instinctive suspicion of all persons whose names stamp them as of enemy origin, and we have an instinctive disposition to attribute all manifestations of violence tending to interfere with our defensive activities to the malice of alien enemies. Social and economic conditions in the isolated mining- and lumber-camps and those surrounding the remote farms and ranches of the plains are peculiarly productive of this abnormal psychological tension even in times of international peace.

The typical Arizona mining-camp is in the midst of a land seemingly created as an imposing decorative setting for an insignificant company of human beings. It stretches in magnificent, dry, red-brown sweeps to the dry mountains and the masses of dry, scarlet rock; thin, silver-gray grass and sage-brush cover it with a magic haze through which an occasional mesquit-tree or cactus stands up, and ever so infrequently, with a sense of Whistlerian restraint, is set a little bouquet of daisies or wild asters.

There are tiny log and adobe huts in the midst of this desolate beauty, with irrigated garden patches of corn and alfalfa about them, a few peach-trees perhaps, and strings of red peppers hanging from the roofs. The mining town itself is dropped carelessly at the bottom of some cañon between copper-bearing hills, with a main street of stores and hotels and banks, and the wretched little one-, two-, and three-room shacks clinging like lichens to the steep flanks of the barren mountains. In the early spring the Arizona desert loses its horror and puts on an evanescent veil of green, but the mid-summer sun turns on it a fiercer heat than it uses to ripen the beans and peas and corn of a gentler land, and bakes it to a colossal brick. Over against this desolation are set the enormously precious mines under the control of small groups of engineers and their executive staffs whose immediate official responsibility is not to the workers in the mines, but to the owners somewhere in the remote East.

This small group of technical experts stands face to face with the incoherent multitude of aliens—aliens even when they have been recruited back East instead of from across the sea—the muckers who go down into the hot stopes and drifts to blast and shovel out the ore. Between these two extreme groups there is in the Arizona mining towns no middle class to complicate or temper their relations. The few professional men are not, as a rule, free agents: the doctors are associated with the hospitals established by the companies; the bankers and the bank employees are paid by the men who own the mines; the newspaper editors are usually quite frankly subservient to the representatives of the copper companies; the storekeepers run company-owned or subsidized stores; the hotel-keepers entertain the companies' guests; even the clergymen, with rare exceptions, hold somewhat the status of imported feudal retainers. For instance, in one of these mining towns a certain religious body decided to build a church. The dominant mine manager refused to sell them ground on which to build it. Instead he offered them a lease at a normal rental on condition that he should have complete censorship over the pul-

pit, and it was on this explicit understanding that the church was built.

In times of industrial peace the camps are as cheerfully tranquil as an old Southern plantation. In times of industrial turmoil men's hands are quick to their guns. The atmosphere is charged with the fear of insurrection. Under such conditions the initiative in doing violence will usually be taken by the side that is best prepared, and the records of deportations and other lawless acts during the past year show that it has usually been the guardians of the precious and vulnerable properties—the best citizens, the educated men, the men who in their ordinary personal relationships are the most considerate and delightful of gentlemen—who were best prepared. These emotional outbursts, these sudden releases of abnormal psychological tension, are likely to be most violent where the estrangement between masters and men is sharpened by differences in color, or language, or both, as in Bisbee and neighboring camps along the Mexican border. And of course at this moment the customary tension itself is immensely heightened by the hot strains and pressures of war.

The case of Bisbee, where twelve hundred strikers and their alleged sympathizers who had committed no violence were snatched from their homes and deported at the muzzles of guns into the desert of New Mexico, is notorious. But it is no more noteworthy than scores of less widely heralded instances. In one of the Northwestern states there is a comparatively small mining-camp whose economic and social setting runs true to type. Its population has been recruited in the traditional fashion; it has the usual sharp division between property-owners and propertyless men, between the masters and the strangers in the house. A strike broke out there last summer, brought on by the igniting friction of the rising cost of living upon an accumulation of old estrangements and grievances. Among the strikers were a number of Finns. When the selective draft law went into effect, certain of these Finnish strikers failed to register. This gave the best citizens, the men of property, a dignified vent for their repressed resentments and animosi-

ties. Organized as a liberty committee or loyalty league, the currently approved designation for vigilantes, armed and raising the cry of treason, they descended upon the Finnish community, herded some seventy-five of the strikers together, placed them on a special train, and deported them to the nearest town with a jail large enough to hold them.

The alleged offense was a violation of a Federal statute. A government official of the district went to the jail to see what kind of game the vigilantes had bagged for him. He found that most of the prisoners neither spoke nor understood English and that the liberty committee had not taken the trouble to interpret the Draft Act to them. They had a dazed idea that they were to have been summarily torn from their families and friends and sent to the trenches to fight for Russia. When the law was interpreted they expressed their unanimous readiness to serve the United States in any capacity the official might indicate, although they did hope they might serve somewhere in America. The official's investigation, corroborated by a previous investigation made on the ground by a Secret Service agent, revealed no intentional or premeditated violation of the Federal statute. He decided that, as a preliminary to the straightening out of the misunderstanding, the men should be restored to their homes. When he announced this decision, one of the leaders of the liberty committee protested that if the strikers were brought back to the camp he would tear up his Liberty Bonds and forswear further service to the government of the United States.

Nevertheless, the strikers were returned to their homes and after a brief interval the liberty committee descended upon the Finnish community again, seized certain alleged "agitators," charged them with being members of the I. W. W., and threw them into jail.

The committee then proceeded with an inquisition which was reported in the *New York Times* under date of November 23d in the following despatch:

The secretary of the Finnish I. W. W. propaganda league at a mining-camp was horsewhipped last night by a "Liberty Committee" of citizens for alleged offensive

anti-war activity, according to information received here to-day. It is also reported that two Finnish Industrial Workers were strung up by the neck until they lost consciousness.

The details of the episode vary. As it was related to me by an agent of the United States government who was in a most favorable position to know all the facts, it contained certain incidents not divulged by the despatch. At least one of these Finnish workers after his arrest had a noose placed about his neck and was then ordered to give the names of the active members of the I. W. W. in the camp. When he professed ignorance, he was strung up until he lost consciousness, not only once but repeatedly. This treatment was not conducive to clear thinking. When, after repeated near-hangings, he still said he was unable to give the required information, he was beaten with a rope to the end of which a piece of sharp metal had been attached. After a few days he was released and told to get out of the camp.

He was married, had a wife and two children—a stranger in a strange country. He owned a house for which there was no ready market. He was not in the state of mind or body to have a keen zest for pioneer adventure. He kept to his house and entered into a compact with his wife by which they agreed that if the liberty committee raided their home again he would shoot her, their children, and himself.

And after a few days the liberty committee returned. Fortunately for himself he was in an upper room, apart from his wife and children, when the committee came. There was a quick interchange of shots between himself and the vigilantes during which a woman, who was a lodger in the house, was killed. All the circumstantial evidence indicated that the fatal shot had come from outside. But the Finn was again arrested, thrown into jail, and again released after twenty-nine days for lack of evidence against him.

Such examples are not symptomatic of the moral turpitude of individuals, but are the inevitable consequences of the abnormal psychological tension which the abnormal economic and social relationships of these isolated communities develop. I was told, for instance, that

soon after the first demonstration of the liberty committee all the Finns in this community were preparing to "clean up the town," and might have returned violence for violence if it had not been for the intervention of Federal troops. It is another case in which we must distinguish between the conditions for which we are all responsible and the fevered and delirious activities of terror-stricken men.

This is an example which might be duplicated many times from the recent history of the mining- and lumber-camps and the isolated agricultural communities. Except for the coloring of patriotic terminology, the situation which it symptomizes is not peculiar to this wartime interval. The war has simply focused attention upon what is really an old story, a story of intermittent explosions of violence of which both sides have from time to time been guilty. It just happens that in these later chapters of the serial the men who have property to protect and the sheriffs and deputy-sheriffs, who are frequently, as in this case, their political and economic retainers, were best prepared and therefore quickest to act. One of the highest governmental officials in the district told me that since the outbreak of the war 90 per cent. of all acts of lawless violence had been committed by citizens organized into liberty committees, and by the constituted authorities, such as sheriffs and deputy-sheriffs.

It is in these communities which are simplified to one industry centering about some precious raw material, and not in the complex manufacturing centers, that the two classes are brought face to face, and the class struggle which is latent in a more complex social organization lies perpetually on the surface. These facts, emphasized by the violence and peculiar bitterness growing out of such incidents as that of the Finnish community, are undoubtedly the direct inspiration of the opening dogma of the I. W. W. preamble:

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

It is significant that this sweeping generalization totally ignores the existence of that great third party, the general public, which is commonly regarded as the court of final appeal in our democracy. It is explained by the fact that where this dogma had its origin—the metal-mining camps of the West—that third party neither existed nor had any representative.

The administrative practices which grow out of such situations of abnormal psychological tension are probably the immediate incentive to the peculiar strategy and tactics associated with the I. W. W.—“the strike on the job” and “the conscientious withdrawal of efficiency,” phrases used by the I. W. W. as lay substitutes for what is technically known as “sabotage,” the habit of going about one’s work with a heavy foot, as do men who wear wooden shoes; running the human machine at low speed after the manner of manufacturers in the off season.

Because of the vulnerable character of the mines and the open woods, it is customary to keep them guarded by Secret Service men who readily degenerate into spies. I know mining-camps where the local managers keep secret agents on watch over the foremen; where the foremen bribe men to spy upon their fellow-workmen down in the mines; and where the absentee owners in the East employ detectives to report on the managers. It is not an uncommon thing to find officers of the wage-workers’ organization in the pay of the company, while the wage-workers in turn have clandestine channels of information running into the inner executive offices of their employers. All this weird machinery of espionage is greatly extended in times of threatened or actual industrial disturbance. It is supplemented by a “rustling card” or blacklisting system by means of which “agitators” can be followed from one end of the country to the other. There is no doubt that the so-called *agent provocateur* had a hand in fomenting the strikes that recently

spread like an epidemic from Butte in Montana to Bisbee on the Mexican border. He is one of the tools used to foment suspicion and dissension among the men when they show a disposition to cohesiveness and mass action. All these things give rise to what, for lack of a more precise term, one may call a “stool-pigeon psychology”—a mental state characterized by haunting fears and suppressed terror, such as prevailed in Russia under the old régime.

This atmosphere is not conducive to open democratic organization of the type conventionally advocated by the recognized unions of the American Federation of Labor. These unions, with their highly centralized craft organizations, have been notably unsuccessful in reaching the migratory workers. In times of large labor surplus when a disaffected worker, spotted by the furtive eye of the “stool-pigeon,” could be conveniently replaced with an imported immigrant, even the I. W. W. has been outwitted and balked in its attempts to establish a bond of solidarity among the hobo miners and the wayfaring lumberjacks. But its comparatively decentralized form of organization has proved better adapted to this purpose than the centralized organization of the older union. And the shutting of the floodgates of immigration by the war has greatly increased the effectiveness of the so-called “intermittent strike” and “strike on the job.”

This is how the thing works. Demands for improved conditions, higher wages, shorter hours, participation in the discipline and government of the working force, are made by the men and turned down by the employers. A strike is called—and broken. The men return to work, but the strike is not “called off.” It is only carried into the stronghold of the “enemy,” like the guerrilla warfare waged by a conquered people.

Last summer the I. W. W. called a strike in the Northwestern woods after their demands for an eight-hour day, better food, and more sanitary bunk-houses had been ignored by the officials of the lumber companies. These demands were formulated a month before our declaration of war against Germany.

The strike went into effect. Rather than concede the eight-hour day on the demand of an "outlaw organization," and in spite of appeals from the Governor of Washington and the Secretary of War for the inauguration of the eight-hour day on patriotic grounds, the operators fell back on their reserve capital and permitted their plants to run down. When the strike was on the point of failure through the starvation of the workers, the I. W. W. decided to return to work, but with muscles and wits geared to an eight-hour speed in the ten-hour camps or mills. They resorted to all manner of cunning devices to accomplish their purpose. "Playing the Hoosier" was one of them.

"When you go up into the camp today," a lumberjack said to me, "you'll find a spar tree in the middle of the workings with steel cables running out into the woods to bring the logs down to the skidway. Running along the skidway you'll see other cables running from the donkey-engine up to the choker-chain; well, every now and then one of those cables snaps. When everything is running right, when the men are satisfied with their working conditions, you'd see a half-dozen men—every man within call—jumping in and splicing that cable. But when you are striking on the job and a cable snaps, you just stand there and play the Hoosier; you don't know anything more about splicing than a yokel, and you wait until the boss finds the man who is paid to do that particular job. Before repairs are made a half-hour is gone—three-quarters of an hour—an hour! Say, it's easy to do eight hours' work on a ten hours' job; all you've got to do is play the Hoosier! Practise conscientious withdrawal of efficiency! Fold your arms and look innocent!"

"But what of criminal sabotage," I asked, "what of spikes in the logs to smash the saw? What of emery in the lubricating oil? What of phosphorus balls in the woods?"

"Say, friend," said he, "what would we be putting spikes in the logs for? Would we be aiming to kill our fellow-workers at the saw—or any one else, for that matter? And as for the mills and the woods, won't we be taking them over

one of these days, and what sense would there be in destroying what is going to belong to us? All we aim to destroy is the parasite's profits, and the wage system; the plant—say, we want that to be all there, and as fine as you can make it against the time when the revolution will give birth to the new society out of the old!"

That is their great dream, the pot of gold at the end of their rainbow—the new society in which those who are now "wage slaves" will own and operate the great nationalized and internationalized industry—in which all of the industries will be bound together under the government of the O. B. U.—the One Big Union—the International Industrial Commonwealth.

The main structural outlines of this new industrial society the I. W. W. have sketched in the book of their constitution:

The Departments (into which the new society will be organized) shall be designated as follows:

Department of Agriculture, Land, Fisheries, and Water Products.

Department of Mining.

Department of Transportation and Communication.

Department of Manufacturing and General Production.

Department of Construction.

Department of Public Service.

Upon the skeleton structure they propose to rear a new state under the democratic control of the Industrial Workers to replace the existing political states which they regard as the cunningly devised instruments of imperialism and capitalistic exploitation. This new state is foreshadowed in Section 5 of their constitution.

The financial and industrial affairs of each Industrial Department shall be conducted by an Executive Board of not less than seven (7) nor more than twenty-one (21), selected and elected by the general membership of said Industrial Department, provided that the Executive Board and general membership of the said Industrial Department shall at all times be subordinate to the General Executive Board of the Industrial Workers of the World, subject to appeal, and provided the expense of such referendum shall be borne by the Industrial Departments, or Industrial Union or Unions, involved.

This constitution of the I. W. W. embodies their feeling that the government, which our political democracy has established, has failed the workers. They feel that the modern "capitalistic state" is powerless to safeguard their interests, and that their only hope is to conquer and operate the basic industries and so create an industrial state based upon the democratic representation of a nationalized and internationalized industry owned and operated by the workers themselves.

Most of us look for the ultimate democratization of industry through the slow process of social and political evolution, and this I. W. W. demand for a new state on the ground that the present state is not a democracy shocks our sensibility and moves us to shout "treason." But the other side of the industrial controversy is doing in effect exactly the same thing. The representatives of the copper companies, for example, asserted after the Bisbee deportation that they ignored the State and Federal authorities and acted upon a law of their own making, because they could not trust the government to take action which, in their private judgment, was necessary; because the present state was powerless to safeguard their interests. Both sides feel that the state has failed them and that they are, therefore, at liberty to defy it and to subvert its laws.

The blame belongs primarily on the

indifferent and ignorant public which has allowed this situation to grow up between classes of its citizens; which has not apprehended democracy as something wider than the right to vote. It is the failure of public opinion, of your opinion and mine. It is against us that the I. W. W. strives to establish a new state. It is our laws that the employers disregard.

What I have written is not by way of palliation of the acts either of the I. W. W. or of the men who operate big business. It is, rather, an explanation of the growth and power of the Industrial Workers of the World, an institution springing up because of the unhealthy soil we have permitted to accumulate in the fields of our great basic industries, and grown straight from the seeds of business lawlessness and the exploitation of our immigrant population. It is no time to blame any one but ourselves for having failed to adopt a public policy based on even-handed justice to all men, and under which private interests will be subordinated to public advantage. The rebellious spirit of the I. W. W. propaganda is essentially an expression of anti-social conditions for which we, as citizens of a democratic nation, are ourselves responsible. It points to one of the factors which must be taken into account in the period of political, social, and industrial reconstruction which the cumulative pressure of the war has brought to our doors.



Mr. Scattergood and the Other World

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE



STANDING on the platform and staring after the tail-lamps of the train from which he and the man with whom he had been playing pitch in the smoking-car had but now descended, Mr. Scattergood passed a hand over his dampening brow.

"What's that you say?"

"I say," repeated the other, "I thought I heard you say you were going right through to Worcester to-night."

"Yes," said Mr. Scattergood in a voice grown suddenly weak. "Y-es. Yes. Only, you see, this *is* Worcester. . . . Is it not?"

"It is not." The other began to laugh warmly.

Mr. Scattergood did not laugh. Stooping slightly to peer out from under the eaves of the pavilion at the dim-lighted street beyond, an odd pallor crept over his ordinarily fresh-colored cheeks.

"It's—it's not—not—*Springfield*?"

For a moment, following this discovery, he remained quite motionless, hanging hard to his bag and toeing slightly out. A spare man of medium height, medium tone, and medium accomplishments, the chief interest attaching to him as a human being lay in the fact that he could never be trusted to know altogether where he was. Absent-minded as a boy, he found it growing on him, and he was under the necessity of being continually more careful—especially more careful in view of the fact that, while a few years before he had been in the dry-goods business and clean-shaven, now he traveled for a gas-appliance firm and wore a beard, a moderately long, mouse-colored affair which buried him pretty well up to the nose, and that his name was not Scattergood—not really.

"Don't faint!" the other advised him, briefly.

Mr. Scattergood passed a hand once more over his brow, now frankly in

perspiration, and repeated the word, "Springfield!"

"I shouldn't have got off at *Springfield*!" he went on, horrified, and still as it were to himself. "Of *all* places!"

"Well," the other commented, with a faint suggestion of hostility, "it won't kill you. And if you can hang out that long, there's a local for Worcester at eight-thirty-two."

Mr. Scattergood looked all around him with suspicion. "Wha-what time did you say?" he inquired, weakly.

But the other man had left him and was even now disappearing through the swinging doors into the waiting-room. Mr. Scattergood pursued him. Had he not been so profoundly upset it might have occurred to him that there were other people in the world, indeed in the station itself, who would be apt to know when the local left for Worcester, but Mr. Scattergood's mind was not of the type to function well in an emergency.

He followed the man all the way across the waiting-room, calling, "Hey!" in a moderate voice and bumping into people who looked at him; but the other, quite innocent of pursuit, gained the further door and vanished some dozen paces ahead of him. And so it was, in accordance perhaps with some deep-laid plan of destiny, that when Mr. Scattergood debouched into the air of the dim-lighted street, breathing heavily, he ran fairly into the arms, not of his late companion, but of a rather drab-looking man who had a horse and cab for hire by the hour or trip.

Of the two, the drab-looking man seemed the better able to cope with the situation.

"Y-es, sir?" he murmured, touching his hat and at the same moment throwing open the door of his rusty vehicle in the very path of Mr. Scattergood. "Where to, sir?"

Had there been in the tone or gesture even the faintest discoverable flaw of

doubt; had the question, indeed, been at all answerable by "yes" or "no," it would have been another thing. But one simply cannot answer "yes" or "no" to the question, "Where to, sir?"

He found himself sitting uncomfortably in the upholstered darkness of the cab, trying at one and the same moment to get his foot out from under his bag and to frame a coherent reply to the query which continued to trouble him through the little hole in the front window. He was not the sort to make decisions easily on the spur of the moment, and, moreover, the completeness of the other's idealism, the divine and almost oracular quality of the man's faith in his own destiny as a cabman, was too much by half for a mental integrity already tottering. It was just one of those times, he had to confess, when "things take hold of one, whether or no."

"I keep telling you," he protested (although in point of fact he had been doing nothing of the sort)—"I keep telling you—ah—" A simple statement of the fact that he didn't want to go any-

where had become, under the circumstances, quite asinine. And, think as hard as he would, for the life of him, only one street out of all the streets he knew in Springfield would rise to the surface of his disordered consciousness. "I keep telling you—Lavender Terrace! Lavender Terrace! Must I spell it?"

"No, sir," urged the patient cabman. "That is, that's right, sir. And what number?" His inquiring eye seemed very large in the hole; indeed, it seemed to fill up the hole completely.

Waving a despairing hand, Mr. Scattergood gave up. "Oh, thirty-three, thirty-three! And don't be all night about it," he added, with some dim idea of re-establishing a dignity sadly in need of it.

Whipping out into the comparative brilliance of Main Street, utterly against his own wishes, Mr. Scattergood found himself prey to a confusion of emotions of which he would not have believed himself capable but a short time before. Yes, certainly, things did "take hold of one, whether or no." A singular and utterly unexpected spiritual softness



MR. SCATTERGOOD DID NOT WANT A "SCENE"

attacked him at sight of the bright, familiar objects of his lost life ranged in the slightly soiled windows of the cab; a mist filmed his eyes and for a moment he had a suspicion that he was going to weep.

"Poor Ella!" he found himself murmuring. "Poor, poor Ella!"

His eyes fell on the railroad bridge spanning the street with its gray, substantial arch, and his mind ran back swiftly to the day when he had looked upon it last.

He must have looked at it, he remembered, from the rear platform of the car which had been bearing him and the rest of his lodge to their annual "outing" up the river, three years ago last Patriot's Day. It returned to him now with an appealing irony how little he had thought—how he had been thinking, in fact, not of the bridge, but of his wife. He hadn't slept a great deal the night before that memorable "outing," and neither had his wife. The thing had been rather in the nature of a domestic disharmony which had been gathering force for days, if not for weeks and months—yes, months—years! Just now it was his smoking.

The injustice of the thing had rankled. It was not only that his wife was a lady, and by that accident of sex automatically secured against the more obvious and physical forms of argument, but that—in fact—she was *quite* as large as he. Ella, as they were both aware, could "take care of herself"—quite. Had he been a larger man . . . No, it had rankled. In his own words, he had felt distinctly and hopelessly "put upon." He remembered he had told himself bitterly that he "ought to be used to it by now. . . ."

It had quite spoiled the day. The gaiety of the crowd at the grove had cast him out as water casts out oil. Even the abundance of beer had failed to set him up materially. Pitch, at a nickel a point, might have filled his need, but pitch-players have no love for a somber face, and, finding himself generally ostracized, he had given way finally to his bitterness and tramped off alone up the river.

Sitting down on the bank, he had told himself fantastically that he thought he

would leave home. After its habit when he was alone, his mind filled with retorts he might have made had he thought of them in time. In the end he had fallen asleep.

When he awoke he was concerned to find that some passing vagrant had made off not only with the hat and top-coat from the ground beside him, but also with the watch and sundry valuables stowed about his person.

He had been appalled not so much by the intrinsic loss represented in the stolen articles (although that was not inconsiderable) as by the instantly apparent impossibility of returning in such plight to his wife, especially right after last night. He had a vision of his wife's face. He seemed to hear her trenchant "*Ah?*" Her inquisitorial, "So there was a pitch game?" His own lame:

"Yes. That is—I wasn't in it. Oh, about my watch and money and things? I see. Well, it's like this, my dear. You see, I happened to fall asleep on the river-bank, and some tramp or other—some tramp—"

He found himself faced by a great decision. Having made it, he had passed an hour of curious spiritual exaltation, like a prisoner beyond the walls, or a boy escaped from a hard school, and getting himself across a neighboring bridge, hatless, coatless, and penniless, but with a great peace in his heart, he had started West.

It all came back to him, jolting along in the gloom of the cab interior—a memory dim, complex, and colored now, after three years, strangely enough, with an odd shadow of self-doubt. Under the insidiously softening influence of Main Street by night he began for the first time to wonder whether he had been altogether considerate, altogether just.

"Poor Ella!" he found himself murmuring once more, with a glow of unexpected compassion. "Poor, poor Ella!"

"I wasn't speaking to you," he took up the cabman with a tartness born of confusion, observing an eye in the little hole.

"Yes, sir," the fellow persisted. "But this is the place."

Perceiving for the first time that the vehicle had come to a halt, Mr. Scattergood peered blankly from the window.

At sight of the familiar silhouette of Lavender Terrace actually and unmistakably surrounding him, he had a moment of relapse.

"What in the name of Heaven," he wondered, "am I doing—?"

His voice failed.

Standing on the sidewalk with his bag in hand and his eyes fixed on the back of the retreating cab, Mr. Scattergood's shyness, in place of waning, took on gradually the quality of panic. For one instant he entertained the wild idea of shouting after the fellow, and it was only the broad shadow, not far away, of Mr. Bragdon, the policeman who had been on the beat since Mr. Scattergood was in his 'teens, which deterred him. It was not that he could be arrested for hailing a cab, even a cab he had just discharged, but under the circumstances Mr. Scattergood had an almost morbid fear of being mistaken for a tippler, an error apt to be followed on Mr. Bragdon's part by investigation, and possibly a "scene." Mr. Scattergood did not want a "scene."

He had to do something, though, for Mr. Bragdon was already beginning to drift in his direction. And so, not so much accepting destiny as having destiny thrust upon him, Mr. Scattergood turned into the yard and mounted the steps of his own porch, fumbling the while in his right-hand trousers pocket for a door-key, worn shiny by prolonged service as a "luck-piece," a kind of charm or talisman against the past, based on the formula,

"So long as you've got it you'll never need it."

Too thoroughly occupied with his own emotions even so much as to consider how signally that formula had failed in the present instance, Mr. Scattergood let himself in quietly. His first feeling

was one of relief at his escape from Mr. Bragdon. The following sensation was also of relief. Setting his bag down and taking stock of his surroundings in the hall, he was agreeably surprised to find them much the same—the same commodious hair-cloth settee under the same mirror; the same umbrella-stand in the corner next to the same replica of an antique clock; the same pink-frosted globe let into the ceiling and casting over all the same soft and rather sticky illumination. A few minor changes, such as the substitution of a hare-and-fruit piece in oils for the remembered steel engraving of the puppy in the shoe, failed to cloud his sense of Ella's pathetic and enduring fidelity. Once more he had the suspicion that he was going to weep, and for a moment he had to struggle with the impulse to shout aloud: "Ella! Ella, my dear! Here I am! *Horace*, Ella!"

But the impulse died, and in its place a large, vague, formless uneasiness stole over him.

Where *was* Ella? And what, altogether, was the *matter* with the place?

It was the same (so far, that is, as he could make out from his station just within the door), and yet it was *not* the same. He began to listen very hard, standing perfectly still and straining his



THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER WAS
DOING NOTHING MORE SINISTER
THAN SMOKING A CIGAR

ears to interpret the brooding silence. That, he decided after all, was it. The hush hanging in the darkened lower rooms and flowing like a river down the wide well of the stairs was not a hush at all, but rather a confused and mysterious aggregate of infinitesimal sounds, a body of subdued murmurings, muffled whispers, activities clandestine and not inconceivably sinister.

Sinister? He seemed to feel the grip of a cold hand inclosing his heart. If anything had happened to Ella! His Ella! He had a brief and poignant memory of Ella standing beside him before the altar of the Highland Baptist Church, half-hidden in sweet clouds of tulle; of the sonorous thunder of the organ, the flowers, the friends, the feeling along the spine. . . .

He wished Ella would come. He wished Parthenia, the colored maid, might take it into her head to invade the hall and so become aware of his presence, even at the cost of a screaming-fit, or one of her swoons—anything!

But nothing happened. Or, rather, what was happening continued to happen. The responsibility of the initiative continued to rest with Mr. Scattergood, and in the end he had to accept it.

He started up-stairs slowly and in silence, his brow cool with perspiration, his head, at each successive step, describing three-quarters of an orbit like an owl's. As he mounted, the mysterious rustling silence encompassed him more and more completely. When he came near to the top he halted of a sudden and stood motionless, tense, and pallid with the possessive anger of the male.

The other man, fortunately, remained unaware of his intrusion, and for the moment Mr. Scattergood stood so completely aghast that he neglected to make his presence known. He wondered with a queer detachment what he should presently find himself doing. His fingers itched for violence. Isolated and edgeless ideas floated through his mind—tenuous fragments—one the vague feeling about a shot-gun; another simply a word, treasured from some forgotten newspaper—the word “despoiler.”

And then, as he watched, he began to wonder whether he had not done his

wife still another injustice; whether, after all, it were not rather a question of calling in the police. It was not as though the fellow seemed to feel at home there; there was too furtive a quality about the crouch of his figure; his foot-falls were too soundless as he crept along the up-stairs banisters, and when he had come to the front window overlooking the porch, although Mr. Scattergood's eyes saw the sash raised, it was done so cautiously that his ears heard no sound.

A brief flash followed, but hardly a dozen seconds had gone before Mr. Scattergood perceived his own mistake in thinking a signal had been passed to one outside, for the mysterious stranger, with his head thrust out of the window, was doing nothing more sinister than smoking a long, thin, dark cigar.

It was all most confusing to Mr. Scattergood—especially so when, having succumbed to an unexpected impulse to sneeze, he perceived through his tears that the window was not open, but shut, the cigar miraculously non-existent, and the man coming toward him with a remarkably red face.

“Oh!” he exclaimed, without giving Mr. Scattergood any time. “Oh yes! I see. You are the Ponderberrys' friend. I was on the—on the lookout for you. Yes.”

Mr. Scattergood continued simply to stare, his jaw hanging down and a strong stamp of pallor on his face. He saw a man of middle years, a large, dogmatic, meaty sort of person, hair thinning and grizzled about the temples, eyes large, blue, and slightly protuberant, and about all and above all a sense of elephantine uneasiness.

“I—I am Mr. Works,” he went on in a low, heavy voice.

“Yes?” said Mr. Scattergood, feebly. He was thinking to himself with a sigh that had *he* been a man like that, a man of that size and muscle, he would have—would have— “Well,” as he said to himself, “I shouldn't have had to leave home, that's all.”

The other cast a surreptitious glance at the window behind him.

“I—I've simply got to get out occasionally. It's too much. I tell you I don't take any stock in it, no matter how wonderful this fellow Creed may be.



"HORACE!" THE VOICE RÉPÉTÉD. "ARE YOU THERE?"

I tell you— But see here, what am I thinking of? You may be different. You may be anxious to let yourself in for it. Right this way. We're in the sewing-room to-night. Yes, straight down the hall. That's the idea. . . ."

Not so much ushered by, as borne upon the stream of the other's ponderous loquacity, Mr. Scattergood found himself moving helplessly into the familiar shadows of the back hall. As in a dream he became aware that the whisperings and stirrings which had troubled him grew stronger, and, making out the loom of the sewing-room door before him, the breath clogged in his throat and his heart stopped at thought of Ella's nearness. Ella was there. Or—*was* Ella there?

He came to a dead halt. His head prickled all over and something queer went up his spine, like stars from a Roman candle.

"Horace!"

Ella was calling him. Invisible to him, as he must yet be invisible to her, Ella was calling his name.

"Horace!" the voice repeated beyond the frail barrier of the door. "Are you there?"

Mr. Scattergood was completely at a loss what to do, what to say, how to answer. Moreover, his knees had grown so weak that he was glad enough to feel the powerful hand of his companion on his elbow and hear his glowering:

"'Ssssh! That's right, and you better be as quiet as you can. 'Ssssh! And here," Mr. Works continued in a whisper, when he had edged open the door. "Get down in this chair here. Careful! That's it!"

Covered with a degree of confusion, Mr. Scattergood gained time by getting his hat under his chair, after his habit at theaters and other public entertainments. He felt himself helpless in face of the essential falseness of the situation. Not only had he not been allowed to rush contritely into the arms of his wife, but, now that he had actually and bodily answered to her summons, she continued to ignore him pointedly.

The place was neither dark nor light,

but bathed in a sort of gloom in which he was unable to determine the strength of the company, beyond a rough estimate of dozens. Even this not so much of the eyes as of the ears—multitudinous rustlings and breathings—some one trying not to sneeze in a far corner, some one nearer at hand weeping audibly. . . .

"That's Mrs. Gilbro," grunted Mr. Works.

"Mrs. Henry Gilbro?" Mr. Scattergood inquired, detached.

"Yes. She's just been talking with her husband."

"I thought," stammered Mr. Scattergood, who was beginning to distrust his own faculties—"I thought you said—Did you say Mrs. Henry H. Gilbro?"

"Yes. He passed on some years ago. And from what I hear of the fellow when he was alive—"

Mr. Scattergood bumped into an unknown person on his right who said, "'Ssssh!" Several people said, "'Ssssh!"

Even without this general admonition Mr. Scattergood would have subsided, for his wife, having ignored his presence

sufficiently long for her purposes (punitive or otherwise), was calling him.

"Horace!" she implored, without lifting her eyes. "Horace, you *are* among us. Give me some word—some sign!"

As for a word, even so much as a syllable was out of the question. His eyes becoming accustomed to the meager light, he could see his Ella quite plainly now, seated with others around a table in the center of the room, and at sight of her large, familiar presence, at sound of a voice whose tender longing seemed to carry him back to their courting days, speech fled his tongue. Yet if he could not answer her in words, at least he could go to her. . . .

But when he started to get up, not only Mr. Works on his left, but the unknown person on his right, clutched his arm and dragged him down again, whispering, "'Ssssh!" Immediately everybody was saying the same thing, and one rapped emphatically on the table.

Mr. Scattergood was frankly disgusted. Everything seemed so utterly



THEY DRAGGED HIM DOWN AGAIN, WHISPERING "'SSSSH!"



"WHA-WHAT'S THE MATTER?" HE DEMANDED, WITH A DEEP SENSE OF IDIOCY

at cross-purposes. He felt conspicuously humiliated, and the continued rapping on the table, even after he had subsided, filled him with a fierce impatience.

"Who's doing that?" he demanded, rather sharply, of his neighbor.

"Just a minute. We'll find out quick enough. Don't worry."

Mr. Scattergood stared very hard at the table. There was nothing on it but an accordion, a couple of slates, and the outspread hands of the sitters, all perfectly quiescent. He decided that whoever it was, rapping like that, must be underneath.

Everybody else seemed to be staring at the table, too. He wondered whether they considered it as unmannerly as he, and from the fixed austerity of their regards he thought it might be so, especially in the case of his wife, and of a pallid, broad-faced gentleman across from her whose brow furrowed deeply from moment to moment, and who seemed progressively upon the point of doing something about it.

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"Now you watch Mr. Creed," was whispered gloomily in his ear.

Mr. Creed (if that was the pallid man) took matters into his own hands rather abruptly by lifting the accordion from the table and giving it to the person underneath. Almost immediately the rapping was discontinued, and in its place arose the strains of "The Last Rose of Summer," with variations, variations which even Mr. Scattergood, who had studied the instrument in a small way himself and had, indeed, attained to some proficiency in that very composition, could not have hoped to emulate—especially when one considered the necessarily cramped position of the performer. Indeed, when one stopped to consider that the table was not large, and that there were sixteen or eighteen nether-limbs bestowed under it, to say nothing of the pedestal, it seemed almost impossible that there should be anybody there at all. This troubled Mr. Scattergood.

His trouble rather increased than

diminished when, the air come to an end, he felt his elbow pinched and heard his neighbor whispering in a tense, moody way, not far removed from anger:

"Say, take a look at the piano, will you? That's right—over there. Is it moving? What? Tell me, is the confounded thing at all—at all—well—floating around? I'll be darned if I know what to think," he added, in parenthesis, as Mr. Scattergood strained his slightly distended eyes into the gloom of the corner where he remembered the piano. "Sometimes I—I— Why, goll darn it! I believe I've seen the thing as high up as the top of the window sometimes. I don't know. *Is it moving?*"

Mr. Scattergood, to whom the shadows had become quite full of floating pianos, found it difficult to think clearly, to say nothing of framing a coherent reply.

"Horace," the other went on, sourly—"Horace is *always* monkeying with the piano."

Mr. Scattergood did not look at him. For the moment he was too bitterly engaged with the realization of how cheaply he had been tricked by a simple coincidence in names. "Horace!" As if he were the only Horace in the world. On the heels of this disillusionment he felt the return of that black, possessive jealousy which had gripped him on the stairs. And yet, instinctively, he felt the need of going slow.

"By the way," he inquired, behind a casual hand. "Who is this—this Horace? A—a friend of hers?"

"Why, it's her husband! Her former husband—"

"Her—?" Mr. Scattergood smoothed his hair and swallowed once or twice. "Tell me—is he—is he supposed to be—*around here?*"

"Around here?" Mr. Works grunted, sardonically. "I should *say he was*. The darn fool got drowned at a picnic three years ago, and by the time they found him the only way they could tell him from a hobo was by his coat and watch and things. *Around here?* Good Lord! That's the fellow under the table now."

It is almost impossible to describe the sensation of unreality, the startling impression of his own duality, which took

hold of Mr. Scattergood at this moment. Having pinched himself (trite as the act may have seemed), once on the shoulder and once on the leg just above the kneecap, he stared very hard at the shadow under the table, where it was evident, from the renewed rapping, his spirit had returned after its brief adventure with the piano.

"What is Mr. Creed saying?" he inquired, abstractedly.

"Oh, he says Horace will write. Horace is *always* writing."

"Oh—Horace will write!"

"Yes. You see the pencil is put between the two slates like that, and then they're tied together like that with a hard knot—a *hard* knot— Goll darn it! I've *felt* of 'em! I've tried to *untie* 'em. Blame it! there don't seem any way 'round it!"

In the hush which followed the disappearance of the slates under the table Mr. Scattergood was amazed to hear himself writing, or at least, if not *himself*, yet that other, mysterious, hitherto-unsuspected portion of himself—writing unmistakably, industriously, and at length. Absurd as it may seem, he found himself weighed down by a trying sense of responsibility; he felt that much was expected of him, and he breathed heavily. His wife, too, was breathing heavily; and Mr. Works, he discovered, was doing the same not far from his ear.

Mr. Creed recovered the slates by and by, and after demanding of his neighbors in a far-off, parenthetical voice if the knots remained the same, passed them across the table.

Ella at first protested, begging, in a weak voice: "Please! Somebody else!" and it was plain that she was near the end of her emotional tether. But after some urging and a little difficulty with the knots, she finally got them open and began to read in a worn, clear voice:

"My heart's beloved"—

For a moment she seemed quite unable to continue, and Mr. Scattergood, passing a hand over his eyes in the corner, was not surprised to find them moist. Several people said, "Go on!"

"My heart's beloved," she went back, bravely. "I am near you, but I can't touch you, for we in the world of the spirit aren't the same as you in the

flesh. All I can do is watch over you and try and protect you and hope against hope your life may yet turn out happy. All I can do for you is, when you want it, to give you the loving advice of one who sees all—all, dear sharer of my former earthly bliss. Not only I can see the troubles and anxieties that lay in your inmost heart, but I can see the things that bring them there, the things *he* does when he's out of sight, supposing nobody will ever be the wiser. . .

"He has come to the bottom of the slate," the reader announced, weakly. "But at the bottom he says he'd like to write more."

The ensuing business of wiping the slates and restoring them to the insatiable correspondent under the table passed over Mr. Scattergood, whose attention was taken up with the manifest disturbance of his neighbor on the left.

"Why, goll take his hide!" Mr. Works exploded. "I like his nerve!"

Presenting to Mr. Scattergood a countenance whose broad, fleshy expanse was surcharged with the blood of passion, he burst out:

"Look here, damn it all! What business is it of *his*, anyhow?"

"Whose?" asked Mr. Scattergood, mystified.

"His! Horace's!"

"I—I'm sure I—I can't say."

"It's always—always—" The other seemed to lack words. "It's always *something*! I knew it was coming! I

knew it! If I could only once get my hands on his neck—that is—I mean to say, if only I'd known him when he was *alive*—"

Mr. Scattergood cowered in spite of all he could do. At the same time, even with that face of brutal wrath hanging over him in the gloom, he could not help feeling a quiver of regret at the thought that had *he* but been a man of that stamp—well—it would all have been quite different—about Ella and himself—and their home.

He might have gone into it still more deeply, but, becoming aware that his wife was reading again, his attention shifted back to the revelations in which, by the very nature of the case, he took a special, and as it were proprietary, interest. In a sense, so to speak, he wondered what his bold and outspoken *alter ego* had been up to now.

" . . . And so nothing in the earthly world," she was going on, "can ever be kept hid from us here in the spirit world. Often I almost wish it was otherwise, for if it pains you who can't see, how much

more it must pain me who can see so clear how you are being dragged down into unhappiness and degradation by the one that has come (Ah me!) to occupy my former position in your heart and home. . . ."

The following paragraph or so will remain a blur in the memory of Mr. Scattergood, whose attention had wandered.



"WAIT!" HE SAID. "SHE'S COMING."
BUT MR. SCATTERGOOD DID NOT WAIT

"To occupy my former position," he echoed in the black silence of his soul, "in your heart and home!"

He turned his eyes, half-dazed, and wetted his dry lips.

"Look here!" he demanded of his neighbor in a bitter whisper. "Am I to understand she's gone to work and—and—got married?"

But the other failed to reply. Sitting perilously far forward on his chair and muttering incoherent violences between his teeth, he appeared to be taking an almost morbid interest in the revelations which the polyandrous wife of Mr. Scattergood continued to read in a failing voice.

"... And so," the message went on, "when he goes out of a Wednesday night to what he calls his 'association,' I can't help seeing where he *does* go, nor what he takes to drink, nor when he plays cards for money, and even the money you got on *my* insurance—money you ought to have the say of, if anybody—you that helped me so long and so lovingly to save the premiums. Yes, Ella, you ought to have the say of that money, not him. . . . And about him and the vices he keeps from you. I thought, Ella, I should go to work and tell you everything right out this time, but maybe it would be best to wait still another time and see if he won't take this one last chance to straighten out and make a clean breast of everything. Maybe if he knows *I'm* always near him he'll feel more comfortable staying home Wednesday nights like he used to when he first got married. Maybe if he understands that *I* in the spirit world can see as plain as day the place where he has hid the box of cigars he keeps lying to you about—maybe when he comes to realize that Horace is standing at his elbow every time he tries to deceive you by smoking out of the window at night . . ."

Mr. Scattergood followed no further.

"So!" he breathed. "So *you* are the—So *that's* the lay of the land!"

He turned slowly to confront the huge and unsuspecting despoiler of his home. But the chair was empty; the bird had flown.

Feeling on his own part that the air of the sewing-room was growing uncommonly close, Mr. Scattergood got to his

feet by degrees and, pushing open the door, let himself out very gently into the hall. A sigh escaped his lips.

"Oh, Ella, Ella!" he murmured, drying his brow with a pocket handkerchief. "Ella, you are a remarkable woman—still."

He found himself filled with a tremendous admiration for that dominating female of whom he had been defrauded, an admiration, however, washed now quite clean of all jealousy or any thirst for revenge. Indeed, his only fear now had become the fear that somebody or other would catch him before he got out of the house. This feeling lay so strong upon him that when, descending the stairs on soft feet, he came upon his successor in the hall below, with one hand arrested in the depths of the bookcase beyond the clock, he stopped and rested his weight on the banister, a prey to confusion.

"Wha-what's the matter?" he demanded, with a deep sense of idiocy.

The other, he could see, was hardly the same man; he seemed scarcely more, indeed, than the shell of his former self. Even in his spleen now, monumental and crimson as it was, there was a sense of fragility, futility, as a man in the face of hopeless odds.

"If I had hold of Horace right now!" he burst forth, staring at Mr. Scattergood with slightly bloodshot eyes.

"Yes—yes—" Mr. Scattergood touched his lips with his pocket handkerchief and tried hard to collect his thoughts. "Yes—ah—but of course—his—his being a kind of—so to speak—a *ghost*, you know—"

"*Liar!*" growled the other, with a deepening truculence. "The way he deliberately *lies!* Good Lord! I take, maybe, on the average, two glasses of beer a month. And to hear *him!* And as for *gambling!* Say! Look here, I want to tell you. It's just simply that *he* wants *her* to have *her* own way about *everything!*"

"Y-y-yes," agreed Mr. Scattergood. "I know! I know!"

"I might have known what was coming. He's always turning up just at the—the—*wrong* moment!" Withdrawing his hand from the haven behind the works of Alexandre Dumas, Mr. Works

stared gloomily at the cigar-box it had brought forth. "She's had the house upset for a week trying to find it, and now, just when she had given up for good, this Horace of hers—" His round, surcharged cheeks collapsed with a sigh. "Do you smoke?" he asked, wearily. "No, no. You might's well take the whole box along."

Mr. Scattergood, held up in a desperate attempt to get around to the door side, waved off the gift with a conscience-stricken gesture.

"I don't—I don't—"

"I sha'n't know what to do with it," the other persisted, heavily.

"In point of fact," stammered Mr. Scattergood, getting hold of the door-knob with one hand and fumbling for his watch with the other, "I—I've got to catch a train."

The other gazed at him with a desperate light in his eyes. "Do you know," he said, "I believe I'll go with you—"

Mr. Scattergood, arrested in the act of getting the door open, stared at him, fascinated, while a new pallor crept over his cheeks.

"Uh—yes—uh—" He felt the perspiration gathering on his brow.

"Only," the other went on, with an

indescribable bitterness—"only, I suppose *he* wouldn't give me a minute's peace."

"No," breathed Mr. Scattergood, bathed in relief. "No, I—I'm afraid you're right."

Even now that he had the door open and was free to go, he lingered in spite of himself, fascinated, staring at the helpless, elephantine figure swaying in the slightly sticky pink light of the hall.

"Tell me," he said. "You say this—this sort of thing happens *often*?"

The other made a huge, inclusive gesture of despair. "Often? Why—why, it's getting so that whenever there's anything important—any kind of argument—any trouble—"

He broke off abruptly and, turning his head toward the stairs, seemed to be listening. The small, occult stream of revelation coming down from the sewing-room had died out, and just now there was the sound of a door opening, footfalls in the hall above, and a voice calling "Edgar" over the banisters with a specious tenderness.

Mr. Works laid a hand on his guest's arm. "Wait!" said he. "She's coming."

Mr. Scattergood did not wait.

The Old Moon

BY LAURENCE HOUSMAN

BEAUTIFUL old Moon! a sennight ago thou wast young:
Now from west unto east the weight of thy head is hung.
Ah, Moon, Moon! where in the world hast thou been,
To grow so old in a week? What in the world hast thou seen?

And it seems that I hear her say, "Two lovers lay heart to heart,
Only a week ago; and now I have watched them part."
Only a week ago? To me it seems as a year:
Autumn has gone; and winter has come; and the woods are sere.

Ah, Moon, Moon! When thy head was turned to the west,
There, on the heart of my love, surely my heart had rest!
But now thou hangest thy head to the gleam of the eastern sky;
And I dream and wish I were dead, so restless of heart am I!

A Writer's Recollections

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

PART VI



It was in 1874, as I have already mentioned, that on an introduction from Matthew Arnold we first made friends with M. Edmond Scherer, the French writer and Senator, who, more than any other person—unless perhaps one divides the claim between him and M. Faguet—stepped into the critical chair of Sainte-Beuve, after that great man's death. For M. Scherer's weekly reviews in the *Temps* (1863–78) were looked for by many people over about fifteen years, as persons of similar tastes had looked for the famous *Lundis*, in the *Constitutionnel* of an earlier generation.

We went out to call upon the Scherers at Versailles, coupling with it, if I remember right, a visit to the French National Assembly then sitting in the Château. The road from the station to the palace was deep in snow, and we walked up behind two men in ardent conversation, one of them gesticulating freely. My husband asked a man beside us, bound also, it seemed, for the Assembly, who they were. "M. Gambetta and M. Jules Favre," was the answer. So there we had in front of us the intrepid organizer of the Government of National Defense, whose services to France France will never forget, and the unfortunate statesman to whom it fell, under the tyrannic and triumphant force of Germany (which was to prove, as we now know, in the womb and process of time, more fatal to herself than to France!), to sign away Alsace-Lorraine. And we had only just settled ourselves in our seats when Gambetta was in the tribune making a short but impassioned speech. I but vaguely remember what the speech was about, but the attitude of the lion head thrown back, and the tones of the famous voice,

remain with me—as it rang out in the recurrent phrase: "*Je proteste! Messieurs, je proteste!*" It was the attitude of the statue in the Place du Carrousel, and of the *méridional*, Numa Roumestan, in Daudet's well-known novel. Every word said by the speaker seemed to enrage the benches of the Right, and the tumult was so great at times that we were still a little dazed by it when we reached the quiet of the Scherers' drawing-room. M. Scherer rose to greet us, and to introduce us to his wife and daughters. A tall, thin man, already white-haired, with something in his aspect which suggested his Genevese origin—something at once ascetic and delicately sensitive. He was then in his sixtieth year, deputy for the Seine-et-Oise, and an important member of the Left Center. The year after we saw him he became a Senator, and remained so through his life, becoming more conservative as the years went on. But his real importance was as a man of letters—one of the recognized chiefs of French literature and thought.

I was soon to know Edmond Scherer more intimately. I imagine that it was he who in 1884 sent me a copy of the *Journal Intime* of Henri Frédéric Amiel, edited by himself. The book laid its spell upon me at once, and I felt a strong wish to translate it. M. Scherer consented, and I plunged into it. It was a delightful but exacting task. At the end of it, I knew a good deal more French than I did at the beginning! For the book abounded in passages that put one on one's mettle, and seemed to challenge every faculty one possessed. M. Scherer came over with his daughter Jeanne—a *schöne Seele*, if ever there was one—and we spent hours in the Russell Square drawing-room, turning and twisting the most crucial sentences this way and that.

But at last the translation and my

Introduction were finished and the English book appeared. It certainly obtained a warm welcome both here and in America. There is something in Amiel's mystical and melancholy charm which is really more attractive to the Anglo-Saxon than to the French temper. At any rate, in the English-speaking countries the book spread widely, and has maintained its place till now.

The Journal is very interesting to me [wrote the Master of Balliol]. It catches and detains many thoughts that have passed over the minds of others, which they rarely express, because they must take a sentimental form, from which most thinkers recoil. It is all about "self," yet it never leaves an egotistical or affected impression. It is a curious combination of skepticism and religious feeling, like Pascal, but its elements are compounded in different proportions and the range of thought is far wider and more comprehensive. On the other hand, Pascal is more forcible, and looks down upon human things from a higher point of view.

But all this time, while literary and meditative folk went on writing and thinking, how fast the political world was rushing! Those were the years, after the defeat of the first Home Rule Bill and the dismissal of Mr. Gladstone, of Lord Salisbury's government and Mr. Balfour's Chief-Secretaryship. As I look back upon them, those five dramatic years culminating first in the Parnell Commission, and then in Parnell's tragic downfall and death, I see everything grouped round Mr. Balfour. From the moment when, in succession to Sir Michael Hicks Beach, Mr. Balfour took over the Chief-Secretaryship, his sudden and swift development seemed to me the most interesting thing in politics. We had first met him, as I have said, on a week-end visit to the Talbots at Oxford. It was then a question whether his health would stand the rough-and-tumble of politics. I recollect he came down late and looked far from robust. We traveled up to London with him, and he was reading Mr. Green's *Prolegomena to Ethics*, which, if I remember right, he was to review for *Mind*.

He was then a member of the Fourth Party, and engaged—though in a rather detached fashion—in those endless raids

and excursions against the "Goats"—i. e., the bearded veterans of his own party, Sir Stafford Northcote in particular, of which Lord Randolph was the leader. But compared with Lord Randolph he had made no Parliamentary mark. One thought of him as the metaphysician, the lover of music, the delightful companion, always, I feel now, in looking back, with a prevailing consciousness of something reserved and potential in him, which gave a peculiar importance and value to his judgments of men and things. He was a leading figure among "The Souls," and I remember some delightful evenings in his company before '86, when the conversation was entirely literary or musical.

Then, with the Chief-Secretaryship there appeared a new Arthur Balfour. The courage, the resource, the never-failing wit and mastery with which he fought the Irish members in Parliament, put down outrage in Ireland, and at the same time laid the foundation in a hundred directions of that social and agrarian redemption of Ireland on which a new political structure will some day be reared, is perhaps even now about to rise—these things make one of the most brilliant, one of the most dramatic, chapters in our modern history.

It was in 1888, two years after Mr. Forster's death, that we found ourselves for a Sunday at Whittingham. It was, I think, not long before the opening of the Special Commission which was to inquire into the charges brought by the *Times* against the Parnellites and the Land League. Nothing struck me more in Mr. Balfour than the absence in him of any sort of excitement or agitation, in dealing with the current charges against the Irishmen. It seemed to me that he had quietly accepted the fact that he was fighting a revolution, and, while perfectly clear as to his own course of action, wasted no nervous force on moral reprobation of the persons concerned. His business was to protect the helpless, to punish crime, and to expose the authors of it, whether high or low. But he took it as a job to be done—difficult, unpleasant, but all in the way of business. The tragic or pathetic emotion that so many people were ready to spend upon it he steadily kept at a distance.

His nerve struck me as astonishing, and the absence of any disabling worry about things past. "One can only do one's best at the moment," he said to me once, *à propos* of some action of the Irish Government which had turned out badly. "If it doesn't succeed, better luck next time! Nothing to be gained by going back upon things." After this visit to Whittingham, I wrote to my father:

I came away more impressed and attracted by Arthur Balfour than ever. If intelligence and heart and pure intentions can do anything for Ireland, he at least has got them all. Physically he seems to have broadened and heightened since he took office, and his manner, which was always full of charm, is even brighter and kindlier than it was—or I fancied it. He spoke most warmly of Uncle Forster.

And the interesting and remarkable thing was the contrast between an attitude so composed and stoical and his delicate physique, his sensitive, sympathetic character. All the time, of course, he was in constant personal danger. Detectives, much to his annoyance, lay in wait for us as we walked through his own park, and went with him in London wherever he dined. Like my uncle, he was impatient of being followed and guarded, and only submitted to it for the sake of other people. Once, at a dinner party at our house, he met an old friend of ours, one of the most original thinkers of our day, Mr. Philip Wicksteed, economist, Dante scholar, and Unitarian minister. He and Mr. Balfour were evidently attracted to each other, and when the time for departure came, the two, deep in conversation, instead of taking cabs, walked off together in the direction of Mr. Balfour's house in Carlton Gardens. The detectives below-stairs remained for some time blissfully unconscious of what had happened. Then word reached them, and my husband, standing at the door to see a guest off, was the amused spectator of the rush in pursuit of two splendid long-legged fellows, who had, however, no chance whatever of catching up the Chief Secretary.

Thirty years ago, almost! And during that time the name and fame of Arthur Balfour have become an abiding part of English history. Nor is there any Brit-

ish statesman of our day who has been so much loved by his friends, so little hated by his opponents, so widely trusted by the nation.

It was probably at Lady Jeune's that I first saw Mr. Goschen, and we rapidly made friends. His was a great position at that time. Independent of both parties, yet trusted by both; at once disinterested and sympathetic; a strong Liberal in some respects, an equally strong Conservative in others, he never spoke without being listened to, and his support was eagerly courted both by Mr. Gladstone, from whom he had refused office in 1880, without, however, breaking with the Liberal party, and by the Conservatives, who instinctively felt him their property, but were not yet quite clear as to how they were to finally capture him. That was decided in 1886 when Mr. Goschen voted in the majority that killed the Home Rule Bill, and more definitely in the following year when Randolph Churchill resigned the Exchequer in a fit of pique, thinking himself indispensable, and not at all expecting Lord Salisbury to accept his resignation. But, in his own historic phrase, he "forgot Goschen," and Mr. Goschen stepped easily into his shoes and remained there.

I find from an old diary that the Goschens dined with us in Russell Square two nights before the historic division on the Home Rule Bill, and I remember how the talk raged and ranged. Mr. Goschen was an extremely agreeable talker, and I seem still to hear his husky voice with the curious deep notes in it, and to be looking into the large but short-sighted and spectacled eyes (he refused the Speakership mainly on the grounds of his sight) of which the veiled look often made what he said the more racy and unexpected. A letter he wrote me in 1886, after his defeat at Liverpool, I kept for many years as the best short analysis I had ever read of the Liberal Unionist position, and the probable future of the Liberal party.

Lord Goschen reminds me of Lord Acton, another new friend of the 'eighties. Yet Lord Acton had been my father's friend and editor, in the *Home and Foreign Review*, long before he and

I knew each other. Was there ever a more interesting or a more enigmatic personality than Lord Acton's! His letters to Mrs. Drew, addressed evidently in many cases to Mr. Gladstone, through his daughter, always seemed to me among the most interesting documents of our time. Yet I felt sharply, in reading them, that the real man was only partially there; and in the new series of letters just published (October, 1917) much and welcome light is shed upon the problem of Lord Acton's mind and character.

As to his generosity and kindness toward younger students, it was endless. I asked him once, when I was writing for *Macmillan*, to give me some suggestions for an article on Châteaubriand. The letter I received from him the following morning is a marvel of knowledge, bibliography, and kindness! And not only did he give me such a "scheme" of reading as would have taken any ordinary person months to get through, but he arrived the following day in a hansom, with a number of the books he had named, and for a long time they lived on my shelves. Alack! I never wrote the article, but when I came to the writing of *Eleanor*, for which certain material was drawn from the life of Châteaubriand, his advice helped me. And I don't think he would have thought it thrown away. He never despised novels!

Once, on a visit to us at Stocks, there were nine books of different sorts in his room which I had chosen and placed there. By Monday morning he had read them all. His library, when he died, contained about 60,000 volumes—all read; and it will be remembered that Lord Morley, to whom he left it, gave it to the University of Cambridge.

In 1884, when I first knew him, however, Lord Acton was every bit as keen a politician as he was a scholar. As is well known, he was a poor speaker, and never made any success in Parliament; and this was always, it seemed to me, the drop of gall in his otherwise happy and distinguished lot. But if he was never in an English Cabinet, his influence over Mr. Gladstone through the whole of the Home Rule struggle gave him very real political power. He and Mr. Morley were the constant friends

and associates to whom Mr. Gladstone turned through all that critical time. But the great split was rushing on, and it was also in 1884 that at Admiral Maxse's, one night at dinner, I first saw Mr. Chamberlain, who was to play so great a part in the following years. It was a memorable evening to me, for the other guest in a small party was M. Clémenceau. M. Clémenceau was then at the height of his power as the maker and unmaker of French Ministries. It was he more than any other single man who had checkmated the Royalist reaction of 1877, and driven MacMahon from power; and in the year after we first met him he was to bring Jules Ferry to grief over "*l'affaire de Tonkin*." He was then in the prime of life, and he is still, thirty-three years later, one of the most vigorous of French political influences. Mr. Chamberlain, in 1884, was forty-eight, five years older than the French politician, and was at that time, of course, the leader of the Radicals, as distinguished from the old Liberals, both in the House of Commons and in Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet.

How many great events, in which those two men were to be concerned, were still in the "abysm of time," as we sat listening to them at Admiral Maxse's dinner-table Clémenceau, the younger, and the more fiery and fluent; Chamberlain, with no graces of conversation, and much less ready than the man he was talking with, but producing already the impression of a power, certain to leave its mark, if the man lived, on English history. In a letter to my father after the dinner party, I described the interest we had both felt in M. Clémenceau. "Yet he seems to me a light weight to ride such a horse as the French democracy!"

In the following year, 1885, I remember a long conversation on the Gordon catastrophe with Mr. Chamberlain at Lady Jeune's. It was evident, I thought, that his mind was greatly exercised by the whole story of that disastrous event. He went through it from step to step, ending up deliberately, but with a sigh, "I have never been able to see, from day to day, and I do not see now, how the Ministry could have taken any other course than that they did take."

Yet the recently published biography of Sir Charles Dilke shows clearly how very critical Mr. Chamberlain had already become of his great leader, Mr. Gladstone, and how many causes were already preparing the rupture of 1886.

I first met Mr. Browning in 1884 or 1885, if I remember right, at a Kensington dinner party, where he took me down. A man who talked loud and much was discoursing on the other side of the table, and a spirit of opposition had clearly entered into Mr. Browning. *À propos* of some recent acting in London we began to talk of Molière, and presently, as though to shut out the stream of words opposite, which was damping conversation, the old poet—how the splendid brow and the white hair come back to me!—fell to quoting from the famous sonnet scene in "*Le Misanthrope*"—first of all Alceste's rage with Philinte's flattery of the wretched verses declaimed by Oronte, "*Eh quoi! vil complaisant, vous louez des sottises!*" then the admirable fencing between Oronte and Alceste, where Alceste at first tries to convey his contempt for Oronte's sonnet indirectly, and then bursts out:

"Ce n'est que jeu de mots, qu'affectation pure,
Et ce n'est point ainsi que parle la nature!"

breaking immediately into the *vieille chanson*, one line of which is worth all the affected stuff that Célimène and her circle admire.

Browning repeated the French in an undertone, kindling as he went, I urging him on, our two heads close together. Every now and then he would look up to see if the plague outside was done, and, finding it still went on, would plunge again into the seclusion of our tête-à-tête; till the inimitable *chanson* itself, "*Si le roi m'avait donné—Paris, sa grand'ville,*" had been said, to his delight and mine.

The recitation lasted through several courses, and our hostess once or twice threw uneasy glances toward us, for Browning was the "lion" of the evening. But, once launched, he was not to be stopped; and as for me, I shall always remember that I heard Browning—spon-

taneously, without a moment's pause to remember or prepare—recite the whole, or almost the whole, of one of the immortal things in literature.

He was then seventy-two or seventy-three. He came to see us once or twice in Russell Square, but, alack! we arrived too late in the London world to know him well. His health began to fail just about the time when we first met, and early in 1889 he died in the Palazzo Rezzonico. He did not like *Robert Elsmere*, which appeared the year before his death; and I was told a striking story by a common friend of his and mine, who was present at a discussion of the book at a literary house. Browning was of the party. The discussion turned on the divinity of Christ. After listening awhile, Browning said, with some passion: "Was he no more than man? You think so? Ask yourselves what you would do if any of the great men of the world were to come into the room at this moment — Shakespeare? — Dante? — Plato? You would rise. But if Christ came into the room? *You would kneel!*"

Some fourteen years after his death I seemed to be brought very near in spirit to this great man, and, so far as a large portion of his work is concerned, great poet. We were in Venice. I was writing *The Marriage of William Ashe*, and, being in want of a Venetian setting for some of the scenes, I asked Mr. Pen Browning, who was, I think, at Asolo, if he would allow me access to the Palazzo Rezzonico, which was then uninhabited. He kindly gave me free leave to wander about it as I liked; and I went, most days to sit and write in one of the rooms of the *mezzanin*. But when all chance of a tourist had gone, and the palace was shut, I used to walk all about it in the rich May light, finding it a little creepy, but endlessly attractive and interesting. There was a bust of Mr. Browning, with an inscription, in one of the rooms, and the place was haunted for me by his great ghost. It was there he had come to die, in the palace which he had given to his only son, whom he adored. The *concierge* pointed out to me what he believed to be the room in which he passed away. There was very little furniture in it. Everything was chill and deserted. I

did not want to think of him there. I liked to imagine him strolling in the stately hall of the palace with its vast chandelier, its pillared sides and Tiepolo ceiling, breathing in the Italian spirit which through such long years had passed into his, and delighting, as a poet delights—not vulgarly, but with something of a child's adventurous pleasure—in the mellow magnificence of the beautiful old place.

Mr. Lowell is another memory of these early London days. My first sight of him was at Mr. and Mrs. Westlake's house—in a temper! For some one had imprudently talked of "Yankeeisms," perhaps with some "superior" intonation. And Mr. Lowell—the Lowell of *A Certain Condescension in Foreigners*—had flashed out: "It's you English who don't know your own language and your own literary history. Otherwise you would realize that most of what you call 'Yankeeisms' are merely good old English, which you have thrown away."

Afterward, I find records of talks with him at Russell Square, then of Mrs. Lowell's death in 1885, and finally of dining with him in the spring of 1887, just before his return to America. At that dinner was also the German ambassador, Count Münster, a soldierly, handsome man, with a strong, enigmatic face. I remember some talk with him after dinner on current books and politics. Just thirty years ago! Mr. Lowell had then only four years to live. He and all other diplomats had just passed through an anxious spring. The scare of another Franco-German war had been playing on the nerves of Europe, started by the military party in Germany merely to insure the passing of the famous army law of that year—the first landmark in that huge military expansion of which we see the natural fruit in the present Armageddon.

A week or two before this dinner the German elections had given the Conservatives an enormous victory. Germany, indeed, was in the full passion of economic and military development—all her people growing rich—intoxicated, besides, with vague dreams of coming power. Yet I have still before me the somber, indecipherable look of her am-

bassador—a man clearly of high intelligence—at Mr. Lowell's table. Thirty years!—and at the end of them America was to be at grips with Germany, sending armies across the Atlantic to fight in Europe. It would have been as impossible for any of us, on that May evening in Lowndes Square, even to imagine such a future, as it was for Macbeth to credit the absurdity that Birnam Wood would ever come to Dunsinane!

A year later Mr. Lowell came back to London for a time in a private capacity, and I got to know him better and to like him much. Here is a characteristic touch in a note I find among the old letters:

I am glad you found something to like in my book, and much obliged to you for saying so. Nobody but Wordsworth ever got beyond need of sympathy, and he started there!

It was in 1885, after the completion of the Amiel translation, that I began *Robert Elsmere*, drawing the opening scenes from that expedition to Long Sleddale in the spring of that year which I have already mentioned. The book took me three years, nearly, to write. Again and again I found myself dreaming that the end was near and publication only a month or two away, only to sink back on the dismal conviction that the second, or the first, or the third volume, or some portion of each, must be rewritten, if I was to satisfy myself at all. I actually wrote the last words of the last chapter in March, 1887, and came out afterward, from my tiny writing-room at the end of the drawing-room, shaken with tears and wondering, as I sat alone on the floor, by the fire, in the front room, what life would be like, now that the book was done! But it was nearly a year after that before it came out, a year of incessant hard work, of rewriting, and much nervous exhaustion. For all the work was saddened and made difficult by the fact that my mother's long illness was nearing its end and that I was torn incessantly between the claim of the book and the desire to be with her whenever I could possibly be spared from my home and children. Whenever there was a temporary improvement in her state I would go down to Borough alone to work fever-

ishly at revision, only to be drawn back to her side before long by worse news. And all the time London life went on as usual, and the strain at times was great.

The difficulty of finishing the book arose, first of all, from its length. I well remember the depressed countenance of Mr. George Smith, who was to be to me through fourteen years afterward the kindest of publishers and friends—when I called one day in Waterloo Place, bearing a basketful of typewritten sheets. "I am afraid you have brought us a perfectly unmanageable book!" he said; and I could only mournfully agree that so it was. It was far too long, and my heart sank at the thought of all there was still to do. But how patient Mr. Smith was over it! and how generous in the matter of unlimited fresh proofs and endless corrections. I am certain that he had no belief in the book's success; and yet on the ground of his interest in "Miss Bretherton" he had made liberal terms with me, and all through the long incubation he was always indulgent and sympathetic.

The root difficulty was, of course, the dealing with such a subject in a novel at all. Yet I was determined to deal with it so, in order to reach the public. There were great precedents—Froude's *Nemesis of Faith*, Newman's *Loss and Gain*, Kingsley's *Alton Locke*—for the novel of religious or social propaganda. And it seemed to me that the novel was capable of holding and shaping real experience of any kind, as it affects the lives of men and women. It is the most elastic, the most adaptable of forms. No one has a right to set limits to its range. There is only one final test. Does it interest? Does it appeal? Personally, I should add another. Does it make, in the long run, for *beauty*? Beauty taken in the largest and most generous sense, and especially as including discord, the harsh and jangled notes which enrich the rest—but still beauty—as Tolstoi was a master of it.

But, at any rate, no one will deny that *interest* is the crucial matter.

There are five and twenty ways

Of constructing tribal lays—

And every single one of them is right!—

always supposing that the way chosen

quickens the breath and stirs the heart of those who listen. But when the subject chosen has two aspects, the one intellectual and logical, the other poetic and emotional, the difficulty of holding the balance between them so that neither overpowers the other, and interest is maintained, is admittedly great.

I wanted to show how a man of sensitive and noble character, born for religion, comes to throw off the orthodoxies of his day and moment, and to go out into the wilderness where all is experiment, and spiritual life begins again. And with him I wished to contrast a type no less fine of the traditional and guided mind, and to imagine the clash of two such tendencies of thought as it might affect all practical life, and especially the life of two people who loved each other.

I grew very weary in the course of the long effort, and often very despairing. But there were omens of hope now and then; first, a letter from my dear eldest brother, the late W. T. Arnold, who died in 1904, leaving a record as journalist and scholar which has been admirably told by his intimate friend and colleague, Mr.—now Captain—C. E. Montague. He and I had shared many intellectual interests connected with the history of the Empire; his monograph on "Roman Provincial Administration," first written as an Arnold Essay, still holds the field, and in the realm of pure literature, his one-volume edition of Keats is there to show his eagerness for beauty and his love of English verse. I sent him the first volume in proof, about a year before the book came out, and awaited his verdict with much anxiety. It came one May day in 1889. I happened to be very tired and depressed at the moment, and I remember sitting alone for a little while with the letter in my hand, without courage to open it. Then at last I opened it.

Warm congratulations. Admirable! Full of character and color. . . . "Miss Bretherton" was an intellectual exercise. This is quite a different affair, and has interested and touched me deeply, as I feel sure it will all the world. The biggest thing that, with a few other things of the same kind, has been done for years.

Well, that was enough to go on with,

to carry me through the last wrestle with proofs and revision. But by the following November nervous fatigue made me put work aside for a few weeks, and we went abroad for rest, only to be abruptly summoned home by my mother's state. Thenceforward I lived a double life—the one overshadowed by my mother's approaching death, the other amid the agitation of the book's appearance, and all the incidents of its rapid success.

All through March the tide of success was rapidly rising, and when I was able to think of it I was naturally carried away by the excitement and astonishment of it. But with the later days of March a veil dropped between me and the book. My mother's suffering and storm-beaten life was coming rapidly to its close, and I could think of nothing else. In an interval of slight improvement, indeed, when it seemed as though she might rally for a time, I heard Mr. Gladstone's name quoted for the first time in connection with the book. It will be remembered that he was then out of office, having been overthrown on the Home Rule question in 1886, and he happened to be staying for an Easter visit with the Warden of Keble, and Mrs. Talbot, who was his niece by marriage. I was with my mother, about a mile away, and Mrs. Talbot, who came to ask for news of her, reported to me that Mr. Gladstone was deep in the book. He was reading it, pencil in hand, marking all the passages he disliked or quarreled with, with the Italian *Ma!* and those he approved of with mysterious signs which she who followed him through the volumes could not always decipher. Mr. Knowles, she reported, the busy editor of the *Nineteenth Century*, was trying to persuade the great man to review it. But "Mr. G." had not made up his mind.

Then all was shut out again. Through many days my mother asked constantly for news of the book, and smiled with a flicker of her old brightness when anything pleased her in a letter or review. But finally there came long hours when to think or speak of it seemed sacrilege. And on April the 7th she died.

The day after her death I saw Mr. Gladstone at Keble. We talked for a

couple of hours, and then when I rose to go he asked if I would come again on the following morning before he went back to town. I had been deeply interested and touched, and I went again for another long visit. My account, written down at the time, of the first day's talk, has been printed as an appendix to the Library Edition of the book. Of the second conversation, which was the more interesting of the two, since we came to much closer quarters in it, my only record is the following letter to my husband:

I have certainly had a wonderful experience last night and this morning! Last night two hours' talk with Gladstone, this morning, again, an hour and a half's strenuous argument, during which the great man got quite white sometimes and tremulous with interest and excitement. . . . The talk this morning was a battle royal over the book and Christian evidences. He was *very* charming, personally, though at times he looked stern and angry and white to a degree, so that I wondered sometimes how I had the courage to go on—the drawn brows were so formidable! There was one moment when he talked of "trumpery objections," in his most House of Commons manner. It was as I thought. The new lines of criticism are not familiar to him, and they really press him hard. He meets them out of Bishop Butler, and things analogous. But there is a sense, I think, that question and answer don't fit, and with it ever-increasing interest and—sometimes—irritation. His own autobiographical reminiscences were wonderfully interesting, and his repetition of the 42d Psalm—"Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks"—*grand!*

He said that he had never read any book on the hostile side written in such a spirit of "generous appreciation" of the Christian side.

Yes—those were hours to which I shall always look back with gratitude and emotion. Wonderful old man! I see him still standing, as I took leave of him, one hand leaning on the table beside him, his lined, pallid face and eagle eyes, framed in his noble white hair, shining amid the dusk of the room. "There are still two things left for me to do," he said, finally, in answer to some remark of mine. "One is, to carry Home Rule; the other is, to prove the intimate connection between the Hebrew and Olympian revelations!"

A few days later, Monday, April the 16th, my husband came into my room with the face of one bringing ill tidings. "Matthew Arnold is dead!" My uncle, as many will remember, had fallen suddenly in a Liverpool street while walking with his wife to meet his daughter, expected that day from America, and without a sound or movement had passed away. The heart disease which killed so many of his family was his fate also. A merciful one, it always seemed to me, which took him thus suddenly and painlessly from the life in which he had played so fruitful and blameless a part. That Homeric epithet of "blameless," "innocent," has always seemed to me particularly to fit him. And the quality to which it points was what made his humor so sharp-tipped and so harmless. He had no hidden interest to serve—no malice, not a touch, not a trace of cruelty—so that men allowed him to jest about their most sacred idols and superstitions and bore him no grudge.

To me his death at that moment was an irreparable personal loss. For it was only since our migration to London that we had been near enough to him to see much of him. My husband and he had become fast friends, and his visits to Russell Square and our expeditions to Cobham, where he lived, in the pretty cottage beside the Mole, are marked in memory with a very white stone. The only drawback to the Cobham visits were the "dear, dear boys"—*i. e.*, the dachshunds Max and Geist, who, however adorable in themselves, had no taste for visitors and no intention of letting such intruding creatures interfere with their possession of their master. One would go down to Cobham, eager to talk to "Uncle Matt" about a book or an article—covetous, at any rate, of some talk with him undisturbed. And it would all end in a breathless chase after Max, through field after field where the little wretch was harrying either sheep or cows, with the dear poet, hoarse with shouting, at his heels. The dogs were always *in the party*, talked to, caressed, or scolded exactly like spoiled children; and the cat of the house was almost equally dear. Once she broke her leg, and the house was in lamentation. The vet was called in, and hurt her hor-

ribly. Then Uncle Matt ran up to town, met Professor Huxley at the Athæneum, and anxiously consulted him. "I'll go down with you," said Huxley. The two traveled back instanter to Surrey, and while Uncle Matt held the cat, Huxley—who had begun life, let it be remembered, as surgeon to the *Beagle*!—examined her, the two black heads together. Finally the limb was put in splints and left to nature. All went well.

Among the letters that reached me on my uncle's death was one from Mr. Andrew Lang denouncing almost all the obituary notices of him. "Nobody seems to know that he *was a poet*!" cries Mr. Lang. But his poetic blossoming was really over with the sixties, and in the hubbub that arose round his critical and religious work—his attempts to drive "ideas" into the English mind, in the sixties and seventies—the main fact that he, with Browning and Tennyson, *stood for English poetry*, in the mid-nineteenth century was often obscured, and only slowly recognized. But it was recognized; and he himself had never any real doubt of it, from the moment when he sent the "Strayed Reveller" to my father in New Zealand in 1849, to those later times when his growing fame was in all men's ears. He writes to his sister in 1878:

It is curious how the public is beginning to take my poems to its bosom after long years of comparative neglect. The wave of thought and change has rolled on until people begin to find a significance and an attraction in what had none for them formerly.

It was on the way home from Laleham, after my uncle's burial there, that Mr. George Smith gave me fresh and astonishing news of *Robert Elsmere's* success. The circulating libraries were being fretted to death for copies, and the whirlwind of talk was constantly rising. A little later in the same month of April, if I remember right, I was going from Waterloo, to Godalming and Borough Farm, when, just as the train was starting, a lady rushed along the platform waving a book aloft, and signaling to another lady who was evidently waiting to see her off. "I've got it! I've got it!" she said, triumphantly. "Get in, ma'am, get in!" said the porter,

bundling her into the compartment where I sat alone. Then she hung out of the window, breathlessly talking. "They told me no chance for weeks—not the slightest! Then, just as I was standing at the counter, who should come up but somebody bringing back the first volume. Of course it was promised to somebody else, but as I was *there*, I laid hands on it, and here it is!" The train went off, my companion plunged into her book, and I watched her as she turned the pages of the familiar green volume. We were quite alone. I had half a mind to say something revealing; but on the whole it was more amusing to sit still!

With May appeared Mr. Gladstone's review—"the refined criticism of *Robert Elsmere*"—"typical of his strong points," as Lord Bryce describes it—certainly one of the best things he ever wrote. I had no sooner read it than, after admiring it, I felt it must be answered. But it was desirable to take time to think how best to do it. At the moment my one desire was for rest and escape. At the beginning of June we took our eldest two children, aged eleven and thirteen, to Switzerland for the first time. Oh! the delight of Glion! with its hay-fields thick with miraculous spring flowers, the "peak of Jaman delicately tall," and that gorgeous pile of the Dent du Midi, bearing up the June heaven, to the east! The joy of seeing the children's pleasure, and the relief of the mere physical rebound in the Swiss air, after the long months of strain and sorrow. My son—a slip of a person in knickerbockers—walked over the Simplon as though Alps were only made to be climbed by boys of eleven; and the Defile of Gondo, Domo d'Ossola, and beautiful Maggiore—they were all new and heavenly to each member of the party. Every year now there was growing on me the spell of Italy, the historic, the Saturnian land; and short as this wandering was, I remember after it was over, and we turned homeward across the St. Gothard, leaving Italy behind us, a new sense as of a hidden treasure in life—of something sweet and inexhaustible always waiting for one's return; like a child's cake in a cupboard, or the gold and silver hoard of Odysseus, that

Athene helped him to hide in the Ithacan cave.

Then one day toward the end of June or the beginning of July my husband put down beside me a great brown paper package which the post had just brought. "There's America beginning!" he said, and we turned over the contents of the parcel in bewilderment. A kind American friend had made a collection for me of the reviews, sermons, and pamphlets that had been published so far about the book in the States, the correspondences, the odds and ends of all kinds, grave and gay. Every mail, moreover, began to bring me American letters from all parts of the States.

No book since *Uncle Tom's Cabin* has had so sudden and wide a diffusion among all classes of readers [wrote an American man of letters], and I believe that no other book of equal seriousness ever had so quick a hearing. I have seen it in the hands of nursery-maids and of shopgirls behind the counters; of frivolous young women who read every novel that is talked about; of business men, professors, and students. . . . The proprietors of those large shops where anything—from a pin to a piano—can be bought, vie with one another in selling the cheapest edition. One pirate put his price even so low as four cents—twopence!

Those, it will be remembered, were the days before Anglo-American copyright.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, to whom I was personally a stranger, wrote to me just such a letter as one might have dreamed of from the "Autocrat."

One of my elderly friends of long ago called a story of mine you may possibly have heard of—*Elsie Venner*—"a medicated novel," and such she said she was not in the habit of reading. I liked her expression; it titillated more than it tingled. *Robert Elsmere* I suppose we should all agree is "a medicated novel." But it is, I think, beyond question, the most effective and popular novel we have had since *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

A man of science, apparently an agnostic, wrote severely:

I regret the popularity of *Robert Elsmere* in this country. Our Western people are like sheep in such matters. They will not see that the book was written for a people with a State Church on its hands, so that a gross exaggeration of the importance of religion

was necessary. It will revive interest in theology and retard the progress of rationalism.

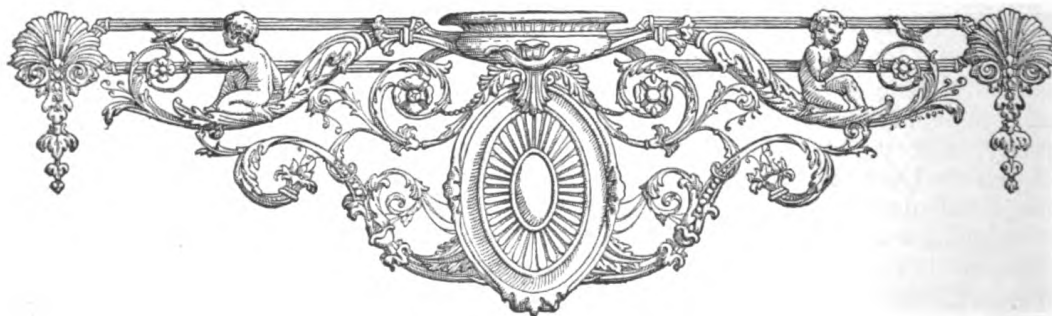
Another student and thinker from one of the universities of the West, after a brilliant criticism of the novel, written about a year after its publication, winds up, "The book, here, has entered into the evolution of a nation."

As to its circulation, I have never been able to ascertain the exact figures in America, but it is probable, from the data I have, that about half a million copies were sold in the States within a year of the book's publication. In England, an edition of five thousand copies a fortnight was the rule for many months after the one-volume edition appeared; hundreds of thousands have been circulated in the sixpenny and sevenpenny editions; it has been translated into most foreign tongues; and it is still, after thirty years, a living book. Fifteen years after its publication, M. Brunetière, the well-known editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and leader, in some sort, of the Catholic reaction in France, began a negotiation with me for the appearance of a French translation of the whole or part of the book in his *Revue*. "But how," I asked him (we were sitting in his editor's sanctum, in the old house of the Rue de l'Université) "could it possibly suit you, or the *Revue*, to do anything of the kind? And now—after fifteen years?"

But according to him, the case was

simple. When the book first appeared, the public of the *Revue* could not have felt any interest in it. France is a logical country—a country of clear-cut solutions. And at that time one was either a Catholic or a free thinker. And if one was a Catholic, one accepted from the Church, say, the date of the book of Daniel, as well as everything else. Renan, indeed, left the Church thirty years earlier because he came to see with certainty that the Book of Daniel was written under Antiochus Epiphanes, and not when his teachers at St.-Sulpice said it was written. But while the secular world listened and applauded, the literary argument against dogma made very little impression on the general Catholic world for many years. "But now," said M. Brunetière, "everything is different. Modernism has arisen. It is penetrating the seminaries. People begin to talk of it in the streets. And *Robert Elsmere* is a study in Modernism—or, at any rate, it has so many affinities with Modernism, that now the French public would be interested." The length of the book, however, could not be got over, and the plan fell through. But I came away from my talk with a remarkable man, not a little stirred, for it had seemed to show that, with all its many faults—and who knew them better than I?—my book had yet possessed a certain representative and pioneering force; and that, to some extent, at least, the generation in which it appeared had spoken through it.

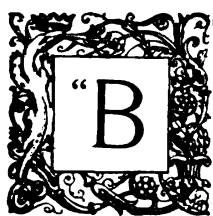
[TO BE CONTINUED.]



Uncle Sam's Adopted Nephews

BY FRED H. RINDGE, JR.

Secretary of the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A.



BOSS, me no lika dis job. Give me my money. I goin' home." The speaker was an Italian member of America's new National Army. "And," said his captain to me, "that's all the conception a lot of them have of why they are here."

I went to the great cantonments expecting to see a great body of Americans. I found Americans, but I found also thousands of Italians, Poles, Russians, Rumanians, Greeks, and others—all potential Americans, to be sure, but with a long way to travel yet! In each of several camps of 30,000 to 40,000 men I found from 4,000 to 5,000 who understand little English and speak still less. Of course this proportion would be determined in each cantonment by the districts from which the men come.

I talked with scores of colonels and other officers, and all agreed that this was one of their greatest problems. One regiment had about eighty per cent. "foreigners." Many had fifty per cent. Whole companies were made up mostly of Poles or some other foreign nationality. Imagine these fellows from the slums of Chicago, Milwaukee, Detroit, Cleveland, New York, getting off their trains, being taken to camp, marched to their quarters, given instructions which they could little understand, and beginning immediately a life as new and strange to them as aeroplaning would be for you and me!

You may be amazed to learn that America's first draft army includes more than 76,000 foreigners of many nationalities. Among this number are 18,131 Russians and other Slavs, 15,348 Italians, 13,233 Austrians, 5,794 Mexicans, 3,675 Greeks, 1,600 Turks, 1,355 Swedes, 1,000 Norwegians, over 900 Portuguese, more than 500 Japanese, 280 Chinese, 150 Dutch, and thousands of Belgians, French, Rumanians, Serbians, Swiss, Bulgarians, and other nationalities.

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Altogether there are over 243,000 aliens registered in the first draft. Although all reports are not in yet, indications are that there will be a very large number in the second draft.

To build real soldiers out of this material is a slow process, requiring infinite patience. One captain told me this as a joke on himself:

"To-day when drilling my men I was provoked so many times by one fellow who refused to listen or obey orders that I sailed into him before the whole company. After I had completed what I thought was a rather impressive speech one of the non-commissioned officers saluted and said, 'Excuse me, Captain, but that man doesn't understand a word you're saying!'"

When a new crowd of men comes to camp it is no uncommon sight to find men wandering helplessly around in their off hours, absolutely lost. They do not know the number of their regiment, company, or barracks, and in a camp of five thousand acres and more all barracks look alike. One of these huge cantonments is a maze for any newcomer, even for the educated American who does not hesitate to inquire his way.

Fancy some of these foreigners, many of whom have not even their "first papers," grasping quickly the fundamentals of our government, the real meaning of our war, the bewildering nomenclature and courtesies of the army camp! It all seems so impossible. One afternoon I had the privilege of being in one of the barracks while a colonel was explaining to his captains the exact way everything should be arranged. "Exact" hardly describes it. Of course the bed had to be made just so, the poncho had to be folded exactly right at the foot, the mess-kit had to be hung on a certain nail, a few things were permitted to be visible, the rest "under the mattress," etc. There by the door stood a dozen foreigners, just arrived, who could hardly speak a word of English, and my



THESE MEN ARE AS EAGER TO SPEAK UNCLE SAM'S LANGUAGE AS TO FIRE HIS GUNS

thoughts went beyond them to the boarding-houses and industrial plants whence they had come. Yet to-morrow these same foreigners would be following out those same strict orders, making their own beds with a precision that would dismay the tidiest housekeeper. Talk about raising the standard of living—in the army camps it is done with one stroke of the pen, overnight! A few days later I saw those same “rookies,” in army garb, drilling, and I could barely recognize them. There is something profoundly inspiring about it all. At the same time there is something very pathetic about the ignorance of these men. The officers, on the whole, are showing splendid patience and a fine spirit in the face of great difficulties.

There are humorous as well as pathetic stories. Joe came in after hours one night and was greeted by the guard in the usual manner: “Halt! Advance and be recognized!” In answer to the question, “What’s your name?” Joe replied, “Ah, you no guess it in a thousand years.” He probably went to the guard-house, and, as one colonel said, “There are many there because of ignorance rather than viciousness.”

At Camp Upton one evening a major was stopped by a “Halt!” from the sentry. The major stopped, the sentry advanced and again said, “Halt.” “Well, what do you want?” inquired the major, with rising anger. “Halt! Now I think about time you run—I shoot!” Of course the sentry was taken to task, and it was discovered that he had misunderstood the order to shoot if any man refused to halt after being ordered to do so three times. The major, however, sympathized with the foreign sentry and admitted that he was a good sport in at least telling him to run!

And everybody says: “Uncle Sam has called these men. What are we going to do with them?” The Young Men’s Christian Association is finding the answer. In each of the sixteen big National Army cantonments and sixteen National Guard camps there are from seven to fifteen large Y. M. C. A. buildings with from thirty-five to eighty secretaries trained for this and other great tasks. They have tackled this problem promptly and fearlessly. Numerous classes in English, reading, writing, grammar, history, geography, American government, civics, and citizenship have

been organized with amazing rapidity. Teachers are selected from each company with the help of its captains. They are privates or non-commissioned officers of experience and ability, and are given all the training and equipment necessary. Each company generally has an educational representative, and every regiment has a general educational officer, often the chaplain, who helps supervise the work.

To show how rapidly the organization can be set up—in one case the “Y. M. C. A. man” interviewed the colonel and readily secured his co-operation and the necessary “order.” That evening the colonel and his entire staff of officers and forty teachers selected by the captains attended a “demonstration lesson.” There in a company mess-hall twenty foreigners of several nationalities were taught their first English. In half an hour, by the rapid-fire Y. M. C. A. method, they had memorized seventeen sentences in English and understood them—all without the aid of an interpreter. Both officers and men were amazed and delighted. New sympathies had been awakened in the officers, new encouragement had been given the men. The next night the teachers came together for normal instruction, another demonstration, and the receiving of equipment, such as charts, lesson sheets, books, etc. The third night all the teachers were handling their own classes in their respective barracks. The classes were graded and every man was in his right place. Thirty classes are now running with military precision in that regiment three evenings a week, and the teachers meet regularly for conference and normal instruction. The Y. M. C. A. educational director visits the classes and keeps in close touch with all the work.

Multiply this by ten or fifteen, and you have some idea of the vast task of instruction to foreigners in a single cantonment. This generally means at least 250 classes with 4,000 men in each camp where the need really exists. As small groups of men move from one camp to another the camp educational director sends word ahead, and the director in the new camp immediately arranges to have the instruction continued. I have

received a number of letters from teachers in France describing the successful continuance of the work there. Recently one of the teachers received a post-card:

DEAR TEACHER,—I want thank you all you teache me before I come—If die, I die as good American citizen. If I come back America some day I find you and learn some more and get better job and be better American.

Your respectful pupil,

In several instances the organization of classes and teachers is so effective that definite plans have been made to continue it overseas as far as practicable.

It may well be asked how the Association is able to gear up its machinery rapidly enough to take care of the exceedingly important task of educating a large proportion of these 76,000 foreigners in the camps. The answer is that for ten years the Association has been using with tremendous effectiveness the simple and efficient method of teaching English to foreigners devised by one of its own secretaries, Dr. Peter Roberts, of the Industrial Department, International Committee. Therefore, the Association did not have to experiment, but had available for its use the survivor of many experiments, a method recognized by experts as scientific, accurate, and particularly rapid. Inasmuch as the Association was teaching over 50,000 foreigners in our industries by this method, it was a comparatively simple task to take over as many men and more in the army camps; particularly as there the military organization invited the Association's co-operation and put all the facilities at its disposal.

The Roberts method, as it has been called, takes a group of foreigners absolutely ignorant of the English language and teaches them all equally well, even though there may be a dozen nationalities in the class at the same time. There are three fundamental principles of the method: First, that the ear and not the eye is the organ of language. That is to say, we learned our native tongue by hearing it spoken by our parents and others. We did not learn from books until long after we had learned to speak. The Association experts, therefore, realize that they must first teach the foreigners (who, as far as Eng^{lish} is con-

cerned, are really children) how to speak. The reading and writing come later in the lesson.

Second, that each lesson must deal with a common experience of every-day life.

Third, that each sentence must suggest what the next sentence shall be. That is, the sentences must be logically arranged and all bear on the main theme.

A teacher, therefore, proceeds as follows: He says to his men, "You say this after me—Awake." The class in unison then repeats the word, which as yet they do not understand the meaning of, and the teacher corrects their pronunciation. He then gives them the second word—"open." They repeat this. He follows with "look," "find," "see." Very quickly the men memorize these five words in the order given, until they say them without the teacher's help. Incidentally, you will note that the men have been learning verbs, the vitally active part of each sentence. The teacher then uses these verbs in sentences, acting each sentence slowly and with dramatic precision: "I awake from sleep." "I open my eyes." "I look for my watch." "I find my watch." "I see what time it is."

In from five to ten minutes the men memorize perfectly these five sentences. They understand the meaning, because the teacher carefully enacts each word and sentence. The teacher then has his pupils memorize the second set of sentences: "It is six o'clock." "I must get up." "I throw back the bed-clothes." "I get out of bed." "I put on my pants." "I put on my socks and shoes."

And so on through the process of getting up in the morning. If an hour to an hour and a half is allowed for the lesson, about half of the time is well spent in this acting out of the lesson and memorizing. It is amazing how quickly men really understand and can repeat the lesson without the teacher's help. When that point is reached the teacher exhibits a large chart upon which the lesson is printed. The men then connect what they have seen dramatized and what they have memorized with what they now see in print. Thus they say the lesson from memory while looking at the

printed words, with the result that they very quickly learn to recognize the printed forms of the words already learned. Then each student is given a lesson sheet to keep—on one side the lesson in print and the reverse side in script. They then read in unison both sides of the sheet many times until they are actually, in spite of themselves, learning to read.

The instructor then gives some simple grammar with immediate applications to the lesson learned, and closes with a review in which the lesson is finally impressed upon the mind of every pupil. The men are given copy-books and urged to write the lesson and submit it for correction next time. Thus, in an hour, or an hour and a half at most, any class of men of one or many nationalities can learn very accurately the entire lesson of from fifteen to twenty sentences, understand its meaning, remember it, and learn considerable reading, writing, and grammar.

For very elementary men the Association educational directors use the lessons which have been prepared on such subjects as "Getting up in the Morning," "Getting Wood to Light the Fire," "Lighting the Fire," "Getting Breakfast," "Table Utensils," etc. Many of the men are able, however, to start at once with the special Military Series. The same method is used and charts and lesson sheets are also provided. Military series No. 1 deals with "Going to Camp," "In Camp," "In Quarters and Mess-hall," "Drills," "Inspection of Arms," "Exercises," "The Salute Indoors," "The Salute Outdoors," "Keeping Clean," "Care of Clothing."

Military series No. 2 deals with such subjects as "Reveille," "Mess-hall," "The Doctor," "The Commanding Officer," "Guard Mount," "Changing Posts," "Pay-day," "Evening Parade," "A Soldier's Duty." Series 3 takes up "Rifle and Bayonet," "Care of the Rifle," "Commissioned Officers," "Non-commissioned Officers," "Our Flag," etc. At the end of twenty or thirty lessons the soldier is able to understand readily such a lesson as this:

am	= I am a soldier of the U. S. Army.
follow	= I follow the flag of my country.
train	= I now train to be a good soldier.

exercise	= I exercise my body and keep myself clean.
learn	= I learn to use my hands and arms.
must have	= A good soldier must have a clear mind.
must give	= He must give attention to the officer.
must have	= He must have control of his body.
must learn	= He must learn the drills well.
must keep	= He must keep his eyes open.
must obey	= A soldier must obey his officers.
must be	= He must be loyal to his company.
must serve	= He must serve and respect his comrades.
will reverence	= He will always reverence the flag.
will fight	= He will fight bravely for his country.

For intermediate men a series of three *Beginners' Readers* have been provided dealing with many helpful subjects. For advanced work there is a special *Military Reader* with such lessons as the following "Democracy or Despotism—Which?" "The Eyes of the World are on You," "The Message of the Flag," "The Fourth of July," "Our War," "America's Cantonments," "All Classes Respond," "Carry On," "War Against War," "Love of Home," "The Pride of Americans," "American Soldiers in France," "French Impressions of American Troops," "The Challenge."

There is provided also an *Advanced Reader* which contains some remarkable

lessons in history, geography, government, and the duties of citizenship. In addition to this material, there are used with telling effect the "Home Reading Course for Citizen Soldiers" and other special pamphlets published by the Committee on Public Information, Washington, D. C. For supplementary work a series of pamphlets has been collected from various agencies throughout the United States dealing with American history, patriotism, the opportunities in America, temperance, thrift, alcoholism, sex hygiene, citizenship, and many other subjects. Thus the Association is wise enough to prepare these men not only for immediate necessities of army life, but for their future place in America.

After one class a captain said: "Please give particular instruction to that man Pete. He is a wonderful soldier. Was two years in the Rumanian army. I want to make an officer of him as soon as he knows English." And there are many others. One Greek had been in the British service until his ship was torpedoed and had spent twenty-one long hours in a life-boat before being rescued and brought to America. What wonderful soldiers they will make *if*—and the Y. M. C. A. is knocking out the "if"!



THE ROBERTS' METHOD TEACHES ENGLISH ALMOST OVERNIGHT TO THESE COMING AMERICANS

At many camps most of the colonels are excusing their non-English speaking men from one hour's lecture, recreation, or drill period four days each week in order that they may attend these classes. The teachers are relieved from all other duties. In a large number of camps a general order has been issued which makes attendance of teachers and students compulsory. Many of the instructors are college men who have used these same methods in Y. M. C. A. classes of foreigners in their undergraduate days.

It is impossible to appreciate the great eagerness of the men. As one adjutant expressed it after one of our demonstration classes at Camp Grant: "When the class started it was amazing. After five sentences it was pathetic. I never realized they could learn so quickly." If this means much to the single man, it means far more to the man with family obligations. I shall never forget one coal-miner who had, through the mistake of his draft board, left a wife and four children, probably because he had been unable to explain his case, and who cried himself to sleep every night. Did he want to learn English?

I have had the privilege of helping to train hundreds of the teachers for many of these classes in camps all over the United States. I know that in their exceedingly busy camp life these teachers are making heroic sacrifices four or five days a week in order to help their fellow-men. They are rendering a service which will never be forgotten by their grateful students or by their officers, and they themselves are acquiring the sort of experience which will some day make them the finest kind of officers and which will certainly prepare them for a larger life after the war.

After a class the other night I overheard a young Italian say to his teacher: "Teacher, I want thank you. Before I came here I no have chance learn any much English. Now I learn whole lot, I be better soldier."

In one camp the military authorities turned over 3,500 men to the Association practically overnight. It was necessary to institute some rapid training for several hundred teachers immediately. All the prospective teachers were gathered

in the great Y. M. C. A. auditorium. Twenty-five of the most ignorant foreigners in the entire camp were seated on the platform and it was necessary for me to give them a demonstration lesson. It was exceedingly embarrassing for the foreigners, but they caught the spirit of it and soon forgot that there was any audience but themselves. Thus, in a half-hour we were able to give the teachers a real demonstration of how it could be done. After that every instructor was enthusiastic and went to his work with a vigor which assured effective results. I have no doubt many of them used originality and ingenuity enough to improve greatly on the demonstration lesson which they observed. For the ensuing two days a series of conferences was held to train the teachers by groups, to answer their questions, and to discuss the best methods of putting the work on a thoroughly comprehensive and efficient basis.

All of this work has a distinctively human side and many are the interesting personal experiences which secretaries and teachers are privileged to enjoy. One Saturday afternoon, not long after a new group had arrived at one camp, a Y. M. C. A. secretary noticed two men sitting on a dirt-pile near one of the barracks, looking much depressed. His cheery greeting brought little response, but he discovered they were Syrians who knew very little English. They were not out playing games, because they did not know it was their afternoon off. They were afraid to go far, because they did not know how to get back. The secretary found out the number of their barracks, wrote it down, and put the information in their pockets. One of them remarked in broken English that his people might die and he would never know it. So their new-found friend took them to the nearest "Y" building, wrote two newsy letters to the home folks, and sent their correct address. Then he explained many other things to the homesick men. Next day they met him in another "Y" building, greeted him with broad smiles and the comment: "Y. M. C. A.—that's damndest biggest company we ever see! Everywhere we go, Y. M. C. A.!"

The fellow had hit the truth, after all,



GEOGRAPHY, HISTORY, GOVERNMENT, HYGIENE, AND CITIZENSHIP ARE TAUGHT TO MORE ADVANCED STUDENTS

for no soldier can get far from the Association. It is firmly intrenched in 650 different buildings and tents in 245 different camps, forts, naval training stations, and other special posts. Over 3,000 trained building secretaries, educational, physical, social, and religious work directors are now at work in the United States. Nearly 2,000 more have been sent to the work with our boys in France and with the soldiers of all our allies in training-camps, hospitals, among prisoners of war, and even in the front trenches. Premier Clémenceau and General Pétain have endorsed a request for 1,000 secretaries, to be sent at the rate of 250 a month, to take charge of the *Foyer des Soldats*, and this need is being met. To support these vast activities the Association in its last drive raised \$53,100,000. At General Pershing's request, the Association is running the 900 post-exchanges for our boys in France. Tons of every conceivable equipment are constantly being shipped. Present demands call for forty new secretaries each day for an indefinite period for the work overseas.

I do not want to give the impression

that all of the need for work with foreigners is confined to the sixteen National Army camps. As a matter of fact, there is a surprising need in many National Guard camps. In my last visit to Camp McClellan I found over 1,000 foreigners being taught English under Y. M. C. A. auspices or in classes organized by the various chaplains. This has been true at many others of these camps. Of course, these men are influenced not only through classes in English and other subjects, but also through patriotic and loyalty talks, motion pictures, stereopticon lectures, cartoons, and through contact with their officers, their teachers, and their associates. After a recent lecture on the war in one Y. M. C. A. building a young Armenian came to the speaker and in broken English told how thirty of his immediate relatives had been massacred, sent to the desert, or placed in harems by the Turks or German officers. With clenched fists he added: "That's where my sister is now. I not bloodthirsty, but—" He turned away in a notion and it was easy to see that there will be no more earnest fighter in our American army.

In several camps special classes and talks have been arranged for alien enemies who have been segregated. This has resulted in entirely changing their attitude toward the war and many have come out loyally for America.

At one camp a series of meetings for different groups of foreign-born was called by division orders. The Association co-operated in securing speakers in various foreign languages and splendid results were secured. At just about that time the War Department order granting discharges to all subjects of Austria-Hungary was announced. Over 600 of these men refused to accept discharges as a direct result of these meetings. In one instance, at a gathering attended by 250 men, only seven said they would accept discharges. The meeting succeeded in crystallizing sentiment against the Central Powers, and the changed attitude of the men is well illustrated by one Bohemian, who said: "We want to go across to fight; not to stay here and do nothing; we know why we are fighting; we have been fighting the Germans for a thousand years."

There is something about the army

uniform that levels men upward and makes the foreigners look as fine as they really are. Few things in America to-day are more inspiring than the way the vast majority of these adopted nephews of Uncle Sam are taking their place with men of other nationalities—all really Americans—and are gaining self-respect, health, weight, better physique, mental alertness, moral character, and real confidence in themselves and in their country.

Most people do not realize that there are over 40,000 native illiterates in the camps, many of them from the Southern mountains. There are many more negroes, a large proportion of whom are illiterate. There are also over 300,000 other men who have not gone further in their education than the grammar-school grades; so that there is opportunity for a veritable university in every army camp in the country. Many of the same methods and courses, especially adapted, are used with native illiterates and negroes. When we stop to think that probably fourteen out of fifteen of these men will return to civil life after the war, we get some comprehen-



THERE IS OPPORTUNITY FOR A VERITABLE UNIVERSITY IN EVERY ARMY CAMP

sion of the vast good that is being accomplished which will permanently affect the life of the nation. It is impossible for one to realize, without actually having been in the homes of the Southern mountaineers, how ignorant some of them are when they first reach camp. An Association secretary discovered one of these men crying himself to sleep in his barracks. When asked what was the matter he replied, "I don't like it here in France." It took considerable time for the secretary to convince the man that he was not in France, but in reality only a few hundred miles from home. The secretary did everything he could for the man. He saw that he was surrounded with helpful associates, and in a few days he was in a much happier frame of mind.

If English is in demand in our cantonments, what shall we say of French? It seems as though everybody wanted to learn French, particularly now that the big drive is on and our boys feel that they must get over soon. In addition to scores of classes in French, many important sentences are taught by an interpreter, by projecting the words on the screen in between movies. There are signs in French in many of the camps, and thus the men learn some important phrases in spite of themselves. In many regiments French is made a part of the work in the regular officers' schools.

Then, of course, for the more advanced there are classes in mathematics, modern history, stenography and typewriting, automobilism, etc. There are current-events clubs, special bulletin boards illustrating the news of the day, "what to read hours" to stimulate helpful reading, thrift talks to help men understand the larger meaning of thrift, government insurance, etc. The Association has even looked far enough ahead to help men begin their studies along lines of new vocations, to help prepare them for better positions after the war, and to assist them toward a larger life in every way.

As one visits scores of these camps and finds in varying degree the ever-present problem of illiteracy, one naturally asks, "Why have these men not been

educated long ago in the communities from which they have come?" Experiences in the army camps have certainly placed this responsibility square upon the shoulders of our home communities. If we have never been awake to our immigration problem before, we certainly must be thoroughly alive to it now. In time of war it is at once one of our gravest problems and one of our greatest opportunities.

There are in America to-day approximately 15,000,000 foreign-born and 20,000,000 more of foreign parentage. There are only about 4,000,000 foreign-born voters, and fully 5,000,000 who speak very little English. More than 3,000,000 aliens of military age are exempt from draft because not naturalized. In the face of facts like these let us see to it that every agency in every city in America be commandeered to help educate and inspire with loyalty these men from other lands, whether aliens or citizens and whether or not they are to be drafted! If this cannot be accomplished before they are drafted, much can certainly be done by intensified work between the time they are drafted and the day they are actually called to leave for camp. Special receptions, patriotic meetings, lectures, short-term classes, and other features will contribute largely to this end. Already exemption boards, public schools, churches, Y. M. C. A.'s and other organizations have co-operated in such programs with remarkable results. Large plans are being made to help men of the second draft in every way before they leave.

All such efforts must be multiplied a thousandfold during the coming months if we are really to help win a decisive victory for democracy. Our foreign brothers must be aided, not merely because they are prospective soldiers, but because they are prospective American citizens. Legislation may do much, but there is needed also the most comprehensive program of education, recreation, and inspiration that America has ever known. And fortunately this is one of those great undertakings where each one of us can do his share!



EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

IT has sometimes been the belief of this elderly movable that a right review would parallel the book reviewed in length if not in breadth and thickness. The notion gave way before the fear that authors could not be trusted to keep themselves in bounds, but would abuse the ideal conditions of criticism by running to unconscionable lengths where no study of their qualities could follow them. Yet we were supported in our ideal by the fact that there was here and there a poet, if not a novelist, who had spared himself so much that the critic could follow him without too great loss of breath. Thomas Gray was such a poet, and so in less degree was John Keats; perhaps Collins was another, and perhaps Suckling was another, though really we are saying Suckling to make quantity in our argument, for we have no such experience of him as of the other masters of restraint; for all we actually know he may have been of voluminous excess. But Gray and Keats exemplarily lend themselves to such study, and their two pleasantest biographers have not abused their brevity by excelling the authors in quantity. This could once have been said equally of the very delightful biographical study of Mr. Gray (as he used to call himself on his title-pages) by Mr. Edmund Gosse, and the life of Keats by Sir Sidney Colvin. But now Sir Sidney has thought better of his first life of Keats in such measure as to have written again of him, to an extent of at least ten times as much as before, though this is by no means too much for a second memoir of a poet whose work will last as long as our literature. His biographer only studies this in something of the measure of its merit, and follows it in conscientious observance of its relation to the poet's life. The biography could have been even longer and not been too long;

and the reader who finds it somewhat beyond his immediate enjoyment will be aware of reserving it for his future pleasure with mental note of return to it in numberless places.

It really covers the whole poetic movement of the period, which Sir Sidney enables us the better to imagine by his very suggestive note of the time-mood which was more expectant of high and great things from poetry than have ever been realized by the mood of any time. He thinks poetry was then more universally read than ever it was before or since, and it does not seem to have been more strange that a stable-boy should eventuate in a poet, as in Keats's case, than a butcher-boy in Shakespeare's. Calling him stable-boy is indeed rather pushing the parallel; his father kept a livery-stable, but there is no proof that Keats ever worked in it, or not so much as that Shakespeare worked in his father's butcher-shop. It was not, in fact, till Keats had been apprenticed to a chemist (as they call it in England) that he resolved to leave being an apothecary and become a poet by profession. He did this with a courage that is still admirable, whatever we say of his practical wisdom, but his immortality remains in proof of this, and the debt of the world to his venture can never be fully paid, though it is not an example to be urged upon indentured youth generally. What we owe to his biographer is that he does not dwell upon the fact with anything like sentimentality; if anything, he is rather rigidly self-denying in that matter; he is disposed, rather, to let the fact do its own effect. What appears is that Keats became the poet he is in defiance of even the favoring influence of adverse circumstance and conducive acquaintance. What else one has to say is, that environment has little to do with the event,

given a love of reading and a knowledge of writing, and that the enervating affection of, say, Leigh Hunt, for all example, goes for nothing. Not but that we think better of Leigh Hunt's poetry than Sir Sidney seems to think, or that we believe Keats always came off best in their exchange of sonnets and chaplets. Perhaps some prophet of Hunt will yet arise and preach him into a wider and fonder faith, as a man than he enjoys as poet, critic, and essayist, and sufficiently heroic friend of liberty and democracy. We cannot think that with all his flowing folly he was an enervating influence or that Keats loved him more than other friends who praised freely and borrowed more generously, like the painter Haydon, for instance. Hunt was one of the "goodly company of noble knights" like Wordsworth and Shelley and Coleridge, all embattled against the terrible little tyrant who had manacled poetry in his self-contained heroic couplet and held every rhyming generation in thrall, for a hundred years, to a remorseless ideal of mechanical verse. His very lightness of heart and soul availed Hunt against Pope, and something, whether better or worse, stayed him against the foolish law imprisoning him for two years in punishment of his gay insult to the Prince Regent.

It was the age of insult, gay or grave. The caricatures which survive attest the brutality of the popular taste for social and political satire, and perhaps the reader will find his account in following Sir Sidney Colvin through the chapter on the abominable insolence of the Scotch reviewers to the English poets of the "Cockney school" and the "Lake school" which included Keats, because of his personal as well as his esthetic and political friends. We own that for ourselves we have found this chapter hard reading. We cannot care, and we wonder who can care now, for the atrocious, blackguardly behavior of Wilson and Lockhart, and their chief English ally Gifford, in their criticism (for convenience we must call it criticism) of Hunt and Coleridge and Wordsworth and Keats; but their very large contemporary public found it easy reading. People really thought it important, so important that they believed the ob-

jects of it must be continually writhing under it. The poets did indeed suffer, though only as persons do who have filth thrown at them or are spat upon; but they promptly braced themselves against it, and as for Keats, who was maltreated mostly because he had Hunt for one of his friends, he had other things to think of. He was far from being

—snuffed out by the *Quarterly*,
So savage and Tartarly,

though the foolish tradition survives that the world's irreparable loss of him by consumption was in immediate succession from it. The misbehavior of his satirists is no real part of his story, and it can only be remembered now as something in itself impossible and to our softened manners almost incredible, something to make one ashamed of partaking the same nature with the mockers and a little sick. When one has read Sir Sidney's chapter, one gets it gladly behind one, and goes willingly forward to the story of the poet's luckless love. What his vulgar censors said of him does not concern any lover of him now, but Fannie Brawne's failure to return his affection is still a pang with many. There were different minds among the witnesses of his passion as to whether her looks were beautiful enough to kindle it, whether her mind or soul were equal to keeping it aflame. Most of those who knew her thought her a handsome, good-natured girl of no great charm in any sort, though likable enough in her young good looks and cheerful kindness to be loved; but Keats, after a first moment of dislike, never ceased utterly to love her as long as he lived and scarcely ceased to say so. He was a dying man by the slow process of consumption (it does not seem natural yet to call it tuberculosis), but that strange *spes phthisica* which mostly availed him against the fear of death could not keep him from the fear of her inconstancy before they were engaged, or from cruel jealousy after. He had no more reason for his jealousy than, as the average witness would have thought, for his love, but jealous he often was and almost to the end. The pathos of it all must remain anguish for youth; and for age such pity as must continue, for all human

suffering, but with the sad consolation that if Keats could have lived longer he would have outlived his love and his suffering from it. It became increasingly part of his foreboding and his knowledge of his doom which was inexorable in the blind time when the general ignorance of the malady let its victims invoke it. Keats had a tendency to consumption, but he clearly contracted it from the younger brother whom he nursed on his death-bed with every chance of infection, though it was only in that tragical moment when coughing after a chill he found blood in his mouth that he first spoke his despair, "I know the color of that blood—it is arterial blood; I cannot be deceived in that color; that drop of blood is my death-warrant; I must die."

There are so many things which we must honor Keats for that it is hard to determine what we must honor him most for. It may be justly said that certain qualities such as commend other men to our respect and affection might be left out of him without leaving him less dear and worshipful. In all the piteousness of his case he was of a courage and steadfastness and generosity far beyond the average man, but not as far as in his devotion to the recognition and creation of beauty, and it is in this that Sir Sidney Colvin chiefly studies him. It is not that he boldly fights, and helplessly gives, and lives devotedly, and suffers unto death for his ignorant constancy to the poisonous malady which his dying brother leaves him to die of, or the anguish of the doubting heart which the woman of his love could not help leaving him to when she smiled on or laughed or danced with another in the unconsciousness of her young and sprightly comeliness. In these things he was the mate of many men; but as the absolute thrall of his own power, which held him forever to the endeavor of the highest things, as if he were more the slave than the master of it, he was sole. It is in this character that his biography tells his incomparable story without the exaggeration which our comment does not escape. The leisurely fullness of the study sometimes weighs as if it were mere heaviness, but a juster sense of it corrects this and we

are aware of it as a massiveness which must include everything. It is not only the influence of the fixed stars which fate him to his equal destiny with Shakespeare, and Milton, and Chaucer, and Spenser, and Homer, and the greatest and great Italians, Dante, and Petrarch, and Ariosto, and Tasso, but it is in the constant endeavor for mastery which his masters doom him to that the scruple of his biographer follows him every moment.

Which of Keats's things of beauty will be most the world's joy forever? Certain insuperable sonnets, above all the sonnet on Chapman's Homer; these and then, but not necessarily in this order, the great odes: "On a Grecian Urn," "On a Nightingale," "On Melancholy"; then, "The Eve of St. Agnes," and "Isabella, or the Pot of Basil." Almost every word, or at least line, of these is memorably precious; but Sir Sidney Colvin has it on his conscience, if not his heart, to remember with intensive study "Endymion" and "Hyperion," while he owns that the world remembers them as the world first knew them by episodes, by passages, and will scarcely ever know or remember otherwise. Up to this point we have been keeping from the confession that we have sometimes felt Sir Sidney's task onerous and we are not now going to own it so, though we must confess that he does not bear it lightly. We even keep ourselves from complaining of his recurrence to the cruel insolence of the poet's Scotch critics in his notice of their treatment of Keats's second volume. This is rather more unbearable than their outrage of the first, and there are few things in literary history so hard to bear as Wilson's apology for his part in it, which he would not have so packed with insult if he had known that the poet was a sick man; now that he does know it, he humanely forbears. He is sickening in his thumb-fingered remorse, but is not so atrocious as Byron in his frenzy of obscenity and profanity when the divine message of beauty comes to him. His behavior is such as that of a lost soul might be at the sight of a very celestial angel passing on his field of vision. He froths such blasphemous filth as John Murray, whom he feigns to blame for

sending him Keats's book, must hide in quoting his letter; really the incident is incredible, except that we may believe anything of Byron and his time; it leaves the misbehavior of Wilson and Lockhart handsome and decent; to be sure, they had to misbehave under the conditions of print.

Meantime, Keats was wearing love-stricken and death-stricken to the end which anticipated such outrage as could have reached him from his stepbrother poet. If he seems to have been more heavily afflicted than other poets in the character and nature of those who hated him for the loveliness of his being and doing, he was rich beyond most of his kind in the friends these made him, and the kindest and most constant of such friends welcomed him and kept him to the last in his house at Rome. He was fortunate, or, as the old fashion of phrase had it, he was blest, beyond our knowledge of other dying men in the love and care of the painter Severn, whose record of his last days is always touchingly tender. We have, all of us lovers of Keats's poetry, had our heartache from the facts of his closing days and hours, but in our compassion we have not done the justice to the good and honest and really quite adequate girl which his biographer invites us to do Fannie Brawne. Because it was not in her nature to return the poet's passion with as much passion, many impassioned people refused her the recognition of her equal worth. Keats was often jealous because that was his make, and because he was dying, and he had the bitterness of death in his heart as well as the sweetness of love, and we somehow scarcely remember that they were fully betrothed and only not married because he was too poor to marry and because he was mortally sick and must not marry. But she would willingly have married him that she might care for him, and do what the love of such a nature as hers could to keep him in life or the constant hope of it. Her mother was willing almost to eagerness for their marriage, and if one does not finally feel their simple affection in their whole conduct toward the stricken poet whom they would have taken into their hearts as they did take him into their

home for as long as he would, then one is much to blame before the tribunal of their humanity. The anguish of the stricken man's letters which he drenched with the despair of his soul joins with the reader's compassion in the injustice which his memory does Fannie Brawne's memory, but which Sir Sidney Colvin's study of the case does all that a strictly non-partizan treatment may do to repair the injustice.

What the reader would have would be a counter-injustice, but this he does not get from the poet's fair-minded, if a little dry-minded, biographer. What he does get a glut of is the resentment of the noxious, the nauseous brutality of the literary enemies of the poet, who hated him for the surpassing wonder of his work. But this is saying too much, saying even more than Sir Sidney provokes us to say from that great revenge which has stomach for so much more. In his review of the whole case, now so incredible, he cannot help going over the circumstance of it and feeling its abomination, which we must recognize as barbarity impossible now, but very possible in a time near to the time when a man or a woman might be hanged for the theft of so much, or so little, as a shilling.

It is now well a hundred years since the time which Sir Sidney Colvin imagines a time when people imagined the reading of poetry a thing of vital import and a prophecy of signal good to the race. That time followed five or six years after the misery in which the Napoleonic wars held all Europe, and it seems as if it might have been an effect from these. Now the whole world is involved in a war which dwarfs those wars to a pygmy struggle, and the personal ambition which prompted them seems a puny wickedness beside the lust of blood which now animates a whole people. Will a peace which then seemed so final follow the raven and ruin of this war against humanity? Will some such breathing-space come when men may take thought of beauty again, and all they need know from the truth of it? Will they again, as they read, try to be sane and sweet in their lives, and hope for lasting good in themselves? Who can say?



EDITOR'S STUDY

HENRY MILLS ALDEN

WE wonder what our soldiers at the front read in their leisure moments. There have been long periods in their trench life of the past when these moments have been burdensomely abundant. In times like the present, full of stressful action, there is no lack of excitement, punctuated by acute suffering or grave exhaustion and by tragic moments. The strenuous actor has no time to read anything.

When they do read, we may be sure that the soldiers at the front are not reading what we are here at home. We are reading mostly about them and about the war in which they are engaged and which is so directly present to them that they crave no war literature. Yet they eagerly desire news from home and are by no means indifferent to what is going on in other fields of war—though what we know as “head-lines” would be sufficient for that. As we know, they have more or less elaborate journals of their own, conveying as much information of this kind as is obtainable; but we infer from what has transpired concerning these trench periodicals that they are made up mostly of light, entertaining gossip, humorous skits, and other reflections of their camp doings, just suited to a soldier’s off-duty whimsies. Probably the tastes other than literary that they indulge, when they have the time—those for music and theatricals—show the same desire for light entertainment, the same easy resourcefulness.

As for books, they are not likely to be so fastidious in their selection as the soldiers in our cantonments are. They probably read with avidity pretty nearly all the really entertaining literature back at least as far as Dickens that we have lately given up in our eagerness for books about the war.

We Americans especially need to be reminded of this. Our allies in Europe

who have been actual participants in the conflict from the first, and to whom its fields are so much nearer, have a readier and more sympathetic comprehension than we now, or perhaps ever, can have of the soldiers’ state of mind and of their reaction to the scenes and experiences of their daily life. The English and French have seen their boys oftener, returning from the field on furlough or brought back wounded. From this closer contact they more nearly sense the grim aspects of the soldiers’ lives, and have through the long years so far made them realities of their own experience that they have come to have something of the same reaction to these that their boys have, that they, too, may maintain a like courage of endurance to the end.

We begin to see the signs of this reaction in the diminishing number of books directly relating to the actual scenes of warfare published in these countries. The case with us is manifestly different. Our war literature is far more abundant than all other varieties combined. Our magazines are full of it. It serves all the offices of secondary popular education—more effectively because it is assimilated with eager appetite. Every newspaper-reader is unavoidably a student of geography and ethnology. The magazine begins where the newspaper leaves off. The old-fashioned descriptive articles, with illustrations, contributed by the casual globe-trotter or professional traveler in Europe, Africa, and Asia, have been well-nigh supplanted by contributions from first-class war correspondents, following the flags of all nations by land or sea.

Nearly all magazine and review essays have been transformed, in manner and content, since they have more or less

directly become reflections of the all-absorbing theme and full of its tension. We note little in these essays of the old easy ways, the discursive style, the mirroring of individual temperament and impressions. Writing was never, save in its primal reflections of some heroic age, so objective as now; however profound or complex in its development his subjective sensibility, the writer seems to be turned inside out, as if his conceptions thronged the air in concrete shapes, awaiting his capture. The men who have been real thinkers have now the real vision—a kind of second sight. Their observation seems to be immediately translated into interpretation. The really creative poets—dreamers who sing

of what the world will be
When the years have died away,
now see in living shapes the realization
of their dreams going on before their
eyes.

It is true, we were speaking of present-day essayists, but the most imaginative of these are really poets, and, as we have said, all of them who have been real thinkers are to-day seers of reality. The outlines of realization are, indeed, so clear as to be manifest to every careful observer, even if he lacks the imaginative co-ordination to divine their full meaning. It is as if the whole world had of late been turned into a laboratory for the shining disclosure of hitherto hidden, or only partially understood, truths. Especially it has become a sociological laboratory. What is there, of fact or doctrine, relating to any economy of human life—political, industrial, or commercial—that has not been amply illustrated in response to tests never before imposed? Yet, but for the supreme test imposed by war threatening the liberties of mankind for ages to come, the mental awakening might have resolved itself into a dull, pragmatic study of methods, prompted by an enlightened selfishness. Social truths, under the pressure of aggressive militarism, are, on the contrary, being disclosed in a red-hot laboratory, fusing all classes and conditions of men into one whole by community of sacrifice and effort.

Thus, for all the peoples whose energies are absorbed in the desperate con-

flict for "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," are lifted to a spiritual plane. The exercise of unselfish effort to the utmost — of living or of dying—begets a flaming sympathy of souls, breathing an air of consecration. We all, in our tense materialism, seem to catch the pulsations of the ether, though we go on or, as the soldiers say, "carry on," as if it were all in the day's work, calling for no subtleties of expression.

We see, then, why the essayist in these days is never at a loss for a theme, since it must be some phase of the great theme that presses upon us all, yet never in all its weightiness losing buoyancy or inspiration—so that, also, he never need excuse his direct and forceful handling. There is a common fund of sympathy and enthusiasm upon which he may make unlimited drafts. He need not consciously translate his utterances into their transcendent spiritual meanings—they catch that flame in the air that receives them. This is but to say that common life is itself, unawares, becoming creative, and that our writers are reflecting it.

In this seething laboratory of life the cruel and stupid fallacies of political and socialistic theory are exposed and dissipated. We see now that classes—and, in particular, capitalistic corporations and labor unions—have tried to get advantage of one another, each to its own disadvantage. These years of united effort for a common and glorious end have brought illumination of this and other social truths. Now and during the many years of recuperation after the war co-operation is not a mere theory of social betterment—it is a religion of humanity.

It is with our writers at home as it is with our armies in the field. As our soldiers bravely fight, facing at once death and the hope of a happier world for humanity, so our statesmen and publicists are not forecasting military conquests, but the expansion of liberty, justice, and sympathy at home and among the peoples of the earth. A new generation of writers—poets, essayists, and story-writers—will grow up in this vitalizing atmosphere of sympathetic sacrifice, severe simplicities, and noble

ideals. In such a world what chance is there for militarism, with its so different forecast?

Fiction, considered as romance or as realism, cannot hope to compete with the war, which has indeed become our great serial story, in daily instalments. The novelist must renounce his proper function—that of reflecting contemporaneous life—or, like the poet and essayist, must stand in the flaming light of his heroic age and show forth its glory in the creations of his imagination. It is not at all surprising that many of our most distinguished story-writers have found the theme itself more alluring than its reflection and are giving us, in books and magazines, some of our best literature about the war.

Even Mr. Jeffrey Farnol, author of *The Broad Highway*, has been unable to resist that temptation. Sir Gilbert Parker was inevitably, but, happily, not wholly, withdrawn from the magical exercise of his art into that field. Mr. Wells, in *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*, wrote a charming English background of the conflict, easily combining direct portrayal with the diversion, thus contributing a novel which should be enjoyable to all soldiers at the front who, while indifferent to discussions about the war, are as much heartened by the spirit of enthusiasm which is backing them among their countrymen as we at home are by the stories of their bravery in the field. This mutual encouragement is constantly sustained by the correspondence which goes on between home and field, which is, or should be, as intimately entertaining as it is earnestly cheering, on both sides. In letters to "our boys" it is always to be borne in mind that their memories are of home, cherishing familiar associations, and that nothing concerning these is too petty for their fond regard.

We, here, know how it is in our own

lives, so empty because of the absence of these same boys and still further by what we deny ourselves for their sakes and in the interest of the cause we have all espoused, that we, too, make much of little things and, however large our hopes and enthusiasms, relish quaint levities. It is by way of reaction against the gruesome aspects of the war that humorous fiction has more than held its own in popular esteem, where romance has palled. For the same reason vaudeville has gained on the stage. With the more thoughtful reader the fiction that rises to the higher levels of humor, which flow more from the development of character than from mere incident and situation, has more than ever its full measure of prosperity. 'Tis fine weather for Booth Tarkington and that order of genius; and what golden harvests should now be awaiting Margaret Deland, if she is not wholly absorbed by Red Cross work!

The mention of this woman reminds us of another, that Englishwoman who has so closely followed, as leaders follow, the work of her countrymen and countrywomen in the war. We do not need to remind our readers of what she has been doing for them during the current year. It is not a novel now, like *Eleanor* or *The Marriage of William Ashe*, but a retrospect of English culture during her time and of which she has herself been a pre-eminent representative in life and literature. No novel which Mrs. Humphry Ward could contribute could be more interesting than this series of *Recollections*, which has been really thus far our serial story for the year—none so replete with vivid characterization against historic backgrounds. In the later numbers the personages presented seem intimately interwoven with the history England is making to-day. If this is autobiography, we cannot have too much of its like.



EDITOR'S DRAWER

Northwest by North

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

I AM of a roving nature and sometimes find myself in queer places. When we declared war on Germany I had just arrived in Anguilla and wanted to get away. You have never heard of Anguilla, so I will explain that it is the farthest north of the Leeward Islands and is about the only uninviting spot in the West Indies. When I add that it is practically without shade, that its population is intensively colored, and that its main crop is sweet potatoes and goats, you will begin to get the idea. By the time I discovered these things the steamer that brought me had hurried on to St. Thomas and nobody expected another for years.

The landlord of the hotel, where, so far as I could discover, I was the only guest, told me that there was a schooner down at the dock that might be going somewhere when they got her fixed up, and a trading sloop that had come in from the States a day or two before. I hurried down there.

"Oh, the barren, barren shore!" The schooner was a drunken old thing that they thought they might get pumped out and patched up enough in about six months to get over to Charleston, and the sloop was a frowsy-looking hussy named the *Molly G.*, modeled after a bath-tub and similar in size.

There was a stringy-haired young fellow with a retreating chin on the *Molly G.* and I interviewed him. He didn't look like a sailor. He had on a fifty-cent plaid golf-cap and a seven-dollar bicycle suit. I judged he was a passenger, and expected to be starting presently. That was a fair guess, but it didn't cover all the ground. I asked who was in charge of the boat.

"I am," he said, "now."

I wondered what he meant by "now," but I didn't ask.

"When does she sail," I said, "and where to?"

"Well, we want to get to Philadelphia, and we're just about to start."

I observed that he did not say they were going to Philadelphia, but only that they wanted to get there. The difference was slight, but noticeable.

"How about passengers? Got any room?"
"Oh yes, room enough—more room than anything."

"Well," I said, "I want to get to Philadelphia, too. Do I arrange with you, or the captain?"

"I'm the captain."

I probably showed my surprise, for he went on to explain.

"I guess I don't look it," he said, "and I never *was* a captain before, nor a sailor, neither, until this trip. I came down a passenger, for my health. The doctor



"LOOK HERE," I SAID. "WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU'LL EVER GET TO PHILADELPHIA?"

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thought a slow-sailin' vessel would be good for me, and I guess it has been. I stayed most of the time on deck, helpin' with the ropes. The captain let me steer, too, and explained how he worked out his navigation. Then when he got here and heard about the war he said he had to get back right away, as he was in the reserve, or something, so he appointed me captain and took the steamer for New York. He said just to hold the *Molly* northwest by north and pick good sailin' weather, and she'd get us somewhere, all right."

"Well," I said, "there's something in what he says; but how about your crew? You've got two or three good sailors, I suppose."

"Two. We had three, but one went back with the captain. The two that's left are all right, though. One of 'em has been to sea before, and the other was cook on a tug-boat before he came this trip. They'll be here pretty soon to load them barrels of potatoes. Then we're goin' to start. Think you'll come along?"

At first I *didn't* think so. I thought it better to spend the rest of my life even in blazing Anguilla than to fling it away in that careless fashion. I had to admire that young idiot's nerve, though. Why, he spoke of starting with an outfit like that on a fifteen-hundred-mile Atlantic voyage as if it were an afternoon's sail across the Delaware.

"Look here," I said. "What makes you think you'll ever get to Philadelphia?"

"Well, of course," he admitted, "we may not hit it exactly, but if we steer northwest by north, and keep going, we'll bring up over that way somewhere, won't we? and then we can inquire, and follow the shore up or down, as the case may be. I'm a pretty good hand at findin' places, and at steerin', too. My business on land is in that line."

"What is your business on land?"

"I'm a chauffeur. I drive for Miss Susan Meacham, of Marcus Hook. It's a Ford, but the principle is the same. Miss Meacham will be expectin' me back soon. That's why I'm anxious to get off."

My impulse was to cable Miss Meacham to look out for another chauffeur, but I let it pass.

"I see," I said. "And you think by picking a nice day like this to start, and steering northwest by north for a week or two, we'll come to some place where we can inquire the way to Philadelphia?"

"Why, yes. Don't you think so?"

"Well," I admitted, "the principle is sound, but there might be such a thing as a storm, you know, and if we weren't sunk we might be blown a thousand miles or so off our course, and without being able to

tell where we were we might fetch up at the north pole."

"Oh, but the weather is awful nice at this season. We didn't have any trouble comin' down; and, besides, I can take latitude and longitude. The captain explained it to me and gave me a little book."

"Ah, I see." I might have added that I had seen some nasty April storms down that way, but it didn't seem worth while.

"Do you think you want to come? I won't charge you anything if you'll give us a hand with the ropes sometimes and help with the steerin'. You could steer, I guess; it's real easy."

What a lamb he was! "A fool for luck," I thought. My faith grew.

"Yes," I said, "I could help steer. I owned a cat-boat one summer in the Shrewsbury River. As a sailor I judge I belong about in a class with the rest of you. I'll join your asylum. When do you leave?"

"The boys are comin' now. We only have to load these barrels and have some papers signed. We'll be ready inside of an hour, and we ought to be goin'. It's such a nice day."

The "boys" came and I took a look at them. One was a red-headed Irishman, with one eye and a limp. The other was a snub-nosed, undersized nondescript, in rubber boots several sizes too big for him. We were introduced. He of the red hair was Hennessey. The other was simply "Beans." Then the chauffeur captain mentioned that his own name was Sample—Simon Sample, which inspired fresh confidence. My baggage was light. I had it aboard presently, and within the hour we were steering northwest by north, leaving the last point of solid land behind. Hennessey was at the wheel. "Beans" was in the galley forward, cooking them. Captain Sample, "on watch," stood at the bow, his legs well apart, scanning with a two-dollar opera-glass the horizon in the direction of Philadelphia.

There was a steady breeze from the south and the *Molly G.* was walking away from it. During recurring moments of misgiving I wondered why I was not still ashore. Recalling the old adage, I was reassured—doubly, quadruply so; as a plain idiot Captain Sample had nothing on the rest of us. "Beans" came up by and by with the dinner and we had it on deck, taking turns at holding the *Molly G.* northwest by north. I have eaten better meals, but none more filling. The pudding was particularly interesting. It was made of a curious purple substance which defied analysis. We had it again for supper. Also, once more, the particular nourishment which gave "Beans" his title. Then it began to get dark and it was my turn to take the little prize-package glass



"MUTINY! MUTINY!" HE SHRIEKED. "NORTHWEST BY NORTH, AND LIGHTEN THE SHIP!"

and look toward Philadelphia. Again I was beset by doubts. It seemed a good deal of murky water to be at large on with such an equipment. Again the thought of our personnel gave me hope.

But perhaps all of us were not entire fools. I suspected that Hennessey was not. There was a premonition of it in a remark he made when I relieved him at the wheel.

"It's foive to wan that we'll never get the half-way over," he said, "but I rayched the conclsoosion that it's better to be dead to wanst than to live with thim naygurs in that br'ilin' Anguiller."

"Sh! Hennessey," I said. "Intelligence like that could sink us."

It was certainly fine sailing. We stood the watches two and two—Hennessey and "Beans," then Capt. Simon Sample and myself. One or two days of it would have been well enough. It was well enough, anyway, except for the general uncertainty of things and the indeterminate pudding. Every day Captain Sample took observations with an old quadrant and a tin clock and arrived at something which he said was latitude and longitude, though he always seemed a good deal confused as to which was which, and decided after he had consulted a greasy map which he called a chart. Then he solemnly tacked up a paper on the mast with the result. If the tin clock could have

overcome its habit of jumping half an hour every little while and of stopping between-times, the figures might have been more convincing. Still, I don't know; they had a consistent value and I think they impressed Hennessey. When we had been going along without a break for four days our commander informed us that we were over half-way to Philadelphia and "makin' a bee-line for Cape May." He had once driven Miss Meacham to Cape May, he said, and that if we went in close he would show where he had stopped, and we could wave as we went by. It was still just an afternoon sail to him. He didn't know the ocean's power.

He learned it next morning. The sun came up red and drunken, the west suddenly turned black and the water took on a spectral look. Then it began to lighten and thunder, with the black all overhead now, boiling and writhing in the most dangerous-looking way. Hennessey and I got the sail down, and just then the wind turned loose with a bang that lifted us out of the ocean. In another minute the *Molly G.* was going through the waves like a stampeded steer, with Hennessey and "Beans" clinging to the wheel and Commander Sample and myself holding for dear life to the sail that was slapping in every direction while we tried to tie it fast. Then the thunder seemed to tear a hole in the sky. The solid rain poured



"LAND!" HE CALLED. "I'LL BET
TWO DOLLARS IT'S CAPE MAY!"

through, the waves began to wash us fore and aft, and I could see where Hennessey was going to win his "foive to wan" bet if matters did not improve pretty suddenly. Perhaps they did improve a little, for we seemed to keep going, though there were moments when I could not decide whether we were on top of the sea or already under it. Simon Sample and I somehow managed to get a few ties on the big sail, but presently, when I happened to get a look at our commander, I noticed a glare in his eyes which suggested that he was laboring under strong excitement.

"We must lighten ship!" he yelled. "We must fling over the cargo to keep from going down!"

We were on our hands and knees, clinging to the boom. He had seized my foot and was trying to drag me toward the toy hatchway. Hennessey at the wheel yelled:

"Lave off that! Thim pertaties is all that's kapin' us from capsizin'! Ye'll be overboard in a minit yerself!"

He motioned me to the wheel with "Beans," and, making a grab at Commander Sample, steered him forcibly to the cabin,

pushed him inside, shut the door and locked it.

"He's gone fair crazy!" he shouted. "I knew the first shtorm would do it to that grasshopper head of his. Shtand to, now, fer that big wan!"

I don't think we were steering northwest by north at the moment. We were going with the wind and keeping the *Molly G.* up out of the chasms as well as we could. It was not altogether a matter of direction. Suddenly the cabin window flew up and Captain Sample's head shot out.

"Mutiny! mutiny!" he shrieked. "Northwest by north, and lighten the ship!"

A paper box of crackers weighing about four ounces came sailing past us followed by a mouse-trap. They were caught by the wind and carried into the foam. There was a heavy lurch and he disappeared—the window banged down. Hennessey grinned. Five minutes later the window went up again.

"Hi, there!" cried our wild-eyed commander. "We're all right! I've saved us! I've just taken the reckoning, and we're a hundred and forty miles inland! Hurray! Hurray for the *Molly G.*!"

Another heavy lurch, another disappearance with a bang.

"This bates Anguiller—sink or swim!" shouted Hennessey.

That was positively Capt. Simon Sample's last appearance. The cabin showed no further sign. We thought he might have passed away, but there was no time to investigate. The wind now had got down to a steady gale. Our jib still held, and whatever else we were doing, we were making time. Also we had worked the *Molly G.* back on her course. Some time in the afternoon I got the cabin key from Hennessey and went down to investigate. Our light-some commander lay on the floor, groaning dismally. The malady of the sea had calmed him. But he had got rid of his madness, also his fear, also of much else—oh, very much; his condition defied analysis.

For two days that was a busy ship. With a sixty-mile gale behind us and our rag of a jib flying we made a record for the *Molly G.* "Beans" dug up what he could from the galley in the way of sustenance—cold potatoes, purple pudding, hunks of biscuit. Captain Sample was not visible. He had managed to make his bunk, and remained there. We somehow worried along without the reckoning.

But on the third night the wind went down. By morning the sea was learning to behave, the sun came up bright. Hennessey was steering and "Beans" and I hoisting the mainsail when the cabin door opened and Capt. Simon Sample, carefully dressed in

his seven-dollar suit and plaid cap, stepped on deck carrying his dinky opera-glass. He bade us good morning as cheerfully as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened. Then he swept the horizon in the direction of Philadelphia. A moment later he turned gleefully.

"Land!" he called. "Right over there, just as I expected. I'll bet two dollars it's Cape May!"

Land it certainly was. We could all see it now, even without the glass. By and by we could see the houses. Captain Sample scrutinized them with his glass.

"Summer cottages," he said; "most of 'em unoccupied yet, but I guess we'll find somebody to ask."

We ran close inland. He noticed what appeared to be a fisherman's cottage in a small inlet. A landing-dock ran out into the water and there were some boats tied.

"Those people are at home, all right," he said. "Pull in there, Hennessey, and I'll inquire."

Hennessey rounded to the dock. Simon Sample stepped out and ran up to the house.

Presently a woman came out and they talked and pointed. Captain Sample came running back.

"We're all right," he said. "Straight ahead and first turn to the right. That will bring us right around Cape May. I'm first rate at findin' places."

He might have been out with Miss Meacham in the Ford. "Beans" brought up some hot coffee and fried salt pork. Capt. Simon Sample was in high feather.

"I tell you there's nothin' like understandin' navigation," he said. "If Miss Meacham will let me off, I think I'll take it up altogether. How about the navy, eh? I'll bet when the government hears about this trip they'll offer me command of a cruiser, or somethin'. Run in close, Hennessey, an' I'll show you boys where I stayed last summer."

The red-headed Irishman and I grinned at each other.

"We need not have been the least alarmed, Hennessey," I said. "With a man of Captain Samples's caliber aboard we've been in perfectly safe hands all the time."

A Hopeless Case

AT one of the theological seminaries they tell of an absent-minded professor who, while studying one evening, had need of a book-mark and for the purpose employed a pair of his wife's scissors that chanced to be at hand.

Shortly after his wife wanted the scissors, but a diligent search on her part and his own failed to disclose them.

The next day the professor appeared before his class and opened his book. There lay the lost scissors. He picked them up and, with a triumphant smile, held them aloft, crying out:

"Here they are, dearie!"

Expert Advice

"I ONCE engaged board and lodging at the house of a retired New England sea-captain," says a New York artist, "and from him I received some sincere advice.

"One day, while I was busily painting, I became aware that the captain was standing behind me, gazing at the canvas over my shoulder.

"How do you like it?" I asked.

"Now it chanced that the captain's house had been without an artist boarder for several years, and that I was the first follower of the impressionist school it had ever harbored.

"The old sea-dog gazed thoughtfully at the lower right-hand corner of the canvas, where

I had thrown a mass of parti-colored splashes and splotches.

"You're kinder young," said the captain, kindly. "This is your first summer outdoors at it?"

"Yes."

"Well, now, see here," resumed the captain. "There's two or three old palettes up in our shed-chamber. You go get you one of those and try out your paints on that instead of on your picture. You'll have to lose that whole corner of your canvas, I'll bet you, and it'll make your picture, considerable smaller. I wouldn't do that again if I was you."

Why He Didn't Go to the Front

ONE day an Englishwoman was sitting out on her front balcony; when a boy who was delivering her groceries pushed open the gate and started to go around the house. The lady, noting what a fine, strapping young fellow he was, cried out:

"Young man, why don't you go to the front?"

The boy, looking up perplexed, replied, "Why, I always go to the back door with groceries."

Indisputable

IN the language class Frank was asked to give a sentence using the word "ascent" correctly.

After some study he wrote the following: "Ascent of a skunk is very strong."

Before Getting to Work

PAT had been very much impressed by a sermon he had heard on "The Day of Judgment," although he did not understand its full significance. So he sought an interview with the priest.

"Do you mean, Father," he asked, "that everybody will be there on the Day of Judgment?"

"Yes, Pat, everybody."

"Do you mean that all my neighbors and the Knights of Columbus and the editors of the *Menace* will all be there?"

"Yes, Pat, everybody."

"Well, all o'i've got to say is this: there'll be very, very little *judgin'* on that *furst* day!"

Good Measure

MRS. TINKER picked up a knife from the counter and handed it to the butcher, with a friendly smile.

"I don't really want it," she said, "but if you will cut it off I will take it with the rest."

"Cut what off?" asked the butcher, in great surprise.

"Your hand," was the reply. "You weighed it with the chops, and I like to get what I pay for."

First Choice

ELIZABETH, aged five, was proudly acquainting her favorite teacher with the fact that a new brother had recently come into her family. In jest the teacher inquired if the baby were really new, to which Elizabeth replied:

"Of course it's new; no one ever had it before."

Of Like Minds

ISABELLE one day had been exceptionally trying, and finally, after numerous corrections, her mother remarked:

"Isabelle, I should think you would get tired hearing me talk to you so much."

In most decided tones the child returned: "Well, mother, I do."

Remember the Sabbath Day

VIRGINIA and Eldridge are being brought up to regard the Sabbath as different from other days. Boisterous, every-day games are taboo, and their activities are restricted to their own lawn and garden. Recently, however, their mother yielded to the pleadings of the children of a friend and allowed them to spend a Sunday afternoon away from home.

The friend's children were evidently not hampered by any Sabbatarian restrictions and when playtime was over two much disheveled but radiant children rushed breathlessly home, Virginia announcing as they came up the path:

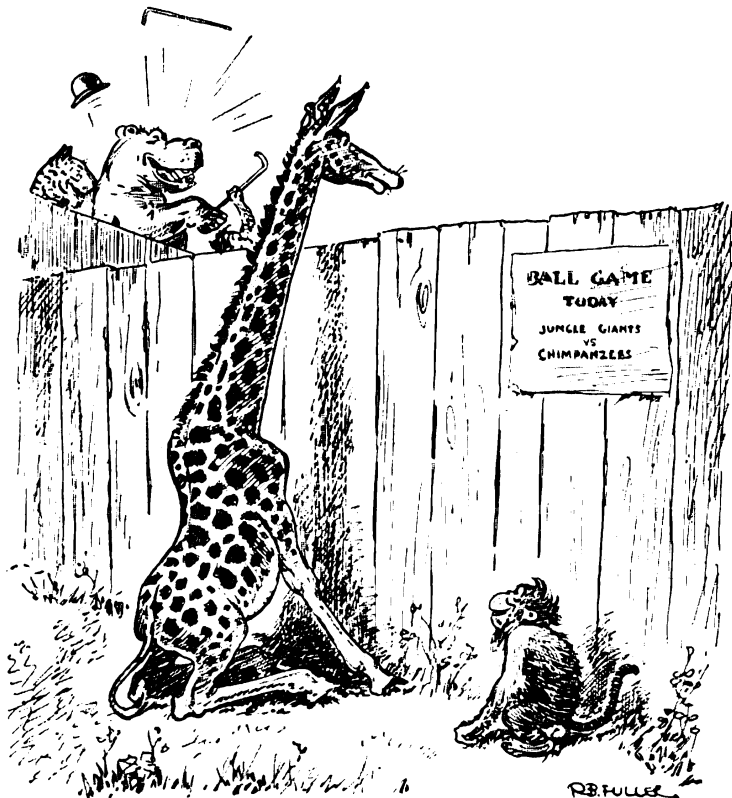
"Oh, mother dear, Eldridge and I have had a beautifully sinful time!"

A Chip of the Old Block

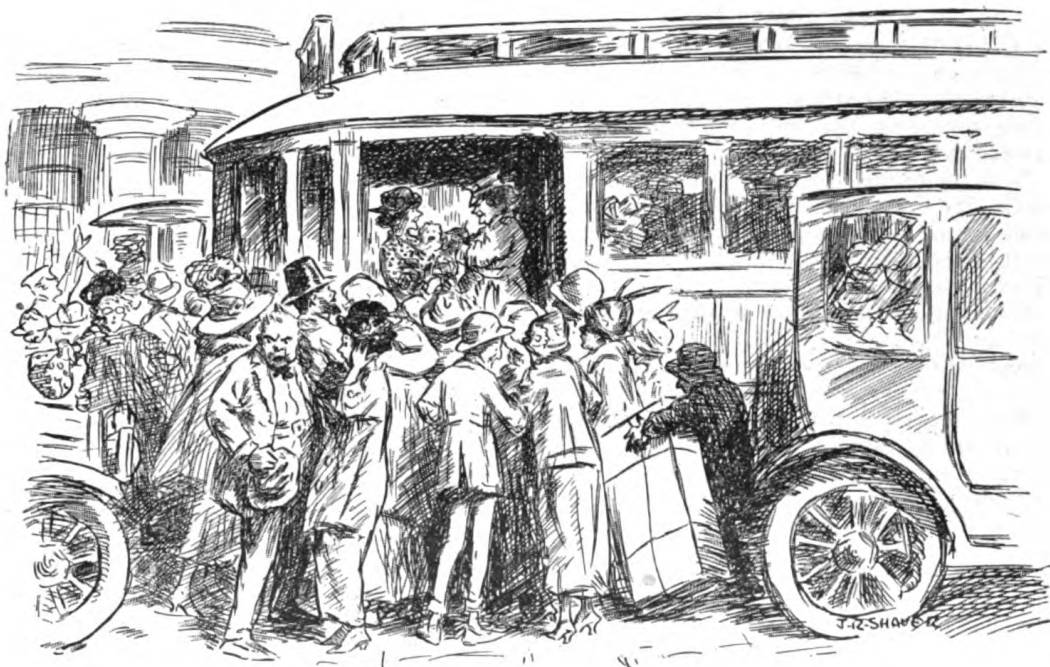
BETTIE was visiting her country cousins, who were doing all in their power to make her stay pleasant. They had given a big party, to which they invited all the available boys in the neighborhood. One of them called a few days later.

"Mr. Bradley, I believe?" Bettie said as she extended her hand.

"No, ma'am," replied the youth modestly. "Mr. Bradley's son."



MR. MONK: "Hey, there, will you let me have a look through your periscope?"



While the Public Waits

THE WOMAN CONDUCTOR: "Oh! the poor little lamb! Have you tried rubbing his gums with a wedding ring?"

A Question of Rank

A RECRUIT sat puffing away on a cigarette as a general passed by. Turning back, the general inquired in perfect friendliness of the recruit, "My boy, do you know that you are supposed to stand at attention and salute officers who pass you?"

"Yes, I know," the boy replied, "but I haven't seen any yet."

"Well," remarked the general, "I am nothing but a mere general, my boy, but one of these days a second lieutenant is going to come along and reprimand you severely for your lack of observation."

Too Much of a Specialist

HE was the four-year-old offspring of the beloved minister of a well-known and popular church, a minister renowned for his eloquent appeal to the practical as well as the spiritual side of life.

One day the young son and heir was having trouble with his go-cart when a neighbor passing by was appealed to for help. The neighbor felt incompetent to advise and asked:

"Why don't you go to your father and find out what's the matter? He'll know."

"No use," said the little chap in disgust. "He won't know. He don't know anything except about God!"

On the Safe Side

ALTHOUGH Tim and Pat were known to be great friends, it was remarked that one morning they passed each other on the street without speaking.

"Why, Tim," queried a friend in astonishment, "have you and Pat quarreled?"

"Faith, we have not," replied Tim, earnestly.

"There seemed to be a coolness between you when you passed this morning."

"Well," explained Tim, "that's the way we're goin' to hold our friendship."

"I don't understand."

"Ye don't? Well, thin, it's this way. Pat an' me are that devoted to wan another that we can't bear the thought av a quarrel, an' as we're both moighty hot-tempered, we've resolved not to speak to wan another at all, for fear of breaking our friendship."

Wouldn't Sail Under False Colors

THE train was pulling into the station, and, as the passengers crowded to get off, the hotel man walked up and down calling: "King George, sir? King George?" Coming up to an old gentleman from the country he said, while stooping for the man's bag, "King George, sir?"

"No, sir," replied the old man, "your mistaken. I'm just plain Abraham McCarthy."

"A Little Learning—"

A CHICAGO man was walking through a foreign quarter of his city when, with an amused smile, he stopped in front of a small eating-place, on the window of which was painted in white, "Lam Stew."

Now the proprietor happened to be standing in the doorway, and when he saw the smile of the gentleman who had stopped in front of his place, he asked to be favored with an explanation of the joke.

Whereupon the other explained about the missing "b" in "lamb," and the proprietor accepted the correction in good part, at the same time expressing his thanks.

When next the Chicago man passed that restaurant he found that the menu had been changed but that the lesson in orthography had not been forgotten. The proprietor was now offering "Clamb Chowder."

Mistress of the Situation

FATHER had been left in charge of the children, and very soon found it necessary to inform little Eleanor that she could not have any more cake. Whereupon Eleanor began to weep and continued to do so for some time despite her father's admonitions.

"Do you know," he demanded, very seriously, "what I shall do if you go on making that dreadful noise?"

"Yes," sobbed Eleanor.

"Well, what is it?"

"You'll give me some more cake."

Needed Repairs

THE old practice of badgering witnesses is still kept up in some western courts, sometimes, however, to the detriment of the cross-examiner.

Lawyer Smith, partially bald, and a very infrequent patron of the local barber-shop, was grilling a witness on the stand.

"Now, Mr. Barker, you pass for an intelligent farmer, and yet you can't tell how old this barn is; and you have lived on the next farm for ten years. Come now, tell us how old your own house is, if you think you know."

Whereupon the old farmer somewhat testily replied: Well, it's just about as old as you are, and needs shingling about as bad!"

Just Deserts

ELLEN was writing a letter, at her father's dictation, to her brother at the front. "Has ye onything more to say?" she asked.

"Ay! Tell Donal' if he comes ower yon German waiter that charged us a bad saxpence for change in Lon'on awhile syne, when we had the wee bit dinner, tell him tae—tae—take steady aim!"

Refined Cruelty

"WHAT is the matter, Alfred?" said his mother. "You don't generally keep on crying after your father has punished you."

"I know it, boo-hoo! But he says I've got to sit down and think it over. Before, I've always stood up and forgotten it."



Giving Fuel the Right-of-Way



"GREEN WALLS THAT MAKE A LIVING-ROOM
WHERE LEISURE LIVES WITH SUNSHINE BLOOM."

Painted for Harper's Magazine by Elizabeth Shippen Green

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THE BLUE WATERS OF THE SOUND INDENT THE COAST DEEPLY

Long Island Loiterings

BY HARRISON RHODES

THE commonest mistake about Long Island is to suppose that it is a mere annex to Manhattan. It does indeed lie at the very gates of New York; more than that, two boroughs of the metropolis are actually upon its soil, and such manifestations as Coney Island and Sheepshead Bay are indeed the very essence of New York. Even Long Beach, where you are almost on shipboard and have a climate wholly unlike the city's, still has the air of being conducted from Forty-second Street. Money magic has raised

it from the sands and waves. Its delightful golf-links are an example. They were laid out by our leading gentleman expert on the salt marshes threaded with winding channels which lie north of the board-walk, and when there was water where the course needed land, they simply filled it in with land at some incredible expense and said no more about it. Long Beach is, after all, just a New York playground.

Much, however, lies between Manhattan and its playgrounds—a great unknown city. To be citified and to be New-Yorkish are not at all the same thing. Brooklyn is not just the district

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that delays you on your motor way to Coney Island; it is the Long Island metropolis, a town of some individuality and pride. It possesses in the Heights, an elevated plateau facing nobly upon the great harbor, what should be, if logic ever swayed any one in his choice of an address, the most desirable of metropolitan residential districts. The view from the back windows of a house on Columbia Heights down the bay and across at the fantastic towering cliffs of lower Manhattan is really one of the most amazing and beautiful in the world. And the quiet, almost prim elegance of the fashionable Brooklyn streets which lie back from the water view gives you the impression of a reticent, unostentatious exclusiveness—after all, how far a cry is it really to the Faubourg St.-Germain? Brooklyn, which is as little New York as New York is Brooklyn, awaits its chronicler and historian. Here there is only opportunity to hint to the curious that the Brooklyn of newspaper jokes, of domesticated rubber-trees and rapturous husbands pushing perambulators, is not all of Brooklyn.

It would be agreeable to delay, and to philosophize at leisure upon the singular topic of comic suburbs. Each vaudeville performer has a list for the whole country, of interchangeable names of towns and outlying regions which sound funny to city audiences. The joke remains the same; it need not even be a very good one. If in Albany, you say you have a cousin in Schenectady, the audience is convulsed with honest mirth. In Cleveland you say he lives in Berea; and in New York, in Brooklyn. In Brooklyn you probably say the cousin inhabits Jersey City, with equally felicitous results. In any case, reasoning about it, it would seem that the unknown sounds comic. Yet the unknown can so easily sound romantic.

It was possible some years ago to purchase for fifty *centimes* in a small shop on the quay at Concarneau, a lovely, queer, walled fishing-town on the Brittany coast, copies of a French novel entitled *Miss Don Juan*, which was a delicious "study of American manners," written with great verve and almost complete misinformation. Oddly enough, the mention of Jersey City



"HOME SWEET HOME"—BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE AT EAST HAMPTON

brings this masterpiece into the mind. For one of the heroine's earliest adventures—or misadventures—took place at a French restaurant in Jersey City, which was so famous for its perfect cuisine and its rare vintage wines that it was *par excellence* the favorite resort of all New York's gay rich abandoned *jeunesse dorée*. Investigation definitely proves that this class in the metropolis still clings to the Fifth Avenue eating-places, and yet the lovely vision—such is the power of art—will not quite fade. To the admirer of *Miss Don Juan* Jersey City can never seem wholly comic; he must turn each of its corners expecting the unexpected.

The instance cited is perhaps grotesque, yet the truth remains that for the genuine sightseer any nook or corner of the world which he has never seen is full to overflowing with possibilities. It is in this mood that we should visit Brooklyn, and indeed in these days in some such temper everything American, with minds not dulled by familiarity with the native scene, but ready for any hints of beauty and romance which it may give. To the loiterer so equipped in spirit our own United States can be a perpetual adventure, not competing with Europe, but now, when Europe no longer exists, adding to the racy native flavor constant hints of those older lands across the troubled sea.

Long Island, on which we set our roving foot, has a long, long history. Its towns and villages are many of them called by the names of the Indian tribes



LONG ISLAND BEARS THE TWENTIETH CENTURY WITH TOLERANT AMIABILITY

which originally inhabited the region. (In Brooklyn there was, and very likely still is, an annual smart dance called cryptically the "Ihpetonga," which, so historians assert, is the Indian name for the Heights, and means "high sandy bank.") These villages are now well on toward three hundred years old, and though they are brisk and trim and, some of them, in the very front ranks of fashion, they keep an air of age and breeding. The lovely old houses under the elms of the Hamptons seem quite unimpressed by the arrival of chipper new city folk. On the whole, Long Island bears the twentieth century with tolerant amiability, yet the more you venture into its by-paths and its less fashionable villages the more you get



THE SLEEPY CHARM OF SAG HARBOR

the sense that this is old, old country, that it remembers so much that it can afford to be a little negligent of the present, and that, as far as New York is concerned, it has not altogether forgotten the time when the whole eastern end chose to belong to Connecticut.

It is particularly recommended to the adventurer upon Long Island that he should visit the Long Island towns, the Long Island farms, and the Long Island people, and that he should rid himself of the idea that this country is dependent wholly on New York. The local bank in a Long Island village of six thousand announces itself as the ninth strongest bank in the United States and the second strongest state bank in New York state. Its stock sells at \$1,025 on a \$100 par value. Some of this prosperity comes from rich New-Yorkers, but much from

fat fields and rich dairies and market gardens. The Long Island towns are often pleasanter than the ambitious New York towns. And for the lover of the picturesque they outmatch the villa districts. However, old houses and, more amazing, seventeenth-century windmills are to be found in the gayest new watering-places.

If it is surprising how New York pushes out, it is equally surprising how the old Long Island towns resist. Even Flushing—which is really Vlissingen, after the port in Holland—has kept an independence; it seems just a little astonished that New York should venture to send its trolley-cars so far afield. There are old houses placed as beautifully by Flushing Creek as if they were along the Brenta. And the leafiness of the town seems a legacy from its early

day when it was famous for its nurseries of trees and flowering shrubs. Indeed, it is only at Coney Island and Long Beach that you get away from the Long Island past.

The colonial Long Island families did not, broadly speaking, attain national reputation. And no great glamour of romance clings about them. Even the artistic and literary associations of the island are nothing tremendous. William Cullen Bryant lived long years at Roslyn, and you can still see his comfortable house and garden on the valley's slope. Walt Whitman, who in time came to be another but quite different good gray poet, occasionally in some emotional or financial crisis of his Brooklyn life used to disappear for eastward tramps over the island. It is pleasant somehow to think of him afoot among the great potato-fields of the northeastern shore, in friendly converse with the farm-hands and the farmers. Perhaps he may have gone through East Hampton and leaned over the picket fence to contemplate the picturesque shingled house where John Howard Payne passed his boyhood, the original "Home, Sweet Home." These are the scanty literary traditions of Long Island.

Traditions in plenty of course there are, but they are mainly interesting to the inhabitants of the island and themselves. Long-Islanders do not emigrate (though they say there are unacknowledged Brooklynites in the best New York society) and the good old names still flourish unostentatiously along both shores. An inhabitant of Huntington alleges that there are more

Daughters of the Revolution in his village, *per capita*, than in any other in the country. But Huntington does not talk about it.

There are other inhabitants, not quite colonial, perhaps, who have yet been there a long time. Gentlemen from New York had country places on Long Island long before the modern palaces and pergolas and polo were thought of. Everywhere you see their spacious, comfortable, ugly houses, often relieved by a pleasant cupola, surrounded by close-clipped lawns and that random, informal nineteenth-century gardening of sporadic round beds of geranium or coleus. In these mid-Victorian shelters often live quite incredibly rich people who quite incredibly keep wholly out of the newspapers. Their money is apt to be in good New York city real estate, and they live simply but in extreme comfort. They develop eccentricities, too, as rich



OYSTER DREDGING—GREAT SOUTH BAY

people very likely should do. The ladies wear bonnets, if bonnets please them. And the gentlemen curse out the times we live in, if their fancy turns that way. They dwell in a social region, as yet uncharted by our novelists, which piques your curiosity as you skim by their velvet lawns in some fleet-flowing motor.

Long Island is wholly the sea's, and the land comes to meet the water in almost all the different ways which are possible. There is, it is true, no stone or rock anywhere on the island (although there is Rockville Center); yet along the north shore the bluffs of sand and yellow earth rise to imposing if not sublime heights. The blue waters of the Sound indent this coast deeply, and the woods, as woods by the sea, alas! so rarely do, bring their deep green down to the very water's edge. An

Italian painter, long a resident in America, is responsible for the statement that he has seen nothing so like Lago Maggiore as Cold Spring Harbor, and experts talk of the view from a famous open-air amphitheater on a hilltop of the north shore as if it were from the Greek theater at Taormina. Off toward the broader Sound little lighthouses on tiny islands guard the entrances to these bays, and, beyond, the water is gay with the white sails of yachts and all the busy traffic of this great, sheltered, salt highway of commerce. The land is lofty enough so that you can build your house with a view down upon your harbor. As the day ends the bay between its green walls grows cool and shadowy, and at night blossoms with lights on yachts at anchor and on boat-landings and in the houses of the water-

side colony. Picturesqueness comes as a free gift to fishing-folk and oystermen when they build, and, happily for people of the great city, wherever by the water-side you choose to live, you will catch glimpses somewhere along your shore of the pleasant, ramshackle constructions of these people.

This is perhaps the place for a personal recantation. Some years ago, when the author was familiar with only the parts of the island almost contiguous to New York, and the ill-chosen country districts inhabited by the idle rich, he wrote in this very magazine that Long Island was "a stretch of country of extreme dullness, becoming, near New York, poignantly desolate." For this he was once severely taken to task by the island's most famous, active, and agree-

able inhabitant, who threatened to walk him from Oyster Bay to Montauk Point until he admitted his error, and to do it in one day if need be. Remembrance of a famous sand-cliff on the north shore, down which, so local legend asserted, the children of this stirring gentleman had been forced to rush in even extreme infancy, made this no threat to be disregarded. The pleasure of praising Long Island is thus doubled, and, indeed, with greater knowledge came

inevitably fuller appreciation of its beauties. Much indeed that is charming in its landscape can never be properly celebrated here.

The south shore is the Atlantic's. For the greater part of its length there are great, shallow bays with a protecting sand-spit, beyond which the surf roars eternally. The whole island slopes from



THE MILLER'S SIESTA



OLD SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY WINDMILLS ARE FOUND NEAR THE GAYEST WATERING-PLACES

the northern bluffs to this south shore, and the land and water meet in long, grassy, sedgy marshes with winding salt channels. It all smells of the Atlantic, and even while on land you have the sense of being at sea. Occasionally there are queer barrack-like hotels, often disused and falling to ruin, which stand desolately out on the marsh's edge. Beyond, on the sand-spit, can be seen, as if afloat on the waters, lines of small cottages and even hotels, the sea-borne colonies of people who wish no dealings whatever with the land.

Golf originated in sand-dunes by the Scottish sea, and in Long Island it again finds its natural habitat. And one link at least is so characteristically American as to call for special notice—the National, where they have reproduced all the most famous holes of the best golf-courses of the world. Isn't this just the kind of extravagant and intelligent American luxury about which they write magazine articles abroad?

In a country so thoroughly moist, gardens flourish. Almost on the sand-dunes themselves flowers will grow,

if they have some little shelter from the wind. In East Hampton you may see famous walled gardens where roses riot in the very sound of the surf. All over the island the life-giving sea wind wanders. Box, for example, grows luxuriantly, has so grown for centuries. Humble little old farm-houses, covered with the delightful big Long Island shingles, have often in their dooryards superb ragged clumps of box which can never be equaled in the sunken gardens of the new palaces. The island is near enough New York to be a favorite site of florists' market gardens. Here and there you see blazing fields where seedsmen have set flowers in a profusion upon which no private gardener, however rich, would venture.

Long Island horticulture might delay one interminably. But there is one lovely rose-garden at Roslyn, lying on a long shoulder of the little hill that rises from Hempstead Harbor, which should be mentioned because it is usually accessible once a year by payment of a small admission fee for a war charity. It belongs to a retired United States naval officer; when you have so often bought in the New York shops bunches of the coppery-yellow roses which a great French grower named for the admiral's wife, it is a pleasure to see the lady in person and her good-natured husband giving hints on rose culture to dozens of excited amateur gardeners with notebooks in hand. The roses, the admiral will perhaps not resent one's saying, are the best in America. The pleasant, old-fashioned house sits so comfortably near the roses, and the sun sets so beautifully somewhere out beyond the harbor's mouth that, no one can quite resist the view that a retirement to good roses is the only agreeable withdrawal from the world, and that old age cannot be better spent than over questions of slipping and grafting and in debates about mulches and insecticides. But we have wandered back across the island from the south shore.

Farther east, by the lovely Shinnecock Hills, which are only great sand-dunes, the bays along the south shore disappear and the Atlantic thunders close at hand. From the east Great Peconic Bay cuts in and the waters almost meet. Here where

the Indians had a carry for their canoes there is now a canal. And from now on the sense increases of how the long sand-spit which Long Island thrusts itself toward the Atlantic's heart. On through the Hamptons and beyond Amagansett we are in a region of perpetual soft sea coolness, of sea fogs and sea salt upon the lips when the breeze blows strongly. Beyond Montauk, remote, legendary Montauk, the land finally disappears in a kind of ecstasy of white sand-dunes, a glittering white loveliness which should belong only to fishermen and sea-fowl.

Montauk is indeed Ultima Thule. It is of a different geological and glacial history from the rest of the island. It was once heavily wooded, so they tell you, but was swept by two hurricanes in the early eighteenth century and became in time a grass-covered moorland, a grazing country supplied with ponds of clear fresh water. Here, for the uses of herdsmen and others from the towns farther west, were established what were called the First, Second, and Third Houses—the Second and Third still stand, and the Third, used as an inn, was long famous to a small band of well-known people who loved solitude and wild goose with apple-sauce, and guarded the secret of Third House from a prying outside world.

Even now Montauk is not in common parlance what is called accessible. Usually only one train a day or a week goes there; there is a motor road, but of the kind you prefer to traverse in somebody else's car. People who stay at Montauk are inordinately proud of doing so, and willingly throw some slight veil of mystery about the region. Let us make no attempt to run either mystery or romance into the sea, if we find it making home on this remote point. Let us record, instead, that in the seventies of the last century there was a king there, King David Pharaoh of the tribe of Montauk Indians, who reigned over just two families! And let us set down, too, in Montauk's praise, that the best lobsters in the world come from there and are to be eaten a little further west by the side of the best golf-course in Long Island—some say the world.

Montauk is the name which conjures up an uneasy old New York dream—



Drawn by W. J. Aylward

THE OLD BARNS AND HOUSES HAVE BEEN TINTED BY TIME AND THE MISTS

VOL. CXXXVII.—No. 819.—40



THE YACHT BASIN AT GREENPORT

that the fast Atlantic liners should put into port there and shorten the path to Europe—that path that was once so pleasant—by ten hours or so. Why it is not accomplished no one but practical people can tell. It is an old, old idea, which, once you look fixedly at the map of Long Island for a certain time, always haunts you. They had it or something like it as soon as the Revolution was accomplished, when the pleasant little village of Sag Harbor, near by on Shelter Island Sound, was made a port of entry and given a Federal custom-house. Not much foreign trade, we may believe, ever came to Sag Harbor's sleepy wharves; the position of Collector of the Port would have been ideal for another Hawthorne. But it lingered on, in the pleasant, inefficient, traditional way which we assume to be characteristic only of older, more old-fashioned countries than ours, till 1913, when the office was abolished and the custom-house closed.

It is really astonishing in how many

ways this part of Long Island feels its proximity to Europe. When in the very beginning of the Great War imaginative writers tried to flog the country to some sense of its dangers, it was almost always in this region that the Germans of their prophetic warning fiction landed. It was the streets of the Hamptons that ran red with patriot blood, as indeed they might. It is with no wish to take the matter lightly that it is set down that nowhere else in the country, that summer of 1914, were there so many rumors of tennis-courts which were only concrete bases for the prospective Teuton guns. This it is to be on an island thrust into the track of European storms.

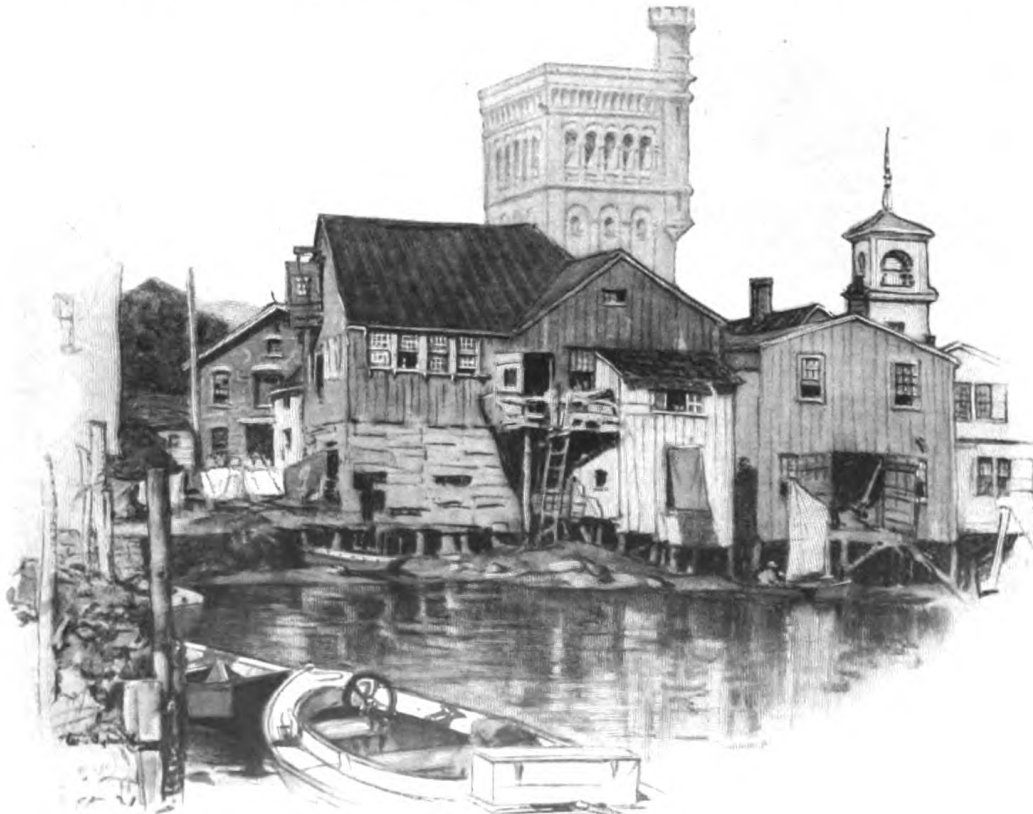
It is all historic ground, this east end of the island, full of odd legends and memories. Captain Kidd, of course, buried his treasure here, but, most astounding to relate, it was really dug up on Gardiner's Island after the pirate's execution in 1699, by a commission duly

appointed by Governor Bellamore which gave a receipt in legal form to the John Gardiner who then owned the land—an event so startlingly prosaic as to seem almost more romantic than all the usual yarns of private treasure-seekers. Old historic ground in America may, however, always surprise you by suddenly reverting to our primeval wilderness. So, it seemed, had Shelter Island done two or three years ago when there was a great turmoil in the newspapers over the fact that deer on the island, protected by the game laws, had so increased that they were devastating orchard, meadow, and garden, and must be either exterminated or forced to emigrate!

No one who has not taken the North Country Road has any idea of how beautiful potato-lands can be. The long undulations of strong-growing blue-green plants sometimes stretch for miles before your eyes. The horizon is wider than you expect in eastern America, and, in these days, there is something poig-

nantly lovely in the rich willing fields which promise to feed so many thousands. Long Island is, from its location, much inhabited by gardeners. There is an open-air market under the Queensboro Bridge, Long Island's chief approach to Manhattan, and you may have a moment there upon Long Island without crossing the East River. And on the island itself the trim, useful activities of market gardeners make cheerful much of the central flat plain which must otherwise be condemned as dull. But the climax of the island's food activities must forever be the classic Long Island duck and duckling. It is quite worth any one's while to go all the way to Speonk, for example, to see ten thousand white birds flowering like lilies along the little river's side. The morning paper recently told how Long-Islanders fought a forest fire and gallantly rescued a hundred thousand innocent ducklings!

Both the market vegetable and the duck are not only raised upon the island—they are most advantageously eaten



A REGION OF PERPETUAL SOFT SEA COOLNESS

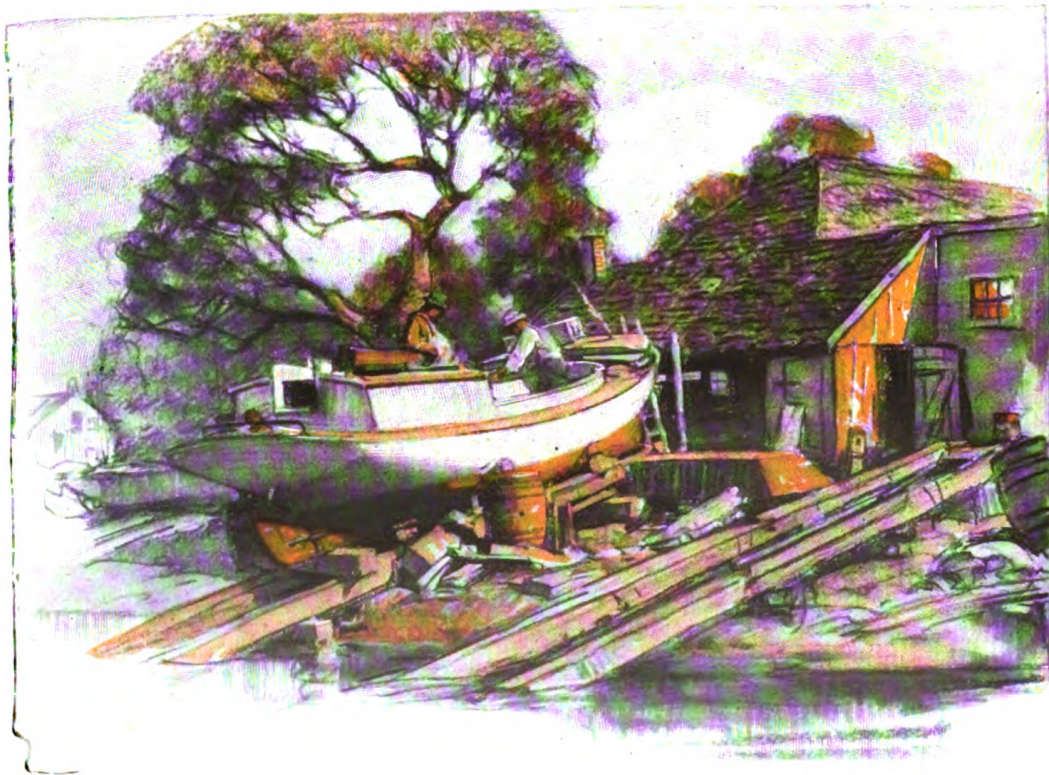
there upon their native ground. The original roadhouses have all been refurnished and a hundred new ones built wherever the ground could be made to sustain a dancing-floor. They smack more of New York than of Long Island, do these countless restaurants. Yet occasionally they have other qualities, and often you may of the Long Island afternoon's motor run make a little trip into France or Italy.

Every writer with a taste for food and local color must have envied the early good chance which befell F. Hopkinson Smith some twenty or twenty-five years ago, when he, in that ever-delightful paper, *A Day at Laguerre's*, made a little restaurant by a little river famous. He knew his France and he knew his New York, and his own affectionate, ebullient temperament made the two come close together, and the unknown little Bronx flowing peacefully down its green valley seem to his readers for a decade or so afterward like some small French river in that delectable land. No one can again write of a day at Laguerre's, but,

after all, Laguerre's was not on Long Island. In humble and affectionate memory of a writer now gone something here may be said of Philippe and the Restaurant Beausite.

His name is not Philippe, nor does he direct Beausite. You knew him in New York as the suave and sleek head waiter at various of the great haunts of fashion and pleasure. His manner was perfection, his taste in food and wine infallible, and his tolerance, his understanding of virtue and frailty, all that New York humanity has a right to hope for. He was at once a great diplomat and a great general, possibly the servant of the public, but more truly its master. Behind the distinction of his smiling and obsequious bow you felt he was very much the captain of his soul.

That any pretensions of intimacy with such a man can here be made is owing to the fact that long years ago, on an idle journey down the Adriatic shore of Italy, Philippe's present chronicler went to a pleasant little city which is famous in an obscure way for having the four best



BOAT BUILDING AT PATCHOGUE



HUNTINGTON'S CAUSEWAY SEES MANY A PINK COAT ON AN AUTUMN MORNING

pieces of majolica in the world in its half-forgotten municipal museum. It has also, to be secured by lunching at the agreeable local hotel, installed in a beautiful palace which was once a cardinal's, a certain dish of chicken livers with Marsala wine, baked and served in a silver pannikin, for which Pesaro might equally be famous. The majolica, let it be confessed, did not, to employ the guide-book's classic phrase, "detain the visitor long," but the cuisine in the Palazzo Zongo did, and a notable friendship, based on culinary sympathy, was struck up with the old gentleman who kept the inn. Years afterward in New York it was discovered that this had been the father of Philippe, or Filippo as he should rightly be called.

In New York the son might have been seen through the years mounting the ladder of restaurant fame. In private life he prospered and married one of the very prettiest Frenchwomen in the world, who presented him in due time with a bouncing boy. This child was at

once named for Italy's great poet. The objection was raised by a patron that the child was American-born and that "Dante" was scarcely an American name, and Filippo made a magnificent retort.

"Dante," he replied, politely, bowing from the waist—"Dante is an international name!"

With the coming of Dante and later of Anita—after Garibaldi's Anita—their father was never the same in the town's whirlpool. He looked almost askance at the gaieties of supper-parties and began to talk of the country and its advantages for children. He wandered among his tables with a dreaming, poetic air, and one spring he took the lease of Beausite and was forever lost to Fifth Avenue and Broadway.

"It is like a little inn in Normandy," he announced. This, of course, was perfectly untrue. The "fine site" is on the dull, central plain, as unlike the diversified Norman country as possible, and the "inn" is a plain, square, respectable

American house of the 1870 period, with a cupola as its only architectural adornment. But in the kitchen ranges the fire burns as a flame upon some classic French altar of the culinary art. With vegetables and savory herbs from his own garden, and chickens and ducks fattened under his own eye, Philippe—for trade purposes the French name is thought more advantageous—offers his patrons a more exquisite cuisine than he ever could in town, at possibly even more extravagant prices. He puts away, in four-per-cent. bonds, some ten thousand a year or more. So the financial sacrifice in giving up the head waiter's post and coming to the country has not been too great. In any case the New York lover of good cheer rarely complains of the price of perfect food.

As to Filippo himself, it would do the old father in the cardinal's palace by the Adriatic good to see him. He is a living argument for the country against the town. The black hair that was so sleekly brushed in town now tosses lightly in the vagrant rural winds, and the face that was gray like a pearl under the supper lights is now tanned a beautiful clear brown, with a red deep down beneath the surface, as is the way with Italian ruddiness. If you can arrive a little early for dinner you may induce Filippo to drink a Ferro-China or a Dubonnet with you in the garden. You will hear Dante and Anita at play—they have excellent lungs—and perhaps their little cousin whose father is a captain at the Ritz. It is pleasantly domestic as the sun sets. Soon the motors will begin to arrive from town and your companion will be just the restaurateur and you just the patron. But now it is very comfortable and not a little flattering to be behind the scenes and just a family friend at the Beausite. Dante is chasing Anita around the raspberry-bushes and the little cousin is chasing Dante. The western sky grows red and gilds the 1870 cupola. At the door, calling the children, appears Madame, and you note again and call Filippo's attention to the fact that she is still one of the very prettiest Frenchwomen in the world. And really you would scarcely remember that you are at a roadhouse on Long Island.

France is indeed nearer than one

thinks. As these lines are printed Philippe is probably with the army, in the commissary department.

"I thought of it myself," he says. "I am not young enough to fight, but I know a great deal about feeding people well. My customers may not believe," he adds, smiling, "that I can do it cheaply, but you will see. My wife will run the Beausite for a while—anyway I leave my affairs in good shape if I do not come back. It is very simple, Monsieur. I owe everything to America and I am very excited to do this."

Dante rushes up, and you notice that he is in a khaki suit. He does not understand much about the commissary, for he says he, too, wants to go to France and "carry the bullets for papa." American citizens, both of them!

There are many ways in which the wanderer might think that he was in France instead of on Long Island. The charming Motor Parkway which winds its way half the length of the island, dexterously avoiding towns and giving occasionally a pretty illusion of the untracked wilderness, leads you by the aviation-fields and to the camps. Indeed, all the Long Island roads are now filled with hurrying soldiers and people hurrying to see soldiers. At Mineola the air is gay with fliers, and at Hempstead in leisure hours the streets are filled with boys looking for pie such as mother used to make. By the north shore intrepid lads are experimenting with hydro-aeroplanes. And sometimes the fleet puts in at Port Jefferson and blue and white mix with the khaki that has become almost the color of the island. Beyond Lake Ronkonkoma, in a sandy, desolate region of scrub pine, is the great camp at Yaphank, looking oddly like some great frontier post in the wilderness. It has transformed the whole eastern end of the island. Officers' families have made a winter season in the near-by Long Island towns. Long Island, thrust into the Atlantic toward Europe, bears gallantly our training army, and, when the boys have gone, will strain its ears and almost expect to hear above the surf their distant cries of victory. So many long, long years has Long Island been American; it means to stay so always.

The Open Window

BY CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE



It happened just as I have said," Fernet reiterated, tossing the wine-dregs from his glass.

The company at the table looked instinctively toward the kitchen. Berthe was bringing a fresh pot of coffee. They all followed Fernet's example, lifting their empty glasses for her to serve them in their turn.

The regular boarders of the Hôtel de France, after the fashion of folks who find their meal a duty to be promptly despatched, had departed, but the transients still lingered over their *café noir* and cognac in the hope that something exciting might materialize.

As the sound of Fernet's voice died away, a man who had been sitting in an extreme corner of the room scraped back his chair and rose. Fernet looked up. The man was a hunchback, and, instead of paying for his meal and leaving, he crossed over and said to Fernet, in the most perfect French imaginable:

"I see, my young fellow, that you are discussing something of interest with your friends here. Would it be impertinent for me to inquire into the subject?"

Fernet drew out a chair for the newcomer, who seated himself.

"By no means. We were discussing a murder and suicide. The murdered man was an Italian fisherman who lodged at the Hôtel des Alpes Maritimes, the suicide was a musician named Suvaroff."

"Ah," said the hunchback, cracking his fingers. "Why a murder and suicide? Why not two murders?"

"Because," returned Fernet, pompously, "it was abundantly proved to the contrary. This man Suvaroff suffered from neuralgia; the Italian fisherman

was given to playing the accordion at all hours of the night. Suvaroff was, in addition, a musician—a high-strung person. The Italian's playing was abominable—even his landlady says as much. In short, Suvaroff deliberately killed this simple-minded peasant because of his music. Then, in a fit of remorse, he killed himself. I leave it to any one here to dispute the fact. Besides, I was on the coroner's jury. I should know what I am talking about."

"Oh, without doubt," agreed the hunchback, smiling amiably. "But, as I remember, the knives in both cases were plunged hilt-deep into the backs of the victims. One does not usually commit suicide in this fashion."

Fernet coldly eyed the curiously handsome face of his antagonist. "It seems you know more about this thing than a coroner's jury," he sneered.

"It seems I do—granting that such an important item was left out of the evidence."

"Then, my good sir, will you be good enough to tell me who *did* kill Suvaroff, since you do not admit that he died by his own hand?"

The hunchback cracked his fingers again. "That is simple enough. Suvaroff was killed by the same person who stabbed the Italian."

"And who might that be, pray?"

The hunchback rose with a malignant smile. "Ah, if I told you that you would know as much as I do, my friend."

And with that he walked calmly over to the proprietor, put down thirty-five cents for his meal upon the counter, and without another word left the room.

A silence fell upon the group. Everybody stared straight ahead, avoiding the eye of his neighbor. It was as if something too terrifying to be remarked had passed them.

Finally, a thick-set man at Fernet's right, with a purple wart on his cheek, said, uneasily, "Come, I must be going."

The others rose; only Fernet remained seated.

"What," said another, "haven't you finished?"

"Yes," returned Fernet, gloomily, "but I am in no hurry."

He sat there for an hour, alone, holding his head between his hands. Berthe cleared off the soiled plates, wiped the oilcloth-covered tables, began noisily to lay the pewter knives and forks for the morning meal. At this Fernet stirred himself and, looking up at her, said:

"Tell me who was the hunchback who came and sat with us? Does he live here—in San Francisco?"

"His name is Flavio Minetti," she replied, setting the lid back upon an uncovered sugar-bowl. "Beyond that I know nothing. But they tell me that he is quite mad."

"Ah, that accounts for many things," said Fernet, smiling with recovered assurance. "I must say he is strangely fascinating."

Berthe looked at him sharply and shrugged. "For my part, he makes me shiver every time I see him come in the door. When I serve him my hand shakes. And he continually cracks his fingers and says to me: 'Come, Berthe, what can I do to make you smile? Would you laugh if I were to dance for you? I would give half my life only to see you laughing. Why are you so sad?' . . . No, I wish he would never come again."

"Nevertheless, I should like to see him once more."

"He comes always on Thursdays for chicken."

"Thanks," said Fernet, as he put on his hat.

Fernet walked directly to his lodgings that night. He had a room in an old-fashioned house on the east side of Telegraph Hill. The room was shabby enough, but it caught glimpses of the bay and there was a gnarled pepper-tree that came almost to its windows and gave Fernet a sense of eternal, though grotesque, spring. Even his landlord

was unusual—a professional beggar who sat upon the curb, with a ridiculous French poodle for company, and sold red and green pencils.

This landlord was sitting out by the front gate as Fernet entered.

"Ah, Pollitto," said Fernet, halting before the old man and snapping his fingers at the poodle who lay crouched before his master, "I see you are enjoying this fine warm night."

"You are wrong," replied the beggar. "I am merely sitting here hoping that some one will come along and rent my front room."

"Then it is vacant?"

"Naturally," replied the old man, with disagreeable brevity, and Fernet walked quickly up to his room.

"Why do I live in such a place?" he asked himself, surveying the four bare walls. "Everything about it is abominable, and that beggar, Pollitto, is a scoundrel. I shall move next week."

He crossed over to the window and flung it open. The pepper-tree lay before him, crouching in the moonlight. He thought at once of Flavio Minetti.

"He is like this pepper-tree," he said, aloud, "beautiful even in his deformity. No, I would not trade this pepper-tree for a dozen of the straightest trees in the world." He stepped back from the window, and, lighting a lamp, set it upon a tottering walnut table. "Ah, André Fernet," he mused, chidingly, "you are always snared by what is unusual. You should pray to God that such folly does not lead you to disaster."

He went to the window and looked out again. The pepper-tree seemed to be bending close to the ground, as if seeking to hide something. Presently the wind parted its branches and the moonlight fell at its feet like a silver moth before a blackened candle.

André Fernet shivered and sighed. "Yes," he repeated, again and again, "they are alike. They both are at once beautiful and hideous and they have strange secrets. . . . Well, I shall go on Thursday again, and maybe I shall see him. Who knows, if I am discreet he may tell me who killed this ridiculous musician Suvaroff."

And with that he suddenly blew out the light.

On the next Thursday night, when Fernet entered the dining-room of the Hôtel de France his glance rested immediately upon Flavio Minetti. To his surprise the hunchback rose, drawing a chair out as he did so, and beckoning Fernet to be seated next him. For a moment Fernet hesitated. Berthe was just bringing on the soup.

"What! Are you afraid?" she said, mockingly, as she passed.

This decided Fernet. He went and sat beside Minetti without further ado.

"Ah, I was expecting you!" cried the hunchback, genially, as he passed the radishes.

"Expecting *me*?" returned Fernet. His voice trembled, though he tried to speak boldly.

"Yes. Women are not the only inquisitive animals in the world. What will you have—some wine?"

Fernet allowed Minetti to fill his glass.

Other boarders began to drift in. Minetti turned his back upon Fernet, speaking to a new-comer at his left. He did not say another word all evening.

Fernet ate and drank in silence. "What did I come for and why am I staying?" he kept asking himself. "This man is mocking me. First of all, he greets me as if I were his boon companion, and next he insults me openly and before everybody in the room. Even Berthe has noticed it and is smiling. As a matter of fact, he knows no more than I do about Suvaroff's death."

But he continued to sit beside the hunchback all through the meal, and as fruit was put on the table he touched Minetti on the arm and said, "Will you join me in a *café royal*?"

"Not here . . . a little later. I can show you a place where they really know how to make them. And, besides, there are tables for just two. It is much more private."

Fernet's heart bounded and sank almost in one leap. "Let us go now, then," he said, eagerly.

"As you wish," replied Minetti.

Fernet paid for two dinners, and they reached for their hats.

"Where are you going?" asked Berthe, as she opened the door.

Fernet shrugged. "I am in his

hands," he answered, sweeping his arm toward Minetti.

"You mean you will be," muttered the hunchback, in an undertone.

Fernet heard him distinctly.

"Perhaps I had better leave him while there is yet time!" flashed through his mind. But the next instant he thought, contemptuously: "What harm can he do me? Why, his wrist is no bigger than a pullet's wing. Bah! You are a fool, André Fernet!"

They stepped out into the street. A languorous note was in the air; the usual cool wind from the sea had not risen. A waning moon silvered the rooftops, making a pretense of hiding its face in the thin line of smoke above Telegraph Hill.

The hunchback led the way, trotting along in a fashion almost Oriental. At the end of the second block he turned abruptly into a wine-shop; Fernet followed. They found seats in a far corner, away from the billiard-tables. A waiter came forward. They gave their orders.

"Be sure," said Minetti to the waiter, "that we have plenty of anisette and cognac in the coffee."

The man flicked a towel rather contemptuously and made no answer.

"Now," Minetti continued, turning a mocking face toward Fernet, "what can I do for you, my friend?"

Fernet was filled with confusion. "I . . . you . . ." he stammered. "Really, there is nothing. Believe me—"

"Nonsense," interrupted Minetti. "You wish to know who killed Suvaroff. But I warn you, my friend, it is a dreadful thing to share such a secret."

He looked at Fernet intently. The younger man shuddered. "Nevertheless, I should like to know," Fernet said, distinctly.

"Well, then, since you are so determined—it was I who killed him."

Fernet stared, looked again at the hunchback's puny wrists, and began to laugh. "*You!* Do you take me for a fool?" And as he said this he threw back his head and laughed until even the billiard-players stopped their game and looked around at him.

"What are you laughing at?" asked the hunchback, narrowing his eyes.

Fernet stopped. He felt a sudden chill as if some one had opened a door. "I am laughing at you," he answered.

"I am sorry for that," said Minetti, dryly.

"Why?"

The hunchback leaned forward confidentially. "Because I kill every one who laughs at me. It—it is a little weakness I have."

The waiter came with two glasses of steaming coffee. He put them down on the table, together with a bottle of cognac and a bottle of anisette.

"Ah, that is good!" cried the hunchback, rubbing his hands together. "The proprietor is my friend. He is going to let us prepare our own poison!"

Fernet felt himself shivering. "Come," he thought, "this will never do! The man is either mad or jesting." He reached for the anisette.

"Let me pour it for you," suggested Flavio Minetti. "Your hand is shaking so that you will spill half of it on the floor."

The hunchback's voice had a note of pity in it. Fernet relinquished his hold upon the bottle.

"Don't look so frightened," continued Minetti. "I shall not kill you here. The proprietor is a friend of mine, and, besides—"

"What nonsense!" cried Fernet, with a ghastly smile. "But I must confess, you did make my blood run cold for a minute."

Minetti stirred some cognac into his glass. "And, besides," he finished, coldly, "I give everybody a sporting chance. It adds to the game."

That night André Fernet was restless. He lay on his bed looking out at the blinking lights of the harbor. "I must stop drinking coffee," he muttered to himself.

Finally he fell asleep, and when he did he had a strange dream. It seemed that the pepper-tree outside his window suddenly began to move in the night breeze and its long green boughs became alive, twisting like the relentless tentacles of a devil-fish. Its long green boughs became alive, crawling

along the ground, flinging themselves into the air, creeping in at André Fernet's open window. He lay upon the bed as he had done earlier in the evening, watching the harbor lights. Slowly the green boughs writhed over the faded carpet, scaled the bedpost and fell upon the bed. André Fernet waited, motionless. He felt the green tentacles close about his legs, clasp his hands, slide shudderingly across his throat. Yet he made no move to free himself. It was only when he felt a breath upon his cheek that he turned slightly, and instead of the tentacle-like boughs of the pepper-tree he fancied himself staring down at the hands of Flavio Minetti. . . . He awoke with a start. The sun was pouring in at the open window. He got up quickly. A noisy clatter issued from the passageway. Fernet opened his door. Two men were carrying a trunk up the stairs. Pollitto, the beggar, walked behind.

"Ah, I see you have rented your front room," said Fernet, stepping out.

"Yes," returned the other. "It was taken as early as six o'clock this morning—by a hunchback."

Fernet stopped breathing. "A hunchback? Was his name Flavio Minetti?"

"Yes. How did you know?"

Fernet tried to smile. "He is a friend of mine," he answered, as he walked back into his room. "Perhaps it would be better if I moved away," he thought. "I do not like this room. Heaven knows why I have stayed this long. Is this fellow Minetti really mad or merely making sport of me? I should not like to have him think that I am afraid of him. As for his story about Suvaroff, that is, of course, ridiculous. If I thought otherwise I should go at once to the . . . No, it is all a joke! I shall stay where I am. I shall not have it said that a little, mad, puny, twisted fellow frightened André Fernet out of his lodgings. Besides, it will be curious to watch his little game. What a beautiful morning it is, after all! And the pepper-tree—how it glistens in the sun! I should miss that pepper-tree if I moved away. But I must stop drinking *café royals*. They upset one. I do not know whether it is the coffee, or the cognac, or the anisette, or all three. Of

course that dream I had toward morning means nothing—but such dreams are unpleasant. I hate this place. But I shall not move now. No, I shall wait and see what happens.”

Fernet did not see Minetti for some days. Indeed, he had dismissed the whole thing from his mind, when one night, returning home early to get out of a drizzle, who should stop him on the stairway but the hunchback.

“Ah, so here you are!” called out Fernet, gaily, in spite of his rapidly beating heart. “I have been waiting for you to call on me ever since I heard that you were lodging under the same roof.”

“I have been busy,” replied the hunchback, laconically.

Fernet threw open his bedroom door and waved Minetti in.

“Busy?” he echoed, as he struck a light. “And what do you find that is so absorbing, pray?”

“You know my specialty,” replied Minetti, flinging off his cap.

Fernet looked up sharply. A malignant look had crept into the hunchback’s face.

“Oh, there is no doubt of it, he is quite mad!” said Fernet to himself. Then aloud: “Yes, I have been wanting to talk to you more about this. Take a seat and I shall make some coffee. For instance, do you always employ the knife in despatching your—”

“Scarcely,” interrupted Minetti, quickly. “Slow poison has its fascinations. There is a very delicate joy in watching a gradual decline. It is like watching a green leaf fading before the breath of autumn. First a sickly pallor, then a yellowing, finally the sap dries completely, a sharp wind, a fluttering in the air, and it is all over. I have tried nearly every slow way—except mental murder. I fancy that, too, would be exquisite.”

“Mental murder. . . . I do not understand.”

Minetti stretched himself out and yawned. “Accomplishing the thing without any weapon save the mind.”

Fernet picked up the coffee-pot and laughed. “Why, my dear fellow, it is too absurd! The thing cannot be done.

You see I am laughing at you again, but no matter.”

“No, as you say, it is no matter. You can die only once.”

Fernet’s laughter stopped instantly. He went on with his preparation for coffee. Minetti changed the subject.

It turned out that there was no sugar in the cracked bowl. Fernet was putting on his hat to go out for some, when the hunchback stopped him.

“Sugar will not be necessary,” he said. And as he spoke he drew a vial from his vest pocket and laid it upon the table beside the cups. “You know what these are, of course.”

“Saccharine pellets?” inquired Fernet as he threw aside his hat.

Minetti replied with a grunt. Fernet poured out the coffee, set a spoon in each saucer, laid three French rolls upon a blue plate. Then he sat down.

“Permit me!” said Minetti, reaching for the vial and rolling a tiny pellet into his palm.

Fernet held up his cup; the hunchback dropped the pellet into it. Then he corked the vial tightly and laid it aside.

“You forgot to serve yourself,” said Fernet.

“So I did!” answered Minetti, nonchalantly. “Well, no matter. I very often drink my coffee so—without sweetening.”

Fernet drew back suddenly. Could it be possible that . . . The hunchback was staring at him, an ironical smile was on his lips. Fernet shuddered.

“Drink your coffee!” Minetti commanded, sneeringly. “You are on the verge of a chill.”

Fernet obeyed meekly. He felt for all the world like an animal caught in a trap. He tried to collect his thoughts. What had the hunchback been talking about?

“Slow poison!” muttered Fernet, inaudibly to himself.

“What is that you are saying?” demanded the other.

“You were speaking of slow poison. How do you go about it?”

“Oh, that is easy! For instance, once in London I lodged next door to my victim. We became capital friends. And he was always calling me in for a

bite of something to eat. Nothing elaborate—a bun and a cup of tea, or coffee and cake. Very much as we are doing now. He died in six months. It is no trick, you know, to poison a man who eats and drinks with you—especially drinks!”

As he said this the hunchback reached for the coffee-pot and poured Fernet another cupful. Then he uncorked the vial again and dropped a pellet into the steaming liquid.

“I do not think that I wish any more,” protested Fernet.

“Nonsense! You are still shivering like an old woman with the palsy. Hot coffee will do you good.”

“No,” said Fernet, desperately, “I never drink more than one cup at a sitting. It keeps me awake, and next morning my hand shakes and I am fit for nothing. I need a steady hand in my business.”

“And what may that be, pray?”

“At present I am a draftsman. Some day, if I live long enough, I hope to be an architect.”

“If you live long enough? You forget that you have laughed at *me*, my friend.”

Fernet tried to appear indifferent. “What a droll fellow you are!” he cried, with sudden gaiety, rubbing his hands together. And without thinking, he reached for his coffee-cup and downed the contents in almost one gulp. He laid the cup aside quickly. He could feel the sweat starting out upon his forehead.

“There, you see,” said Minetti, “the coffee has done you good already. You are perspiring, and that is a good sign. A hot drink at the right moment works wonders.”

The next morning Pollitto stopped Fernet as he swung out the front gate to his work.

“What is the matter with you?” exclaimed the beggar, in a surprised tone.

“Why . . . what?” demanded Fernet, in a trembling voice. “Do I look so . . . ? Pray, tell me, is there anything unusual about me?”

“Why, your face . . . Have you looked at yourself in the glass? Your skin is the color of stale pastry.”

Fernet tried to laugh. “It is nothing. I have been drinking too much coffee lately. I must stop it.”

It was a fine morning. The sun was shining and the air was brisk and full of little rippling breezes. The bay lay like a blue-green peacock ruffling its gilded feathers. The city had a genial, smiling countenance. But Fernet was out of humor with all this full-blown content. He had spent a wretched night—not sleepless, but full of disturbing dreams. Dreams about Minetti and his London neighbor and the empty sugar-bowl. All night he had dreamed about this empty sugar-bowl. It seemed that as soon as he had it filled Minetti would slyly empty it again. He tried stowing sugar away in his pockets, but when he put his hand in to draw out a lump a score or more of pellets spilled over the floor. Then he remembered saying:

“I shall call on Minetti’s London neighbor. Maybe he will have some sugar.”

He walked miles and miles, and finally beat upon a strange door. A man wrapped in a black coat up to his eyebrows opened to his knock.

“Are you Flavio Minetti’s London neighbor?” he demanded, boldly.

The figure bowed. Fernet drew the cracked sugar-bowl from under his arm.

“Will you oblige me with a little sugar?” he asked, more politely.

The black-cloaked figure bowed and disappeared. Presently he came back. Fernet took the sugar-bowl from him. It struck him that the bowl felt very light. He looked down at his hands. The bowl had disappeared; only a glass vial lay in his palm. He removed the cork—a dozen or more tiny round pellets fell out. He glanced up quickly at Minetti’s London neighbor; a dreadful smile glowed through the black cloak. Fernet gave a cry and hurled the vial in the face of his tormentor. Minetti’s London neighbor let the black cloak fall, and André Fernet discovered that he was staring at himself. . . . He awakened soon after that and found that it was morning.

When he brushed his hair his hand had shaken so that the brush fell clattering to the floor. And he had spilled the

cream for his morning coffee over the faded strip of carpet before the bureau. It had ended by his eating no breakfast at all. But he had drunk glass after glass of cold water.

After Pollitto's words he trembled more and more like a man with the ague, and before every saloon-door mirror he halted and took a brief survey of his face. Pollitto was right—his skin was dead and full of unhealthy pallor. It was plain that he could not work in his present condition. His trembling fingers could scarcely hold a pencil, much less guide it through the precise demands of a drafting-board. He decided to go to the library and read. But the books on architecture which always enthralled him could not hold his shifting attention. Finally in despair he went up to the librarian and said:

"Have you any books on poison?"

The woman eyed him with a cold, incurious glance.

"Historical or medical?" she snapped out, as she went on stamping mysterious numbers in the pile of books before her.

"Both!"

She consulted a catalogue and made a list for him.

He sat all day devouring books which the librarian had recommended. He did not even go out for lunch. He read historical and romantic instances with a keen, morbid relish; but when it came to the medical books his heart quickened and he followed causes and effects breathlessly. By nightfall he had a relentless knowledge of every poison in the calendar. He knew what to expect from arsenic or strychnine or vitriol. He learned which poisons destroyed tissues, which acted as narcotics, which were irritants. He identified the hemlock, the horse-chestnut, the deadly toadstools. In short, he absorbed and retained everything on the subject. It seemed that the world teemed with poisons; one could be sure of nothing. Even beautiful flowers were not to be trusted.

He was so upset by all he had read that he could scarcely eat dinner. He went to an obscure *pension* in a wretched basement, where he was sure he would be unknown, and, after two or three mouthfuls of soup and a spoonful of rice

boiled with tomato, he rose, paid for his meal, and went out to tramp up and down past the tawdry shops of middle Kearny Street. He was trotting aimlessly in the direction of Market Street when he felt a tug at his coat-sleeve. He turned. Minetti was smiling genially up at him.

"Come," said the hunchback, "what is your hurry? Have you had coffee yet? I was thinking that—"

Fernet's heart sank at once. And yet he managed to say boldly: "I have given up drinking coffee. You can see for yourself what a wretched complexion I have. And to-day I have scarcely eaten."

"Pooh!" cried Minetti. "A cup of coffee will do you good."

Fernet began to draw away in futile terror. "No!" he protested, with frightened vehemence. "No, I tell you! I won't drink the stuff! It is useless for you to—"

Minetti began to laugh with scornful good-humor. "What has come over you?" he drawled, half-closing his eyes. "Are you afraid?"

And as he said this Fernet glanced instinctively at the puny wrists, no bigger than a pullet's wing, and replied, boldly: "Afraid? Of what? I told you last night I need a steady hand in my business, and to-day I have not been able to do any work."

Minetti's mirth softened into genial acquiescence. "Well, maybe you are right. But I must say you are not very companionable. Perhaps the coffee you have been drinking has not been made properly. You should take *something*. You do look badly. A glass of brandy? . . . No? . . . Ah, I have it—coffee made in the Turkish fashion. Have you ever drunk that?"

"No," replied Fernet, helplessly, wondering all the time why he was foolish enough to tell the truth.

"Well, then," announced the hunchback, confidently, "we shall cross over to Third Street and have some Turkish coffee. I know a Greek café where they brew a cup that would tempt the Sultan himself. Have you ever seen it made? They use coffee pounded to a fine powder—a teaspoonful to a cup, and sugar in the same proportion. It is all put in

together and brought to a boil. The result is indescribable! Really, you are in for a treat."

"If it is sweetened in the making," flashed through Fernet's mind, "at least we shall have no more of that pellet business."

"Yes—the result is quite indescribable," Minetti was repeating, "and positively no bad effects."

And as he said this he slipped his arm into Fernet's and guided him with gentle firmness toward the Greek café in question. Fernet felt suddenly helpless and incapable of offering the slightest objection.

A girl took their orders. She had a freckled nose and was frankly Irish. Naturally, she did not fit the picture, and Fernet could see that she was scornful of the whole business.

"Two coffees . . . medium," Minetti repeated, decisively. "And will you have a sweet with it? They sell taffy made of sesame seeds and honey. Or you can have Turkish delight or a pastry dusted with powdered sugar. Really they are all quite delicious."

Fernet merely shrugged. Minetti ordered Turkish delight. The girl wiped some moisture from the marble table-top and walked toward the coffee-shelf.

"So you were not able to work today?" Minetti began, affably. "How did you put in the time?"

"At the library, reading."

"Something droll? A French novel or—"

"Books on *poison*!" Fernet shot out with venomous triumph. "I know more than I did yesterday."

"How distressing!" purred Minetti. "Ignorance is more invulnerable than one fancies. Of course we are taught otherwise, but knowledge, you remember, was the beginning of all trouble. But you choose a fascinating subject. Some day when we get better acquainted I shall tell you all I know about it. Poison is such a subtle thing. It is everywhere—in the air we breathe, in the water we drink, in the food we eat. And it is at once swift and sluggish, painful and stupefying, obvious and incapable of analysis. It is like a beautiful woman, or a great joy, or love itself."

Fernet glanced up sharply. The

hunchback had slid forward in his seat and his eyes glowed like two shaded pools catching greedily at the yellow sunlight of midday. Fernet shuddered and looked about the room. Groups of swarthy men were drinking coffee, or sipping faintly red draughts of cherry syrup and sweet soda. At a near-by table a group of six shuffled cards and marked their scores upon a slate. And, of course, there were those who played backgammon, rattling the dice and making exaggerated gestures as they spurred on their adversaries with genial taunts.

The girl came back carrying cups of thick steaming coffee and soft lemon-colored sweetmeats speared with two tiny silver forks. She set the tray down. Minetti reached for his coffee greedily, but Fernet sat back in his seat and allowed the waitress to place the second cup before him. As she did so the table shook suddenly and half of the hot liquid spilled over on the marble table-top. Fernet jumped up to escape the scalding trickle; the girl gave an apologetic scream; Minetti laughed strangely.

"It is all my fault!" cried the hunchback. "What stupidity! Pray be seated. My young woman, will you give the gentleman this coffee of mine? And get me another."

"Pardon me," Fernet protested, "but I cannot think of such a thing!" And with that he attempted to pass the coffee in question back to Minetti. But the hunchback would have none of it. Fernet broke into a terrified sweat.

"He has dropped poison into it!" he thought, in sudden panic. "Otherwise why should he be so anxious to have me drink it? He kicked the table deliberately, too. And this cup of his—why was it not spilled also? No, he was prepared—it is all a trick!"

"Come, come, my friend," broke in Minetti, briskly, "drink your coffee while it is still hot! Do not wait for me. I shall be served presently. And try the sweetmeats; they are delicious."

"I am not hungry," replied Fernet, sullenly.

"No? Well, what of that? Sweetmeats and coffee are not matters of hunger. Really, you are more droll

than you imagine!" Minetti burst into a terrifying laugh.

"He thinks I am afraid!" muttered Fernet.

And out of sheer bravado he lifted the cup to his lips. Minetti stopped laughing, but a wide smile replaced his diabolical mirth. The girl brought fresh coffee to the hunchback. He sipped it with frank enjoyment, but he did not once take his gaze from Fernet's pale face.

"Well," thought Fernet, "one cup of poison more or less will not kill me. . . . It is not as if he has made up his mind to finish me at once. He is counting on the exquisite joys of a prolonged agony." And he remembered Minetti's words: "It is like watching a green leaf fading before the breath of autumn. First a sickly pallor, then a yellowing, a sharp wind, a fluttering in the air. . . ." He tossed off the coffee in one defiant gulp. "He thinks that he has me in his power. But André Fernet is not quite a fool. I shall go away to-morrow!"

They went home as soon as Minetti finished his coffee. Fernet felt a sudden nausea; by the time he reached his lodgings his steps were unsteady and his head reeled. Minetti was kindness itself.

"Let me help you into bed," he insisted. "You must have a congestion. Presently I shall heat some water and give you a hot gin."

Fernet was too sick to protest. Minetti started the gas-stove and filled the kettle and went into his room for gin. Fernet dragged himself out of his clothes and crawled in between the sheets. Minetti came back. Fernet lay with his eyes half-closed, shivering. Finally the water boiled, and the hunchback brought Fernet a huge tumbler of gin and water with bits of lemon-peel and cloves floating in it. It tasted so good that Fernet forgot his terror for the moment. But when the tumbler was empty he felt helpless; he could scarcely lift his arms; so he lay flat upon his back, staring up at the ceiling. He tried to recall scraps of what he had been reading all afternoon. What was the name of the poison that left one paralyzed? He could not remember. He found his

movements becoming more and more difficult; he could scarcely turn in bed. Minetti brewed another toddy. Fernet could not hold the glass. He tried to push the tumbler away from his lips, but his efforts were useless. Minetti hovered above him with a bland, gentle smile, and Fernet felt the warm liquid trickling into his mouth and down his throat. In the midst of all this he lost consciousness. . . . Once or twice during the night Fernet had a wakeful interlude. Whenever he opened his eyes he saw Minetti sitting before the open window, gazing down at the twisted pepper-tree.

"Yes, they are both alike!" passed dimly through his mind. "They both are at once beautiful and hideous and they have strange secrets! It is no use, I must go away—to-morrow."

In the morning Minetti was standing by the bed. "I have sent for the doctor," he said. But his voice sounded far away.

The doctor came shortly after ten o'clock. He was a little wizened, dried-up old man with a profound air.

"He is a fraud!" thought Fernet. "He knows nothing!"

"Ah," said the doctor, putting a sly finger against his sharp nose, "our friend here has a nervous collapse. He should have a nurse!"

"A nurse!" exclaimed Minetti, with indignation. "And, pray, what do you call me? Do you not think that—"

"Well, we shall see! we shall see!" replied the doctor, rubbing his hands together. "But he will need all sorts of delicacies and—"

Minetti moistened his lips with sleek satisfaction. "You cannot name a dish that I am not able to prepare."

"How about a custard? To-day he should eat something light."

"A custard is simplicity itself," answered the hunchback, and he cracked his fingers.

Minetti went out with the doctor, and came back shortly, carrying eggs and a bottle of vanilla extract and sugar. Fernet lay helpless, watching him bustling about. Finally the delicacy was made and set away in a pan of water to cool. At noon Minetti brought a blue

bowl filled with custard to the bedside. It looked inviting, but Fernet shook his head.

"I am not hungry," he lied.

The hunchback set the bowl down on a chair so that Fernet gazed upon it all day. The hunchback did not leave the room. He sat before the open window, reading from a thick book. Toward nightfall Fernet said to him:

"What do you find so interesting?"

Minetti darted a sardonic glance at his patient. "A book on *poison*. I did not realize that I had grown so rusty on the subject. Why, I remember scarcely enough to poison a field-mouse!"

He rose and crossed over to the bedside. "Do you not feel ready for the custard?"

Fernet cast a longing eye upon the yellow contents of the blue bowl.

"No. To tell the truth, I never eat it."

Minetti shrugged.

"But I should like a glass of water."

The hunchback drew water from the faucet. Fernet watched him like a ferret.

"At least," thought Fernet, "he cannot drop poison in the water secretly. It is well that I can see every move he makes at such a time. I should not like to die of thirst."

A little later Minetti removed the bowl and threw out its contents. Fernet looked on with half-closed eyes.

"What better proof could I have?" he mused. "If the custard were harmless he would eat it himself. I must get away to-morrow."

But the next day he felt weaker than ever, and when the doctor came Minetti said, in answer to questions:

"I made a delicious custard yesterday and he ate every bit. . . . An oyster stew? . . . with milk? I shall see that he has it at noon."

"God help me!" muttered Fernet. "Why does he lie like this? I must get the doctor's ear and tell him how things stand. I shall eat nothing—nothing! Thank Heaven I can drink water without fear."

At noon the oyster stew was ready. But Fernet would have none of it. "Oysters make me ill!" he said.

Minetti merely shrugged as he had

done the previous day, and set the savory dish upon a chair before the bed. It exuded tantalizing odors, until Fernet thought he would go mad with longing. Toward evening Minetti threw out the stew. And as before, when the doctor called the hunchback said:

"He ate a quart of stew and there were plenty of oysters in it, I can tell you. Do you think that a chicken fried in olive-oil would be too hearty?"

Fernet groaned. "This is horrible—horrible!" he wept to himself. "I shall die like a starving rat with toasted cheese dangling just beyond reach. God help me to rouse myself! Surely the effects of the poison he has given me must soon wear off. . . . There he is, reading from that big book again. Perhaps he is contriving a way to put poison in my water even though I am able to watch him when he draws me a drink. . . . Poison—poison everywhere. It can even be administered with the prick of a needle. Why did I read about it? Chicken fried in olive-oil . . . what torture!"

The chicken fried in olive-oil was a triumph—Fernet knew all this by the wisps of appetizing fragrance which drifted from the sizzling pan. Minetti made a great stir over the preparations. The tender flesh had to be rubbed thoroughly with garlic and well dusted with salt and pepper. And a quarter of a bottle of yellow-green olive-oil was first placed in the pan. When everything was ready and the chicken cooked to a turn, Minetti carried it to Fernet with a great flourish. Fernet gritted his teeth and turned his face away. He did not have the courage to invent an excuse. Minetti laid it on the chair as usual. For two hours Fernet was tortured with the sight of this tempting morsel, but at the sound of the doctor's step upon the stair the hunchback whisked away the chicken.

"His appetite?" Minetti said, echoing the doctor's query. "Why, one could not wish for better! Only this morning he despatched a chicken as if it had been no more than a soft-boiled egg. As a matter of fact, he is always hungry."

"Well, well," beamed the doctor, "that is the best of signs, and it happens

that way very often in nervous cases. You are a capital nurse, my good man, and by the end of the week, if you keep feeding him up in this fashion, he should be as hearty as a school-boy."

At that moment Minetti was called down-stairs by his landlord. Fernet struggled to lift himself; the doctor bent toward him.

"This hunchback," Fernet gasped, "he is trying to poison me. Already I have drunk four or five of his concoctions, and that is why I am in this condition . . . helpless. And he is lying when he says that I have eaten. I have touched nothing for three days."

The doctor laid the patient back upon the pillow.

"Poison you, my friend? And for what reason?"

"Because I laughed at him. In God's name, Doctor, see that you keep a straight face in his presence or else—"

The doctor patted Fernet's hand and straightened the sliding bedclothes. By this time Minetti had come back. The doctor and the hunchback whispered together in a far corner. Minetti laughed and tapped his head. At the door Fernet heard the doctor say:

"Just keep up the good work and the idea will pass. It happens that way very often in nervous cases. I shall not look in again until the first of next week unless . . ."

Fernet groaned aloud.

"I must get away to-morrow. . . . I must get away to-morrow!" he kept on repeating.

By the end of the week the smell of food held no temptations for Fernet. Minetti stopped cooking. And when a glass of water was drawn from the faucet Fernet had difficulty in forcing his vision to answer the strain of a searching gaze.

"When my sight fails me," Fernet thought, dimly, "I shall either die of thirst or take the consequences."

When the doctor finally came again Fernet closed his eyes and pretended to be asleep.

"He seems thinner," remarked the doctor, as if he had made an important discovery.

"Well, to tell the truth," replied the

hunchback, "he has lost his appetite. I have fed him milk and eggs but—"

"There is nothing to do but be patient," said the doctor. "Medicine will do him no good. Just rest and food. Even a little starvation will not hurt him. People eat too much, anyway."

At this Fernet opened his eyes and broke into a laugh that startled even Minetti. The doctor looked offended.

"Well, he is in your hands," the old fraud said, pompously, to the hunchback. "Just keep up the good work—"

Fernet laughed again.

"He is hysterical," proclaimed the doctor, with an air of supreme wisdom. "It happens that way very often in nervous cases."

And he walked out with great solemnity.

"Ah, I have offended him!" thought Fernet. "Well, now they will finish me—together!"

There followed days of delicious weakness. Fernet lay for the most part wrapt in the bliss of silver-blue visions. It seemed as if years were passing. He built shining cities, received the homage of kings, surrendered himself to the joys of ripe-lipped beauties. There were lucid intervals shot through with the malignant presence of Minetti and the puttering visits of the doctor. But these were like waking moments between darkness and dawn, filled with the half-conscious joy of a sleeper secure in the knowledge of a prolonged respite. In such moments Fernet would stir feebly and think:

"I must get away to-morrow!"

And there would succeed almost instantly a languid ecstasy at the thought that to-morrow was something remote and intangible that would never come.

At times the hunchback seemed like nothing so much as a heartless gaoler who, if he would, might open the door to some shining adventure. Gradually this idea became fixed and elaborated. Fernet's sight grew dimmer and dimmer until he followed the presence of Minetti by the sounds he made.

"He is jingling something," Fernet would repeat, weakly. "Ah, it must be his keys! He is searching for the one that will set me free! . . . Now he is

oiling the lock. . . . He has shut the door again. I am to be held awhile longer. . . . I am a caged bird and just beyond is the pepper-tree. It must be glistening now in the sunlight. Well, let him lock the door, for all the good it will do him. Is not the window always open? When the time comes I shall fly out the window and leave him here—alone. Then we shall see who has the best of this bargain.”

And all the silver-blue visions would steal over him again, to be pierced briefly by the arrival of the wizened doctor.

“It is he who keeps me here!” Fernet would say to himself. “If it were not for him I could fly away—forever. Well, presently even he will lose his power.”

One day a strange man stood at his bedside. Minetti was there also, and the old fraud of a doctor. The strange man drew back the covers and put his ear to Fernet’s fluttering heart and went through other tiresome matters. . . . Finally he smoothed back the covers again, and as he did so he shook his head. He spoke softly, but Fernet heard him distinctly.

“It is too late. . . . You should have called me sooner. He wishes to die. . . . There is nothing to be done.”

“Yes, yes—it happens this way very often in nervous cases.”

“I have done my best. I have given him food and drink. I have even starved him. But nothing seemed to do any good.”

“No,” said the stranger; “it is his mind. He has made up his mind that . . . You can do nothing with a man when . . .”

Fernet closed his eyes.

“A man! They think I am a man. What stupidity! Can they not see that I am a bird? . . . They have gone out. He is locking the door again . . . I can hear the keys jingle. . . . Well, let him lock the door if it gives him any pleasure. The window is open and to-night . . .”

The footsteps of the departing visitors died away. A chuckling sound came to André Fernet and the thump of ecstatic fists brought down upon a bare tabletop. The voice of Falvio Minetti was quivering triumphantly like the hot whisper of a desert wind through the room:

“Without any weapon save the mind! Ha! ha! ha!”

Fernet turned his face toward the wall. “He is laughing at *me* now. Well, let him laugh while he may. . . . Is not the window open? To-morrow I shall be free . . . and he? . . . No, *he* cannot fly—he has a broken wing. . . . The window is open, André Fernet!”

Antique

BY DJUNA BARNES

A LADY in a cowl of lawn,
With straight bound tabs and muted eyes,
And lips fair thin and deftly drawn
And oddly wise.

A cameo, a ruff of lace,
A neck cut square, with corners laid,
A thin Greek nose, and near the face
A polished braid.

Low, sideways looped, of amber stain,
The pale ears caught within its snare.
A profile like a dagger lain
Between the hair.

A Poet of the Air

LETTERS WRITTEN IN THE AVIATION SERVICE

BY JACK WRIGHT

PART I

THESE letters from my son, I gathered for publication just as they came, with the full joy and pride I had in receiving them, hoping to convey to other boys something of his fine courage and spirit; to other mothers, comfort and hope; and to all readers the vivid, beautiful sketches of France, of war, of idealism as he, "Poet of the Air," has given me.

Jack Wright, the author of these letters, was an American boy of nineteen years, born in New York City. When a small child he was taken to France, where he remained until the outbreak of the war.

While there he was educated entirely in French schools; his playmates were the children of the artists and poets of France. French became his first language. This will explain his unique literary expression, the curious blend of French and English which even to the formation of words I have left entirely as he wrote them, feeling therein a special charm.

This will explain also his great love for France, the home of his childhood.

Although but eighteen years old when he left to make the supreme sacrifice as one of the first American volunteers, he had graduated with special honors from L'École Alsacienne, at Paris, at Andover in America, and had passed his entrance examinations to Harvard University.

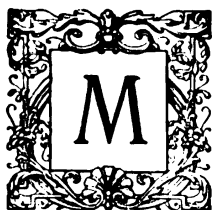
He was nine months in the war, and when only four months in Aviation he had won his commission as First Lieutenant Pilot-Aviator of the American Aviation.

While I was joyously compiling these letters (having even confided my plan to him) the official telegram came that announced his last flight, January 24th, 1918.

But a few days before, these lines of Scott, written on a scrap of paper, fell from one of my son's books into my hands:

"It is better to have lived one glorious crowded hour than a lifetime without a name."
SARA MORRIS GREENE.

June 4th, 1917.



Y DEAR H. [a classmate at Phillips Academy, Andover]—How can I write you all that I have to say! I cannot; so I sha'n't. Just accept with a conventional smile a much conventional letter, concerning my present health, my present satisfaction with the world and all my other little presents.

This letter will reach you after the term and the "exams" are over. I know it was mean of me to leave you up on the hill, but after trying to persuade you that you *could* come, my selfishness told me I had done my duty and that self-sacrifice was but a dream-vision of youth, impractical in the life of business-like reality which the world is made of.

. . . Were I to tell you of my return

to France, the first sight of her shores in the blue light of early morn; were I to tell you of the return to Paris, the actual vision of what I had contemplated but as an unrealizable dream; were I to tell you of my life in Paris, the heart of the city and the beloved wonderful people that you meet; were I to tell you of passing out of the gates of Paris into the arms of France's peaceful countryland in the uniform of "*one of them*"; were I to tell you of the first thundering crash of a shell, the faint smell of battle, and the distant incense of a gigantic spirit of the "Marseillaise" fighting for Victory; were I to tell you all that I have seen, felt, gone through, experienced in my first one and a half months of adventure—I would be writing in one letter the wonders of the "Divine Comedy," of Boccaccio's Sonnets, of Verlaine and Gibson and the unspelled poetry of Paradise

itself. See, then, why I refuse to write, why I shall only scribble, not even describe or even give you the notes of my diary. Some day you will hear me talk of it. Some day you will read my diary; some day you will live awhile in the land where I came to walk a moment with my soul, and then you shall think that for one vague dream-second you shall have caught a glimpse of what my heart's paradise is—a glimpse only, though, an unperfumed, unfelt glimpse.

But why rave on so blundersomely? Listen! Troops are passing, ranks of blue-clad, helmeted troops of France! Their bugles clash in the morning, and I stand with awe as they march toward the near-by woods from which the smoke of shells is rising. See! to my left a peaceful little lake, a primitive rowboat, and white oxen lying in the high grass just beyond; between the trees, the stone walls of the château are baking in the sun, and underneath the trees, a nurse, all in white and very silent, passes along the garden path. That, then, is my present life, and of that only dare I give you the most microscopic aspect.

I am driving a five-ton motor-truck these days instead of an ambulance, and hauling thousands of pounds of death up to batteries, instead of bringing back the dying. I am doing something positive—not negative.

We are the first American soldiers in France inasmuch as we carry rifles and are a part of the war-machine, ready for fight and defense and prison-camps, all of which the ambulance is not. Other colleges are joining us week on week and soon we shall be quite a regiment.

I can tell you nothing of my trip; it is too great. You see I am in Paradise. That's all I can say.

Bien à toi, mon ami,
JACK.

June 7th.

MY DEAR DICK,—Excuse all—paper, wit, and *brevité*, for I am at war—at least I am vaguely concerned with it. I am on a trip of adventure and am therefore rushed with new adventure every minute of my life. As a result I am becoming more as ye ancient adventurer who rode the moonlit highways long ago with a rapier by his side and a

swear-word for a bible. I have become rash, indifferent, brutal, and impatient. I never touch my pen or my pencil. I never woo or pine; I just take. I never drive; I race. I never stand still; I am in action. I never think or dream; I just do.

It is a life I had thought unrealizable in such modern times, but I have found out that war brings with it all the barbarism of the past and the wars gone by that had lain in a grave during peacetime.

Paris is for me a Babylon and the country of France is for me a plain overflowing with the fever of the Huns, the incense of bursting shells and smoking powder.

In Paris I am sought after as a hero. In the country I seek after and find. The firing-lines are awful and it takes all the grit you've got to stand them. You must be ready for Hell as well as Paradise when you come here, but if you do come, you'll find them both, and at their highest pitch. I sincerely hope you do come and honestly believe you will. I want you with me very much, for your influence helps me and gives me a laugh to work and woo with. In fact, you would be a great companion for my present six months of adventure, and you would perhaps help me formulate and accompany me in the carrying out of vague desires for wandering and further adventure beyond the distant horizon line.

Je te serre la patte,
JACK.

July 1st.

MY VERY DEAR MOTHER,—War is reduced for me now to the trenches and the air. Outside of that I have become so habituated to the steady flow of ammunition-wagons, reserve troops, and troops on leave that I pay no more attention to their wondrous system that backs up the front line than I would pay to the traffic in New York. In fact, it is aggravating always to be *just behind* the action. You practically are as safe as though driving along the roads of Massachusetts, if not safer. The ambulance risks a little more. However, the other day, toward dusk, while approaching Château Soupir, a fairy shell con-

struction on which Calmet spent millions, as we were nearing the ridge behind which desperate fighting was taking place, a smoke as that of a bonfire puffed up thirty yards to our starboard. I wondered where the gipsies were, when a crackling of timber made it dawn upon me that the smoke was that of a Boche seventy-seven digging a rain-hole for horses to drink out of. About twenty-five seconds after it was over I remembered that once upon a time a Frenchman had told me to lie down, so I squatted behind the dasher; some fifty seconds still later, I realized, things becoming clearer and clearer, that it was all over. I looked ahead. Instead of speeding up, the cars had all slowed down and we were waiting for another explosion, with our vest pockets set.

The rest of the night—as every night—I had plenty of amusements: wine in officers' dugouts, joking with soldiers, visiting batteries, going through the château in spite of *Défense d'entrer—Quartier Général*, learning how things were really done and why, and what the ways of war sent out to me in their silent, indifferent messages. I also walked through a connecting trench for the first time up to the little fort of a "seventy-five." The French call the connecting trenches *boyaux* or guts, if translated, because of their zigzag course to avert fire.

That is a night on the *camions*, but I am tired of it now—the novelty wears off—one needs new adventures or else absolute peace, work, and time to think.

These last three days, not having been out, and being inspired by the continual chilling sleet, the echoes of German attacks thirteen kilometers over the hills, and the gigantic English pasture which spreads out in front of me and the château here, I have been writing a poem, which means late hours.

Now I have obtained a trailer to live in, instead of the barracks, claiming that I needed a studio. A trailer is a cabin on wheels. I chose a fine chap to come down and help me fix it up for us both, and so each day we take expeditions round the famous hunting country of France in search of flowers for our cabin and flowers for our hearts—the latter is not lacking, thanks to my vest pocket.

God bless those who linger in America, for they are brave not to drop all business and tea parties for the inhuman events in France. In fact, if they knew what they were missing they would.

It is not that you see so much, but that from details here and there, from atmosphere and contact with things and heroes, you soon learn to feel what you had always read of in legends as that which was forever entombed in the past.

Now I will take a walk over the hill to the town built into, in, under, and over a cliff. Some friends are there and we'll have tea; on the way back I'll pick some flowers. The wheat-fields are sprinkled with the blue ("bluets"), the white marguerites and the red poppies. A barrage fire has been raging over the other hills during the past three days of rain—it sounds like approaching the lions' cages at the zoo.

Affectionately,
JACK.

DEAREST MOTHER,—Your letters are awfully good, 'way off from home. It's awfully nice of you to write me so thoroughly and kindly every once a week. They're just like cake and ice-cream, not forgetting the chocolate nut sauce, over here in the war-dried land. You know we can't get a single luxury in the war zone outside of some coarse chocolate. We do get jam, three times a day, so we don't eat it much between-meals. The cigarettes would kill an ordinary horse, but we quite enjoy them.

Yesterday I left the park where we were unloading, a mile behind the trenches, and, though the noise of the batteries was a little dizzying, I made my way to one of them, a "one hundred and five." The artillerymen got me behind a tree, a whistle blew, and the whole world was lightning. Well, after the cloudburst I straightened back my dis-jointed features and immediately began to inquire just how often the Germans popped at them and just how often they were popped. They laughed at me—told me their job was a cinch; that only three men had been killed that week so far and that an hour or so ago the first shells of the day exploded some forty yards off. I wanted to retreat, but then the ridge ahead of me let out such an

explosion I thought the whole thing was blown up. It was the "seventy-fives" opening fire—and what a fire! Balls of lightning leaped from muzzle to muzzle and clouds of red flame burst upward as they sent Hell screeching through the air as actually and deadly as man could invent.

This war is all electric-operation, explosions, death—all, and that is what fills you with fear—a fear of electricity, of the unknown and omnipotent.

Then, some strings of light-balls floated up like champagne bubbles, to call the aeroplanes back; rockets signaled the guns; star-shells made the night day for two miles around.

I had always wanted to go into the trenches some quiet period for just a little visit. I had thought it a curiosity. Now I no longer shall think about playing with death. Death means a lot when you talk about it while leaning with one hand on the muzzle of a five-inch gun and stopping up your ears with the other.

My greatest attainment so far on this trip has been to arrive at understanding the French poilus. At first I admired them, then I grew tired of them and was even disgusted with them. Since last night, though, I have been able to understand them, to feel myself their comrade and to know that each common one is such a hero as I may never be.

I landed back at camp at three, having started out at three. I went to bed feeling that I could face a New York gang of gunmen as though catching butterflies, after what I had seen, or, rather, what I had heard that night, that very quiet night, as the Frenchmen say, when no one ever has worries as long as he be safe with the heavy artillery.

Pershing was received as a victorious Roman general. We expect him ourselves soon.

I am your devoted son,

JACK.

WESTERN FRONT, July 9th, 1917.

MY VERY DEAR LADY OF THE PEACEFUL LAND,—Your letters have a ceaseless charm; they bring me all the warm luxury and love from my little circle back in America. Your letters frame the twirl of events and persons that are dear

to me in a home-like atmosphere that is sweet in this world of war and that mingles harmoniously with the souvenirs of yonder that now and then pass over the wheat and poppy-fields 'midst veils and fairy wings.

Each day I realize, with little help from my imagination, with little influence from brass-button uniforms (they're not very bright in the mud and danger of front life)—I realize that my present service of truck-driver not only contains faults such as you would expect in any hard-wearing service, but is lacking in some factors that are fundamental, if one chooses that war is better than peace for the education of one's youth.

The service has much monotony. It is entirely monotonous, for your events are but a repetition of themselves. You are a work-horse pulling a load of stones over the same road each day, with, for a horizon of hope or a world of beauty, the ugly back of the stone-cart in front of you.

This service is an illusion that cultivates false vanity in the hearts of the weak and shame in the hearts of the strong. You think that because you wear a uniform and now and then carry shells for some one else to fire, you are participating in the war. You are not. What you are doing is a participation in the system that prepares material for other men to wage war with. You are not in the war any more than the scene-shifter is on the stage. One is the actor and sometimes the *matinée* idol; the other is the scene-shifter or the page. Both wear uniforms, though, and both uniforms pertain to the theater and are connected with the stage.

We pass as bus-drivers, coal-haulers with our *convois* of automobiles, such as you would see around factories and mines, and which you would consider so, were they not on French soil instead of American.

At the same time that our jangling trucks roll around through villages animated with soldiers of France or country resorts, where tender lips await the hero's return, at the same time out of our reach, but all around us, blow the bugles of the men of the day, clap and flap the banners of France and Freedom.

War's great caldron of heroism, praise, glory, poetry, music, brains, energy, flashes and glows, rustles and roars, fills the heavens with its mighty being—its world far off from ours, rushing fast and faster around us, while yet we ceaselessly roll as many a month ago, in the dust of the same roads, puffing over bumps and hills the same loads, undeserving to even think what the life of a warrior is. We are not even feeling war, for the heart of it beats in blood; not even breathing it—for the soul of it exhales in the high-up clouds of gold.

Illusioned by a sense of false service, false bearing of war burdens, we think ourselves inspired, think ourselves worthy to live in France, and day in, week out, we pass as newly rich bourgeois in the rich studio of warfare. We dabble with its greatness, mimicking the most gigantic drama of the world's history—the final struggle between democracy and autocracy, as some society girl would gabble her criticism of Victor Hugo—finding him generally too exultant or too chaotic.

The service dawns upon me more and more with the glimmering of but a pale green moon 'midst a world of stars, zephyrs, and gigantic oaks. You see, when one has drunk with the men in war gray-blue, whose faces under the glinting steel of their helmets have been heroically stamped with the conglomeration of hell called the trenches; when you hear these big-pulsed volunteers for freedom talk of the hearts and honors that await them, and that, feeling really worthy of such returns, will really enjoy them; when you have seen men wind their way, singing the "Marseillaise," toward the land of death, while you bump around on the seat of a bulky truck, nearing the front only by night, sharing none of the danger and none of the bravery, it is only natural that you should feel as Frenchmen call chauffeurs of my age—*embusqué*.

What right have I to dress up in a stylish khaki uniform, buttoned and belted, and parade the gantlet of wondrous eyes? Why the important air with which I pass down the boulevards of Paris, scorning civilians, seeking praise? I have no right to even the muddy coat of a poilu. I should be shining his shoes

instead of tossing a tip with a snobby air to the bell-boy who shines my boots at the Continental. Perhaps I'm not quite as bad, but when I've seen the suffering I've seen, I feel that way. Why, I don't feel at home even to talk to the least flower-girl in Paris! I shirk to accept the open-hearted hospitality of poilus.

I have no right to the comradeship of men who put no price to their lives or, at least, who have the grit to stand up for some god or other. If a man can't come over here to fight he has no right to share with the fighters—to enjoy the beauty of a land that's waging war—to seek the sympathy of women in mourning. I ought to return immediately to America and forget that I had made such a bad attempt at giving a hand to a friend, or else remain in France and stick by her, blood and bone. That's what a dog can do. Why can't I? Why shouldn't I?

This service is the lowest form of warfare. It consists of treading as an elephant 'midst the gardens of Allah. We bang down a dusty, clouded road, 'midst grease and oil, with loads of timber and shells, to a park a mile or two behind danger, and roll back to camp in the drizzle and sleet of half night, half morning, to sleep. Then we eat—that is quite an event; then we clean cars or carry out some orders meant to keep us busy, or else we loaf all day and all evening and some of the night we gape up at the infinite heavens—not there to find a ray of glory, thanking us from on high, but to ponder over just how the weather will be next day.

In front of a steering-wheel that needs hardly to be turned, we sit for hours as a china dog, gulping in dust and bouncing over long roads in the dream that we are doing our duty to humanity; that we are paying back the debt we owe our ancestors who bought our freedom at the price of their lives, ambitions, ideals, and what else their souls were set on.

Again, it's the lowest form of warfare: we are the snail crawling slowly, heavily all day long in mud and in the far-distant echo of bugles, fire, charges, medals, praise.

This service is a bluff any way you turn. Service, danger, heroism, praise, glory—all that war contains it mimics. It makes a bluff and makes you bluff.

You are here in a world of grandeur, wonder, miracles, and with men that make them, and yet you are not "one of them."

To be out of a crowd, to have no comrade, brother, to be a hermit, unnoticed, un-anything, is a feeling no human can stand. As it is now, I am not "one of them."

The widow in mourning asks me if I have been "with them;" the café girl washes away her paint as she hears the soldiers are coming back and asks me if I am "one of them." The little boy takes me joyfully by the hand, for he thinks something of me, and, pointing to his father's grave, says, "It seems you are 'one of them.'"

You can only be worthy of France's friendship and feel yourself intimately connected with the heroes (who are the people of your daily contact)—and how else could you wish to be connected with them?—you can only feel yourself "one of them" by doing, offering, taking even as they are doing. Otherwise, is one to take the tinsel tassel before the eyes of all, of a carpet-knight among women, a tourist among countries and men? An optimist onlooker to the accomplishments of working humans. . . .

Why do I think my heart beating in time with the heart of France—just because I'm here? Why do I put my hands in the hands of these brave people? Where are my rights, my password, my papers? The few shells I've seen—why, the poilus call them a bore.

If one intends to live he must reap what life spreads out to him. A man lives in the true sense of the word, proportionately to the inspiration he derives from nature and events. All other life is but ephemeral, sensual pleasure. If, then, you are to live, you must live not in lukewarmness, for its inspiration is despicable, worse than criminal; it is Flaubert's everlasting enemy—Bourgeoisie; not then in an "in-between," but in the extreme, which Idealism and the highest of life commands.

Most devotedly and appreciatively—I await impatiently your answering letter.

JACK.

MY VERY DEAR MOTHER,—I am now on *permission* in Paris and many ad-

ventures are whirling around the maypole of my youth: meeting Carlos, walks with Bourdelle, and much else of excitement, but much as that much may seem, it is nothing compared with what I have to tell you.

I have just taken the biggest step of my life—not through bewilderment nor through morbidness, but coolly and decidedly, obeying a call that for me dominates all the world and its many voices. Inasmuch as it has taken the best in me, it must necessarily take the best in you, and I only hope that now that the challenge rings out, the love and inspiration you have had in me for eighteen years shall not shrink before a greater test and a greater source of their being.

I have joined the Aviation!

This has been no sudden gush of romanticism nor any ceding to influence. It has been the result of serious and hard thinking. I have not treated the matter lightly but assert a firm decision to stick to my choice. Just as you are starting to worry now, have I worried for the past three weeks every day and every night. I have solved problems of philosophy. I have weighed material facts; I have listened to inspirations; I have taken in my surroundings, considered the past, present, and future, and now that the *calcul* is done and the time to draw up the results of three weeks of steady thought has come, I am firm and happy to enlist myself even to the last drop of my energy in the glorious defense of France and Democracy.

There are many reasons for my new action outside of such allurements as glory and prestige. I have told you, though, most of them: the choice between America and peace or France and war; the desire to be "one of them" over here and to feel fully worthy of France's beauty and her people's sympathy; the desire to be able to say with pride that I have done something real in the greatest of all struggles; the horror of shirking when boys like me are dying; the thousand and one other minor reasons that turn by turn assail me stronger and harder day by day as I remain in the new world of Europe. There are two dominant reasons, however: The first is a law; the second a call.

As you understand, a life without a philosophy and an ideal is worthless. From my first age of understanding I have given my body and soul to the worship of an ideal. It is what has made me. In my letter some time ago I gave you my philosophy of life—that is what I consider the necessary system of living so that life may be lived to the greatest and highest God made possible for Man. Inasmuch as I am an idealist, it is my duty to obey the law of extremes and live each step of my life to its very extreme. That and that only can make the some little spark of divinity in my human existence that every man strives for. That is the first reason. I must obey the law laid down by the philosophy of my life. No lukewarmness can be tolerated. The *chef-d'œuvre* must be perfect and man's *chef-d'œuvre* is always his life. It is his living Art, his breathing statue—the greatest work he leaves behind him.

The second dominating reason is a call: So far there has been a soldier-poet, a poet of the woods, a poet of all, but as yet there has been no poet of the airs—the wonderlands unknown, unfelt, unseen, but ever worshiped as God's own grounds, or as the symbol of the highest soarings of men. Nor, as yet, has there been a painter of the airs; none of color's wondrous workings among the skies overlooking the earth and seas; none of that has come to us. No originality has let imagination wander with it and lead it on into the making of an artist of the airs. Such a call to my youth almost comes as the sacred voice of a duty to mankind. It has set a new world of promise, hopes, light, happiness, and beauty within me. Am I to refuse the opening gates of Heaven for wanderings through earth's trodden, darkened roads? I should not only feel like a shirker toward mankind, but a criminal to my soul and a suicider to myself, were I to refuse the golden burst of a new day. Can I not rise to the opportunity and devote every inch of me to the attainment of its heights? For once in my life I hear the voice of a supreme ideal, of a duty, of a mighty work sweep down on me from its grandeur in silence and might.

Those are the two dominant rea-

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sons. Much as you must be enraged by now, you will have to admit that they are all important. I have a great love and consideration for you, as you know, but more than any love on earth must I be true to my ideal. However reasonable though it may seem to have joined, I will not attempt to surround the service with gauzy veils of pink and blue. It is a dangerous service. Many do not come back. It is a serious business, hard study, hard work, hard fight. You'll no longer have a son in the truck service, but a son in the aviation. No longer one who tends to help France, but a son who offers to sacrifice his life for France. Just so much greater as my new service has become, so much the greater reason can you have to be proud of me, and if the love you have in me is worthy of a true Roman mother, you will thank God that you have a child worthy of you. I appeal to that admiration and to that high inspiration you said came to you from me. I put it to a test now, and hope that, being deeply rooted in your heart, it shall not fail to soar still higher and, instead of needless grief, rejoice in the light of my recent decision. A true mother, attached to her country and hopeful in her son, could only be thankful that her son had realized that love and hope she had so long placed in him. Consider the event not as regrettable, but as the glorious realization of all the hopes you had placed in me and the nobility you had prayed to see reflected within me. I think, *en plus*, that I have at last a right to call myself a *man*. I feel like a New Russia. When I come back to you you will find in me, I hope, not the statuette of a child and a mother's son, but the monument of a man and a mother's protector. You know, also, that I have usually been of a brooding nature. Well, now, by Jove! the world just seems one happy burst of sunshine.

Hoping you feel as wonderfully happy as I am,

Affectionately,
JACK.

PARIS, August 7th, 1917.

MY BRAVE LITTLE MOTHER,—To-day I am happier, perhaps, than I have been before in my life. I have successfully

passed the rather hard examinations to the aviation corps, and perhaps, if my work of training is equally successful, to an officership, which at my young age can be considered rather honorable. To be a leader in a volunteer service, where there is no test, is somewhat of an advantage, but to gain an officership in the army toward which the whole world turns is an honor that any boy of nineteen can be proud of. I certainly intend to devote all my efforts toward that.

As I said before, I am rejoicing to-day, not as a boy returning from a long term at school, but as a man who is distinctly proud to have taken the first great step in life that shall lead him to superiority and to have overcome all primary obstacles from hesitation to examinations in the fulfilling of such a heavy task. Immediately I shook hands for not less than a quarter of an hour with my chum, who also passed then. After ten days' poverty, I rushed to order a new aviation uniform, the latest *cri de Paris*, and then to the Café de la Paix, where I feasted on chocolate ice-cream and the sympathetic handshakes of many of the friends I have gathered about me since my last return to Paris. I am not bubbling and spurting with excitement, but quietly listening to an eternal murmuring of happiness within me—a steady, unflinching flow of joy and content.

By the way, I passed the physical exams to-day with the highest marks. The mental exam is just to find out what kind of a boy you are, so I got by perfectly.

It's all over. I await my official acceptance, which I am pretty sure of getting. Of course I'm a little impatient, though. I ordered a wonderful uniform, khaki with gold aviator's buttons! Just wait until you see your little boy in his aviator's outfit standing next to his aeroplane, ready to mount the winds and review the mighty fortresses of the German lines! Just how would you like to be shown through the hangars, introduced to the legion of heroes, and carried over the land of France at some three hundred kilometers an hour by the little boy who back in America could only dream of such living poetry?

I want to get out to training-school

(perhaps that doesn't sound good!) right away, but in the army you have to wait, wait, wait, and then wait some more! I'm dying to get to work, but I may have to finish this service out yet—horrors!

PARIS, Sept. 5, 1917.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I go to training-camp in the most beautiful country of France, this autumn. After three months' training—proportional to weather conditions—I will know all about aeroplanes, motors, and tactics and fighting. I will have passed semi-final exams and will be a full-fledged aviator pilot with the grade of a first lieutenant of the U. S. Army, in whose service I will be.

I am enlisted now as a private for the duration of the war and will not get my stripes for some three months, when I am sent to the front to fly.

First let me tell you that the worst part of flying is learning it. If I get through school I shall feel like a dog getting through his adolescence.

Now there are different types of machines, but they can be divided into two classes. At first you are sent into the first and most dangerous class; then if you are wanted and are capable, you are sent into the second class, with the aristocrats of the game.

First class: Bombing machines, bi-plane or triplane.

Second class: Observation machines.

Third class: Liaison machines—the latter used in direct contact with the advance of infantry and to foretell the ground and the enemy's forces during the attack.

The first class is at the mercy of the more speedy, one-plane fighting machines that make up the second class. They have a short wing spread—a place for the pilot only, who shoots his own gun and has the duty of sweeping down on the enemy's machines of Class I and killing their occupants and riddling up the machine with bullets. They are, of course, fired on by those of Class I, but their suppleness in maneuvering and their speed give them the advantage of the duel. You see, the first class machines are not meant to fight or duel or chase except in defense. Sometimes machines of the first class are protected

by those of the second—the duel machines; sometimes they fly in fleets, sometimes alone. They consist of the most dangerous service and of the less praise from the public. To receive a duel machine is almost a reward, since you then attain a right to the throne of a public hero or, in aviation terms, of becoming an “ace,” with a few German machines on your list of victories that steadily increases along with medals and praise and stripes, if—if you’ve got the steel and keep your nerve.

It’s all very dangerous; I want you to fully realize that fact, and am not attempting to hide it from you. Statistics show that fifty per cent. never come back from their soarings in the skies of glory. In the offensive of Champagne, eight aviators out of ten were killed. But inasmuch as it is usually a question of brains and cool-headedness and concentration, I think you can be fully confident in me.

One very nice thing—all my *camion* section is in the aviation and will all train and fly and risk together. It is wonderful to think that for three years some twenty boys who went to school together, and learned of football, studies, and jokes—that they crossed the ocean together and disembarked on a foreign land; that there they explored the country and cities together; that they went into the *camion* service and received their *baptême de feu* together; that after a fourth of a year of that they went to training-camp and learned to use wings and smile at danger together; that they then flew in the great war, for its duration together, and that crossing back to America together, they returned arm in arm to a wide horizon of peace—tinted with an undying warming glow of glory and stirred with the luring breezes of a successful future.

Most lovingly your devoted
JACK.

TOURS, FRANCE, Sept. 11, 1917.

MY VERY DEAR MOTHER,—I have arrived at camp and don’t know what to make of it. At least nothing has ever made me wonder more; so I guess it must be big and have more than a mechanical side to it; in fact, I think that, like every other deep pleasure, you

can only enjoy the more as you go along.

My trip down was gay and we arrived in Tours very happy to discover ourselves so near civilization, for camp is a short auto ride from the city. It is situated on a big plain where a rare bit of woods and a few houses break the horizon. The sky occupies ’most everything of the view and it takes you a couple of days to get used to its brightness. It’s like being on the ocean.

The camp is large and comfortable, with German prisoners, Moroccans, Senegalese, and Anamites, to build them up and perfect them. A large restaurant-canteen with a piano is handy; mechanics tend to the numerous machines off in the large brown hangars. Some women make the beds, cook, and wash the dishes—real dishes; while a barber, a tailor, a bath-house, are all on the grounds. Most of the pupils are American; the instructors (called monitors) and high officers are French. With a few extras, such as trucks, ambulances, signal-posts, etc., you have the whole outfit.

We get up at 5 A.M. (awful!), have breakfast and get out to the field by 6:30, when we start flying until 9:30; you see the heat is bad for flying. Then we have a lecture until 10:30, and lunch at 11. From 11 to 3 P.M. we have absolute rest, and believe me, we need it! I have found out that flying is going to be not only tiring, but strenuous. Every day two trucks leave for town and let you wander around Tours at your ease until 3:30, when we have *goûter*. Then we have lecture until 4:30; then we fly until 7:30, and eat at 8:15. We usually climb into bed immediately afterward; though we can stay out all night if we wish; but that is absolute insanity if a man doesn’t intend to smash his machine up the next day.

You have to go through numerous schools. First you just follow the movements of your pilot; then he lets you gradually take control until he perfects you in the landing-school. Landing is the most delicate of all flying. Then you go into the solo class; then the spiral, the triangle, and finally graduate at the end of a time proportionate with the weather, and receive your 1st Lieutenant’s commission.

The first few days we watched others go up; it was interesting for the time, but we didn't learn much. However, from the very start we have all been feeling great and a fine current of comradeship circulates as never I have seen.

The first evening I walked from the dinner-table about twenty yards to where stretched the main field, and where, forbidden sight, men came swooping down or went soaring up almost within hand's-reach. What I had found a rare treat in the movies was now going on before my eyes in reality; but I could hardly believe that this was actually the heroic, dreadful, sublime aviation school and that these mere boys who came joking along in their big helmets in one hand were not more than the mere puppets of actual student-pilots. Was it possible that this boy whom I had studied Latin with, and this kid, smiling in his poilu's coat, was the man of today, and the one on whom the government was spending a little fortune that within a few months he might be one of those most vital single factors in the war? That Bill was conquering the air, and that all of them could do so much, was quite beyond me. But then I felt myself grow bigger; I knew that never had I faced such danger, and yet I was not afraid. Before I had been frightened by exams, matches, people, but now I felt myself rise above fear through the immensity of nobleness that much danger invoked.

One morning the lieutenant assigned us to a monitor. We packed into a truck with some fifteen other boys and made for one of the auxiliary fields, where we waited for the monitor with the machine. During that time a peasant brought out bread, jam, milk, and pears to us, which we ate while the gigantic sun in a disk of orange came up over the purple slate roof of a peasant house. Then one, two, and two more planes hummed through the air, came out of the tinted morning skies and, shutting off their motors, came gliding down, swooped over our heads, and landed, some with a little jarring. The pupils gathered around their teachers and some put on their helmets for flight.

Here is a curious incident: We arrived on Friday; I wear 13 on my wrist;

we are 13 in the class, and I fly on machine No. 13. That's good luck in France.

Now I have been here four days, and, though the Americans are good, have seen four accidents of which one might have proved fatal, since he cut the wings off on some trees and spiked head first into the road. They don't let you get near the machine, though, for the sight of a friend hurt or killed would be bad for a beginner. I have a friend here who saw a double smash-up and death, and he hasn't been the same since. He's less indifferent and much more sympathetic.

I'll rest awhile now.

Tuesday.

I now find that I must avoid all sentimentality. Since my first whack at the controls I have discovered that aviation, at first, in the learning, necessitates an absolute annulment of emotion, sensitiveness, imagination, etc., not only when two thousand meters up in space, but all day long one must cultivate low-down materialism. All one's senses and imagination must be dulled. Therefore I will merely sketch to you my impression on my first flight. It will be the only sentimentality I can allow myself.

Going off the ground is slowly seeing the peasant houses and yards below you, until you seem to own them as toys; then under the setting sun you realize yourself miles up in the air, hanging in space by two thin wings and slowly progressing by the deafening motor and mad propeller over the woodland villages blurred in the rose dusk of sunset. Your machine will dip on a wing and then rise face to the big glow of that setting sun over the infinite horizon hills. Face to this gigantic hearth of red light, you suddenly realize that the space you are floating in is a breathing medium—a vast, colossal god in whose arms you are lying as a speck in the infinite. Then it comes upon you that your wings are too small; that the nervous whirling and pounding of the engine and propeller in front of you is a vain attempt; that it is merely a machine fashioned by man, able to fail! That it vainly attempts to rise in a forbidden world inasmuch as through the fathoms of sunset space about you are forces vast and unknown

—calm now, but in a second fiercer than any human-explored cyclones or waves or landslides; forces far beyond those that trail around the earth and that are only the droppings-off of those main big elements of space, the ones that fashioned the spheres and the comets and the ones that can juggle and destroy the multitudinous worlds in their embrace. You feel that man cannot challenge these higher fundamentals, these unknown mediums, and that your motor that attempts constantly to rise on the little wings far above their mother earth is vain, fragile, and ready at any moment to slide, snap, and be crumpled as a bit of paper, along with you. That is the general impression I gathered through ten minutes of first flight.

A couple of dips took the stomach out of me, made my ears feel funny, and made me feel like having a bottle of extra-peppy champagne shoot to my head. Those dips were the only positive physical sensations. Rising is inspiring; gliding down to earth is restful after the strain, but you feel sorry when your wheels once again "taxi" you across the field.

The next day I had my second flight. Already we were allowed to take the main control, once in the air. I came down with the conviction that I could never make an aviator. My first attempt at the wheel of a car did not leave me without less than great hopes, but I felt myself incapable of ever being able to hang correctly in space and tend to all the necessities at once, when at the slightest mistake you are finished. I was not afraid at all, but most unconfident in the least bit of a future.

However, when I got down I decided

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

that the next time my turn came to get on my helmet and climb in I would take that *manche à balai* and swing that machine around to the gale as I damn pleased, making myself at home and sure, or that I would, in attempting it, break my neck. I was bent on flying or nothing. That night I impatiently slept off the few hours to 5 A.M. But it rained a little and we couldn't go up. The next day (that's this A.M.) I went out and waited my turn while the sun came up and separated all the clouds and prospects of bad weather. I got in, we tested the motor, and off. The sun shone bright and I said to myself, as though in a hammock: "Fine day today; the country will look pleasant. We'll enjoy the trip. Ah! We're up." I was getting bored with the earth! I waited for the signal. Finally, at two hundred meters, after passing over another plane, my pilot tapped me on the back. I took the controls and calmly remembered what I was to guide by. For rocking, the top of the front top plane and the horizon. For level flight, the vertical position of the reinforcement bars up and down between the front wings. The weather was calm—no "bumps"—no "pockets." I was running the old boat as I had intended to—like a man. When the trip was over the results were accomplished. Between confident running of the plane or smash up, I had gained the former, and believe me, how I did enjoy it. Now I must go ahead, for I have much to learn and resist and conquer, inasmuch as I intend to make an aviator.

Most lovingly, from your devoted aviator,

JACK.



The Case of Carolinda

BY MARY HEATON VORSE



OCCASIONALLY the army system has a perfect flowering. Occasionally chance and fate work together to show what red tape can lead to. There is the mule, for instance, that did not get off the army books until fifteen years after its demise.

Private Landis's seventy-three-cent laundry bill, which in fulfilling the course the system ordained traveled 27,000 miles and was indorsed by two brigadier-generals and eleven other officials.

Then there is the case of Carolinda, which is not yet finished. No one knows if it ever will be finished, or even if it can be, since Miss Wiley used her common sense; for there is just one thing that must never happen—common sense and the system must not meet, for the result of this unnatural meeting is madness.

It began by Lieutenant Beamish, of the Personal Equipment Division of the Department of Ordnance, saying to himself, as he looked with disapproval at a bandoleer which he held in his hand:

"How can I tell if the darned thing fits as it should?" He spoke with intensity, for Beamish was a perfectionist. He also had a dangerous though touching belief in intelligence. It was Beamish's theory that if you study long enough on a thing you can find the answer to it. Lieutenant Sharp, Beamish's assistant, camouflaged his admiration for his superior officer by his irrepressible cheerfulness. His theory was that intelligence had the same drawback as radium—it was found in small quantities, and its effects were often deadly when massed. He watched Beamish, who was sitting, his head in his hands, staring at the bandoleer, which he had laid across his knees.

"I bet you are looking for an idea again," he said.

Beamish didn't answer.

"I was right!" Sharp prattled to Miss Wiley. "He is looking for an idea."

"There is a way out of all difficulties," Miss Wiley quoted.

After a long time Beamish spoke. "I know what it is I want," he said. "It is a bust form!"

"What you want," Sharp replied, soothingly, "is your temperature taken. Look at the facts yourself. You sit for hours staring at the floor, and come out of your coma only to ask for a bust form!"

"I know what he wants it for," Miss Wiley volunteered. "He wants it to try bandoleers on."

"What else," inquired Beamish, with a little too heavy emphasis, "did you think I wanted one for?"

"Oh, you bust form!" remarked Sharp to no one in particular.

Beamish ignored Sharp's levity. "Where does one get them?" he inquired.

"Where indeed!" murmured Sharp.

"You can get them at any department store," Miss Wiley answered.

"Please write a letter requesting a bust form, Lieutenant Sharp," said Beamish, in his heaviest manner.

"You're not joking?" Sharp pleaded.

"Joking!" Beamish answered, a touch of truculency in his tone. "Is good equipment a joking matter? You don't seem to gather that what I want in this office is a *bust form*."

"You don't mean to say, Lieutenant Beamish," pleaded Sharp, "that you are going to put this through the channels? You know yourself what our dear old country is like. You know whether it is easy to squeeze things out of the fatherland. You want it, don't you, before peace is declared? If you need it, steal it, borrow it, buy it yourself."

"This article," said Beamish, with decision, "is needed by the Ordnance, and the department is going to pay for it."

"So spake Zarathustra!" said Sharp to his chief's departing back. "Take this letter, Miss Wiley, and see what happens. 'It is requested that arrangements,' " he dictated; then he paused. He had not been long in the service. "Should I say that, or should I say, 'I am instructed by the Chief of Ordnance to request'?" he asked.

Miss Wiley had not been long in the service, either, but she replied, decisively, "The latter, I think, Lieutenant Sharp."

"I am instructed by the Chief of Ordnance to request that arrangements be made for the purchase of one bust form—"

"You will have to tell what it is needed for," Miss Wiley reminded him.

"I am too modest," said Sharp.

"You could say, 'It is for the good of the service,'" suggested Miss Wiley.

"That's it, of course," Sharp concurred.

"This letter reads," said Miss Wiley, "February 1. I am instructed by the Chief of Ordnance to request that arrangements be made for the purchase of one bust form. This bust form is needed for the good of the service."

"Wait until the major sees that!" said Sharp. "I bet that there'll be one bust form the less in the Ordnance."

Major Colt struggled all day with red tape. He started in the morning with a pink face. He ended at night with a purple one. And the order of his office was that all desks should be cleared every night. "Have you been through these letters, Lieutenant?" he asked Beamish.

"Yes, Major," replied Beamish.

"All right, are they?" said he, reaching to sign them, while from another desk Sharp watched with a merry eye.

In the Supply Section Captain Gifford and Lieutenant Green worked in harmony. It was their theory that the Ordnance was entirely composed of nuts who were likely to ask the War Department for anything from goldfish to garters; and it was their chief joy to pick over the morning mail and to note the quaint requests.

"Just glance at this, will you, Captain?" said Green.

"My God! What are they doing down in the Personal Equipment?" asked Gifford. "Why, they don't even know how to spell it—a '*bust form*'! Do they mean a broken form?"

"That's not what it is," explained his subordinate. "It's what you make dresses on."

"Well, one hears strange things about the Ordnance. No wonder the Senate gets so suspicious," said Captain Gifford. "Whiling away the time, I suppose, until the government gets ready to co-ordinate again. Nothing to do but dress-make. But you'd think they'd find a manlier sport, wouldn't you?"

"One can't blame them too much," said Green. "They're reorganized again, you know. They have to have some way of passing the time."

Captain Gifford wrote upon the requisition, "Referred to be procured and such action be taken as deemed desirable and expedient," and signed it "By Order of the Chief of Ordnance."

Thus fortified, the requisition went to the Mail and Record Room, where it received the number "M. T. C. 471.300-000/485." From there it went to the Chief of Supplies.

Captain Clark was a lank and mild-mannered man. His imagination was arrested by this requisition. "I wonder is it," he thought, "and yet, how can it be? Still, it is—the same as Aunt Hattie uses at home! Now, who the devil do you suppose needs a *bust form* for the Ordnance, and what's its classification? Who would one suppose would know that?" Suddenly a picture came before his mind's eye—the home life of his colleague, Major Hotchkiss. He saw the major's three daughters working round bust forms through an open sitting-room door. He remembered Hotchkiss groaning:

"They're at it all the time, Clark—always one of those Sallies with a piece of drapery around her—and they wonder why I stay at the club!"

"He should know," he thought. "He lives in a hotbed of bust forms!" With the letter in hand he strolled to a near-by desk and asked, in a mild, inoffensive voice:

"I wonder what classification that would come under?"

"What is it?" asked young Lieutenant Ames. For all he knew of bust forms one might mold bullets in them.

"Ah! You are not familiar with them?" his superior inquired, blandly. "I think the requisition should go to Major Hotchkiss's desk, but you might ask Lieutenant Jason first."

Ames took the paper to Jason. "Do you know what this is?" he said. "The Personal Equipment wants a bust form."

At this Jason burst into ribald laughter. He was a rough young man who got on Ames's nerves. "Do I know what it is? Sure I know. It's statuary—female statuary!"

Ames turned away his offended head. He looked the matter up in the list of General Supplies. It was not there. Conscious that Lieutenant Jason and the gentle but dangerous Captain Clark were watching him, he approached the major.

Major Hotchkiss was a man of martial temperament irked by the delays incident to the government of a democracy. He looked at all requisitions with a vitriolic eye. He brought this close to his face as though to see if the signature were a forgery. He held it at arm's-length.

"Bust form!" he cried, angrily. "What next? Doesn't the Personal Equipment know we're at war? A bust form, mark you!" He shook the paper in the astonished face of Lieutenant Ames.

"It's not in the list of General Supplies of 1918, Major."

"Not in the list of General Supplies? No! Nor is Val lace—thank God—nor is guimpe—not yet, my boy, at any rate! Great Heavens! they can't mean that! Depend upon it, Ames, there has been some error—with all the new stenographers and the press of work, an error does slip past a desk now and then. Don't tell me, Ames, that Major Colt wants a bust form. It's not in reason. No man living needs such a thing. An unmarried man don't need 'em, and a married man don't want 'em. Get me the Personal Division on the wire. . . . Major Colt? Major Hotchkiss talking. Major, there's a requisition just come over from your office that I don't quite understand. . . . Why don't I understand it? Because I don't see what the

Ordinance wants with an article of this kind. . . . What is it? It's a bust form."

There was a silence at the other end of the line.

"Is my signature attached?" asked Major Colt, stiffly.

"It is," replied Major Hotchkiss.

"Then it is required by my department," said Major Colt, and rang off.

Major Hotchkiss looked at the requisition as one dreaming. "They're putting up some sort of a joke on me," was his final decision. "There's something behind this. Why, look at it!" he cried. "Don't tell me that Colt would send out a requisition for a bust form without a proposal and bid. As sure as pigs are pigs, Ames, some of those young officers will get gay one time too often! Refer it back!"

"Was there a requisition sent out of this office for a bust form?" asked Major Colt of Lieutenant Beamish.

"Yes, Major," Beamish replied. "I wanted one to try bandoleers on. There's been a great deal of trouble with bandoleers galling the men, and I want to devise one that would fit better."

Whatever Major Colt put his hand and seal to he stood by. "A good idea!" he said. "What do you think of that fossil, Major Hotchkiss? He called me up to ask if an order which went out from this office and signed by me *was needed!* That's the Supply Division for you! That's efficiency! Interrupting your work to ask you if you know your own handwriting and if this office knows its own mind. Gad! No wonder we can get nothing done."

It happened next day that the Major's eyes fell upon the requisition referred back. "What's this?" he cried. "'Referred back for proposal and bid.' Papers going out of this office that have to be referred back! Isn't there delay enough without there being delay in our own paper work—and about that bust form, too? Why," he cried, "was there no proposal and bid?" He altered his tone from one of anger to sorrow. "And I relied on you, Lieutenant Beamish. I asked you before beginning, if those papers were as they should be."

"You let this requisition go out with-

out a proposal and bid," Beamish told Sharp, coldly.

"Miss Wiley," began Sharp, with acerbity, "how did you happen to let this requisition go out like this?"

"It's entirely my fault, Miss Wiley, I assure you, for having had confidence in Lieutenant Sharp."

"I'll go out for the bid, Lieutenant Beamish," Sharp offered, with eagerness.

"I'll go myself," said Beamish, stiffly.

Lieutenant Beamish looked upon a department store with the same confidence with which a dog looks upon a hornets' nest. Vague but humiliating memories clamored about him as he approached Zeng-felt & Weston's.

Woman seemed to him a redoubtable force whose ways were at variance with all the fruitful pursuits of man, for Lieutenant Beamish in private life had led an existence sheltered from women. He was an engineer and had spent much of his time in sparsely inhabited districts, and this had permitted him to evade many of those pressing problems which society puts to one. His attitude toward women might have been summed up in vague distrust and a less vague but unacknowledged curiosity.

All the things that he feared of them were summarized in a department store. There femininity stalked unchecked. Crowds of well-dressed and earnest women surged up and down relentlessly, all apparently knowing exactly what they wanted and where they were going. Rows of saleswomen, adequate and magnificent, flanked the aisles. A man in such a spot was borne along in the stream like a log at flood tide, undirected and unresisting.

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With a feeling akin to desperation Beamish plunged through the revolving doors. The tide bore him along. He tried to frame the words, "Where are bust forms?" He could not. He had wandered through an area where ladies' suits were displayed. He walked past a counter of perfumeries and rounded a promontory occupied by toilet articles



"WHY—I SUPPOSED YOU WANTED IT FOR YOUR WIFE"

in distressing variety; and now, having come into the comparatively calm area of brocaded silks, he paused. He grew more and more self-conscious, for the saleswomen stared at him. How could he know that it was approvingly?

He was in no wise reassured by hearing a female voice cry behind him: "Why, Ned! How good-looking you are in your uniform!"

He turned to find his mother's friend, Mrs. Westerly, one of the few women that spelled neither mystery nor danger to Beamish.

"I wish I could help you—you look so lost; but I'm sure that Charlotte will. Charlotte," she said, plucking the arm of a very young woman, "do help out this poor man with his shopping!"

She took her departure, and, as one lost, Beamish watched her comfortable departing back. Then he heard a shy little voice saying with a slight lisp:

"I didn't understand your name. All I heard was 'Ned.'"

"Beamish is my name. Ned Beamish," he contributed.

Their eyes met, and then she looked away; but he had time to observe that she had a funny, humorous mouth, that it was very red, and that her eyes were very large and trusting.

"Mrs. Westerly said you were shopping—" she suggested.

"Yes," faltered poor Beamish.

The tension was getting desperate. Miss Harding now cast about for something to say, but apparently found nothing. She allowed silence of the most devastating sort to drift in between them, for she was devoid of all those helpful ways with which glibber young women bridge over difficulties of this kind. The silence endured. Their mutual embarrassment shut them off from the rest of the world. It was like being shipwrecked on a desert island. Then it was that Beamish saw that she was embarrassed, more embarrassed than he was, and at this unwonted emotions of tenderness and desires for service invaded him. He longed to put her at her ease, and yet all his desperation could invent was:

"Don't be afraid of me, because I am awfully afraid of you."

Her shy gaze swept him. "Are you?" she asked, smiling at him for the first time. "Why?" she inquired, with her upsetting simplicity.

"I am not used to girls!" muttered Beamish. Apparently she liked this answer. "And," he added, "I am not used to department stores."

"One can see that," she admitted. "Mrs. Westerly said I was to help you." And then it came over Beamish that he could not have Charlotte Harding help him to get this object.

"I'll tell you what I've got to do," said Beamish, in desperation. "I've got

to send some flowers to some one. Perhaps you'd help me do that?"

"There's a very nice flower-shop almost next door," Miss Harding suggested.

Shyness again engulfed both of them. Beamish managed to remark:

"It is a pleasant day."

To which Miss Harding replied, "Very."

"I say," said Beamish, "this will never do. If you are going to help me we will both have to get over it."

"But I can't!" said Charlotte. "I'm just naturally born this way."

"Don't you think you can get over it if I can?" asked Beamish, with his accustomed earnestness.

She tipped her head to one side and again swept her shy glance over him.

"I can *try*," she answered, with equal earnestness, as they entered the flower-shop.

"What kind of flowers am I going to send?" he asked, helplessly.

"To whom are you sending them? Is it for an older woman, or is it?"—her voice faltered at this—"for a girl?"

"These," Beamish replied, on the inspiration of the moment, "are for my aunt."

He thought of his aunt Matilda, sitting massive and firm in front of her fireplace, on whose mantel reposed in the exact center an Empire clock flanked by two large cloisonné vases. He could imagine her lifting up her lorgnette and viewing his card as she remarked, "Edward must be unhinged!" It was her word for peculiar conduct of any sort. As he gave the name and address he saw ripple over Miss Harding's face an expression that was like the reflection of laughter. He regarded her questioningly. There was a little silence, and in a small voice she remarked in explanation:

"I know your aunt!"

For a second Beamish looked at Charlotte with dismay. Then both of them laughed. It was the sort of laugh that cements a friendship. Both of them understood perfectly why it was that Beamish was sending flowers to his aunt.

"She *will* be surprised!" said Charlotte Harding, in her demure little voice.

"If she survives the shock," Beamish admitted. At that they laughed again.

"Now what flowers do *you* want?" he continued, in the tone of one who says, "Now we have come to the real business at hand."

"How did you happen to think of it?" she inquired. "Putting off the evil day this way—I mean."

"Inspiration!" Beamish said, proudly.

"Desperation!" she corrected.

"Partly," Beamish admitted; "but you've got to get it through with some time, you know."

They were in front of the department store again. "Just plunge in with your eyes shut and tell me what you want."

"It is—it is—a *bust form*!" Beamish faltered, miserably.

"O-h!" said Miss Harding. Their friendship had been progressing like a little boat blown by the wind over a fair sea. Now the wind died and a fog came up.

Beamish looked down at his companion with dismay. What ailed her? He

could not tell. She was displeased with him. Why? It was just one of those mysterious things that women were always springing on you. It had all been so pleasant a moment before that he had almost forgotten she was a girl—at least this was the naïve way he had put it to himself. He wanted to cry aloud, "What is the matter?" The words failed him, for somehow she had removed herself to a distance; and the worst of it was that he sensed unmistakably that she was suffering. He had hurt her feelings. But how?

She now performed the feat so impossible for Beamish. Going up to a floorman, she asked, resolutely, "Where are bust forms?"

"Elevator to the fourth floor; three aisles over," replied this gentleman.

They progressed in silence to the elevator. In silence they walked the three aisles.

"There they are!" his companion said, in a toneless voice.



"PERMIT ME, MISS CAROLINDA—LIEUTENANT BEAMISH"

It was now Beamish's cue, there being no escape; he faced the situation. "I don't wish to buy this now," he explained. "I have to get a bid on it—for the Ordnance, you know."

"For *what*?" his companion inquired.

"Why, for my division. For the Ordnance. For the Personal Equipment," Beamish explained. "I want it to try bandoleers on, you know."

"O-h!" said Miss Harding. The sun had come out as surprisingly as it had gone in.

"What *did* you suppose I wanted it for?" Beamish inquired.

"Why—I supposed," she faltered, "you wanted it for your wife!"

"And *that* was why!" thought Beamish with heady and irrational joy.

Again they shouted with laughter.

As the obliging sales manager made out the bid, "Heaven knows when I'll get this through!" Beamish remarked.

"Why don't you have it sent over right away—on approval?" asked Miss Harding.

"We'll send it over by special at once," the sales manager agreed, briskly.

Beamish hurried back to his office as one who seeks a familiar haven after a perilous adventure in unfamiliar seas. He had been spendthrift of the one thing lacking America in the prosecution of the war—time. The adventure had cost him three hours and twenty-seven minutes. It had also cost him \$4.75 and his peace of mind. But these losses he did not consider. His only thought was to retrieve the precious minutes. He hurried Miss Wiley through the letters:

"War Department, Office of the Chief of Ordnance Personal Equipment division.

"It is requested that arrangements be made for the purchase of one bust form as per inclosed proposal and bid.

"1. From the firm of Zengfelt & Weston at 709 Blank Street, Washington, D. C. Price as per enclosed bid.

"2. This article is not listed in the schedule of General Supplies.

"3. And it is needed in work in the Ordnance. "CHIEF OF ORDNANCE.

"By——."

With this was inclosed the bid, price subject to change after five days. He

had just sent it on to Major Colt's desk when the telephone rang.

"It's the sales manager from Zengfelt & Weston's," Miss Wiley reported. "He says he sent your purchase, but they won't let his man in without a pass. The doorkeeper eyed the messenger like a suspicious character."

"Very proper!" murmured Sharp. "The doorkeeper believes woman's place is in the home. Maybe, too, he's read about the Trojan horse."

"But," continued Miss Wiley, ignoring Sharp, according to the office habit, "the man is still waiting down-stairs, and if you'll send down—"

"Certainly," said Sharp, springing up. "I'll escort the lady up." A few minutes later he appeared in the doorway. "Permit me," he said, ceremoniously, waving his hand toward the shrouded figure reposing in the arms of the messenger. "Miss Carolinda, Miss Wiley; Lieutenant Beamish."

In the wake of Carolinda appeared the grinning faces of two of the sergeants of the Signal Corps, one of whom was heard to murmur, "Welcome to our city!"

"It seems," Sharp complained, bitterly, "that every department but ours has time to burn. Don't the Signal Corps ever work?"

Again the major signed the requisition. Again it proceeded on its fatalistic round.

"Look who's here!" Green remarked to Gifford. "They must be setting up a dressmaking parlor down in the Personal Equipment."

"Odd habits they have in the division, what!" answered Gifford. "Is it the same, or are they going to order a flock of them?"

"So our little friend is back again!" Captain Clark of the Supplies remarked, with relish. No detail of his superior's rage had escaped him.

He drifted gently over to Lieutenant Jason's desk. "I think you had better call this to Major Hotchkiss's attention personally, Lieutenant Jason," he suggested. "There seems to be some rush for it. I met Major Colt in the Army and Navy Club to-day, and he didn't do a thing to the Supplies. He intimated that the work of his department was constantly thwarted by our slowness. It



"GREAT HEAVENS! DO THEY DREAM OF BUST FORMS?"

seems he has a clever young genius named Beamish in his department whose pressing need is this article, and we've tied them up for a week now, gummed the game because of our—'lack of co-ordination' was what I think he called it. You might, tactfully, you know, put something of the kind over to Major Hotchkiss. I'd send Ames; but the boy's too young to die."

Lieutenant Jason took the letter to the major's desk. "Major Hotchkiss," he began, "Captain Clark felt that your attention better be called to this matter."

"The bust form!" cried the major. "They are at it again!" He slammed the paper down on the table. "There is a large number of requisitions ahead of this, Lieutenant Jason," he said, "some of which are special cases. This requisition, sir, has got to take its turn. In its own proper time I shall attend to it."

"I understand that Major Colt seems rather pressed," murmured Jason.

"Pressed?" roared Major Hotchkiss. "Pressed for this absurd manikin? I tell you I smell a nigger in the woodpile. There's something wrong with this requisition!"

"The sooner we get it over with, then," Jason conciliated, "the better."

"It is going to take its turn," repeated Major Hotchkiss, shoving the paper into a basket marked "For Consideration."

A week elapsed, during which time Carolinda's fame spread through the Ordnance. Men from various departments strolled in on pretexts of business. Everybody throughout the building knew her name. People stopped Beamish to inquire after Carolinda's health. Sharp paused to ask if he might get her a drink of water, if she were getting tired, and to urge her not to fatigue herself with overwork. The more this occurred the more earnest was Beamish in his experiments with bandoleers, the more interested did Major Colt become.

"Great Heavens!" the major re-

marked. "One would suppose such a thing had never been tried out before. By the way, have we got back our requisition from the Supplies?"

"I don't think so, Major," replied Beamish.

"Not back yet?" cried Major Colt. "Do you mean to say that Major Hotchkiss has the assurance to hold me up like that? He can't know that Carolinda" (the word slipped out unnoticed) "has been sent over on approval. There's malice behind this. Dash me, Lieutenant Beamish, I believe they're trying to get my goat. Send an informal note over to him at once: 'The attention of the Supply Department is called to the fact that as yet no affirmation for proposal and bid for one bust form has been received by the Personal Equipment Division. In replying refer to No. M. T. C. 471.370-000/493.' Have Sergeant Long wait for an answer."

This letter went in order of routine to Captain Clark. Smilingly he laid it before Major Hotchkiss.

"They seem to be rather hot over in the Personal Equipment," he remarked, gently.

"Great Heavens! Do they dream of bust forms?" cried Major Hotchkiss.

"Where is that requisition?" His stenographer handed it to him. He examined it. "I knew there was something wrong with it!" he cried. "Look here, Captain Clark, just look at this. I tell you, they're getting gay with our division. This is the second time this has come to my desk with an error. Here's a bid to the government of the United States, mark you, *with a five days' duration clause!* What the dickens! Do they or don't they over in the Personal Equipment know what's constitutional? What's the date? This bid is nine days old already. War-time is no time for practical jokes. Refer it back for a new bid!"

"Is it signed at last?" asked Major Colt. He took the paper from Sergeant Long. Slowly his face grew scarlet, and then purple. "Referred back again! Referred back after all this time? This has been held up with malice aforethought!" he cried. "How about it, Lieutenant Beamish? Don't you know that a bid made to the government of the

United States must give definite figures? Don't you know there can be no time clause in a government bid? Go out and get another bid."

"I've pretty well finished with the form," Beamish suggested.

"What has that to do with it?" cried Major Colt. "This article is going to be purchased. It's been requisitioned for this department, and, by gad! it's going to be purchased for this department."

Beamish was a man of theories, and one of his theories was that in war-time a man has no right to a private life. He had volunteered for field service, and to his disappointment he had been put in the Ordnance. He treated himself as one under fire. For this reason he had refused to recognize the fact that peace of mind he had none. He turned his face resolutely from his desire to see Charlotte Harding. He would not acknowledge that this was the state of things. Theories, however, will not stand all shocks.

Zengfelt & Weston's was more than Beamish could face alone. With a feeling of joy in his heart that was out of all proportion, he telephoned Charlotte Harding for help. He had before seen plenty of men of his acquaintance "go on," as he described it, about girls; and he despised them. He would not look the fact in the face that he was following in their fatuous footsteps. He was simply happy, outrageously, shamelessly happy to see Charlotte Harding again.

This time neither of them was shy. They met as old friends. They parted at last—with two hours and forty-nine minutes of government time wasted, after Beamish had uttered the consecrated words:

"When am I going to see you again?"

As they parted Charlotte ran into her brother, a young lieutenant in the Personnel Division.

"Who was that you were with?" he inquired, with the brutality of an older brother.

"That"? Oh, that was Lieutenant Beamish."

"Beamish of the Personal Equipment?" inquired Harding. "Very dangerous fellow, Beamish. Want to look out! All sorts of scandal about him around town."

"Scandal?" cried Charlotte. "Why, he's the shyest man! What do you mean, Jimmie?"

"Just ask him about Carolinda," said her brother, "and see what he does."

"I shall do nothing of the kind! Who is Carolinda?"

"Haven't you ever heard of Carolinda? Everybody else has. I turn off here." He took his departure having poured the poison of doubt into his sister's heart.

Again Carolinda's papers traveled through their laborious routine, Major Colt remarking, after he had scrutinized each detail, "This time we've got 'em fixed; but what would have happened to us, Lieutenant Beamish, had this been something vital to the division?"

Next day the Department of Ordnance was torn up by the sixth great reorganization. Men were transferred from one division to another, new departments were formed, new officers were put in charge of divisions, the Purchasing Board took over some work of the Supplies. After a week of heavy swimming while the divisions of the Ordnance were looking for familiar landmarks, Major Hotchkiss finally came to shore, puffing heavily. Captain Clark approached the desk. "I have a new note from the Personal Equipment," he suggested—"about the bust form, you know."

"There!" cried Major Hotchkiss. "That settles it! There are just two answers. If they can keep on trying to get that requisition through after this shake-up, there are just two answers—one is that they are insane; the other that it is a practical joke." Now light broke on him. "Captain Clark, since the reorganization this article no longer comes under our jurisdiction! This should be referred either to the

Quartermaster or to the Purchasing Board. Thank God, I can wash my hands of the whole distasteful business! It will have to be referred back. I don't want to offend Major Colt, of course. I had better telephone him, explaining."

"Couldn't you put it through if you



"JUST ASK HIM ABOUT CAROLINDA AND SEE WHAT HE DOES"

wished?" asked Captain Clark, gently.

"I really don't know, Captain," said Major Hotchkiss, who was now in rare good temper, "but I am inclined to think it would be highly irregular. I would be very glad to oblige the Personal Equipment; but since the reorganization—you know how it is. We've not shaken down yet, and there's no use in my assuming responsibility not mine."

"Look here," said Beamish, putting the last communication from Major Hotchkiss before Sharp. "What am I going to do next?"

"In other words, where do you go from here, boy?" said Sharp, whistling softly. "It seems to be Major Hotchkiss's swan song, as it were."

"I can't show this to Major Colt, can I?" Beamish demanded.

"Why don't you just let it drift along?" asked Miss Wiley, "and straighten it out after the war when there's more time? With all there is to be done in our department, it seems too bad to have you spend so much time on that graven image."

"What you speak sounds like sense," Sharp answered, "but you don't seem to understand, Miss Wiley, that, Huns or no Huns, the paper work of the army of this glorious Republic has got to be in order. It's, anyway, all Lieutenant Beamish's fault. I told him in the beginning to borrow Carolinda."

"Well, how are you going to get her now?" asked Miss Wiley.

From the other office came Major Colt's voice. "This matter, Lieutenant Beamish, reorganization or not, has got to be cleared up and at once. The presence of that article in our department under the existing circumstances is contrary to precedent. This matter must be made regular!"

"You hear," Sharp remarked, softly. "All that has gone before is only the prelude. Alas, poor Beamish! I can

hear him cracking under the strain."

It was as Sharp prophesied. Carolinda had existed in comparative obscurity until the moment of the reorganization. It was now that her papers started on the grand tour of the War Department. Sharp maintains until this day that be-

fore Beamish, exhausted but triumphant, had her papers in order, the Chief of Ordnance and Secretary of State had conferred over her, after the Committee of Public Information had also taken a hand; but this is probably his own invention.

It was nearly a month later when Beamish laid before Sharp the receipt for Carolinda.

Sharp placed a finger on Beamish's signature. "My God!" he said. "You've not signed the property accountability, have you?"

"I signed everything, I was so glad to get the business straight-

ened out," Beamish replied, with more lightness than was customary. "I would even have signed a marriage license," he added, cheerfully. And this on Beamish's part was no exaggeration. "Why, what's the matter?" he demanded, as Sharp lay back in his chair, fanning himself weakly.

"Oh, nothing," he replied. "Carolinda has merely disappeared!"

"What!" cried Beamish.

"Vanished," said Sharp. "I noticed yesterday she was gone, but I thought it was someone's fool joke. Next I sent Sergeant Long out with snooper orders—but—she's gone!"

"Miss Wiley—doesn't she know?" asked Beamish.



"I AM ENGAGED TO-MORROW,"
A VERY COOL VOICE REPLIED

"She can't," said Sharp, sadly. "Went home before the mysterious disappearance, sick with grippe."

"This is the work of some smart Alec," cried Beamish, "and I shall be out ten dollars and thirty-one cents."

"What's this?" cried Major Colt. "The manikin is missing, just as we've straightened the matter out? We'll see about this. That manikin is at last the property of the United States of America, and tampering with it is a Federal offense. I tell you, Lieutenant Beamish, I'll make an example of any one who thinks this is a matter of jest. In the mean time a statement will have to go out at once to the War Department that the object is missing; but in the mean time, Lieutenant Beamish, you will of course try and find—er—Carolinda."

Beamish went to the telephone and called up Miss Harding. "Hello!" he said. "I can't come to tea this afternoon. . . . Oh, I can't. It's impossible. It's Carolinda. . . . Who did I say? I said *Carolinda*. She's disappeared and she *has* to be found. She's my special—charge, you see." Into the disapproving silence which followed, "May I come to-morrow?" he asked, meekly.

"I am engaged to-morrow," a very cool voice replied.

"But when may I—?" began poor Beamish.

"I really don't know," said Charlotte—and rang off.

Beamish stood with the receiver in his hand. Something like a cataclysm had happened. He had incurred the displeasure of the beloved. Why? He didn't know. He only knew that day was turned into night. He turned around to see Miss Wiley, who had crawled back to work.

"It was rather nice I could straighten out Carolinda, wasn't it?" she said. "That's off our minds, anyway."

"Straighten out Carolinda?" asked Beamish, weakly.

"Didn't you get my note?" asked Miss Wiley. "Why, when I was going

home sick the other night I met Mr. Dick, the sales manager of Zengfelt & Weston. I was feeling cross. 'I wish,' I said, 'you'd send for that bust form—we're all through with her.'

"I'd certainly like to," said he. "We can't get any more of those imported ones now, and there is a customer I'd like to oblige—and it's been six weeks since I sent it over to your division." I told him to come and help himself. I thought it was a lovely way to settle the whole matter—I've always hated Carolinda, anyway, ever since I came up here for some night work and took her for a burglar! She must be in St. Louis by now. That's where she was going. Good riddance, I say!"

At last Beamish spoke. "Now," he said, bitterly, "we'll never get it straightened out."

"Now," Sharp echoed, "trouble is just beginning. Her papers are signed, you see. She's government property now—on the books of the Ordnance—and *she can never be got off!*"

"But," said Miss Wiley, "*they* wanted her! *We* didn't! It saved the government ten dollars and thirty-one cents. It's common sense."

"Miss Wiley," said Sharp, "don't you know that common sense has nothing to do with the matter?"

"There was another thing I hated about that old bust form," said Miss Wiley, ignoring Sharp, as usual. "It was the way they talked about her and Lieutenant Beamish. Next you know they'll start a real scandal! Why, the stenographer in 306 thought Carolinda was a real person!"

Beamish's mind on occasion could move quickly. Miss Wiley's words had flashed light into his darkness. "I'm going out," he said, "for a half-hour on business connected with Carolinda! There's one detail of this mix-up that can be straightened out, if nothing else can." He hastened to the street and, taking a passing taxi, gave the address of Miss Harding's house.

Has America the Fighting Spirit?

BY ELIZABETH MINER KING



IN the Executive Chamber of a state capitol a short time ago, where members of a convention of State Defense committees were comparing notes and listening to the Governor—it might have been any capitol or any Governor in the country—a man arose and said that he thought America did not have a fighting spirit. At once they were ready to argue him down upon one conclusion: The draft! The big human thing that has intruded upon living, dying, marrying, and new-born babies, probably the only thing in the history of the country that has so intruded and been welcome.

The spirit manifested toward it has been the greatest surprise America ever had. No one dreamed that "compulsory military service" would go through the country as smoothly and regularly as men breathe. The mere word "draft" had a bad start with its adverse psychological connotation. Draft heretofore seemed to mean tossing up to determine the unfortunate person who was to attend to a tag-end or unpleasant task. "Draft" sounded like "drag." Some were wont to think of Ireland, where "draft" has meant riot at the drop of the hat. The last generation went back to Civil War times, when the draft caused a turmoil in the country hardly less than war itself. Then there were riots and fights. Editors, politicians, and men of note helped to create dissension. Conscripts bought release for a few hundred dollars. And although there was a physical test and an age limit, beyond these draft selection was short-sighted. The whole draft law of the Civil War was a failure. But more than the memory of trouble in 1863, or in Ireland, the idea of a draft to Yankee young bloods ordinarily signifies simon-

pure compulsion. This time an impulse was born in the national consciousness powerful enough to overcome the resentment which compulsion engenders in the average American. By the force of this impulse the age-old tradition of odium was stripped from the draft overnight. The service call went out to nine and a half millions of young men. The answer came in a twinkling: "Here am I. Take me." It came like one voice—speaking for men who had joined hands. Back of it was to be found a case of national psychology, reflecting nearly every aspect of national life and ideals.

When you have had your eye close to the draft, to speak of it as national this and national that seems almost a blunder. Every number drawn was taken home to Robinson Crusoe's island, there to stay with its own problems until brought to the local board, that number's lair of high priests. When General E. H. Crowder, Provost-Marshal-General, laid out the plan, with its district and local draft boards, and uniform regulations for all, he saw that this step would strike the homes first; that a man's first conception of the draft would be its relation to conditions within four walls. If there had been outcries from these homes, then riots and uproar would have followed, and the draft might have proved to be as disturbing as first expected. If scandals had occurred commensurate with the opportunities, again it would have had plenteous criticism and comment. But there were practically no anti-draft demonstrations; and no scandals other than those participated in by a few second-rate physicians who would do second-rate things wherever placed. Nothing has happened to make headlines; nothing but the operation of a punctilious military machine working from questionnaire to examination, to camp—a steady flow of unperturbed

streams of men from home to the front.

Historians undoubtedly will point to this as a never-to-be-forgotten benefit from "preparedness." The country was prepared for something very different as the result of the peremptory call.

"I sat for one month with a loaded pistol in my pocket," said the chairman of a local board for a large and complicated suburban district. But to sit and be a human holster was all the use he had for the weapon. Many cities arranged after the National Guard left to have access to a regiment or companies of regulars to help in dealing with anticipated draft emergencies. Working with secret-service men, the police were forearmed with absolute knowledge of all centers of possible disaffection, and had what amounted to a card index of suspected trouble-makers. Home Defense leagues, created as volunteer auxiliary police, trained regularly in expectation of being called for draft-riot duty. In many places, inspectors high in the police force lectured to volunteers on the handling of riots. For naught. The draft came. Men were crazy to go.

Some were so anxious that they immediately enlisted so that there would not be the slightest suspicion that they waited to serve until they had to. This feeling gradually diminished. The impetus which selective service gave to recruiting was due in great measure to the fact that the boys were poor waiters. As soon as a man came grinning from his successful physical examination, I heard the question asked time and again, "Can't you shove me right in?" There was nothing worse than waiting to be called, except being turned down. Officers took advantage of the psychological reaction of waiting by opening special branches to drafted men, such as tank and aeroplane service, and the regiments of motor mechanics, officered by automobile experts, some of them men who had been receiving salaries of a thousand dollars a month. One captain had been head chauffeur for the father of one of the privates. "The kid was tickled to death to serve under him," the men said. He thought his regiment of motor mechanics the finest in the world.

This was but another general reac-

tion. The drafted men also believed *they* were the flower of the country, hand-picked. They became so justly proud of their organization that they even looked down upon the old National Guard because they saw the Guard still in encampments here and there, while they thought they surely soon would be on their way over. To get there quicker, men refrained from sending in questionnaires; the penalty for delinquency was "immediate service." This rule did not apply to all delinquents, the majority being foreigners who did not understand and some empty heads. The delinquent population was negligible. On the contrary, local boards had to cope with an eagerness which prompted men to present themselves for physical examination of their own accord, to try to exert a little influence to be called, and to write to Washington setting forth special claims. Volunteers came for examination by local boards after having failed to pass the more strict recruiting tests. I saw one, after he had been passed by the local-board physicians, kick up his heels for joy and then rush away to telephone to his father.

Not all those who were given the prescribed physical examinations came out and kicked up their heels. Surprises and disappointments awaited them. Bad ears, bad teeth, and numerous irregularities were discovered. Case 1, a city man, went in like an innocent lamb and came out knowing that he had a rupture of the neck which might strangle him to death if he coughed violently. Surprised enough! Case 2 was a country laborer who had not taken time to find out whether he could see beyond the dirt-cart he loaded every day.

"Can't you read any of the letters on the chart?" asked the examiner. "Oh, I never bothered much about reading," said he. His eyesight was going and he didn't know it. Case 3 was told that his heart possessed an accelerated beat and that he must consult the district medical advisory board. He asked what made heart acceleration. "A drink or two will do it," said the doctor, sadly. On his next examination the report read, "Heart normal," and olfactory evidence was "all sober." When possible, physi-

cians volunteered to correct real defects free of charge. Discoveries of illiterates and Americanization cases had attention.

One "surprise" took the local board quite off its feet. She was a child wife, nothing more; only nineteen and had been married a year and a half. Previously, she had been in with her husband, to put in a claim for exemption for him, because all they could earn and save was being put aside for an expected newcomer who "some day would be President of the United States," of course. To-day she came in alone, in great excitement and perturbation. They had been too hasty about heralding the newcomer, and now she feared the government would hold her for perjury. All claims of exemption she wanted swept aside. Her husband would go. He was a good man, who in the parlance of the neighborhood "did not hold out on her"—hold out his Saturday pay-envelope.

"I will go to work," she said.

Ah, but she was too young, the august board decided, and things were too uncertain. Even the board could see that the nation would be in need of Presidents.

I believe I witnessed the accumulation of an additional twenty-five per cent. belief in human nature, on the part of a rather cynical member of a board at another "surprise." A young fellow had been put in Class 3 because his stepfather had abandoned his mother. Young S. returned a few days after filing his statement, and told the board that his father had come back and was supporting the family, so he would be pleased to go to camp at once.

The depths of the disappointment of a "turned down" in the draft were dark and fathomless. *Turned down by the draft.* It cut. A fellow hated to speak of it. His sister was told not to mention the subject. Bah! It struck at the pit of his stomach. A pound or two under weight; or—have mercy!—too fat; flat feet and all the other disqualifications rankled to the quick.

On Staten Island, in New York Harbor, a drafted man already in Class 1 and about to entrain winced when he had to come before the local board to claim exemption. "Father died suddenly last night. I can't go," he blurted

out, as if the double tragedy had almost overpowered him.

It was man to man with the board and the boy then—each understood.

What a fluid condition the draft was! As changeable as life itself; and dependent upon human nature. Moreover, as men were different, so were their class reactions. In every city the local boards soon knew the index of class attitudes. I have selected typical men who drifted in to show the relation of racial psychology to the draft. You know the way Americans took it; they took it like men of '76. And I do not mean to imply here that the hybrid and visiting groups were not good Americans. Their philosophies had a different start, so we must expect somewhat different viewpoints.

F. was a soldier who had been in the National Guard during the Mexican maneuvers. He could not re-enlist because of personal obligations, so he took his turn in the draft. But the draft was too slow for him. He wrote to Washington that he had liquidated the obligations and asked that he be inducted into the infantry to make use of his National Guard experience. Special dispensation he wanted, so that he could see service at once. And he was to be married on the day after his acceptance came. The American girl had said as much with a quivering underlip.

The American girl—or the American woman; were I writing from a castle in the air I could look down and spend a lot of words telling what a part in the draft she played. A brawny wife of a hard-working American man one sunny morning suddenly appeared over the top of the desk of the draft officer.

"Jim says," said she, "haven't ye something for him to do, something special. I can earn a little by washing, and if he's earning a little and serving, too, you can take out the exemption."

"Well, what does your husband do?" asked the officer.

"Oh, Jim? He's a longshoreman working around the docks."

There happened to be a regiment of stevedores being recruited then. Jim was taken in, and several others in the neighborhood with him, who went to

handle the shipping end of army operations here and in France.

What a rub in the draft—Jim and the college men, and the ex-convict I ran across. He was standing in the midst of a group who were about to entrain.

"Sore as a pup because he can't go," said one of the men skirting the knot of fellows.

The "ex-con." dropped his head to the man next to him. "They put me in Class 5," he muttered, distastefully. "Class 5, because I have been convicted once or twice. I'd be a whole lot more use in the army than you fellows. I've had some experience in handling guns."

The crowd went to the train, leaving the gun expert to walk away with a brooding countenance. That was a city group for you. The country attitude was still different. Before the recent order of the Provost-Marshal granting furloughs during seeding and harvesting time, the farmer's son wanted to go, but some farmers wanted their boys to help gather the crops "to feed the nation and the Allies," which had been dinned into their ears as a patriotic duty.

That was, and to a certain extent is yet, the farmers' class problem. Each group had its own problems, and probably none would change with another. Frenchmen, Scandinavians, Spaniards, Jews, Italians, Irishmen, German-born, and slackers grimly took their troubles to the centers of draft business. There was no one measure for the patriotism or disinterestedness of all of them. The disinterested were few, and will be discussed later. The patriots gave, that was all, and each man's gift to the country was in ratio to things as they were with him. The smallest gift may have been the largest, and the French boy who could just choke out his answers I should put at the top of the list. He was a waiter, he said, in a French hostelry on the Avenue. Pierre earned enough to support himself and his aged mother.

"Claim exemption?" he was asked as a matter of course.

"Ah no, monsieur!" But he stuttered and hesitated when he answered. His face reddened. The words he uttered were almost inarticulate.

The men in the room, misunderstanding, cast significant glances. Before

long he was in camp—out of mind at the draft board. That was a few months ago. The other day an elderly lady—*lady*, with crisp white bonnet-strings and a jet breastpin, approached the desk. With difficulty they learned what she wanted. Her larder was empty—not empty the way you mean—but *empty*. She was in want. Was there any way by which Pierre could be returned for a while, with great regret?

"Why, why didn't he claim exemption?" the board asked, in surprise.

She hesitated, too. "It could not be," she said, in broken English. Only then did the truth dawn upon them—he was too proud to claim exemption for France!

The Irish doctor on the examining staff experienced the hard moments of his life if an Irishman came in to claim exemption. How he hated to hear it! His face grew almost purple and his brogue out of bounds as he flayed the Irish for intimating exemption. Then he tried coercion, which oftentimes succeeded and sent the occasional Irish exemptionist into Class 1 forthwith. What kept an Irishman obdurate now and then was his feeling that he might be helping England. But to give prominence to the latter would be putting too much emphasis upon the occasional Irishman. A real, typical Irish hearty was Timothy M., who was turned down with double hernia marked against him. By January he was back.

"Say, boss," he said, looking the board member squarely in the eye, "*Call me up now. Call me up!* I've had an operation and I'm fit as Sint Patrick himself."

He was a laborer. He's now down at Camp Upton, the happiest Irishman that ever entrained, they said.

It was harder to get the real reaction from the Italian registrants. They were sensitive, reserved, and quiet about their patriotic beliefs.

"Why did you put in a claim for exemption?" inquired a draft officer of a young man from Italy. "You are earning your living here. Do you want to hang around and see an American boy go off while you sit still and pile up money?"

The fellow mumbled, and after per-

suasion told his story. At the beginning of the war he was a pharmacist and tried to enlist. Recruiting officers asked him if he had become a citizen, and when he answered that he had not he thought they "kicked him out" without ceremony. His feelings were hurt.

"I am just as good as an American boy," he said, defiantly.

After expert tactics and explanations, matters were smoothed, and in the end the Italian requested to be placed in Class 1. Now there is a new pharmacist down at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, who feels that the army could not get along without him.

The next "case"—what a poor word!—appeared to be a jumble of Italian and English about the children being sick. Two members of the board took a hand at piecing together the story which a swarthy man excitedly was trying to tell. The upshot of it was that he had claimed exemption a few weeks before only because his children then were ill. Now they were all right, so he had entered himself in the tank service and wanted a permissive order from the board! His wife had come with him to sign the waiver of exemption. She said she could do sewing and get along.

"Where do I go to get some Red Cross work?" she asked, as a matter of course.

The Spanish types in some instances felt neutral toward the draft, following the strict neutrality of their mother country. Scandinavians to a great extent were already in marine service and offered themselves freely. An interesting situation came up when a German told a local board that his attitude at the beginning of the war had entirely changed because he saw that America was morally right.

"I'll fight for the United States if they will call me," he said.

There was no rule which could apply, and he had to be put in the enemy-alien class. I saw two or three other Germans who had taken out their first citizenship papers, who wanted to be in Class 1 for immediate service.

I don't know of any more interesting phase of the psychology of the draft than was shown by the Jewish young men and their environment, the heart of

the Ghetto, a center of socialism and so-called pacifism. You will find here the most marked change of sentiment toward the draft that has occurred. When the first quota left, two thousand weeping persons formed an excited, hysterical mob around a departing group. Women fainted. Children screamed. The school-house was the asylum of dozens of overwrought parents. Not long ago the final quota left. Only a few persons stood by, and they waved quietly. To-day they are selling Liberty bonds, and the old woman who shouted derision at the bond speaker was pursued up the street by an infuriated crowd. Germany's treatment of Russia in the treaty of Brest-Litovsk took the scale from the eyes of the Jewish ordinary. When the world war began many of these people, fresh from Russia, could not help but think that Germany was fighting the old Russia—the Russia of Nicholas. Therefore, they saw the German side as their own, in a measure. Brest-Litovsk changed everything. But the old folks who have come through pogroms and frightfulness still were loath to send all their sons back to them.

"I geef you my sons. But leave me one. Just one?" begged a patriarchal father.

The young men were willing to serve; they came in and asked to go, and I heard one say to a board member:

"For God's sake get us out of here to camp! We cannot stand by and see the old folks go on so."

The old folks had their side. They were born with a philosophy of protest, were more critical and more given to analysis than the average American. "Let them stop the war!" some said at first, when many of them were opposed to all war. A month or so ago they came back with this verdict:

"I see; it cannot end by saying so. We must fight until there is understanding between the forces of militarism and the forces of peace for which we stand."

A good many of the "slacker" stories have been unfounded or have been explainable upon investigation. Despite the affidavit and the probe into moonlight affairs, board members found that falling in love and marrying went on just about as they did when they were

young—only more so because of the imminent parting.

I have seen a *real* slacker and a scared rabbit, and I don't know that there was much difference. A foreign young man came in with belladonna in his eyes and a pitifully frightened expression. He was ordered back the next day, when his eyesight was powerful enough and his slackness nearly gone, although he still was trembling from fright. If, when he arrived at camp, he protested that he had scruples, religious or otherwise, against fighting, he would have been put at what the men rudely called "slackers' delight"—washing dishes all day long. Such scruples seldom remained unshattered after the drill and camp rigor was under way. The dishwashing stools were left for the next peaceful new-comers. Slackers were easily classified. First, the exceptionally few who held firm anti-war convictions suffered from the misnomer. Second, men whose emotions were played upon by family and friends. Third, young fellows who were scared to death because they knew too little Americanism to understand what the draft was all about. And last, a set of weaklings, God help them! . . . they get in trouble wherever they go.

To such as these, and to others, too, the picture in the headquarters office of a local board was nothing more or less than the abiding-place of the hand of Fate. In this attitude they entered the room. One glance around confirmed their worst suspicions. Here was an immense filing-cabinet containing "case" papers for every man. Charts of numbers hung on the walls, with mysterious red lines through those called.

"Do you change your address every time you hang up your hat?" asked the draft officer of a negro rolling his eyes heavenward for mercy.

"No, sah!"

The officer continued: "I changed your address last week. Then what do you want? Claim exemption?"

"No, sah, not *me*, sah. Ma fust stop's Berrrlin!"

The knowing methods of local boards in handling the men often were the result of the experience of the members before they were board officials. They

were lawyers, brokers, school-teachers, and men of affairs in communities. The word went around, when the selections for local boards were being made, *to keep politicians out*. The Committees of National Defense performed valuable service by quietly scrutinizing the field and making recommendations regarding the men available. The Provost-Marshall-General and the state Adjutant-General approved the appointments. No finer groups of men ever served their country. Late hours and long, they put in, with no blare attached to the work. As time went on, the local boards became bureaus of advice and information for diverse war problems of communities. They shouldered the difficulties of anything from trying to get a man to support his wife, as he claimed to do in his draft statement, to handing out forceful advice about proper physical care and the waste of good war material when a wife hit her drafted husband on the head with a broom-handle.

"Don't ye forget, now, that I'll bring ye back a piece of the Kaiser's mustache," shouted an Irishman to his board mentor as he left for the train.

What he meant was that a ten-thousand-dollar consulting engineer had helped a plasterer so much that nothing was too unobtainable for him to try to bring back.

When draft business accumulated complexities necessitating an appeal to a higher court, then the papers in the specific cases were sent to the district boards. Here was a different scene. From three members in the local board, the number in the court of appeals was increased to thirty volunteers. Again the members were chosen for their high standing in the community. In every instance the man at the head was one whose opinions carried undoubted weight. The personnel of the district boards was divided into committees, so that there would be groups particularly familiar with special industrial work; specialists, in other words, for the special appeals. In the New York board of appeals, presided over by Charles Evans Hughes, about three-quarters of the members were lawyers; the others were physicians, bankers, heads of corpora-

tions, and representatives of labor interests. They heard no cases by personal appearance of drafted men themselves, unless by special dispensation a man talked with the head of the committee handling his case. Occasionally an applicant would come in who insisted that he ought to be sent abroad, when the board considered him better fitted for work here; or who thought that he could not leave his business until he straightened out his financial affairs. The district board was not disposed to grant such stays. Men could be found to go on with a business, sometimes with fresher and better viewpoint than the incumbent in a rut. If not, then it recommended the policy of the shopkeeper in Oxford Street, London, who hung out the sign:

CLOSED DOWN
JOINED UP.

When the committees decided upon the proper action on the day's cases, the chairmen stood before Justice Hughes and read the reports. If there were any points disputed, the members gathered around and voted by holding up their hands. Then they retired to their desks and the drone of the reports went on. Or Justice Hughes would ask: "Has he a child?" "No." Enough. His case was settled. Life or death, it might be. Nearly all the claims for exemption were for industrial reasons or because of dependent relatives. The decisions were accepted with grace. On the whole the men felt that the questionnaire system incurred a minimum of injustices.

I talked with the chairman of a local board where there were many peculiar industrial problems to be solved. He testified to the satisfaction under the selective-service system. It was definite and yet so flexible that it supplied all the hundred and one requirements of different localities. The system was a huge experiment, after all—a paper scheme that had never been tried out. How it would operate in a decentralized administration no one dared to foretell. It seemed almost hopeless to think of maintaining uniformity among 4,500 different local boards and their district courts, each with dissimilar conditions. But only minor changes were made in

the selective-service law as operation showed where improvements could be made.

"I expected resentment and trouble," said the chairman of a suburban district. "Only once or twice in ten months have I had to exercise any authority, and then with nothing back of it, so far as the ordinary ruffian could see, but the little shield with the letters 'Selective Service U. S.' Yet, instant recognition was shown. On April 1st I had viséd 2,637 cases; I had seen 2,630 men. Many of them brought from one to five persons with them. With the exception of possibly one or two cases of drunken men, I saw nothing that even approached a rebellious spirit."

Such a spirit as this did not come as a matter of good fortune, or chance. Analysis showed that there were definite psychological reasons for the unparalleled reception of the draft. America had not been the only country fighting in this world war purely for the sake of ideals and principles, for nothing. This idealism infected the land. The old principle of the association of ideas made the children of Flanders represent the American home and all that it meant. Months, and years now, of this struggle, had fastened war-times in the minds of all. The Balkans, Mexico, Belgium, it had been one after the other until the country was tempered like fine steel to the idea of upholding right, by war if necessary. And the United States had experienced a period of unexcelled national prosperity induced by the foreign trade. Every factory, every store, had been making money.

Even given this state of mind, the success of the draft could have gone no farther without the right administration of the selective-service law at Washington. Many local boards have agreed that the administration has been a policy of common sense from the very beginning, until the moment of this writing. General Crowder made broad rulings and interpretations, leaving details regarding sectional peculiarities to be carried out by those nearest them. He outlined two general stipulations: 1. The business of local boards is

to furnish men for the service of the United States. 2. It is the business of local boards to use common sense. Such principles, one safely could say, would almost insure the success of any great undertaking. Applied and adhered to in this greatest of national complexities, you saw the result. After the draft came, I am going to put first in specific effect upon the perceptions of the young men the influence of mothers and sisters. There isn't much to say about this after one of the drafted men has been quoted. He stood in the office of the local board, talking it all over, and came to this spontaneous conclusion: "Gee! but the women have bucked up!"

Mother's tears—a drafted man almost loses his grip. "I wish mom hadn't cried when I left," said a young fellow on the train going to camp. But for one who shed tears, a hundred set their teeth. In general, the fact that women were more economically independent, therefore better able to support themselves, helped to relieve the tension somewhat.

This was part of the present plane of higher education which contributed to the draft spirit. Men understood the political situation better; the local boards handled their men more expertly. They studied the psychology of the draft crowds.

"Do you want to go, kid?" one board member asked, turning the candidate around, while undecided on a point of physical fitness.

Of course he wanted to go, more than anything else in his life when it was put up to him like that.

"He could never fight, could he?" parleyed the doctors while they examined a short but stocky, young fellow.

"Fight!" Well, he'd "show them!" He puffed out his chest and stiffened his biceps until the measuring-tape was taut with his manly fighting strength. And then when they put a gun in his hand he was a child again with a new toy. He thought he was Uncle Sam's best soldier, had his picture taken, and wanted to use his gun right away.

In the mean time, new soldiers came back from camp for a visit. The drafted man heard tales of adventures, of maneu-

vers and camp life, which made him "jump out of his skin" to get into it. His friends, the thin ones, were nicely filled out. The adipose comrades were trimmed. Every new soldier said the food was the best he ever ate. And altogether it was just the life for a young fellow who wanted to serve his country and see something of the world at the same time. How good it sounded to the drafted man. After that, how slowly the numbers progressed, he thought, until finally he began to look around for enlistment in a special branch, and for other loopholes to get into the game.

When the physical examination had been passed and a man's name went down in Class A, first preferred, the pride of being physically fit put fight into his bones. He wanted the hardest work. Strong lifts for the strong man. He joined the boys who called Class 5 "the cripples," and the navy "paradise." On top of all this came the psychology of the uniform. I'm not so sure that the actual fit of the clothes did not have peculiar reaction.

I recall a case in point. He is on the western front to-day. He wasn't a nobody, but he is fighting in the ranks. He gave me this analysis of the draft spirit from another viewpoint.

"The mobilization of the National Guard on the Mexican border helped the draft morale. The men kicked while they were there, then came back and told how fine army life was. Naturally, the man who came back on furlough walked up our main street. The first man he met, who never noticed him before, said, 'Well, guess we're going to have a cold day for March.' 'That's all right,' said the new soldier. 'We've walked post at camp when it was thirteen below zero!'"

He had a new faith. He said "*We've* walked post." The rich, poor, high, low, had been on the same beat. Within this new fighting *entente* was a new democracy, reflected without. National ideals were cemented. A great light illumined social conditions, playing up the human touch—all for a distinct fighting purpose. These were the psychological reactions to the draft, the answers to—"Has America the fighting spirit?"

The Perfect Face

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE



HE had been sitting in the day-coach since long before noon, next the window, too, and on the sunny side, as if he would have not a jot less than the whole spacious illumination of the sky burning about his head and shoulders. Cities became towns, towns grew villages, as the Cape narrowed; dunes appeared on the close horizon; the sea closed in. Travelers came and went in brief generations, noisy, casual, almost all of them staring. And from one hour's end to another's John Home continued to give them back glance for glance, traded them fairly a stare for a stare. Sitting quiet and a little twisted in the pitiless frame of sunlight, he seemed to be saying:

"Look—and be damned to you!"

There were men and women he knew among them, but none of them knew him and he did not speak to them. He couldn't help hearing a little of what they said; bits would drift to him across the jumble of the car.

"Say, look at the soldier, will you? He's not one of ours."

"Canadian, maybe, by the cap, though what's he doing on the Cape? Good-looking guy. No, he's not one of ours. . . ."

"No. He's been over, you can see. . . . But say!"

"Say what? Eh? . . . Oh—I—I see!"

"Say, what's wrong with that guy?"

"What is wrong? My God, Bob!"

"My God! And remember, I called him a good-looking guy. . . ."

That was one of the curious and ironical things. It wasn't at all bad; indeed, it did rather well at a casual glance. It was a good face as far as it went, a perfect face, as perfect as the face of a lay-figure in a haberdasher's window, and quite as formal. The operation, one of the first of its kind over

there, had been so complete a success as to make a nine days' stir in the hospital sheltered behind the lines. In his case there had been so little left "to go on"; the shell fragment had quite cleaned him up. And there were congratulations all around among the staff to see so fine a face come out of it all—out of "a rag, a bone, and a hank of hair," as they put it.

It is doubtful if any one will ever know just what he had been through since the day he emerged from the bandages and found himself. Men seldom talk much about such things, even to their friends, and this man was to have no friends. He was to have no mother, no sweetheart. He was scarcely to have so much as a name, he had promised himself over and over in the hour of bitterness.

It is curious to what lengths that sort of poisoned renunciation will carry a man. Unobtrusive by nature and by all his traditions, he desired nothing so much as to get himself into a corner out of sight. And this being so, the cross-grained pride of the hurt-in-heart made him live in a room of glass, made him sit as he now sat in the fierce publicity of the sunlight, saying, or seeming to say:

"Look—and be damned to you all!"

The intervals between stops grew longer; the quiet, sun-drenched dunes unfolded and folded up again with a deeper and more intolerable monotony; and as his neighbors in the car seemed to be looking less and less at him he began to suspect them fiercely of pity. He wouldn't have it. A devil of aggressiveness moved him. He would have scowled, save for the fact that he hadn't yet learned to scowl, or to smile or laugh or cry.

He must have their eyes somehow. He became a mountebank. He took out three of his upper teeth and turned them over conspicuously in the sun-square of the window—an incisor and two pol-



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

HE FORGOT EVERYTHING IN THE CRISIS OF THIS MOMENT

ished molars set in a platinum plate. When he had put them back again he brought out his comfort-kit, laid it open on the sill, and turned over with a finger the precious and pathetic relics of his dead self—the smashed watch, the khaki Testament, the silver ring, the sheaf of letters from his love which he had not yet come to the point of throwing away. . . . For a moment he forgot the sunlight and the faces. . . .

He ought to have thrown those letters away, and the watch and the silver ring, because sometimes they made him think. He was dead, and the dead must not think. . . . But how easily Marion had given him up. How quietly she had dropped him out of her life. And why? It wasn't as if she had known. She had not written him for months; not since he was first wounded had she sent him so much as a line. In the last letter he had had from his mother before he dropped bodily out of the Postal Union and into the grave of oblivion she had spoken of Marion, but briefly and with a queer sense of reserve that came back to haunt him with its memory in the desolate days.

He stirred uneasily in his seat by the window, and of a sudden he spoke out loud, "What am I doing here?"

Panic laid hold of him. He seemed to have been going it blind since yesterday noon, as blind as a homing bird. Now his eyes were opened and he saw himself sucked back swiftly into the maw of his youth; he saw the familiar sand-hills standing pale on the horizon; he caught glimpses and the faint salt reek of a remembered sea; the names of old villages were in his ears. . . . What was he doing here, the self-annointed exile, the fugitive from the thing he might have been?

His panic deepened when the rails came to an end and he got down at the Harbor with the last of the passengers. It seemed to him that half the people he had known in the world were gathered on that platform to see the train come in, after their habit. They looked at him curiously, as they looked at any strange soldier getting down there; they looked more curiously for a moment at the unbegotten face of him, still and faintly lilac-colored in the sun, and

after that they began to turn and shift away, ill at ease without quite knowing why.

He felt like a ghost among them, a ghost that stands in the full white tide of day, and of a sudden he wanted to break through, to call them aloud by name and let them know. But he was afraid of the sound of the stranger's voice the surgeon had put in his throat, and while he hesitated they were gone, leaving him alone in the glory of the afternoon.

The quiet bustle of springtime encompassed him without touching him. The street running from the station to the wharves below was bathed in a mist of young leaves; the air moved with the faint orchestration of bird-notes; beyond the tumbled roofs of the town he saw the sea, sky-colored, vibrant under the warm whip of the wind. Standing there with his dead face, or with the face, rather, which had never been born, he felt himself more than ever a thing unpardonable, a monstrosity, a living insult to life.

Self-pity submerged him like a wave. He found himself drifting away from the deserted station, moving, aimless and empty-handed, beneath the veil of young leaves, a strengthless ghost, a phantom inviolate. The colored shop-fronts and the vine-burdened houses of his boyhood gazed at him blankly, as it were from the other side of a crystal wall.

He stood still under a trellis of rose-stems looking up a short brick walk at the front of the house where he was born. He hadn't meant to come here, any more than he had meant to come to the Harbor, and it gave him a queer sick feeling in his stomach. The curtain in the open window beside the door belied in and out slowly to the vagaries of the wind; beyond it he heard foot-falls and a faint ring of crockery, and he knew that that was his mother; he could almost see the fine old gaunt figure of her moving through the further twilight, acquiescent, unsuspecting.

For a moment weakness engulfed him, softness tempted him. Like a man drunk with a wild conversion he saw nothing, for a moment, but to cast him down at the foot of the cross of pity and

be done, no matter if it were his mother herself who was the crucified.

But it was only for a moment. The months had been too black. All the sick, self-conscious shame in him rose to meet the soft assault, and, swallowing the bitterness in his throat, he turned away and walked along the street, his shoulders hunched a little over his neck and his hands hanging down.

"What am I doing here? What am I doing here?" he wondered.

The sun hung low over the sand-dunes now; the sky, flaming, turned the town about him to a golden town, incalculably precious. He thought of Marion. For months he had been definitely not thinking of Marion: day by day he had been building a painful edifice of forgetfulness, walling Marion up in the tomb of the past. And now as he walked through the glamorous spaces where she and he had been, and saw passing back and forth the bright wraiths of men and women, warp and woof of Marion's history and his, some hidden dam gave way and the memory of Marion came over him like a ravening flood—the memory of his adolescence and the silly sweetness of his heart and Marion—memories of terrible hours when they were beginning to try to understand each other—of partings that were no partings—of returns—of Marion grave, Marion gay—and, incredibly, of Marion letting go of him so easily, dropping out so silently, as if to forestall the moment she knew nothing of, when he himself would be dropping out. His heart turned black again.

Ever since he stepped down from the train he had been haunted by the fear of meeting Marion on the street. Now he no longer cared. Memory had left him with a taste for pain; he had a desire like thirst now to see her passing him by in the red sunlight, turning a little way off, perhaps, to wonder, half-pitying, half-shuddering, at that stranger with the pretty face that had somehow never quite been finished.

He found himself standing on the board walk before the gate where he had turned in a thousand times to Marion's—the quiet house, white-pillared and buttressed all about with lilacs.

For a moment he stood quiet and help-

less, staring at the sky where the sky ought not to have been. The house was gone. Marion's house wasn't there at all. . . . He began to protest with a kind of feeble anger. He would not be made a fool. One lone charred timber standing up awry and crimson in the core of the sunset mocked him, and the black ruin of the foundations made him a fool.

"I didn't know," he said to himself. "I didn't know."

For a moment he felt nothing but the abominable anticlimax.

"Oh, damn!" he said to himself. "Damn! damn! damn!"

And then, as he stood there, he forgot himself in the answer of that ruin. He saw it now. Tangles untangled. In the mute and finished violence before him he read the reason now why Marion had slipped out of his life with that inexplicable, still finality. It was because Marion was dead. . . .

By and by, after how long a time he could not say, he turned away. A curious lethargy lay on him, mind and body. His lazy eyes picked up a dog sitting on his haunches at the top of the Brewsters's steps next door. It was MacDonal, the old sheep-dog, large and wise. Tears of weakness started in the man's eyes. The utter faithfulness of Marion's dog lingering there like a guard over the cold ruin smote his heart with a sweetish, sentimental beauty, and he wanted to weep.

MacDonal had been almost like his own dog. He wanted to pet MacDonal now and have MacDonal lick his hands before he went away. Standing at the foot of the Brewsters's walk, he snapped his fingers and called: "Here! Here, sir!" as he used to do, but in the voice of a man that never was. He walked nearer to the steps, snapping his fingers desperately for the dog to know him. And then, as he hesitated half-way, hurt by MacDonal's failure, he heard the voice of the dead coming to him through the open windows beyond the porch:

"John! John!"

It was Marion.

He had made so certain that Marion was dead that at first it frightened him to hear her glad and startled cry, searching him out unerringly through the mask of the flesh. And then, as he stood

quite still he began to shiver all over with a strange chill. The breath clogged in his throat. He wanted to leap, to call aloud, to laugh and cry at the same time. He forgot everything in the crisis of this moment from which he had tried instinctively to shield them both; he forgot himself, and the face of him hanging there full in the crimson light, like the face of a doll, raw yet and a little soft in the hand of the maker.

He wondered why she didn't speak again. Straining his eyes, it seemed he could see her in the half-gloom of the room beyond, a grayish blur. He wondered why she stood so still.

She did call his name again, but in a changed and strengthless voice, and all the unreckoning gladness of the other cry had gone as cold as death.

"John—don't—please, John!" She stumbled among her words, appalled, ashamed. "John—go, please do go! I'd rather—"

He was conscious of things happening, whispered amazement within the house, feet running softly, a passing whiteness in the doorway which might have been Hilda Brewster or the younger one, Caroline; after that the protest repeated over and over with the impatient laughter of relief:

"Why, it isn't John, Marion! Do you hear, Marion? It's not John at all!"

He was aware of it all after a detached fashion, as something nebulous and profoundly inconsequential, flickering about the edges of an echo—"please go—I'd rather—"

Turning away slowly across the short street and passing down a runway between two gaunt gray fish-houses, he came out on the beach, where he stood with his feet at the edge of the tide and his face to the empty sea.

He had imagined that he had touched bottom in the bitter months of his isolation. He had hated himself deeply; he had hated man and God; he had cursed the ghoul that had robbed his grave and sent him out again, a pariah and a loveless thing. He had walked in the valley of the shadow of something worse than death. But, after all, he had not gone it quite alone, for a certain pride went with him.

If there had been renunciation, it had

been his own. If a door had been locked against him, it was his own hand that had turned the key. Through it all he had carried a saving sense of chivalry, a sense of protecting Marion by erasing himself, a conviction that if he *were* enough of a jackal to ask Marion to love him as he was, Marion would have to love him as he was. How very much that illusion had meant to him he had not realized till now, when it was gone irrevocably.

A wind of anger blew over him as he stood there, a sluggish, blind wind, through which his thoughts groped and stumbled and collided. A kind of a gift of expression came to him. His face, set against the tranquil sea, remained as tranquil as the vacant face of a mannikin, but now the tiny vein-like sutures where the slices of it came together cunningly grew dark in color, opaque, purple.

For the second time that day he groped and brought out his comfort-kit; this time, without looking at it, he let it fall on the beach. After a moment he put his boot-sole over it, crushing it down deep into the sand where the tide came. The Testament his mother had given him was there, and so was the Cross of the king, but it didn't matter—it was mostly Marion's.

His spirit rebelled. He bent quickly and picked the wet thing out of the hole, knocking off the sand with clumsy violence. What was he about? He wanted pay. The poisoned heart in him cried for vengeance. And how would Marion be hurt at all by this invisible gesture? He wanted a gesture visible and terrible as a sword.

Casting about in his bitterness, his memory fell on a hollow in the back-country at the edge of the dunes, a hollow where a tree, twisted by some forgotten violence, held up a seat for lovers on its ancient trunk. He had not forgotten that tree, and neither had Marion, and neither was apt to forget it. Marion would go there, just as surely as it had come into his mind now to go there. Perhaps she wouldn't go there tonight, so soon, but to-morrow, or the day after that, on day she would somehow have to go there, and sit and think, or else she was not the Marion he had known.

7

He was like a boy. Beaten and dull and queer, his mind went back to its own adolescence, and the vengeance he schemed was a boy's vengeance.

He must hurry. There was the chance, after all, that Marion might take it into her heart to go out there directly, and he must be ahead of her. He must be there and gone again when she came to the trysting-tree and found the mute relics of their love lying in a little pile where he had left them, in the place they had known so curiously and so well.

He walked furiously, responding to the blessed relief of action. Careless of everything now, he cut straight across the belt of the town and plunged into the low woods that run out to the Cape's end like marrow in a bone. His feet tore at the undergrowth, stirring up exhalations chill and heavy with the birth of flowers.

The moon stood an hour high when he came out into the coastguard track; in the dusk its light began to tell. Birds rustled in the bush and flew away with sleepy cries. He heard a dog barking somewhere away in front of him, but he paid it no attention.

He left the track where it began to lift to the dunes. Bearing to the right, he put aside the low branches and let his feet feel out the familiar, hidden path.

He stood in a living grotto, walled with the little trunks of trees and overcast with leaves, and each leaf had two faces, one still warm with the death of day, the other cool to the moon, so that they threw down a perplexed and sifted light, little better than the dark. A slow backwash of air moved here in the lee of the dunes, bringing a breath of crocuses, the wraiths of springs long dead. The man shivered a little. He began to fumble out the comfort-kit with clumsy fingers; then, letting the thing slip back into the pocket, he leaned forward and rested his hands on the dim, horizontal trunk of the tree.

He drew back, stood up very straight, and made an odd sound in his throat. . . . There had been a dog barking ahead of him in the woods, and at the time he had thought nothing of it because he didn't wish to. Now he remembered it, and understood. All the things he had ever given to Marion, all the paltry, significant tokens of a boy's love, lay in

a little heap on the trysting-seat where he had put out his blind hands. Marion had been before him.

He left them there and turned away. He did not go back along the path, but now he got through the tangle at the right and began to climb. He got up slowly, for the sand on the face of the dune sucked out from under his feet at every step, and when he clutched at brush or grasses they came away in his hands. He persisted. Coming up through the tops of the last trees, he gained the crest, and there he stood for a moment, breathing heavily on the shore of a dead sea, a pale desert of waves arrested rank on sandy rank by the act of some lost enchantment. The moonlight, established now, lent an incredible vastness to the scene; it seemed strange that he could hear the ocean pounding its beaches over there beyond the farther rampart of the dunes, and see the lighthouse on the shore winking large and bright.

He walked forward, plunging down a long, naked slope into a hollow filled at the bottom with shadow, like a pool of pale ink. Why he had come there he did not know, nor where he was going, nor why. If he was moved by any logic or desire, it was a hunger for blankness, oblivion; the thirst for a drowning in a sea.

Queer fantasies played over him. He seemed to be looking down over the dunes again where they lay in the moonlight like a face, pale-blue and tranquil, and then he had the weird sense that it was his own, that he had somehow or other gotten lost within the boundaries of his own face, doomed to wander forever among the hills and hollows of his own huge, dead, moonlit face.

He floundered on, his feet plowing through the heavy sand.

Once he lay in the poverty-grass at the brink of a sand-cliff, staring out over an empty valley, and quite of a sudden a question came up, rounded and complete, into his mind.

"Why was she glad *first*—and only *afterward* horrified?"

He cast about for an answer.

Because afterward she *saw*.

That would hardly do. She must have seen his face first, as the face of a



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

Engraved by S. G. Putnam

"YOU SAY YOU ARE HURT," SHE WENT ON WITH A DESPERATE COMPASSION

stranger; afterward she saw through him, and that would have been the moment of her glad and startled cry. Between that and her second cry, in the moment when she stood mute and motionless beyond the window, what had happened in Marion's heart?

What was it all about?

A cloud was on the moon; its wide shadow moved over the dunes, broken by fleeting spots of light. A distant ridge stood up bold and dark against a still more distant whiteness, and for a moment the man was conscious of life there, microscopic figures in silhouette moving over and down, like the figures of a woman and a dog.

He stood quiet, with his hands clasped behind his back.

What was Marion doing in the dunes? Was she following him, or was he following her, or were they both pursuing something else, or themselves pursued?

What was it all about? What had happened? His mind went back to it as to a burden.

There had been a fire. Around the fact of that catastrophe his mind groped and fumbled. It was something at least to go on, something undenied, solid and round, like a large bead on a string leading to other beads—fire—danger—alarms—he got hold of the tale avidly, telling it with a growing and tragic conviction. After danger and alarms, disaster, the agony of burning, mutilation, scars, disfigurement for life; and after disfigurement, renunciation of her love (how well he knew the tale now!)—and after renunciation, silence.

This, then, was what had happened to Marion. And the horror in that second, tardy cry of Marion's had been the horror, not of *seeing*, but of *being seen*!

He swayed a little on his feet, rocked by a wild wind, the wind of the laughter of the gods. His fingers plucked weakly at the seams of his trousers and the sutures of his face grew dark; he stood tiny and impotent in the presence of titanic comedy.

He seemed to see it as a play. He seemed to see the dilapidated mutes of himself and Marion sitting side by side on the top of the world, playing at dice. Neither glanced at the other, but stead-

fastly at the dice. They played interminably, casting and casting, to see which one of them had the greater pride and the deeper abasement, and the black spots on the dice were the black hours of self-contemplation each had to show for the score of the game.

The man rubbed his eyes with his knuckles, as if it were something he could rub out. Then he walked on again, erratically, making a drunken trail.

Rain came, fine, penetrating, brief, leaving him chilled. The moon shook clear of the clouds and slid down into the west. The gray of the first dawn was in the air.

MacDonal, the dog, came stalking, stiff-legged, down a slope covered with the bones of dead ships. He sat down and watched MacDonal's approach with an interest detached and unterrified. A leash trailed from the dog's collar; in the eerie light he loomed gigantic, menacing, and misshapen. He came forward slowly to within a rod of the man, and there he halted, half-crouching, alert, his lips drawn back from his old fangs. And so they remained, in tableau, while the light paled.

Of the two, it was the dog's poise that showed first signs of disintegration. His muzzle twitched. A vague uneasiness began to attack his nostrils, and in a moment he commenced to whine. He grew bewildered. In a sudden ecstasy of penitence he came wriggling on his belly to lick the hands his tardy nose remembered.

It seemed a great thing to the man.

"Good dog!" he said. "Good old Mac! Good dog, sir!"

But MacDonal was off, bounding, sidling, glancing backward, his spine almost broken with the violence of his invitation. The man got to his feet and followed. He was tired and hollow with hunger, and the sand dragged at him. The east came out of the hill as he mounted, red with the wine of dawn; the wind had fallen. Just under the crest he heard Marion's voice from beyond, calling: "Mac! MacDonal!" He heard her whistling. "Mac! Where are you?"

He bent down quickly and caught hold of the dog's leash, without under-

standing or trying to understand why, and for a moment he stood irresolute, the desire for flight and oblivion strong in him again. Now that he could see Marion simply by taking three steps, he did not dare the three steps. It seemed too fatal an adventure, too awful a thing for Marion and for him. And still he held MacDonal back.

Marion's call grew pleading. "Oh, Mac! M-a-c! Come here quickly!"

He got down on his knees and crawled forward till his dead face came up through the sparse grass on the crest. He hadn't realized that this was the last rise of the dunes, and for a moment his eyes were bewildered by the sudden sea; the flame running toward him across the immense plain of the water blinded and distracted him, so that he had to blink his eyes and stare again to find Marion where she stood, a little way off, in profile against the dawn.

He continued to stare, while MacDonal whimpered and dragged at the leash, and another theory, like a house of cards, came tumbling down about his ears. He was always so wrong. First he had thought Marion dead, and she was living. Then he had figured her maimed, mutilated, and there she stood before him lovely as ever he had remembered her in his heavy heart.

As lovely, yes; and yet, with it all, not quite the same. She stood against the sky with a curious, still rectitude, a white girl, drawn with the pure, fine lines of innocence or of pain, immensely rapt and remote. He became aware of the dim trouble of a paradox; Marion's strength, as if she carried up the strong sweep of the dune itself in the straight tower of her flesh—and with it a counter-sense of helplessness, something undefinably lost, naked, and vulnerable.

Without stirring or looking around she called again:

"Mac! MacDonal boy! Here, boy!"

John Home got to his feet and stood clear on the summit.

"I've got him here," he said, in his uncouth syllables.

Marion turned to him slowly, bringing her two hands up to rest on her bosom.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"You know."

"I don't know."

A depression hollowed by the wind ran between them, scarcely wider or deeper than a ditch. Their voices came and went across it, powerless, as across a gulf.

"Why don't you know me now," he said, "when you knew me a little while ago—last night—standing in front of the house?"

"What?"

"You called my name."

Neither stirred. Their voices came and went without haste or emphasis.

"Last evening—it was a step I heard on the walk—"

"But you called my name, and you asked me to go away."

Marion's hands lay tighter on her bosom. "Your voice is strange. I don't know you. Why is your voice strange? Are you hurt?"

"Hurt? You look at me and ask? You know I'm hurt—so hurt I would never come back again to torment you with the sight of the face they've given me."

"You? You wouldn't come back to— to torment *me*? With the *sight* . . . Oh-h-h, John!"

There was something in that spent cry, a quality of miracles.

She came toward him, reaching out her hands. When she came to the edge of the wind-hollow she seemed to have forgotten it altogether; it was as if she walked off into the air. He saw her go down, and he saw her huddled there for a moment, a little dazed.

He ran to her, a little dazed himself with the first dim shock of his deliverance. Before he reached her she was half up again to come on.

She put her hands on his face when he lifted her in his arms.

"You're hurt? You say you're hurt?" she ran on with a desperate compassion. And her hands ran on, curious, prying hands, searching over the hills and hollows of the face that seemed so perfect.

He suffered them without flinching. He did not turn or draw back. He held her close in his arms, clear-eyed and whole and without shame. For, after all, his instinct had been right; the fire had struck her with a subtler mutilation, and he saw that she was blind.



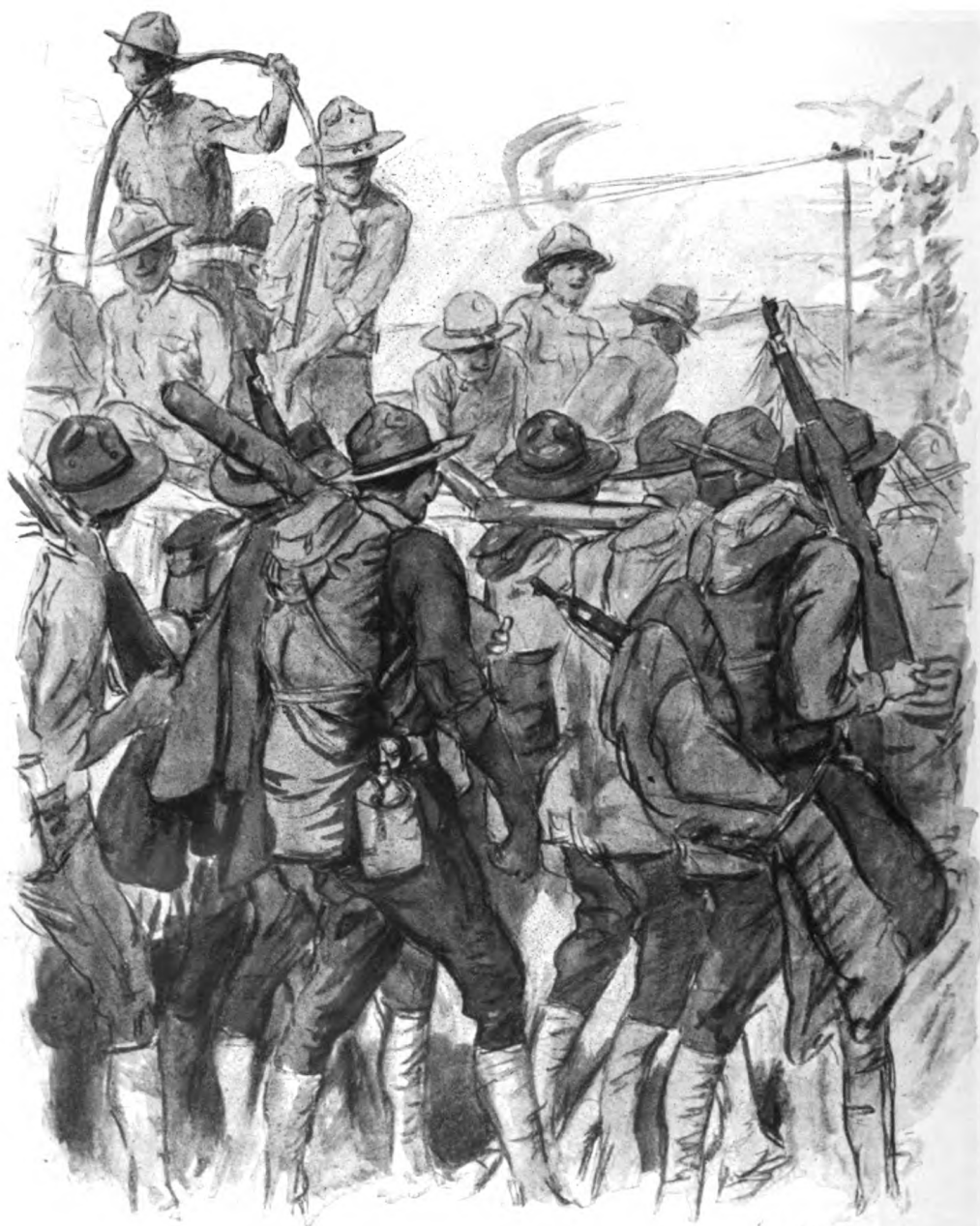
THE MESS-CALL

THE ARMY AT WORK AND PLAY

Sketches from the Cantonments

By GEORGE WRIGHT

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FOOTWEARY SOLDIERS RETURNING FROM A "HIKE"—

SQUADS DRILLING ON THE PARADE-GROUND



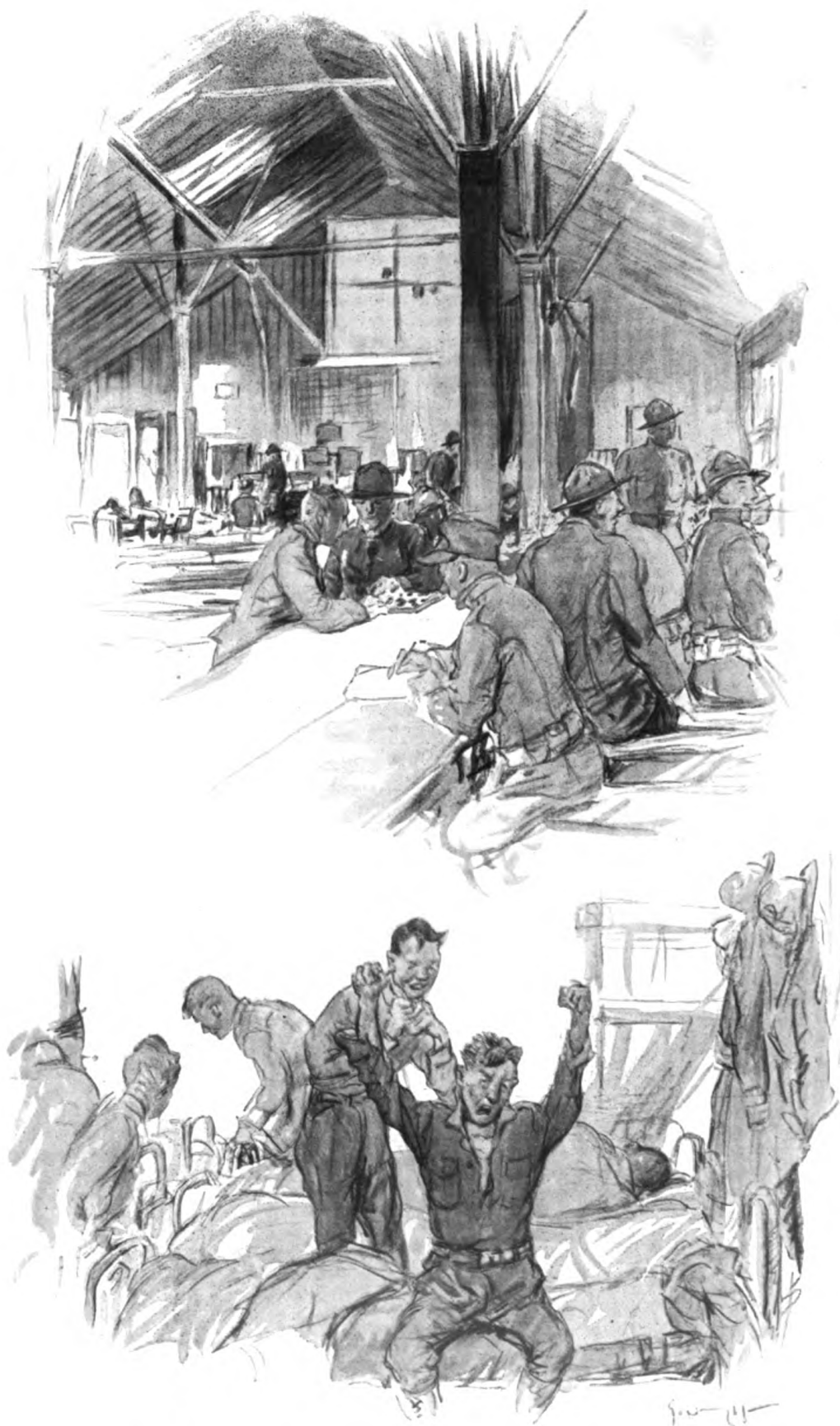
—CATCH THE WELCOME WHIFF OF DINNER

A LESSON IN ETIQUETTE—HOW TO RECEIVE THE HUNS



THE ALPHA AND OMEGA OF AUTHORITY—GENERAL HEADQUARTERS

LESSONS IN DOING AND NOT DOING



THE "TRIANGLE" OF THE Y. M. C. A. HAS MANY COSY CORNERS

"YOU CAN'T GET 'EM UP IN THE MORNING"



DARKTOWN ENCOUNTERS THE PANOPLY OF WAR—

THE HORSE IS MAN'S SLAVE—



—A FRIENDLY INVASION OF THE SUNNY SOUTH

—BUT MAN IS HIS VALET



THE GRIM VISAGE OF WAR HAS MANY ASPECTS

Impressions of the Kaiser

IV.—THE KAISER UNDER FIRE

BY DAVID JAYNE HILL

Former American Ambassador to Germany



WHEN my official relations with Kaiser William II began he was just completing the twentieth year of his reign. He had attained to the prime of mature manhood, he had never suffered any serious reverse, and he was fully conscious of his unquestioned power.

Not only had there been during this long period no European war, but the general conditions in Europe were favorable for the organization of permanent peace. And yet, notwithstanding serious efforts, peace had not been organized. On the contrary, the efforts to organize it had terminated in the conclusion at The Hague of a series of general treaties nearly all of which were constructed in open anticipation of future war, being composed chiefly of rules intended, if possible, to render war only slightly less horrible than the growth of military science had made it evident that it probably would be.

There was, it is true, no reason inherent in the social order why war should then be regarded as inevitable; and the chief ground for believing it might occur was the evident unwillingness of certain Powers to make the necessary provisions for averting it. If, in fact, it was inevitable, it was owing solely to ambitions that were not open to discussion.

At that time the German Empire had taken a place in Europe which made its action of the highest importance; for no international question could arise without suggesting the inquiry, "What will Germany do about it?" And the answer was complicated by the fact that Berlin was an enigma. All depended upon the uncertain mood of Kaiser William II.

How incalculable a factor the Kaiser really was the year 1908 was to reveal

in an astonishing manner. Not only was it a critical time for the international relations of Europe, as the events will show, but a trying time for the theory of personal supremacy that underlies the conception William II had formed of his position as German Emperor. His pretensions, his purposes, his character, and his popularity among his own people were in that crucial period to be subjected to unexpected tests.

The second Hague Conference had brought into vivid contrast two conflicting conceptions of diplomacy that had there come into collision: on the one hand the secret, obstructive, and evasive procedure characteristic of personal sovereignty; on the other the open, constructive, and frankly avowed statement of purposes aimed at for the common good, advocated and practised by the great democracies.

The fact that the new American ambassador, who had received from the German Emperor his *agrément* in December, 1907, but was not actually transferred from The Hague to Berlin until June, 1908, had not only been a delegate to the second Hague Conference, but had for many years been closely identified with the movement represented there by the American delegation, did not add to the probability of his being *persona gratissima* at the Court of the Kaiser. It was, in fact, understood that the government of the United States intended to accomplish, if possible, by separate negotiation, what it had failed to achieve at The Hague. It was further known that the new ambassador, during the winter of 1908, had publicly advocated this policy; and that separate treaties were to be made, if possible, with each of the Great Powers, by which the ground would be prepared for a better international organization. It was, in fact, with special reference to his aiding

in this task of separate negotiation at Berlin that the new ambassador had been selected.

The mission, it was evident, would not be so much an affair of ceremony as a sober business undertaking, having in view the establishment of the future relations of the two countries upon a basis of mutual understanding and legal engagements, with provision for adjudicating through improved treaty arrangements future difficulties that might arise.

There can be no doubt that many of the German people, as well as the American people, greatly desired such open and duly legalized relations, but this was not the Kaiser's personal conception of diplomacy. In such a system the personal element would be practically eliminated.

Nothing can be more certain than that William II earnestly desired to maintain friendship with the United States, but he did not wish the American system to gain a foothold in Europe, or that international relations should be made to rest upon a body of well-defined law and a tribunal with authority to interpret and apply it. Such a system would inevitably in time, if logically carried out, diminish the necessity for armies, and what would then become of the War Lord? If the people—manufacturers, ship-owners, and traders, doing business internationally—could carry their wrongs to a court of justice, it could not fail to affect the status of kings and emperors as well as of armies and navies.

What the Kaiser wanted of America was peace, trade, and neutrality so far as Europe was concerned. For these he looked largely to the racial loyalty of men of German blood living in the United States. With this support, war with Germany would always be difficult. Disputes, if they should arise, could be dealt with as occasion might require; but enlarged treaty arrangements were not, he thought, desirable. They would, perhaps, prove embarrassing to personal government; and if made with the United States, other nations would demand them and refusal would thereby be made more difficult.

It was perfectly natural for the Kaiser to take this view. It was a necessary corollary of his theory of personal gov-

ernment. For twenty years he had promoted amities, softened asperities, and kept Germany prosperous by a régime of personal visits to other sovereigns, personal telegrams of felicitation and condolence, secret correspondence, and casual words dropped into the ears of ambassadors at Berlin which he knew would be repeated to their sovereigns. A Europe based on public treaties, open, known of all men, would take all the charm out of a sovereign's existence. All the plot interest of diplomacy would be gone. Could anything be more inartistic than playing a part so commonplace as that of an emperor who had no secrets and in case of controversy would be required to assent to the decisions of a court?

To the Kaiser, as to most sovereigns before the constitutional era, the essential part of diplomacy is the quasi-social intimacy of kings. The chief function of ambassadors, upon this theory, is to bridge distances by creating a common court life, where personal influence can be made to count. An embassy, therefore, is from this point of view merely an extension of the court of the country it represents, and should be constituted and maintained for the performance of that function.

As between personal sovereigns, there is, no doubt, much to be said in support of this idea. The ambassador is the direct and authorized representative of his sovereign. He lives in his sovereign's house, receives his bread from his sovereign's hand, is his servitor, keeps his secrets, and concerns himself only with his sovereign's interests.

But the United States has no personal sovereign; and the Constitution provides for no personal representation of the President, who has no court and is supposed to have no court favorites. There being no power in a constitutional government to exchange secret understandings between the heads of states, such a nation must base its international relations on its treaty engagements; and these must be open, public, and sufficient to safeguard its interests, regardless of personal sentiments or personal influences. To such nations diplomacy means international business, a very serious and exacting business, upon the

proper transaction of which the most important interests of a people, and even life itself, may depend.

However widely imperial purposes and republican conceptions of international relations and intercourse may differ, both sides must admit that between sovereign nations a basis of mutual understanding must be found. The amenities of life are not incompatible with the serious discussion of business, even where contradictory views are held. On the contrary, the wider the chasm of differences the more essential these amenities become.

When, therefore, on June 8, 1908, the new American ambassador made his appearance at Berlin, it was with the conviction that, whatever the chances for the success of his mission, he would receive a cordial welcome; and in this he was not disappointed.

The provincial Prussian capital of other days had been in twenty years transformed into the most modern city of continental Europe, an impressive symbol of the wonderful material progress of the Empire. From a sleepy thoroughfare Unter den Linden had become a cosmopolitan bazaar with shops of unsurpassed brilliancy of self-disclosure, as if to challenge comparison with their rivals in older centers of merchandise. Of its new Hotel Adlon, in which all that could be learned of sumptuous hostelry from our most splendid American experiments had been embodied, the Kaiser, who had honored the opening with his presence, had condescended by way of encouragement to say, "*Es ist schöner als bei uns.*" The Wilhelmstrasse, which in one's student days had seemed so impenetrable and mysterious, now flung wide its doors of welcome to cheerful interiors, where the amiable Baron von Schön presided over the Foreign Office, and Prince von Bülow, affable, courtly, and always adjusted to the situation, however complicated, sat in the chair of Bismarck in the Palace of the Chancellor.

Whatever may be said of the Kaiser's personal rule, the machinery of government is very much in evidence in Berlin. No Foreign Office in the world is better organized for obtaining information, influencing the press, or handling with

expert knowledge every question affecting the political or economic interests of the Empire. When treaties are to be made, there are at hand all the knowledge and all the skill for making them prudently and to the advantage of Germany; and, in addition, all the agencies for the accumulation and presentation of obstacles to making them, when impediments are the order of the day. And when it is deemed desirable to fix a policy in the mind of the country, the Chancellor—especially Prince von Bülow, who was a past-master in the art of public statement—speaks *ex cathedra* with an authority hardly known elsewhere.

But concealed behind all this complicated apparatus of bureaus is the personality of the Kaiser. From the Chancellor down to the humblest assessor, all are obedient to his will when they know it. In order to know what you can or cannot do in Germany it is necessary to know the mind of William II.

It was with great interest, therefore, that the new ambassador looked forward to his first audience of his Majesty. He had not long to wait. With unprecedented promptness the notice came that on the Sunday morning following his arrival in the capital he would be received at the Old Palace in Berlin.

It seemed perfectly natural that the audience should occur in the open air, under the trees in the little garden of the *Schloss*. The seclusion and intimacy of such a meeting gave it a welcome character. The three flamboyant court carriages, each drawn by six horses, with bewigged drivers, postilions, and footmen clinging on behind, made a spectacle for the crowd that lined the way; but neither these nor the red-breeched lackeys that formed in open column on the grand staircase awakened the slightest interest. The twenty-one volleys at the castle gate were hardly heard. All this was the old story, the stage trumpery that is supposed to enhance "the divinity that doth hedge a king," the commonplaces of every royal court.

Invited by the Grand Master of Ceremonies, the Emperor's ever-faithful servant, Count Eulenberg, to descend alone an outer flight of steps into the garden, one was surprised to see, standing like a

statue, perhaps twenty yards away, a solitary figure, clad in white, covered with a silver helmet bearing on its crest a high-poised eagle, adding considerably to the apparent height of a medium-sized man. Seen in the coulisses of an opera-house, this apparition might have been taken for Lohengrin waiting for his cue. It was the Kaiser in the brilliant uniform of an officer of the Garde du Corps.

From the embankments of the Spree outside the garden the Sunday promenaders, of whom there were many, could behold, at a discreet distance, his Majesty in all the glory of his war-like panoply, and the black-coated ambassador approaching; a picture of imperial magnificence, on the one hand, and republican simplicity, on the other, in which for impressiveness the odds were far from even.

Presently the statuesque figure moved, the shining metal flashing radiantly in the soft June sunshine that glinted through the branches of the trees, a strong right hand was extended, the mask of monumental sternness fell, and a pleasant smile lighted up the well-browned features and the unfathomable gray eyes.

Unimportant what was said. It was all of the friendship that should exist between two great peoples, of their community in blood, religion, science, interest, good-will, and a common civilization; spoken on the Kaiser's part in very English English, fluently, accurately, expansively, with a roll in the "r" when President Roosevelt's name was mentioned that had in it a strong suggestion of the North Sea.

It seemed like a real personal contact, frank, sincere, earnest, and honest. One could not question that, and it was the beginning of other contacts more intimate and prolonged; especially at Kiel, where the sportsman put aside all forms of court etiquette, lying flat on the deck of the *Meteor* as she scudded under heavy sail with one rail under water; at Eckernförde, where the old tars came into the ancient inn in the evening to meet their Kaiser and drink to his Majesty's health a glass of beer.

"Did you ever see anything more democratic in America?" the Kaiser

asked, gleefully, one time. "What would Roosevelt think of this?" he inquired, at another.

Hating him, as many millions no doubt do, it would soften their hearts to hear him laugh like a child at a good story, or tell one himself. Can it be? Yes, it can be. There is such a wide difference between the gentler impulses of a man and the rude part ambition causes him to play in life! A rôle partly self-chosen, it is true, and not wholly thrust upon him. A soul accursed by one great wrong idea, and the purposes, passions, and resolutions generated by it. A mind distorted, led into captivity, and condemned to crime by the obsession that God has but one people, and they are his people; that the people have but one will, and that is his will; that God has but one purpose, and that is his purpose; and, being responsible only to the God of his own imagination, a purely tribal divinity, the reflection of his own power-loving nature, that he has no definite responsibility to men.

No one who has personally met the Kaiser in friendly mood has failed to note the fascination he is capable of exerting when he is disposed to exercise his talent for making himself agreeable. The human side of him, when he consents to be for a moment just a man, is undeniably engaging. It is only when he feels called upon to play his part as Kaiser that one sees him in a different light. Then he becomes a wholly different character, an anachronism in an age of liberal thought.

Undoubtedly William II is conscious of his personal power of fascination, and he uses it with consummate art. To be made by an environment of pomp and ceremony to feel the presence of majesty and to expect at most a stiff and formal condescension, and then suddenly to be greeted with an outburst of human qualities that causes the Kaiser to seem like an old friend delighted to see you—could human skill devise a more subtle way of drawing a doubtful human being into the orbit of a sovereign's interests and confidence? It seems to say: "At last you have broken through all these stupid barriers that my people employ to shut you out, and me in, and keep the crowd away; but

here we are now, at last, face to face. Let us open our hearts to each other!"

I am not sure that this often happens, but it has happened; and something of it is felt by every American who has been personally presented to the Kaiser. And some, once drawn into that orbit, have always remained there. And it is not the meeting alone that binds. Some added delicate remembrance; some word of praise or approbation spoken by the Kaiser in the presence of a courtier or a minister designed to be repeated to the person it concerns; in due time the suggestion, perhaps, of a decoration. Such things, coming from his Majesty, who is under no compulsion to do them, the recipient naturally reasons, must be from his heart. And in this he may be right. To scorn such courtesies would be ungracious; but to overvalue them, to see in them all that vanity suggests, to forget that these attentions are the warp and woof of diplomacy, would be to fall asleep on a pillow of illusion. They might even make a messenger forget the errand on which he was sent!

Although my main mission was never for a moment forgotten, and notwithstanding obstacles was never wholly despaired of, the chances of success seemed to grow less promising as time passed by. In the Foreign Office the temperature was chilly when the arbitration treaty was discussed. The bankers of Frankfort had been in communication, and out of dusty drawers had been recovered musty papers yellow with age, old securities, probably bought for a song by speculators, but represented by their owners as valid debts owed by some of the American States. One lot in particular was made specially impressive. A venal legislature had passed a bill making a State liable for the payment of an issue of bonds by a Southern railroad. The next legislature, placed in power by the indignation of the taxpayers, had declared the indorsement by the State to be illegal. As the railroad was bankrupt, the bonds were found to be worthless.

Unless the government of the United States was ready to assume responsibility for these "sacred obligations," an arbitration treaty, it was held, would be regarded as valueless in Germany. The

Frankfort bankers would condemn such a treaty if they did not receive full payment. What they actually paid for these bonds, if anything, was never disclosed; but I should have a new opinion of Frankfort bankers if it could be proved that they ever really paid anything for them. If the government of the United States should agree to be responsible for these alleged debts, the next exhibit, I suppose, would have been a collection of Confederate notes, if they could have been borrowed from some museum.

Back of this reluctance of the Imperial Government to make an obligatory arbitration treaty was, of course, the personal aversion of the Kaiser to abridge in any way his absolute sovereignty. It is no violation of confidence to say that, in conversations upon this subject, William II, while not denying that monetary matters might, perhaps, in many cases be properly left to a court—in questions of civil rights his own German courts have sometimes decided against him—has declared his opinion that nothing of political importance can be subjected to the judgment of an international tribunal; for no principle of law can be permitted to constrain the free exercise of a sovereign will.

On the social side, a generous hospitality made life at Berlin very pleasant for the new American ambassador. One occasion, soon after his arrival, is memorable for the kindly effort made to point out the close similarity between the American and the German systems of government.

A distinguished company of men was assembled, as a token of welcome, in the Palace of the Chancellor. After dinner it was found agreeable to spend the evening in the open air, in the spacious garden under the starlight of a glorious June sky. It was the gracious host himself, Prince von Bülow, who led up to the close friendship there had always existed between the two countries since Frederick the Great had expressed his sympathy with the American cause, and Franklin, Jefferson, and Adams had signed the unique treaty of amity with Prussia in 1785. But these were not the only bonds of mutual sympathy. Both countries had triumphed over sepa-

ratism and become Great Powers, America by preserving the union of the States, and Germany by the formation of the Empire; which gave the ambassador an opportunity to remark upon the loyalty to the Union of our citizens of German origin and their important services in the War of the Rebellion. Into the minor details of the method by which national unity had in each case been accomplished, and especially the manner in which the victors had treated the vanquished, it did not seem at the time necessary to enter, although they could hardly have failed to be suggested to the mind of every one present. The really original stroke, however, in this conversation was the statement by the Chancellor that a deeper analogy was to be seen in the fact that in neither form of government was the ministry dependent for its continuance upon the approval of the parliament—a point which he considered of prime importance to the continuity of public policy. “Besides,” he added, “your President has a power of appointment that is unsurpassed.”

I was, I must confess, for a moment slightly startled by this sudden identification of the two systems, which I had thought of as almost diametrically contradictory. I could not, of course, deny the verity of the Chancellor's statements; but I ventured to suggest that, although the President's Cabinet could not be changed by the Congress after the members had once been installed, except by impeachment, they, and all other appointed officers, must be confirmed by the Senate; and I had never known important public duties to be assigned to persons of whose fitness the Senate had not had at least one chance to judge. As for permanence of policy, I added, that the people were supposed to frame public policies in their party platforms, and reserved the right to choose the Chief Executive every four years; so that, if our President did possess certain constitutional powers analogous in some respects to some of those exercised by the Emperor, the electors could at intervals withhold or renew their mandate as they thought best.

A slight almost imperceptible titter of laughter, emanating from the shadows where some of the gentlemen sat, caused

me to wonder if I had been indiscreet. Really, there had been no intention to reflect upon the Kaiser; but the suspicion was at once formed in my mind that perhaps *they* had been thinking of him! Of this there is, however, no further evidence. The subject was changed, the conversation followed other lines, and in due course a pleasant evening came to an end.

The *annus mirabilis* of 1908, as it has been called, brought sore trials to the Kaiser. In the twenty years of his reign he had never attempted so much, never succeeded in so little, and was never so distrusted. It began with a private letter, written by him on February 17th, to Lord Tweedmouth, First Lord of the British Admiralty, the letter being supposed to contain a defense of Germany's naval policy and a criticism of Great Britain's attitude toward it.

The letter was never published, and its full contents are not publicly known, but the mere fact of its existence raised a storm of objection in Germany and created resentment in England. In the British press it was represented that the design of the communication was “to make it more easy for German preparations to overtake our own.” In Germany the fear was that it had contained some indiscretion compromising to Germany's position. So long as the letter was not published its contents were open to almost any interpretation, and even the most extravagant theory could boast that silence left it uncontradicted. The really important utterance concerning it was that of Lord Lansdowne, who said in the House of Commons, “Such a communication as that in question must not be allowed to create a diplomatic situation different from that which has been established through official channels and documents.”

This was statesman-like, but it assumed that a distinction existed between official acts and the utterances of the Kaiser. Obviously, this was not in accordance with the Kaiser's own theory of government; for, being the highest authority in the state, what he said was more than ordinarily official; it was final. He could not, in any circumstances, disavow himself.

When, in March, Prince von Bülow

was obliged to express himself upon the subject, he also had to oppose the Kaiser's theory. The letter being a "private" one, he said, he could not lay it before the Reichstag. That its contents were political, he frankly confessed; but he held that "the letter of a sovereign, an Imperial letter, does not, from the fact that it deals with political questions, become an act of state."

Here then was distinctly posed the question, How far does the political authority of the German Emperor extend, and how must it be exercised? Would a secret treaty, "signed before God" with another sovereign, but without the presence or knowledge of public ministers, be considered a binding official act? The Kaiser undoubtedly thought it would. The Chancellor and the Reichstag evidently thought it would not. The difference of views was very wide indeed. The whole theory of personal government was suddenly challenged. To the Kaiser it was, unquestionably, a shock. But this was only the beginning of the issue. The year had still more serious differences in store.

Personally, William II was mute during this controversy, and wisely so; for a storm was brewing in the nation. The people were faithful to the Kaiser, but they felt that they could not intrust their foreign affairs to his personal direction, and this the Emperor comprehended.

Silent, but not without resentment over the Tweedmouth episode, he turned his attention to other matters. Suddenly, in June, a new setting of the stage seemed desirable. On the 14th of that month the meeting of Edward VII with Nicholas II, at Reval, was interpreted as marking the conclusion of an Anglo-Russian *entente*; but William II could not tolerate friendly relations between his friends. Immediately the cry of "encirclement" was raised. That France and England had become friendly was of itself objectionable, but that Great Britain and Russia, the ally of France, should at the same time abolish their differences was too much to be borne. At the conclusion of an inspection of cavalry at Döberitz, while King Edward VII was still at Reval, the Kaiser said to his assembled officers: "It seems, in truth,

that they wish to encircle and provoke us. We shall be able to support it. The German has never fought better than when he had to defend himself on all sides. Let them come on against us, then. We shall be ready!" A visit to the Court of Sweden—traditionally the enemy of Russia—immediately followed, and the remainder of the month was occupied with military reviews and a visit to Alsace-Lorraine, where the inhabitants were reminded of what their union with the German Empire had done for their prosperity. "Peace is assured," the Kaiser concluded, "by our military forces on land and sea, by the German people in arms."

It was the Kaiser's way of making himself seem essential to his own people. He knew he could count upon the army. He knew that, if Germany were in danger, the German people would follow him to the death. A military situation was needed by him, and he knew how to create it.

But his rattling of the saber did not end with this challenge, which had sent a thrill through Europe and caused a profound sensation in Germany. To add to the effect, on September 11th he proceeded in person to approach within one kilometer of the French frontier, where he passed the night and made a proposal to ascend the Hohnack from French territory. Had the French refused to permit this, or shown any discourtesy, it would, perhaps, have furnished occasion for another Ems telegram; for, had there been an excuse for it, Germany was ready for a short, swift war. But, with perfect politeness, the French officers offered to furnish the Kaiser with a body-guard to accompany him during his ascent; whereupon the project was suddenly abandoned and he announced that he was expected at Colmar.

During all these occurrences, a very marked interest was manifested in strengthening the ties of friendship with America; but progress toward the realization of America's great desire, the improvement in international organization, was merely marking time. While the law officers of the Foreign Office were unearthing impossible claims from the dust of previous centuries as ques-

tions that must first be settled if arbitration was to become the order of the day, the Kaiser did not conceal his personal opinion—which was, of course, his official opinion—that what had been done at The Hague was a futility that did not deserve further encouragement.

But the reaction against Edward VII's friendly visit with the Czar of Russia having in a measure served its purpose, he evidently perceived that, as upon some former occasions, he had overplayed his part as the testy War Lord. It is difficult otherwise to account for the publication, on October 28th, of the since famous interview that appeared as coming direct from the Kaiser in the London *Daily Telegraph*.

The whole detailed history of this extraordinary performance has never yet transpired, but the main facts may be stated with entire confidence.

A lover of peace and a friend of both Germany and England, as he represented himself to be, prepared a paper, composed of statements made to him by the Emperor in the interest of a good understanding between those countries, which with the Imperial sanction was published as being in substance an interview with William II by an "unimpeachable authority."

The veracity of the interviewer has never been called in question, but the commotion raised by the report of what the Kaiser had said to him was indescribable. "You English," William II had begun, "are mad, mad as March hares. What has come over you that you are so completely given over to suspicions quite unworthy of a great nation?" Personally, at least, he said, he had not deserved such misjudgment as he had received. "My task is not of the easiest," he continued. "The prevailing sentiment among large sections of the middle and lower classes of my own people is not friendly to England. . . . I strive without ceasing to improve relations, and you retort that I am your arch-enemy."

Then followed statements that those in Germany who had approved intervention in Morocco were "mischief-makers"; that, although German sentiment was hostile to England during the South African War, he had refused to receive

President Kruger when Holland and France were fêting him; that France and Russia had invited his government "to join them in calling upon England to put an end to the war," as the moment had come "to humiliate England to the dust"; that he had prepared, with the aid of his General Staff, a plan of campaign against the Boers which Lord Roberts had practically followed; and that Germany's navy would some day, owing to the rise of Japan, be necessary to England in the great debates of the future.

Great Britain was amazed, but Germany was exasperated. The Kaiser, then, according to his own public statement, had been all the time a secret ally and helper of England, and an enemy of the Boers with whom the Germans had sympathized! His attitude toward Morocco had been a sham and a pretense. He had held his own people up to reprobation as enemies of England, and called himself England's devoted friend. And this was *their* Kaiser!

A stranger might easily have inferred from the tide of public feeling that swept over the Empire that William II was about to be deposed. The serious journals were loud in their protests. The comic papers were remorseless in their caricatures. One would have supposed that there was no law in Germany against *lèse majesté*.

What added most to the bitterness of public feeling was the apparently perfect *insouciance* of the Kaiser, who, during the climax of the storm, from November 4th to 7th, was hunting with the Hereditary Prince of Austria, and from November 7th to 16th was with Prince Fürstenberg, at Donaueschingen, being constantly amused with vaudeville entertainments reported to be of a character utterly inharmonious with the serious time he had brought upon his Empire.

Most incredible to relate, the manuscript of the interview had been submitted before publication to the Chancellor; but Prince von Bülow confessed that he had never taken the trouble to read it, and the subalterns at the Foreign Office had turned it over to its author without criticism.

This, to some extent, relieved the Kaiser from reproach, but only slightly;

for when the Chancellor, numbly taking upon himself blame for his own negligence, offered his resignation, the Kaiser, who needed him as a defender before the Reichstag, refused to accept it; and Prince von Bülow, thus virtually absolved, stood up in the tribune, not to excuse William II as really innocent of wrong-doing, but, after as much as possible attenuating his master's error by skilfully commenting on certain points, he in effect threw the whole burden on the Kaiser by pledging that, while he remained Chancellor, such personal interference in the conduct of foreign affairs should not be allowed to occur again!

This, in fact, was the real issue. The Germans did not wish to depose the Emperor, but they were weary of the indiscretions of William II. They did not in their hearts believe in his personal government, but they had never dared to oppose it. Now all parties were among the protestants. The Kaiser was obliged to bow before the storm. He had deeply humiliated his people before the world. They resented it. They were at the same time ashamed of his conduct and indignant with him. When he came back to Potsdam he was a chastened man. He felt that he had been scourged, and publicly. If he had humiliated his people, they in their turn had humbled him. No doubt he was resentful, but he was passive. He made no reply. Had he claimed all that he thought to be his right, had he insisted that what he had said in the interview had been sincerely said and was the truth; above all, had he attempted to end the public criticisms in the Reichstag and the press by dissolving the parliament and suppressing newspapers, there would have been a revolution. He did none of these things. He simply let the storm pass by.

Just what occurred between the Emperor and his Chancellor at Potsdam we do not know. Some were certain that he had shown violent anger. But the result was submission on the point at issue. He did not accept the Chancellor's proffered resignation; and he promised to recognize, as Prince von Bülow's interpretation of the Imperial Constitution required, the constitutional "re-

sponsibility" of the Chancellor for official acts relating to foreign affairs.

His Majesty [stated the *Official Gazette*], while unaffected by public criticism which he regards as exaggerated, considers his most honorable Imperial task to consist in securing the stability of the policy of the Empire while adhering to the principle of constitutional responsibility. The Kaiser accordingly indorses the statements of the Imperial Chancellor in the Reichstag, and assures Prince von Bülow of his continued confidence.

The words of the Chancellor which the Kaiser indorsed were: "The perception that the publication of these conversations in England has not had the effect the Kaiser wished, and in our own country has caused profound agitation and painful regret, will—this firm conviction I have acquired during these anxious days—lead the Kaiser for the future, in private conversation also, to maintain the reserve that is equally indispensable in the interest of a uniform policy and for the authority of the Crown. If it were not so, I could not, nor could my successor, bear the responsibility."

In the mean time, another Imperial indiscretion was discovered and suppressed before it had disturbed the public mind. The Kaiser had given a private interview to an American journalist during his voyage in the Baltic. This also had been submitted to the Foreign Office and passed out for publication; and, already printed, it was to appear in an early number of an American magazine. The Foreign Office was in terror. Money was hastily cabled to New York, the whole edition of the article was withheld and paid for, and to obliterate the incident the printed pages were taken out to sea on a German war-ship and used to stoke the furnaces.

For the moment it seemed in December that the German people had successfully asserted their claim to a responsible government, and that the disaster to which the Kaiser's personal diplomacy had exposed them would never be repeated. But it was, in fact, the Kaiser's triumph. The Chancellor was in future to administer foreign affairs, and the Kaiser's task would "consist in securing the stability of the policy of the Empire while adhering to

the principle of constitutional responsibility"—*to himself!*

There could be no mistake about the meaning of this apparent concession. There was in the Imperial Constitution no "responsibility" to any one except the Emperor. There was none to the Reichstag on the part of the Emperor. The chance to place in the Constitution responsibility to the parliament of the people was allowed to slip by without decisive action. The Kaiser was left with the same supreme authority that he possessed before; and, nine years afterward, in 1917, when the Reichstag, by a large majority, declared, "We are driven by no lust of conquest," and professed to repudiate "forced acquisitions of territory, and political, economic, and financial violations," the Chancellor of the Empire, Doctor Michaelis, was able to announce from the tribune, "The constitutional rights of the head

of the Empire must not be endangered, and I am not willing to permit any one to take the reins out of my hands."

Thus, without a serious effort on the part of the people to prevent it, the German Empire permitted itself to be effectively and definitely Prussianized. In the Empire, as in Prussia, the Emperor is without legal responsibility to the people. There were presented, as we shall see later, still other opportunities for securing a truly responsible government; but there was none when the public mind was so completely aroused from its lethargy and so fully awake to the danger that the Emperor's personal system had incurred. Thenceforth, Kaiser William had only to sound the tocsin of alarm in order to recall to the nation that, having chosen submission to a War Lord, it must abide by the consequences of its act.

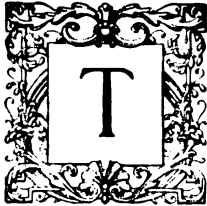
At Parting

BY HANIEL LONG

BRIGHT summers fade, and all bright faces, too.
 It seems but yesterday that by the lake
 You stretched your brown length in the sun to bake,
 Or drove against the waves in your canoe.
 That summer Shakespeare lived again in you.
 You cried with him at Harfleur, Henry's speech,
 "Once more, dear friends, once more into the breach!"
 Each day you went as Shakespeare's heroes do.
 So when the bright world darkened with a war
 You, the adventurer of dreams, aroused
 As one who recognized his hour, and sped
 Into the danger's very heart and core.
 And now, farewell! They tell me you are housed
 Among the deathless, whom they call the dead.

Hearts Triumphant

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR



THIS is not at all the kind of story I usually write. It is not the sort of fiction I drift to. I should never have selected the plot of it for myself. But, as it happens, it is not fiction; it can hardly be said to have plot and it is not my story at any rate. It was told me by a certain slim young Second Lieutenant I know. If I change the names there is no reason I should not tell it, only, I wish you to remember it is the Second Lieutenant's story, not mine—that is fairer to everybody, the Second Lieutenant and myself included.

It seems that everybody at Fort B—— knew little Mrs. Tuck and in a general way liked her. But up to the time of her husband's death, Major L—— (I shall from now on simply call him the Major) had apparently been totally oblivious of the fact that, though she was certainly too stout, yet Mrs. Tuck had a neat ankle, extremely pretty hands, and something almost child-like and appealing about the eyes and mouth.

But the Major was of Puritanic origin. He was far more severely built mentally than he was physically. He had always kept his eyes strictly away from other men's wives, and the Second Lieutenant assured me that, had the Venus de Milo been known to the Major to have had a husband, the Major would not have allowed Bobs the little ivory replica on the mantelpiece among his and the Major's pipes and pipe-cleaners and other rubbish.

It was, therefore, not until after the death of little Captain Tuck that the Major had more than the merest formal bowing acquaintance with Mrs. Tuck, with conversation limited to the probable weather forecast. All her earlier smiles and graciousness the Major had noticed, in passing, only with a kind of mental and moral military salute such

as his own guards gave him, or he them, when they chanced to pass one another by.

But exactly as soon as fat little Captain Tuck was gathered to his fathers the Major presented himself to Mrs. Tuck to offer his sympathy and his services. Mrs. Tuck accepted his kindness with tearful gratitude. It was then, for the first time, so to speak, that the Major really saw her.

There is no end—so the Second Lieutenant tells me—of the variety of fool a man may make of himself if he will but begin late enough in life. The Major's nephew, Bobs, watched the Major narrowly, for Bobs loved the Major and the Major loved Bobs, and Bobs (I use the Second Lieutenant's simile) thought there was the odor of toasted cheese in the air, and that a trap was likely—not the snap kind, but the baited kind that allows you to get in and then turn around and wonder how you got there, and then exhibits nothing but pointed spikes by way of exit.

In good time, Bobs, his uncle's nephew, meant to step in and carry off the old Major triumphantly, before little Mrs. Tuck's very eyes. This was the original plan, it seems; but an alteration of a more or less radical kind was made in it by no less a person than Bobs himself; and just that is the Second Lieutenant's story.

It came about in this way: Bobs was in disgrace—that is to say, a kind of quasi-disgrace. Bobs was good-looking and tall, and a great favorite with the ladies—very especially with the younger set. The Major would not have minded this, for he was very proud of Bobs. The real pinch came when Bobs flunked on his special exams for Leavenworth and thereby fell into disgrace with the Major.

The result was the only real rating Bobs had ever had from his uncle, and the upshot of it all was a bargain or proposal, offered in fine spirit by Bobs him-

self. He would stick to his studies, by way of penitence and reparation, for two whole months, and during that period would eschew all gallantries and renounce the fair sex and all their ways.

One month of the two had dragged past with Bobs at his books, and the girls of the post and those of the near-by towns drifting by him haughty, indifferent, noses in the air, and even giving extra-gracious little ducks and bows to the Major.

The Major, it is true, had white hair, but he was still very proud of his figure. And little Mrs. Tuck was proud of his figure also. Women, I am told by the Second Lieutenant, have peculiar vanities. Little Mrs. Tuck began, he tells me, by liking to have the Major's figure on her veranda—because, no doubt, it looked well there to the casual eye of the feminine passer-by. Certain it is, he tells me, that Mrs. Tuck's most charming smile was always the one you got if you went past when the Major was sitting heavily in her Japan wicker.

Now the Major's pet belief was as to his own retained youthfulness. This belief coming late in life is rather generally recognized as an infallible sign of age. But it is doubtful if the Major would have recognized it as that, even if any one had been kind enough to point it out to him; and no one at the fort was that kind, "although," says the Lieutenant, "there are usually a good many kind people in every community, particularly at army posts."

The Major, in the year since Captain Tuck's death, had called at regular intervals on little Mrs. Tuck in the afternoon, and had really been very useful to her. He still continued his visits, and though the hot days were gone, and the maples flared red and yellow and the cool breezes stirred, Mrs. Tuck still insisted sweetly on the veranda, and the Major stood it out bravely, even though he felt his knees begin to stiffen. Some people—Mrs. Tuck included—had they known of this heroism, might have thought this a tribute of devotion to Mrs. Tuck, but the astute would have guessed it was only partially that—the most of it was a tribute the Major was paying to his own belief in his surviving youthfulness.

After these calls the Major went home with as dapper and youthful a spring as was still allowed him, and rubbed in St. Jacob's oil. Bobs found him at it one day, got hold of the bottle, and rolled over with joy. That was something the Major always winced under, Bobs's laughing threat to give it to the post that the Major was using St. Jacob's.

Meanwhile Bobs stuck to his work, and pretended to have forgotten all about the fair sex.

Every one knew that the Major called on Mrs. Tuck, but the Major was also known to be a slow-moving body. "Somehow, he didn't mobilize himself quickly, you know," the Second Lieutenant explained. There was something slow and fishy in the way he blinked his eyes sometimes. Bobs knew the Major's hidden fires, however, and calculated as to how long the little Captain had been dead.

Meantime, as Bobs was making these calculations, a new and lesser calamity befell Mrs. Tuck—her only sister, who lived out in Xenia, Ohio, died suddenly.

The Major, hearing this news from Mrs. Tuck, said "Hrrumph!" throatily (the Major had been getting throaty in the past year), then added some appropriate remarks concerning the shortness of human life, again said "Hrrumph!" blew his nose furiously, and took his departure, leaving in Mrs. Tuck's willing mind an impression of manly yet almost womanly tenderness.

In a week's time Mrs. Tuck's niece, a girl of twenty-three and really a beauty, came out from Xenia, Ohio, dressed in heavy black.

"Upon my word," said Captain Sewell's wife, "I don't know how Mrs. Tuck dares have her there! She's pretty, and in heavy black, besides."

Mrs. Tuck pointedly asked the Major to bring his nephew to see her niece, the girl needed cheering. The Major recollected how very cheering Bobs could be, and hastened to tell Mrs. Tuck the mere outer shell of his and Bobs's agreement. The boy, he said, was at his studies; one moment of such charms would unfit him for his work. It was with a bow to the niece that he delivered this compliment.



MRS. TUCK ACCEPTED HIS KINDNESS WITH TEARFUL GRATITUDE

So the Major meant to keep Bobs out of temptation's way, and never dreamed that Mrs. Tuck, with the instincts of her class, would arrange for an accidental meeting between Bobs and her niece. Indeed, she even went so far as to arrange that the young people should go together to the Point, where the green bench was, and some rocks and a river view, at a time when the Major was otherwise occupied.

"I will take all the responsibility," she said to Bobs. "Send the Major to me! But, heavens! he would be the last man to mind! Never a kinder soul—a more tender and understanding one, my dear."

The "my dear" made it maternal and gave it just the right touch.

The Second Lieutenant tells me again here that he was always a close observer of human nature, and that Bobs never was.

Be that as it may, Bobs managed, with Mrs. Tuck's very willing aid, to take Angela—that was her name—many a time for walks or rides while the Major was either absorbed in his own affairs or engaged with Mrs. Tuck. Bobs told himself his agreement with the Major

was only an understanding, not a promise, after all.

The Major still kept up his visits. Now and then, to the Major's extreme delight, Angela, when she was not off with the Major's nephew under the Major's very nose, came and put a slender hand in greeting, in the Major's big war-like paw, and sat and talked to him, and loved him for being Bobs's uncle, though she kept this latter fact well to herself.

The Major would watch her pull off her long black gloves and set the fingers of them straight with her own unbelievably lovely ones; and while she was wishing she was with Bobs, the Major was wishing fate would accord himself and her more interviews alone.

There were a few, and he managed to get some very pretty things said, always ending with "Hrrumph!"

This was the way things stood the day the Major and his men were leaving the camp for a four days' cavalry march and drill.

He was standing before his mirror, using his military brushes gingerly.

"Bobs," he said, pausing and leaning forward and looking at himself, "you

don't think I am getting anyways old about the eyes, maybe?"

"M-m-m-m; no," said Bobs, with a rising inflection.

"Hrrumph!" said the Major, gratefully, and beginning again with his brushes.

Then, with a kind of lightness which brought Bobs up standing, metaphorically, "Mustn't get too old for the ladies, you know."

It was clear to Bobs now Mrs. Tuck was making a fool of the Major. Bobs's mind worked rapidly. If Mrs. Tuck made a fool of the Major, Bobs's own position when discovered would seem to the Major less culpable.

Not that Bobs was engaged to Angela yet! She had allowed him to bring his horse close to hers yesterday afternoon, and had talked of sorrows that had fallen across her path, and he had trumped up some quasi-semi-sorrow or tragedy of some sort that had blighted his own young years, so she might be sure he was sympathetic, and then—Well, no matter, but, Lord! if the Major guessed! Yes, certainly the Major would consent more readily to Bobs's early marriage if the Major himself were in love.

All this flashed up in Bobs's mind like heat lightning. He threw down his book.

"Too old for the ladies? *You?*"

"Hrrumph!" with a grateful glance at Bobs and then at himself between his military brushes. "I think women like a man to part his hair in the middle." He clattered the brushes down on the dresser. He leaned forward, his eyes rolled up under his eyebrows and fixed absorbedly on the poised comb.

"Bobs was, of course, keener than the Major by a long furlough," said the Lieutenant.

"By Jove! she's gone and got him!" said Bobs to himself, with a mental finality.

"Do you know, Bobs," said the Major, totally unaware of Bobs's swift conclusion, "if you ever, in the course of time, you know, decided to leave me, I'd be deuced lonesome, you know."

The part was made now and he began brushing the hair away from it gently.

Bobs rose, faced about, stuck his hands in his pockets, and leaned for-

ward. "Are you very sure you love her?" said Bobs, solemnly.

Now this, was e'en the wisdom of Solomon. The Major might have hedged for two weeks if Bobs had gone about it the wrong way. But to plump it out at him like that; to take from him all the embarrassment and awkwardness of confession; to say the thing for him!—

He dropped his brushes, wheeled, and sat down on the nearest chair and grabbed his knees with his powerful and somewhat fat hands.

"Never surer of anything in my life, Bobs."

Good! Bobs saw his own happiness come a stride nearer. To get the Major off full tilt into a love-affair with Mrs. Tuck seemed now to Bobs a blessed expeditious wisdom.

"Well, by Jove!" said Bobs, with deep feeling, "I'm glad for you, deuced glad. You deserve it."

"Bobs, Bobs! Tell me, honestly, *do* you think she'll have me! An old fool like me?"

"*Have* you!" said Bobs.

The Major turned to look at himself in the glass.

"You haven't asked her yet?" said Bobs.

"N-n-n-no!" carefully, hesitatingly.

"Well, I'll be blowed!" Bobs turned away and got out his pipe, as though there were no words adequate to the occasion.

The Major followed him anxiously with his eye, then frowned. "Hrrumph! What do you mean by that?"

"Why, I mean there's danger every minute." He struck his match, cupped his hands, puffed, and got his pipe going; threw the match away; took his pipe in his hand. "How do you know but when you're away some one else may— Lord! What do you know about women?"

The Major squared his shoulders with some dignity. "Tut, my dear boy, I know something about women. I've got to leave here in half an hour. I'll be gone five days. In that time it's true I won't see her. But much harm can't happen in five days—five short days."

Bobs blew smoke to high heaven, looked at the ceiling through it, and took a quick new tack.

"Lord! You do speak like a lover, don't you! 'A short five days!' Why, man alive, if you were really in love, five days would be all eternity! You couldn't stand them! It would be like tearing your heart-strings away!"

Very vaguely and uncertainly it wavered through the Major's mind that Bobs was speaking like an authority. Where had he got his knowledge? There was a little girl who used to wear black tails to her bonnet, whom Bobs had been fond of, but the Major had not really supposed that affair had gone deep.

"To be away *five—whole—days!*" mourned Bobs. "To run the risk of losing the woman you love to some other man!" He threw the whole matter away from him with his left hand, put his pipe back between his lips.

"Now, Bobs, I wish you wouldn't!" the Major said, helplessly.

"Well, of course, if you are willing to lose her—!" Bobs shrugged his shoulders. "But then you say you haven't told her, anyway, that you care for her! I don't call that sort of thing very serious."

"Look here, Bobs," said the Major, finding it unpleasant to be belittled at the outset. "I haven't slept much of any for three nights. Just couldn't!" He waved a hand. "That's how I feel about it! None of your off again, on again, gone again! None of your Jonah's gourd or Joshua's ax!" The Major was getting

incoherent, but it didn't matter. The thing was proved. But let him not stop there. "Say, Bobs, what would you do? I'm all unstrung?"

"Well," said Bobs, very deliberately, "I'll tell you what I'd do."

"Yes," said the Major, fidgeting forward farther on his chair and grabbing his knees more tightly.

"Well, I'd sit down this minute and write her a letter, right now!" He took out his watch. "You've got time. It's twenty times better than speaking. I'll tell you why. They can read it over and think it over; and that's what a woman likes to do. She can keep it in her hand then, and put it next her heart if she's a mind to. Often if you speak with them," he spoke as one with authority, "they get scared straight into a refusal; but if you write to them, the words get warmer and warmer with every reading, warmer and warmer." He waved his hand to the rhythm of the words. then gave himself to his pipe again.

The Major was visibly swayed. Even while Bobs spoke he went to the desk like one hypnotized, drew his chair under him nervously, and got himself ready to write.

"Bobs," helplessly, "maybe you're an old hand at this sort of thing. Is it customary for a man in my position—as deeply in love, I mean, as I am—to address his heart's idol by her first name? Do you think it doesn't sound rude,



MRS. TUCK'S NIECE NEEDED CHEERING

presumptuous? Do you think this once I might say 'My dear'—"

"Thunder and lightning!" crashed Bobs, explosively, for he meant to see the thing through now, and well done. "You are a fine lover! Upon my soul! What you want to say is 'Heart's Idol' or 'Dearest of all women'!"

The Major was shocked. He lowered his head, and looked over the rim of his eye-glasses soberly at his nephew.

"Belovedest," continued Bobs, "'Angelic Spirit,' or 'Soul of my Soul.'"

"My dear Bobs, I'm afraid that is not like me." The Major raised his head and looked under his eye-glasses this time. "In the first place, I don't believe I've got a soul, and how can she be the soul of my soul if I haven't got a soul?"

"Well, 'Life of my Life,' then," said Bobs. He flung it as though it were a bone, a very dry bone without any meat on it.

The tone silenced the Major. He meekly got the words down in a neat and patient hand.

"There now, do you think that looks as it ought?" He laid down the pen and surveyed the writing.

"That's all right," said Bobs, stepping over and looking at it over his shoulder. "But you've only got about twenty minutes, you know, so chase along."

"What shall I say next?" said the Major, uneasily.

"Well, go on something like this: 'Life of my Life! So often since the beauty of your dear countenance has shone upon me I have longed to open to you my whole heart'—"

"Hold on!" The Major grabbed his pen. "Say that over again."

"'Life of my Life'—Bobs took puffs at his pipe between phrases, and dictated—"so often, since the beauty of your dear face has shone upon me, I have longed to open my whole heart to you. But its very beauty and my heart's fierce passion have made me dumb. But now that the thought of separation from you clouds my day'—"

"Slower," said the Major, panting and scratching along, and panting, "'Clouds my day'—"

"'Clouds my day, I can no longer hide from you, O my beloved'—"

"Would you say, 'O my beloved'?"

"Yes, I certainly would. You haven't much time. 'I can no longer hide from you, O my beloved, what you must already have guessed. Oh, dearest star of my being, shine through my gloom'—"

"Hey? Would you, now?" Again the Major looked up, sidewise this time, over the corner rims of his eye-glasses.

"I most certainly would," said Bobs. "And if it were I, I'd be saying ten, twenty times more! I'm drawing it mild for you because you've outgrown the fire."

"O Lord!" said the Major. "Go on."

"Oh, radiant star of my being, shine through the gloom, for without you my life is night. It is an overwhelming grief to me that I must for several days be away from the dear privilege of seeing you. Unless I have, upon my return, the hope of your dear love, I shall, like unhappy Dido'—"

"Thought she was a woman," said the Major.

"She was," said Bobs, then inexorably: "—'like unhappy Dido struck to the heart'—"

The Major mopped his forehead. 'Now who the deuce is Dido? I can't remember. I know her, but I can't remember. Know her perfectly well, but I can't place her. You're sure she is all right to mention to a lady?"

"Go on," said Bobs; "you've got just eight minutes more. 'Struck to the heart, long for death and sicken of beholding the canopy of heaven.'"

Bobs emptied his pipe while the Major got this down.

"Now finish it up. There are only four minutes left."

"O Lord!" groaned the Major, "how in the deuce am I going to finish it up?"

"Something romantic. Women like chivalry and that sort of thing. Suppose you say something about— Let's see—" Bobs stopped tapping his pipe and considered.

"Yes," said the Major, feverishly, his pen poised.

"Well, say, 'As the knight of old looked to his lady for some token of his favor, even so will you not wear for me upon my return some little token by which I may know that the devotion I lay at your feet is not cast from you in scorn? Some token whereby my eyes



SHE ARRANGED THAT THE YOUNG PEOPLE SHOULD GO TOGETHER TO THE POINT

may have their answer even at the first glance, as they sweep over your beloved form. If this undying devotion which burns in me finds any response in your fair bosom'—"

"I like that," said the Major, re-reading the last sentence fervidly with his lips. "Yes? 'in your bosom'—"

"If this undying devotion which burns in me finds any response in your fair bosom, wear for me, I beseech you, a bit of lavender—that color of passion and love'—"

"Is it, though?" said the Major. "Are you sure?"

"Of course it is." Bobs put his pipe in his pocket.

"What an awful lot you get onto," said the Major, mechanically, as he scratched away. "Hey? Well now?"

"Just a little ribbon to tell me all—a bit of color whose absence would mean to me the shattering of all me hopes!" Bobs put his hand on his heart dramatically.

"Now you don't really mean I should put 'me hopes,' do you?"

"No!" roared Bobs. "'My—m-y hopes.' I'm merely saying it the way I would if I were speaking to the woman I loved. Lord! but you're a lover!"

"Perhaps I could say it better than I could write it," said the Major, much dampened as to his own abilities as a lover, yet with something like a dawn in his face.

"Nonsense! and run the risk of losing her! That proves whether you've got the genuine fire. Get it finished. I'll take it to her this very morning. Why, to me a thing like this would be a matter of life and death!"

"Well, don't spend so much time gabbling," snapped the Major, fretfully. "Go on! go on!"

Bobs leaned and looked over the Major's shoulder to get a new run at it.

"But whose presence to me would be the glorious dawn of lifelong happiness." There now, your name."

"Oh, but that's abrupt!"

"Well, then, 'Consider how I shall look for the token and be merciful to me, and believe me'—"

"Until death," suggested the Major, humble yet triumphant.

"No. 'Until my return, yours in the most anxious devotion.' Time's up. The boys will be here in a moment. There is Tim with the mare now."

Bobs put his watch up and got the Major's cape from the wardrobe. The Major got his name to the letter, blotted it, and scrambled away from the desk.

"Oh, but say, Bobs, I'd like to read it over."

"Can't. Haven't time," said Bobs, putting the cape around the Major's shoulders and clapping the cap down on the Major's head. "There's the mare at the door, I tell you, and the men are coming down the road. If you had told me about this sooner—"

"Hey?" The Major was trying to get his cape fastened beneath a purpling face.

"If you had told me sooner," said

Bobs, itching to get his neater, more capable fingers on the fasteners.

"My dear Bobs, I'll tell you *everything* hereafter," said the Major, giving his whole head a screw.

Bobs suddenly undertook the task himself, and fastened the Major's cape deftly, capably, under the Major's double chin.

"And you'll see the letter gets sent right away?"

"Right away," said Bobs. "Count on me."

The Major rushed to the door, made a dash back for his gloves, got to the door again, and turned.

"Say, Bobs, send me a copy of that letter, so I'll know what I've said about that woman Dido and all; it's all a flummage in my mind. I don't know what I said. I've got to know what to live up to. I don't want to get into any trouble." He waved an arm.

"Go on." Bobs almost pushed him out the door.

When the Major was on his horse and Bobs indoors, the Major rode the pranc-



"YOU DON'T THINK I'M GETTING ANYWAYS OLD ABOUT THE EYES, MAYBE?"

ing little mare right into the petunia and sweet alyssum bed, leaned over, and rapped against the window with his gauntleted hand. Bobs swung around for the message.

"Read it over," the Major shouted. "Spelling! Yes, spelling! I didn't address the envelope for it, either."

Bobs waved him away with both hands. "All right," he shouted. "Go along. I'll attend to it. You can trust me."

The brown mare wheeled, both hind hoofs in the sweet alyssum. The Major had another thought and would have turned her again to shout still another direction, but the men were already riding at full trot down the road. His back stiffened, his head went up; all that was flustered departed from him. But now and then, throughout the day, a queer unwonted feeling, like warm sand slipping into a hole, came over him when he remembered that now, now she knew all.

If a story of this kind could be told, like *The Ring and the Book*, from everybody's standpoint, it would probably make very good reading. For instance, there is the chapter that could be added by Miss Tilly McIntyre, the little sewing-woman, who sewed for most of the ladies of the fort. Yes, there might have been an interesting chapter added by Miss Tilly concerning the lavender dress she started to make for Mrs. Tuck on Tuesday, "of an afternoon," which was the same day that the Major rode away. For some particular reason not divulged by Mrs. Tuck, the dress must be finished by a certain hour on Saturday of the same week, which was the day the Major was to return. Miss Tilly, who had a more or less methodical mind, kept picking pins out of her mouth and basting and fastening and altering and at the same time thinking; but, think as she would, she could not find any reason why a lady need, as you might say, rush into lavender half-mourning by a certain hour on a certain day. By and by she abandoned conjecture and confined herself to the stitching and basting and the guiding of innumerable ruffles under the busy little steel foot of the machine needle. There were to be ribbons and lace in fluffy abundance.

Later Mrs. Tuck came and stood in a tight petticoat and lace brassière and had the basted and pinned-together gown slipped slowly and cautiously over her head, and, with a jeweled hand on her rising and falling ample bosom, surveyed herself over her shoulders in the mirror, while Miss Tilly, on her knees, pinned and turned up, and turned up and pinned the hem; settled back on her heels to look at it judicially, and then bent forward again and pinned and turned up, and turned up and pinned the whole way round.

If the tale were to be told after Mr. Browning's fashion, Bobs might at this point add a chapter, telling how he wasted no time in delivering the Major's love-letter, and then, having borrowed the Second Lieutenant's mount, while Mrs. Tuck read and reread, and breathed hard and read again—how Bobs and Angela rode out under the yellow and red maples and through the dry leaves out, out, into the blessed country of young love—into which, if a man has never yet ridden with a woman he loves, God pity him.

The Second Lieutenant always stood up for Bobs and vowed that Bobs was above doing anything underhand, "absolutely!" and it is to Bobs's credit that there was never a man in the fort would have suspected him of foul play of any sort—not for a moment.

On Saturday, the fateful day, the Major came riding back like Malbrook home from the wars. He had worked himself up to quite a pitch. He sat straighter than usual, the better to persuade himself of his own courage and unconcern; but the presence of his men probably had a great deal to do with his not succumbing to absolute collapse, for when Bobs greeted him from the little veranda the Major fairly tottered off his horse.

"By Jove! his hands were as cold as ice! Yes, they were." Bobs told this to the Second Lieutenant afterward.

The Major tried to remember to keep a stiff dignity, but made a failure of it, went indoors and over to the grate fire which Bobs had lighted, and asked a perfect string of nervous, unimportant questions, as a means of gaining time,

while Tim brought in his cape and mackintosh. When Tim had at last gone and closed the door and was leading the mare away, the Major swung around—half tottered around, his knees slightly bent, like an old man, and put his two hands on Bobs's shoulders:

"Now, Bobs, now! Heard anything?"

Now Bobs had heard through Tim, who had heard it through Miss Tilly McIntyre's little apprentice, Martha, that Mrs. Tuck was going suddenly into lavender half-mourning on the afternoon of Saturday, but Bobs did not wish to take any of the edge off the thing.

"Oh," said Bobs, wisely, "I've heard nothing particular, but—"

"Well, well, how did she look?"

"First rate."

The Major looked disappointed. "Well," he said, "what now?"

"What now? Why, this! You'll go right away this minute to see her if you've got any fire."

"Lord! Bobs!" The Major shook his head at his own deplorable condition. "Fire, Bobs! I'm burned up—burned up, I tell you! And yet I'm cold!" A sudden thought struck him. He ran to the door, flung it open, and shouted: "Tim, bring back the mare. Don't take her away."

"Don't delay!" urged Bobs. "Go right away!"

"But, Bobs," said the Major, coming back to the fire, "I can't go this way. I'm— Why, look at me! I'm grimy—I'm dirty."

Bobs, even now, cared to run no risk of the Major inquiring into his conduct during the Major's absence, until this affair of the Major's was comfortably and happily settled.

"Well, you *are* a lover, you are!"

The Major looked from Bobs to the fire and back to Bobs for an explanation; for he really thought he was doing very well as a lover.

"Why, it is just grimy and dusty that she'll love you best," explained Bobs. "She'll know then you couldn't, positively couldn't, wait a moment. It's what women like!"

Somehow Bobs did know, and this suggestion of Bobs seemed to the Major a brilliant one that by rights should have occurred to his own mind. Besides, it

was a travesty on his military training for him to stand shivering before an ordeal.

He grabbed Bobs's hand and wrung it; he ran to the door almost like a school-boy. He mounted his mare and rode away toward Mrs. Tuck's house, remembering to keep his backbone stiff. Bobs thought he had never seen the Major look better.

No one excepting the Major and Mrs. Tuck knew the entire detail of their meeting, but the Second Lieutenant who told me the story had plenty of occasion afterward to see the lavender dress; and he said there was not even a hint of white to relieve it—such was Mrs. Tuck's belief in entirety; no lavender gown of simple severity was this! no, but one plenty and ample, ruffles upon ruffles and lavender bows of ribbon from bosom to hem, and back again.

Then by and by the Major returned. There was the sound of the mare's hoofs on the gravel, then the Major's step on the veranda; then the Major burst into the little sitting-room. Bobs had already risen, deeply sympathetic, even before he had seen him, for Bobs himself had somehow been pretty badly shaken before he got through his own ordeal, and had been cold down to his fingertips only the day before when Mrs. Tuck's little niece—God bless her!—had kept him waiting fearfully a full half-minute for his answer before she finally melted to him and slipped into his arms. Oh, Bobs knew a thing or two for his age! So he was already on his feet when the Major burst open the door.

Then the Major, catching sight of Bobs, did an extraordinary thing. He got his two elbows close in to his sides and his hands clenched up in front of him and shook his fists weakly in Bobs's face, under his nose, and let out a roar that was like the bull of Bashan.

"For the Lord's sake!" said Bobs, backing toward the wall.

Whereat the Major followed him, fairly tottering, and at the same time letting out another roar, to which the first was but as the mew of a kitten.

"What under heaven is the matter?" said Bobs, guarding with his left, morally certain the Major had gone mad. He

shoved a chair toward him. "Sit down! You'll kill yourself."

"No, I won't, either," roared the Major, "not before I've killed you."

Bobs fended, and made a sort of side duck to the closet where they kept the brandy, and called out over his shoulder as he went:

"Here, calm yourself!"

At this ill-advised remark the Major's rage caused him to dance up and down, and when Bobs started to tell the Second Lieutenant just what the Major did say, the Second Lieutenant thought it best to stop him, believing that records like that should be kept private in a family.

By and by, when the Major looked ready to burst with a poplexy, Bobs did manage to get him pushed into a chair. Bobs had heard nothing as yet but a torrent of wild abuse that conveyed no explanation. It struck Bobs that, instead of entire madness, it might be a bad fit of hysterics. He had heard that harsh measures were advisable. As the Major was just rising out of his chair, he jammed him down in it again and did a bit of roaring on his own part.

"You've got hysterics, that's what's the matter with you! If you don't shut up *quick*, damn you, I'll call a guard."

This evidently plucked and broke the bass string. The Major collapsed and cried like a child. (Maybe it *was* hysterics!) And in this state of affairs, Bobs finally got things straightened out.

"Good Lord!" said Bobs, later, telling the Second Lieutenant. "Of course I gave the letter to Mrs. Tuck! Of course I did! And all the while, good Lord! Oh, my angel Angela!" and then, distractedly: "Poor old duck! Poor old

duck!" presumably alluding to the Major.

By and by the Major poured it all out. The widow had kissed him, had wept on his shoulder, had told him his precious letter lay next to her heart. He should not be like Dido—no, thank God, he should not. She had a woman's heart, a



"I WON'T SIT DOWN—NOT BEFORE I'VE KILLED YOU"

woman's sympathy, a woman's understanding, a woman's love, a woman's soul to give him. She would fill all the sad and lonely places in his life, and he would fill all the dreary blanks in hers. Here she kissed him again. As the Major told it he shook his head like a cat which has got milk on its whiskers. He should henceforth, she said, be her heart's beloved treasure.

"Poor old duck! Poor old duck!" said Bobs, as he told it.

By and by the Major began to appear

in his own eyes a less pathetic and a more militant figure.

"There shall be another letter," he declared. "It's my duty, Bobs. Get a pen and ink. It's my duty. It's infamous!"

"She may take it very terribly," Bobs offered, tentatively. "She may eat her heart out for you."

"Let her!" flung out the Major, wildly. "She's old; she can stand it. She'll get over it. But the other one, Bobs; I wouldn't have a hair of her head hurt. And it's she who may be eating her heart out. She's never told me. But the young are shy. Angela has looked softly at me. She's let her little hand linger in mine. You don't know. You've never held that little hand. You don't know."

Enter, suddenly, upper right of stage, Bobs's trial by fire.

"Bobs might have put it off, equivocated, broken it gently, smoothed it over, lied out of it, but that wouldn't have been Bobs," said the Second Lieutenant. "So, Bobs told the Major then and there, like the man Bobs is, and he should have had a colonelcy for it, too!" added the Second Lieutenant.

The thing had to be gone all over again then. Bobs had stolen a march, he had euchered the Major out of the only woman on earth he'd ever love, and so on, and so on. Bobs took it like a man, and finally got the Major into his chair again and poured him some brandy. And all he said, telling the Second Lieutenant about it afterward, was just: "Poor old duck! Poor old duck!"

When Bobs handed him the brandy the Major's face changed. You have seen a horse just after he has run away and has been stopped by smashing into something and somebody has him by the bit and he is just getting his bearings? Or have you seen the worn, aged, experienced look of a kitten when it has just had a fit and when, after firmly believing itself to be a flying squirrel or a bat or something of the sort, it is just beginning to know itself again for a kitten? As Bobs handed him the brandy the Major was just coming back to himself again, and the thing he was beginning to know all over again was that he loved Bobs.

He took the brandy with a shaking hand, and drank it down obediently—like a good child. Then he sat staring out ahead of him before he put the glass down.

"Bobs," he said, at last, hoarsely, "I didn't mean any of those things I said about you. I've made a fool of myself"—then a long pause—"again. Must be I'm getting old."

This, it seems, is where Bobs got unmilitary. The Second Lieutenant said that when Tim opened the door and ushered him into the little sitting-room, there were the two of them on the sofa, and Bobs—"much moved," said the Second Lieutenant, "his elbows on his knees and his chin in his doubled-up hands, looking into the fire, and the Major all shrunk into himself and with his hand—just patting softly—on Bobs's heavy hair."

Bobs sneaked the Major away the next morning for a week.

"We'll go off to a quiet place where we can think what to say," Bobs said, soothingly, "and then we'll write her that letter."

Mrs. Tuck, when she heard that the Major had left, wrote effusively at once. Where was her sunshine and her starshine gone? He who had brought life and hope once more to her bosom, where was he?

"Bobs, I can't write to her yet."

"Shall I write her?" urged Bobs. "I'll tell her you have a badly sprained hand. Then we will write the other letter by and by."

The Major submitted. More letters came. They came by every post. Bobs saw how the Major waited for them. The strain must be dreadful.

"It's going to get harder every day to write the letter," Bobs suggested, like a mother trying to persuade a child to take a nasty dose. "Better do it, hadn't we?"

The Major shook his head. "I'm not up to it, Bobs, not yet."

The change of air did wonders for the Major. He began to look young again, Bobs began getting letters, too, from Mrs. Tuck's niece—but she did not write as often as Mrs. Tuck—nor—the Major could see this by a sidewise glance of his eye—anything like such long letters. Hers slipped back easily into their en-

velopes, whereas Mrs. Tuck's, on the contrary, bulged hugely, and, once out, were, like a locust out of its shell, impossible to get back again. The Major had a pleasant kind of subconscious sense of rivalry with Bobs, with the odds on his side.

One day the accustomed letter did not come for Bobs, but that day there were three for the Major, one with a "special" on it, and when would his precious hand be entirely well, oh, sunshine and starshine of her life!

"Now I'll tell you what *I* think," said Bobs that day, wearying for a sight of his beloved, and miserable beyond words that he had not heard from her, "we've got to get back to the fort, and if we are going to write that letter I think we'd better *write* it."

The Major looked at Bobs, startled. Then he squared his shoulders in his old military fashion.

"Bobs, I'm not up to it, positively not up to it. And by the way I feel now, Bobs, I never shall be up to it!" He leaned over on his toes a trifle and gave Bobs a gentle prod in the ribs. "Never shall be up to it, Bobs!" Then he shook his head solemnly.

"But he did not look crushed," said Bobs, later, to the Second Lieutenant, "more like a fighting-cock, poor old duck! You see, I know him," Bobs continued to explain. "He's just like a good child. He is just as forgiving and sweet, and he is just as interested in anything new that comes along. You see, it began to interest him very much, I guess, to be somebody's sunshine and starshine; and I think maybe it comforted him a lot, too. Because," said Bobs, floundering around a little—"well, it is comforting, you know."

And the Second Lieutenant said he supposed it was.

The Piper

BY M. A. K. MACREADY

THE Great God Pan had lost his pipes,
And bellowing with pain
He thrashed the forests through and through
And stormed across the plain.
He even searched the heaven's blue,
But searchèd all in vain.

At last, in his wild wanderings
He found a battered drum;
And in his rage he beat it loud,
Until the world was dumb;
And, rumbling like a thunder-cloud,
He heard the armies come.

When first he saw the armies clash
Above the bleeding lands,
He leaped on his hooped feet with glee;
But now dismayed he stands,
Dismayed at the world's grief, e'en he,
And weeps between his hands.

A Writer's Recollections

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

PART VII



I HAVE already mentioned in these papers that I was one of the examiners for the Spanish Taylorian scholarship at Oxford in 1883, and again in 1888. But perhaps before I go further in these Recollections I may put down here—somewhat out of its place—a reminiscence connected with the first of these examinations, which seems to me worth recording. My Spanish colleague in 1888 was, as I have said, Don Pascual Gayangos, well known among students for his *History of Mohammedan Dynasties in Spain*, for his edition of the *Correspondence of Cardinal Cisneros*, and other historical work. Apropos of the examination, he came to see me in Russell Square, and his talk about Spain revived in me, for the time, a fading passion. Señor Gayangos was born in 1809, so that in 1883 he was already an old man, though full of vigor and work. He told me the following story. Unfortunately I took no contemporary note. I give it now as I remember it, and if any one who knew Don Pascual can correct and amplify it no one will be better pleased than I. He said that as quite a young man, somewhere in the thirties of the last century, he was traveling through Spain to England where, if I remember right, he had relations with Sir Thomas Phillipps, the ardent book and MSS. collector, so many of whose treasures are now in the great libraries of Europe. Sir Thomas employed him in the search for Spanish MSS. and rare Spanish books. I gathered that at the time to which the story refers Gayangos himself was not much acquainted with English or English literature. On his journey north from Madrid to Burgos, which was of course in the days before railways, he stopped at Valladolid for the night, and

went to see an acquaintance of his, the newly appointed librarian of an aristocratic family having a “palace” in Valladolid. He found his friend in the old library of the old house, engaged in a work of destruction. On the floor of the long room was a large *brasero* in which the new librarian was burning up a quantity of what he described as useless and miscellaneous books, with a view to the rearrangement of the library. The old sheepskin or vellum bindings had been stripped off, while the printed matter was burning steadily, and the room was full of smoke. There was a pile of old books whose turn had not yet come, lying on the floor. Gayangos picked one up. It was a volume containing the plays of “Mr. William Shakespeare,” and published in 1623. In other words, it was a copy of the First Folio, and, as he declared to me, in excellent preservation. At that time he knew nothing about Shakespeare bibliography. He was struck, however, by the name of Shakespeare, and also by the fact that, according to an inscription inside it, the book belonged to Count Gondomar, who had himself lived in Valladolid, and collected a large library there. But his friend the librarian attached no importance to the book, and it was to go into the common holocaust with the rest. Gayangos noticed particularly, as he turned it over, that its margins were covered with notes in a seventeenth-century hand.

He continued his journey to England, and presently mentioned the incident to Sir Thomas Phillipps, and Sir Thomas's future son-in-law, Mr. Halliwell—afterwards Halliwell-Phillipps. The excitement of both knew no bounds. A First Folio—which had belonged to Count Gondomar, Spanish ambassador to England up to 1622—and covered with contemporary marginal notes! No doubt

a copy which had been sent out to Gondomar from England, for he was well acquainted with English life and letters, and had collected much of his library in London. The very thought of such a treasure perishing barbarously in a bonfire of waste paper was enough to drive a bibliophile out of his wits. Gayangos was sent back to Spain post haste. But alack! he found a library swept and garnished, no trace of the volume he had once held there in his hand, and on the face of his friend the librarian, only a frank and peevish wonder that anybody should tease him with questions about such a trifle.

But just dream a little! Who sent the volume? Who wrote the thick marginal notes? An English correspondent of Gondomar's? Or Gondomar himself, who arrived in England three years before Shakespeare's death, was himself a man of letters, and had probably seen most of the plays?

In the few years which intervened between his withdrawal from England and his own death (1626), did he annotate the copy, storing there what he could remember of the English stage, and of "pleasant Willy" himself perhaps, during his two sojourns in London? And was the book overlooked as English, and of no importance, in the transfer of Gondomar's own library, a hundred and sixty years after his death, to Charles III. of Spain?—and had it been sold—perhaps—for an old song, and with other remnants of Gondomar's books, just for their local interest, to some Valladolid grandee?

Above all, did those marginal notes which Gayangos had once idly looked through, contain the key to the perennial Shakespeare mysteries—to Mr. W. H., and the "dark lady," and all the impenetrable story of the sonnets?

If so, the gods themselves took care that the veil should not be rent. The secret remains.

We were at Borough Farm when the vision of *David Grieve* first came upon me. It was a summer evening of extraordinary beauty, and I had been wandering through the heather and pine-woods. "The country"—to quote an account written some years ago—"was drenched

in sunset;" white, towering thunder-clouds descending upon and mingling with the crimson of the heath, the green stretches of bracken, the brown pools upon the common; everywhere a rosy suffusion, a majesty of light interweaving heaven and earth, and transfiguring all dear familiar things—the old farmhouse, the sand-pit where the children played, and the sand-martins nested, the wood-pile by the farm door, the phloxes in the tumble-down farmyard, the cottage down the lane. After months of rest, the fount of mental energy which had been exhausted in me the year before had filled again. I was eager to be at work, and this time on something "more hopeful, positive, and consoling" than the subject of the earlier book.

A visit to Derbyshire in the autumn gave me some of the setting for the story. Then I took the first chapters abroad during the winter to Valescure, and worked at them in that fragrant, sunny spot.

At Valescure we were within easy reach of Cannes, where the Actons were settled at the Villa Madeleine. The awkwardness of the trains prevented us from seeing as much of them as we had hoped, but I remember some pleasant walks and talks with Lord Acton, and especially the vehement advice he gave us, when my husband joined us, and we started on a short, a very short, flight to Italy—for my husband had only a meager holiday from the *Times*: "*Go to Rome! Never mind the journeys. Go! You will have three days there, you say? Well, to have walked through Rome, to have spent an hour in the Forum, another on the Palatine, to have seen the Vatican, the Sistine Chapel and St. Peter's, to have climbed the Janiculum and looked out over the Alban hills and the Campagna—and you can do all that in three days—well!—life is not the same afterwards. If you only had an afternoon in Rome, it would be well worth while. But three days!*"

We laughed, took him at his word, and rushed on for Rome. And on the way we saw Perugia and Assisi for the first time, dipping into spring as soon as we got south of the Apennines, and tasting that intoxication of Italian sun in winter which turns northern heads. Of our

week in Rome, I remember only the first overwhelming impression—as of something infinitely old and *pagan*, through which Christianity moved like some *parvenu*, amid an elder generation of phantom presences, already gray with time long before Calvary—that, and the making of a few new friends.

The summer of '89 was filled with an adventure to which I still look back with unalloyed delight, which provided me moreover with the setting and one of the main themes of *Marcella*.

We were at that time half way through the building of a house at Haslemere, which was to supersede Borough Farm. We had grown out of Borough, and were for the moment homeless, so far as summer quarters were concerned. And for my work's sake, I felt that eagerness for new scenes and suggestions, which is generally present, I think, in storytellers of all shades. Suddenly, in a house-agent's catalogue, we came across an astonishing advertisement. Hampden House, on the Chiltern Hills, the ancestral home of John Hampden, of Ship-Money fame, was to let for the summer, and for a rent not beyond our powers. The new Lord Buckinghamshire, who had inherited it, was not then able to live in it. It had indeed, as we knew, been let for a while, some years earlier, to our old friends, Sir Mountstuart and Lady Grant Duff, before his departure for the Governorship of Madras. The agents reported that it was scantily furnished, but quite habitable; and without more ado, we took it!

And what a place to wander in! After we left it Hampden was restored, beautified, and refurnished. It is now, I have no doubt, a charming and comfortable country-house. But when we lived in it for three months—in its half-furnished and tatterdemalion condition—it was Romance, pure and simple. The old galleried hall, the bare rooms, the neglected pictures—among them the "Queen Elizabeth," presented to the owner of Hampden by the Queen herself after a visit; the gray walls of King John's garden, and just beyond it the little church where Hampden lies buried; the deserted library on the top floor, running along the beautiful garden

front, with books in it that might have belonged to the patriot himself, and a stately, full-length portrait—painted about 1600—which stood up, torn and frameless, among lumber of various kinds; the portrait of a beautiful lady in a flowered dress, walking in an Elizabethan garden; the locked room, opened to us occasionally by the agent of the property, which contained some of the ancestral treasures of the house—the family Bible among them, with the births of John Hampden and his cousin Oliver Cromwell, recorded on the same fly-leaf; the black cedars outside, and the great glade in front of the house, stretching downwards for half a mile towards the ruined lodges, just visible from the windows—all this mingling of nature and history with the slightest, gentlest touch of pathos and decay, seen too under the golden light of a perfect summer, sank deep into mind and sense.

Whoever cares to turn to the first chapters of *Marcella* will find as much of Hampden as could be transferred to paper—Hampden as it was then—in the description of Mellor.

Our old and dear friend, Mrs. J. R. Green, the widow of the historian, and herself the most distinguished woman historian of our time, joined us in the venture. But she and I both went to Hampden to work. I set up in one half-dismantled room, and she in another, with the eighteenth-century drawing-room between us. Here our books and papers soon made home. I was working at *David Grieve*; she, if I remember right, at the brilliant book on *English Town Life* she brought out in 1891. My husband came down to us for long week-ends, and as soon as we had provided ourselves with the absolute necessities of life, visitors began to arrive. Professor and Mrs. Huxley, Sir Alfred Lyall, M. Jusserand, then *conseiller d'ambassade* under M. Waddington, now the French ambassador in Washington, Mr. and Mrs. Lyulph Stanley (now Lord and Lady Sheffield), my first cousin H. O. Arnold-Forster, afterwards War Minister in Mr. Balfour's Cabinet, and his wife, Mrs. Graham Smith, Laura Lyttelton's sister, and many kinsfolk. In those days Hampden was six miles from the nearest railway station; the

Great Central Railway which now passes through the valley below it was not built, and all round us stretched beech-woods and commons and lanes, untouched since the days of Roundhead and Cavalier, where the occasional sound of woodcutters in the beech solitudes was often, through a long walk, the only hint of human life. What good walks and talks we had in those summer days! My sister had married Professor Huxley's eldest son, so that with him and his dear wife we were on terms always of the closest intimacy and affection. "Pater" and "Moo," as all their kith and kin and many of their friends called them, were the most racy of guests. He had been that year pursuing an animated controversy in the *Nineteenth Century* with Doctor Wace, now Dean of Canterbury, who had also—about a year before—belabored the author of *Robert Elsmere* in the *Quarterly Review*. The Professor and I naturally enjoyed dancing a little on our opponents—when there was none to make reply!—as we strolled about Hampden; but there was never a touch of bitterness in Huxley's nature, and there couldn't have been much in mine at the moment—life was so interesting, and its horizon so full of light and color! Of his wife—"Moo"—who outlived him many years, how much one might say! In this very year, 1889, Huxley wrote to her from the Canaries, whither he had gone alone for his health:

Catch me going out of reach of letters again! I have been horridly anxious. Nobody—children or any one else—can be to me what you are. Ulysses preferred his old woman to immortality, and this absence has led me to see that he was as wise in that as in other things.

They were indeed lovers to the end. He had waited and served for her eight years in his youth, and her sunny, affectionate nature, with its veins both of humor and stoicism, gave her man of genius exactly what he wanted. She survived him for many years, living her own life at Eastbourne, climbing Beachy Head in all weathers, interested in everything, and writing poems of little or no technical merit, but raised occasionally by sheer intensity of feeling—about her husband—into something very near the

real thing. I quote these verses from a privately-printed volume she gave me:

If you were here,—and I were where you lie,
Would you, Beloved, give your little span
Of life remaining unto tear and sigh?
No!—setting every tender memory
Within your breast, as faded roses kept
For giver's sake, of giver when bereft,
Still to the last the lamp of work you'd burn
For purpose high, nor any moment spurn.
So, as you would have done, I fain would do
In poorer fashion. Ah, how oft I try,
Try to fulfil your wishes, till at length
The scent of those dead roses steals my
strength.

As to our other guests, to what company would not Sir Alfred Lyall have added that touch of something provocative and challenging which draws men and women after it, like an Orpheus-music? I can see him sitting silent, his legs crossed, his white head bent, the corners of his mouth drooping, his eyes downcast, like one spent and wearied, from whom all virtue had gone out. Then some one, a man he liked—but still oftener a woman—would approach him, and the whole figure would wake to life—a gentle, whimsical, melancholy life, yet possessed of a strange spell and pungency. Brooding, sad and deep, seemed to me to hold his inmost mind. The fatalism and dream of those Oriental religions to which he had given so much of his scholar's mind, had touched him profoundly. His poems express it in mystical and somber verse, and his volume of *Asiatic Studies* contains the intellectual analysis of that background of thought from which the poems spring.

Yet no one was shrewder, more acute than Sir Alfred in dealing with the men and politics of the moment. He swore to no man's words, and one felt in him not only the first-rate administrator, as shown by his Indian career, but also the thinker's scorn for the mere party point of view. He was an excellent gossip, of a refined and subtle sort; he was the soul of honor; and there was that in his fragile and delicate personality which earned the warm affection of many friends. So gentle, so absent-minded, so tired he often seemed; and yet I could imagine those gray-blue eyes of Sir Alfred's answering inexorably to

any public or patriotic call. He was a disillusioned spectator of the "great mundane movement," yet eternally interested in it; and the man who loves this poor human life of ours, without ever being fooled by it, at least after youth is past, has a rare place among us. We forgive his insight because there is nothing in it pharisaical. And the irony he uses on us we know well that he has long since sharpened on himself.

When I think of M. Jusserand playing tennis on the big lawn at Hampden, and determined to master it, like all else that was English, memory leads one back behind that pleasant scene to earlier days still. We first knew the future ambassador as an official of the French Foreign Office, who spent much of his scanty holidays in a scholarly pursuit of English literature. In Russell Square we were close to the British Museum, where M. Jusserand, during his visits to London, was deep in Chaucerian and other problems, gathering learning which he presently began to throw into a series of books on the English centuries from Chaucer to Shakespeare. Who introduced him to us I cannot remember, but during his work at the Museum he would drop in sometimes for luncheon or tea, so that we soon began to know him well. Then, later, he came to London as *conseiller d'ambassade* under M. Waddington, an office which he filled till he became French minister to Denmark in 1900. Then, in 1904, he was sent as French ambassador to the United States, and there we found him in 1908, when we stayed for a delightful few days at the British Embassy, with Mr. and Mrs. Bryce.

It has always been a question with me, which of two French friends is the more wonderful English scholar—M. Jusserand, or M. André Chevrillon, Taine's nephew and literary executor, and himself one of the leaders of French letters, with whom, as with M. Jusserand, I may reckon now some thirty years of friendship. No one could say that M. Jusserand speaks our tongue exactly like an Englishman. He does much better. He uses it—always, of course, with perfect fluency and correctness—to express French ideas, and French wits, in a way as nearly French

as the foreign language will permit. The result is extraordinarily stimulating to our English wits. The slight differences both in accent and phrase keep the ear attentive and alive. New shades emerge; old *clichés* are broken up. M. Chevrillon has much less accent and his talk is more flowingly and convincingly English, for which, no doubt, a boyhood partly spent in England accounts, while for vivacity and ease there is little or nothing to choose.

But to these two distinguished and accomplished men England—and America—owe a real debt of gratitude. They have not by any means always approved of our national behavior. M. Jusserand during his official career in Egypt was, I believe, a very candid critic of British administration and British methods, and in the days of our early acquaintance with him I can remember many an amusing and caustic sally of his at the expense of our politicians and our foreign policy.

M. Chevrillon took the Boer side in the South African War, and took it with passion. All the same, the friendship of both the diplomat and the man of letters for this country, based upon their knowledge of her, and warmly returned to them by many English friends, has been a real factor in the growth of that broad-based sympathy which we now call the Entente. M. Chevrillon's knowledge of us is really uncanny. He knows more than we know ourselves. And his last book about us—*L'Angleterre et la Guerre*—is not only photographically close to the facts, but full of a spiritual sympathy which is very moving to an English reader. Men of such high gifts are not easily multiplied in any country. But, looking to the future of Europe, the more that France and England—and America—can cultivate in their citizens some degree, at any rate, of that intimate understanding of a foreign nation, which shines so conspicuously in the work of these two Frenchmen, the safer will that future be.

It was in November, 1891, that I finished *David Grieve*, after a long wrestle of more than three years. I was tired out, and we fled south for rest to Rome, Naples, Amalfi, and Ravello. The Cap-

pucini hotel at Amalfi, Madame Palumbo's inn at Ravello, remain with me as places of pure delight, shone on even in winter by a more than earthly sun. Madame Palumbo was, as her many guests remember, an Englishwoman, and showed a special zeal in making English folk comfortable. Can one ever forget the sunrise over the Gulf of Salerno from the Ravello windows? It was December when we were there, yet nothing spoke of winter. From the inn perched on a rock-point above the coast one looked straight down for hundreds of feet, through lemon-groves and olive-gardens to the blue water. Flaming over the mountains rose an unclouded sun, shining on the purple coast with its innumerable rock towns—*congesta manu praruptis oppida saxis*—and sending broad paths over the "wine-dark" sea. Never, I think, have I felt the glory and beauty of the world more rapturously, more *painfully*—for there is pain in it!—than when standing alone on a December morning, at a window which seemed to make part of the precipitous rock itself, looking over that fairest of scenes.

From Ravello we went back to Rome, and a short spell of its joys. What is it makes the peculiar pleasure of society in Rome? A number of elements, of course, enter in. The setting is incomparable, and the clashing of great world policies, represented by the diplomats—of the main religious and Liberal forces of Europe, as embodied in the Papacy and modern Italy—kindles a warmth and animation in the social air which matches the clearness of the Roman day, when the bright spells of the winter weather arrive, and the omnipresent fountains of the Eternal City flash the January or February sun through its streets and piazzas. Ours, however, was only a brief stay. But the figure perhaps which chiefly stands out in memory as connected with this short visit is that of Lord Dufferin, then our ambassador in Rome. Was there ever a greater charmer than Lord Dufferin? In the sketch of the "Ambassador" in *Eleanor* there are some points caught from the living Lord Dufferin, so closely indeed that before the book came out I sent him the proofs and asked his leave!—which he gave at once, in one of

the graceful little notes of which he was always master. For the diplomatic life and successes of Lord Dufferin are told in many official documents, and in the biography of him by Sir Alfred Lyall; but the key to it all lay in cradle gifts that are hard to put into print.

In the first place he was—even at sixty-five—wonderfully handsome. He had inherited the beauty, and also the humor and the grace, of his Sheridan ancestry. For his mother, as all the world knows, was Helen Sheridan, one of the three famous daughters of Tom Sheridan, the dramatist's only son. Mrs. Norton, the innocent heroine of the Melbourne divorce suit, was one of his aunts, and the "Queen of Beauty" at the Eglinton Tournament—then Lady Seymour, afterwards Duchess of Somerset—was the other. His mother's memory was a living thing to him all his life; he published her letters and poems; and at Clondeboyne, his Ulster home—in "Helen's Tower"—he had formed a collection of memorials of her which he liked to show to those of whom he made friends. "You must come to Clondeboyne, and let me show you Helen's Tower," he would say, eagerly, and one would answer with hopeful vagueness. But for me the time never came. My personal recollections of him are—apart from letters—all connected with Rome, or Paris, whither he was transferred the year after we saw him at the Roman Embassy in December, 1891.

So that it was his last winter at Rome, and he had only been ambassador there a little more than two years—since he ceased to be Viceroy of India in 1889. But he had already won everybody's affection. The social duties of the British Embassy in Rome—what with the Italian world in all its shades, the more or less permanent English colony, and the rush of English tourists through the winter and spring—seemed to me by no means easy. But Lady Dufferin's dignity and simplicity, and Lord Dufferin's temperament carried them triumphantly through the tangle. Especially do I remember the informal Christmas dance to which we took, by the ambassador's special wish, our young daughter of seventeen, who was not really "out." And no sooner was she in the room, shyly

hiding behind her elders, than he discovered her. I can see him still as he made her a smiling bow—his noble gray head and kind eyes, the blue ribbon crossing his chest. "You promised me a dance!" And so for her first waltz, in her first grown-up dance, D. was well provided, nervous as the moment was.

There are few things I regret more in relation to London social life than the short time allowed me by fate wherein to see something more of Lord Derby. If I remember right, we first met him at a small dinner-party at Lady Winifred's in 1891, and he died early in 1893. But he made a very great impression upon me, and, though he was generally thought to be awkward and shy in general society, in the conversations I remember with him, nothing could have been more genial or more attractive than his manner. He had been at Rugby under my grandfather, which was a link to begin with, though he afterwards went to Cambridge, and never showed, that I know of, any signs of the special Rugby influence which stamped men like Dean Stanley and Clough. And yet of the moral independence and activity which my grandfather prized and cultivated in his boys, there was certainly no lack in Lord Derby's career. For the greater part of his political life he was nominally a Conservative, yet the rank and file of his party only half trusted a mind trained by John Stuart Mill, and perpetually brooding on social reform. As Lord Stanley, his close association and personal friendship with Disraeli during the ministries and politics of the mid-nineteenth century have been well brought out in Mr. Buckle's last volume of the *Disraeli Life*. But the ultimate parting between himself and "Dizzy" was probably always inevitable. For his loathing of adventurous policies of all kinds, and of any increase whatever in the vast commitments of England, was sure at some point to bring him into conflict with the imagination or, as we may now call it, the prescience of Disraeli. It was strange to remember, as one watched him at the dinner-table, that he had been offered the throne of Greece in 1892.

If he accepts the charge [wrote "Dizzy" to

Mrs. Bridges Williams] I shall lose a powerful friend and colleague. It is a dazzling adventure for the House of Stanley, but they are not an imaginative race, and I fancy they will prefer Knowsley to the Parthenon, and Lancashire to the Attic plain. It is a privilege to live in this age of rapid and brilliant events. What an error to consider it an utilitarian age! It is one of infinite romance. Thrones tumble down and crowns are offered, like a fairy tale.

Sixteen years later came his famous resignation in 1878, when the Fleet was ordered to the Dardanelles, and Lord Derby, as he had now become, then Foreign Secretary, refused to sanction a step that might lead to war. That, for him, was the end as far as Toryism was concerned. In 1880 he joined Mr. Gladstone, but only to separate from him on Home Rule in 1886; and when I first knew him, in 1891, he was leader of the Liberal Unionist peers in the House of Lords. A little later he became president of the great Labor Commission of 1892, and before he could see Gladstone's fresh defeat in 1893 he died.

Speculatively he was as open-minded as a reader and follower of Mill might be expected to be. He had been interested in *Robert Elsmere*, and the discussion of books and persons to which it led him in conversation with me showed him fully aware of the new forces abroad in literature and history. Especially interested, too, as to what Labor was going to make of Christianity! and well aware—how could he fail to be, as chairman of that great, that epoch-making commission of 1892?—of the advancing strength of organized Labor on all horizons. He appeared to me, too, as a typical North-countryman—a son of Lancashire, proud of the great Lancashire towns, and thoroughly at home in the life of the Lancashire countryside. He could tell a story in dialect admirably. And I realized that he had thought much—in his balanced, reticent way—on matters in which I was then groping: how to humanize the relations between employer and employed; how to enrich and soften the life of the workman; how, in short, to break down the barrier between modern industrialism and the stored-up treasures—art, science, thought—of man's long history.

So that when *David Grieve* was finished I sent it to Lord Derby, not long after our first meeting, in no spirit of empty compliment, and I have always kept his letter in return as a memento of a remarkable personality. Some day I hope there may be a *Memoir* of him, for none has yet appeared. He had not the charm, the versatility, the easy classical culture of his famous father, "the Rupert of debate," but with his great stature—he was six foot two—his square head, and strong, smooth-shaven face, he was noticeable everywhere. He was a childless widower when I first knew him, and made the impression of a lonely man, for all his busy political life and his vast estates. But he was particularly interesting to me, as representing a type I have once or twice tried to draw—of the aristocrat standing between the old world, before railways and the first reform bill, which saw his birth, and the new world and new men of the later half of the century. He was traditionally with the old world; by conviction and conscience, I think, with the new; yet not sorry, probably, that he was to see no more than its threshold!

It will be remembered that 1892 was the first year of American copyright, and the great success of *David Grieve* in America, following on the extraordinary vogue there of *Robert Elsmere*, in its pirated edition, brought me largely increased literary receipts. It seemed that I was not destined, after all, to "ruin my publishers," as I had despondently foretold in a letter to my husband before the appearance of *Robert Elsmere*; but that with regular work I might look forward to a fairly steady income. We therefore felt justified in seizing an opportunity brought to our notice by an old friend who lived in the neighborhood, and migrating to a house north of London, in the real heart of Middle England. After leaving Borough Farm, we had built a house on a hill near Haslemere, looking south over a glorious view; but two years' residence had convinced me that Surrey was almost as populous as London, and that real solitude for literary work was not to be found there—at any rate in that corner of it where we had chosen to build. While we were

nursing our newly planted shrubberies of baby pines and rhododendrons, there was always in my mind, as I find from letters of the time, a discontented yearning for "an old house and old trees"! We found both at Stocks, whither we migrated in the summer of 1892. The little estate had then been recently inherited by Mrs. Grey, mother of Sir Edward Grey, now Lord Grey of Fallo-den. We were at first tenants of the house and grounds, but in 1896 we bought the small property from the Greys, and have now been for more than twenty years its happy possessors. The house lies on a high upland, under one of the last easterly spurs of the Chilterns. It was built in 1780 (we rebuilt it in 1908) in succession to a much older house of which a few fragments remain, and the village at its gates had changed hardly at all in the hundred years which preceded our arrival. A few new cottages had been built; more needed to be built; and two residents, intimately connected with the past of the village, had built houses just outside it. But villadom did not exist. The village was rich in old folk, in whom were stored the memories and traditions of its quiet past. The postmaster, "Johnny Dolt," who was nearing his eighties, was the universal referee on all local questions—rights of way, boundaries, village customs, and the like; and of some of the old women of the village, as they were twenty-five years ago, I have drawn as faithful a picture as I could in one or two chapters of *Marcella*.

The New Brotherhood of *Robert Elsmere* had become in some sort a realized dream—so far as any dream can ever take to itself the practical garments of this puzzling world. To show that the faith of Green and Martineau and Stopford Brooke was a faith that would wear and work—to provide a home for the new learning of a New Reformation, and a practical outlet for its enthusiasm of humanity—were the chief aims in the minds of those of us who in 1890 founded the University Hall Settlement in London. I look back now with emotion on that astonishing experiment. The scheme had taken shape in my mind during the summer of 1889, and in the following year I was able to per-

suade Doctor Martineau, Mr. Stopford Brooke, my old friend, Lord Carlisle, and a group of other religious Liberals, to take part in its realization. We held a crowded meeting in London, and an adequate subscription list was raised without difficulty. University Hall in Gordon Square was taken as a residence for young men, and was very soon filled. Continuous teaching by the best men available, from all the churches, on the history and philosophy of religion was one half the scheme; the other half busied itself with an attempt to bring about some real contact between brain and manual workers. We took a little dingy hall in Marchmont Street, where the residents of the hall started clubs and classes, Saturday mornings for children and the like. The foundation of Toynbee Hall—the Universities Settlement—in East London, in memory of Arnold Toynbee, was then a fresh and striking fact in social history. A spirit of fraternization was in the air, an ardent wish to break down the local and geographical barriers that separated rich from poor, East End from West End. The new venture in which I was interested attached itself therefore to a growing movement. The work in Marchmont Street grew and prospered. Men and women of the working-class found in it a real center of comradeship, and the residents at the hall in Gordon Square, led by a remarkable man of deeply religious temper and Quaker origin, the late Mr. Alfred Robinson, devoted themselves in the evenings to a work marked by a very genuine and practical enthusiasm.

Soon it was evident that larger premises were wanted. It was in the days when Mr. Passmore Edwards was giving large sums to institutions of different kinds in London, but especially to the founding of public libraries. He began to haunt the shabby hall in Marchmont Street, and presently offered to build us a new hall there for classes and social gatherings. But the scheme grew and grew, in my mind as in his. And when the question of a site arose we were fortunate enough to interest the practical and generous mind of the chief ground landlord of Bloomsbury, the Duke of Bedford. With him I explored various

sites in the neighborhood, and finally the duke offered us a site in Tavistock Place on most liberal terms, he himself contributing largely to the building, granting us a 999 years' lease, and returning us the ground rent.

And there the Settlement now stands, the most beautiful and commodious settlement building in London, with a large garden behind it made by the duke out of various old private gardens, and lent to the Settlement for its various purposes. Mr. Passmore Edwards contributed £14,000 to its cost, and it bears his name. It was opened in 1898 by Lord Peel and Mr. Morley, and for twenty-five years it has been a center of social work and endeavor in St. Pancras.

On the threshold of its early history there stands a venerable figure—the beautiful and saintly presence of James Martineau. For he was a member of the original Council, and his lectures on the Gospel of St. Luke, in the old "Elsmerian" hall, marked the best of what we tried to give in those first days. I knew Harriet Martineau in my childhood at Fox How. Well I remember going to tea with that tremendous woman when I was eight years old; sitting through a silent meal, in much awe of her cap, her strong face, her ear-trumpet, and then being taken away to a neighboring room by a kind niece, that I might not disturb her further. Once or twice during my growing up I saw her. She lived only a mile from Fox How, and was always on friendly terms with my people. Matthew Arnold had a true admiration for her—sturdy fighter that she was in Liberal causes. So had W. E. Forster, only he suffered a good deal at her hands, as she disapproved of the Education Bill, and contrived so to manage her trumpet when he came to see her as to take all the argument and give him all the listening. When my eldest child was born a cot-blanket arrived, knitted by Miss Martineau's own hands, the busy hands—soon then to be at rest!—that wrote the "History of the Peace," "Feats on the Fiord," the "Settlers at Home," and those excellent biographical sketches of the politicians of the Reform and Corn Law days in the *Daily News*, which are still well worth reading.

Between Harriet Martineau and her brother James, as many people will remember, there arose an unhappy difference in middle life which was never mended or healed. I never heard him speak of her. His standards were high and severe, for all the sensitive delicacy of his long distinguished face and visionary eyes; and neither he nor she was of the stuff that allows kinship to supersede conscience. He published a somewhat vehement criticism of a book in which she was part author, and she never forgave it. And although to me, in the University Hall venture, he was gentleness and courtesy itself, and though his presence seemed to hallow a room directly he entered it, one felt always that he was *formidable*. The prophet and the Puritan lay deep in him. Yet in his two famous volumes of sermons there are tones of an exquisite tenderness and sweetness, together with harmonies of prose style, that remind me often how he loved music, and how his beautiful white head might be seen at the Monday Popular Concerts, week after week, his thinker's brow thrown back to catch the finest shades of Joachim's playing.

The year after *David Grieve* appeared, Mr. Jowett died. His long letter to me on the book contained some characteristic passages of which I quote the following:

I should like to have a good talk with you. I seldom get any one to talk on religious subjects. It seems to me that the world is growing rather tired of German criticism, having got out of it nearly all that it is capable of giving. To me it appears one of the most hopeful signs of the present day that we are coming back to the old, old doctrine, "he can't be wrong whose life is in the right." Yet this has to be taught in a new way, adapted to the wants of the age. We must give up doctrine and teach by the lives of men, beginning with the life of Christ, instead. And the best words of men, beginning with the Gospels and the prophets, will be our Bible.

At the end of the year we spent a week-end with him at Balliol, and that was my last sight of my dear old friend. Eighteen ninety-three was for me a year of illness and of hard work both in the organization of the new Settlement and in the writing of *Marcella*. But that

doesn't reconcile me to the recollection of how little I knew of his failing health, till suddenly in September the news reached me that he was lying dangerously ill in the house of Sir Robert Wright, in Surrey. "Every one who waited on him in his illness loved him," wrote an old friend of his and mine who was with him to the end. What were almost his last words, "I bless God for my life! I bless God for my life!" seemed to bring the noble story of it to a triumphant close; and after death he lay "with the look of a little child on his face." . . . "He will live in the hearts of those who loved him, as well as in his work."

He lives indeed; and as we recede further from him, the originality and greatness of his character will become more and more clear to Oxford and to England. The men whom he trained are now in the full stream of politics and life. His pupils and friends are or have been everywhere, and they have borne, in whatever vocation, the influence of his mind or the mark of his friendship. Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Asquith, Lord Justice Bowen, Lord Coleridge, Lord Milner, Sir Robert Morier, Matthew Arnold, Huxley, Tennyson, Lord Goschen, Miss Nightingale, and a hundred others of the nation's leaders—amid profoundest difference, the memory of "the Master" has been for them a common and a felt bond. No other religious personality of the nineteenth century—unless it be that of Newman—has stood for so much. In his very contradictions and inconsistencies of thought he was the typical man of a time beset on all sides by new problems to which Jowett knew very well there was no intellectual answer; while through the passion of his central faith in God, and hope for man, he has been in many hearts and minds—and those among the most important to England—like that first kindling light which in the marvelous beacon-chain of "Agamemnon," fired the long procession of heights from Troy to Argos. And to these great matters the Jowettian oddities and idiosyncrasies added just that touch of laughter and surprise that makes a man loved by his own time, and arrests the eye and ear of posterity.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

John Augustus Viliken

BY ELLEN WEBB RILEY



JOHN AUGUSTUS VILIKEN was not tall and tanned and bearded, as his name might imply. In fact, he was quite the contrary—namely, short and plump, pink and white, and hairless as to face. Of course, from that description you might still take him to be a man, possibly of the *bon viveur* type, whose high living had added to his avoirdupois.

But again you are wrong!

John Augustus Viliken was a boy child with eyes wide and blue as the tropical skies, hair brown and thick and straight, and a nose that was his mother's greatest worry in life. His eyelashes curled up into a black halo round each eye, and his pink cheeks were rounded and solid like the rest of his sturdy little body. Moreover, John Augustus was six, and, to express it politely, his most noticeable trait was initiative. Of course, behind the initiative lurked curiosity, and behind that merely superfluous energy. He was a very healthy specimen of boyhood and it was necessary for him to work off his exuberance of spirit by fair means or foul.

His mother claimed that the curiosity was a desire for knowledge, and naturally mothers *are* familiar with their own children, even if their point of view is a little rose-colored on occasions. Nevertheless, Mrs. Viliken did not have to bring her versatile argumentative powers into play very often.

It was seldom necessary to champion John Augustus with sophistry, for only the most hard-hearted ever found fault with him. He could perpetrate the most awful outrages on the neighbor's cat, or the groceryman's new automobile, with such smiling naïveté and open-hearted inquisitiveness that the owners of the aforementioned cat and automobile practically encouraged him to do it

again. They generally chastised him jokingly in regard to his conduct, and then gave him a cookie to strengthen the argument—and also, as the grocery-automobile driver remarked, "So's he won't turn ag'in' me, ma'am, for scoldin' him a speck."

The Vilikens lived in a small house on the edge of the town. It was white and vine-grown, but street-cars ran by it occasionally, just to show that it belonged to the city. They ran not very often and not very fast, and the motormen, knowing Johnny, loved him, and in consideration of his erratic play slowed down as they neared his corner. That was chiefly because he found nothing quite as fascinating as riding his velocipede with the front wheel in the track, and all his mother's efforts to break him of this habit were as naught compared to the thrill of pretending he was on a hand-car attached to a railroad. His imagination needs must have food, so the motormen, who probably had little devils of their own at home, were not above slackening their speed and dropping some gay words as they went by. You see, this was a small town and John Augustus lived at the end of it and informality could have full sway.

About his nose, which I have already mentioned—it was quite broad and shapeless; not really ugly, understand, but simply not a nose as it is generally understood. Mrs. Viliken was young and cared a great deal for beauty; I suppose she thought it a blight on her son's otherwise perfect exterior. Anyway, she was always pinching the end, in an effort to shape it a little, and John Augustus was always flattening it up against window-panes and furtively pushing it down again after his mother's beauty exercises. There was no reason, to his mind, why his nose should be symmetrical; in time, he supposed, it would grow like any one else's "if mother would let it alone."

John Augustus's daddy had died long ago shortly after Johnny was born, but his absence was made up for by a very nice friend who "rough-housed" with him every evening before he went to bed, and whom he called Uncle Billy.

This Uncle Billy was also mother's friend, and spent a great deal of time with her, but all the same, John Augustus had a sneaking suspicion that Uncle Billy liked him best, because the big man often said, "Women don't understand us, do they, old man?"—thus admitting him, John Augustus, into the inner recesses of the masculine soul.

One evening Mrs. Viliken asked Johnny how he would like to have Uncle Billy come and live with them all the time. Johnny was most enthusiastic over the idea.

"Eat breakfast with us, mother, and not just be here after dinner in the evening?"

"Certainly, dear, eat breakfast with us and do everything we do. You'd like it, would you?"

"Sure I would," responded John Augustus, sticking his little pink paws in his blue-linen pockets in an attempt to be patronizingly approving. Then he forgot his pose and drew them out again. "Say, mother, have you asked him yet if he'll come?"

"No, darling; he asked me if he might," said Nancy Viliken, looking slightly red and conscious even before this tiny son.

"Well?" challenged Johnny.

"I'll tell him he may," smiled mother, and kissed her boy good night.

The next evening Uncle Billy came for dinner.

"Are you going to stay all the time now?" asked Johnny, rubbing his nose excitedly.

"Not yet, old man, but soon, I hope. I'm glad you like the idea of my marrying your mother."

John Augustus put down his glass of milk and forgot to wipe off the shameful white mustache it left. "What do you have to marry her for?" he demanded, quite at sea.

"You know, dear," interrupted Nancy, "Uncle Billy is going to marry me and then he'll be my husband and your daddy, and live here with us. But don't worry, darling; when we go to be married you will come with us, of course."

"Oh," said John Augustus, nodding wisely, "I'll be married, too, will I?" And he settled down to finish his baked potato with a sigh of relief.

"He's so ignorant about these things," murmured Mrs. Viliken. "I've kept off the subject of his own father so absolutely that he doesn't understand what husband means."

And then Uncle Billy reached over and held mother's hand a few seconds with a happy smile on his face. "I know," he said, reflectively, "but he'll be quick to comprehend. In another year we can tell him pretty nearly everything, so that he won't be kept in the dark and feel slighted."

A month after that Nancy and Uncle Billy were quietly married in a little church near by. Johnny accompanied them, glowing with happiness and pride, the latter emotion due to

a stubby-looking black bulldog which hauled him along at the end of an enormous leash. The dog was not as dangerous as he looked—in fact, he was an overgrown and playful pup—nevertheless, he was carefully secured to a tree outside the church during the ceremony, and was wagging his short



JOHN AUGUSTUS WAS SIX, AND HIS MOST NOTICEABLE TRAIT WAS INITIATIVE

little tail by way of reception and congratulation when the party came out. Then they all went home, and more friends came in, and Johnny was allowed to endanger the quiet of his night's rest by eating as much of everything as he wanted.

At eight o'clock mother kissed Johnny good night up in his own little room, and told him she was going away for a few weeks with Uncle Billy, but she felt sure Johnny would be good and not give his aunt Elizabeth, who was coming to take care of him, any trouble.

John Augustus nodded sleepily, but still had enough energy left for his usual question, "Why?"

"Because every one goes away, dear, when they're married, to see some particular part of the world they've always wanted to know better," replied Nancy.

"Oh, do they?" yawned Johnny, snuggling down happily under his eider-down quilt with the donkey-wagons on it. "I guess I'll take my wife to war when I'm married. That's what I want to see most—some trenches with some tanks running around." And his eyes closed heavily as Nancy went out.

Right here more should be said about John Augustus's passion for war. It's the most vital thing in the world to nearly every small boy, but to Johnny it had become life itself. He was three when the war broke out, but by the time he was four it was part of his conversation, and at five he was going "over the top" in his nightly dreams. At first French, German, and English had all been a heterogeneous mixture in his mind; they were fighting; it was not necessary for his pugnacious little brain to disentangle the terrible maze of who was fighting whom. For a year he spoke of the Germans as lovingly as the French, in spite of mother's mild efforts to tell him how wonderful France was and what she was battling against.

Then just before he was six he went to school. Nancy had spent many uncertain days over this decision, but had finally made up her mind in the affirmative. School would occupy Johnny in the mornings and keep him from tearing madly up and down his block and sometimes playing with undesirables. Consequently he was entered at the Acad-

emy, a real boys' school, and promptly dug himself into his teacher's heart. He was the baby of the school and Nancy had given instructions that he should not be pushed. And he wasn't. But he was as bright as the North Star and pushing was unnecessary. He kept up with the other boys, and gleaned a number of interesting facts besides. Greatest of these was that Germany was a menace to the world and that not only France and England were her enemies, but now his own dear America besides. He came home each day more warlike than on the preceding one. He insisted upon knowing each evening at supper who was winning, and reminded Nancy regularly of her Red Cross days. As long as he could not serve, his mother should not be allowed to overlook that remote touch of hers on the raging conflict over the seas.

The only toys he asked for were armored motor-cars and flags, and he would have been horrified if Nancy had reminded him of a day when he was four and they had stopped to buy a flag at the big station in New York. Johnny had begged loudly for a German one, too, and the Italian storekeeper had looked at them with hostile eyes in spite of Nancy's explanation. But, fortunately, that was a thing of the past. Johnny could forget two years back very easily, and often referred scornfully to that period of his life as the time "when I was just a little baby."

The war obsession had finally begun to worry mother. When she was awakened three nights in succession by Johnny muttering, "Where is my gas mask?" and other trench talk, she decided it was time to distract his attention to something else, if possible. His teacher assured her that war talk did not prevail at school, and she endeavored herself to turn his mind to other channels whenever he grew expansive on the subject.

At last, a week before the wedding, Nancy bought the bulldog, feeling sure that it would normalize the situation—anyway, for a little while. A dog had been the one subject, not connected with the fighting, that Johnny desired. At least it was not connected with that kind of fighting, and a few dog-suffles,

Nancy felt, would be a healthier sight for overwrought John Augustus than the visions he saw with his mind's eye.

They had a great time naming the dog. Of course, it already had a name, but who wants a bought-ready-made name? Johnny pleaded for Joffre or Haig, but Nancy managed to point out with some degree of success that they were not euphonious titles for a dog.

"I have an idea, Johnny," she said, the next day. "There's the best-looking man in the movies, named Antonio Moreno. Let's name the dog after him and call it Tony for short. I know Mr. Moreno wouldn't mind having a nice little bulldog named after him, and maybe General Joffre or Haig would."

The length and foreign tone of it appealed to Johnny, as his mother had anticipated.

"That's right," he affirmed; "a pup like this wouldn't make Joffre feel very proud. Antonio Moreno will do." And Tony it was who was led in captivity to the church while Nancy and Billy were married, and chained ignominiously to the tree, although only a good thick club could have driven him away from the place without his new but beloved master, even had he been free. But then there was something authoritative about the leash and John Augustus liked to use it.

For a week after mother's departure Johnny was very conservative in his treatment of Tony. The dog was a

novelty, his disposition still untried, and besides that Nancy had given Aunt Elizabeth instructions to get rid of the dog if Johnny ill-treated it. Those instructions were due to a few black pages

in her son's past history. Once Johnny had possessed a white poodle pup which looked so much like a cat that he treated it as such, allowing it to drop from great heights in the serene consciousness that it would "land on its paws"—which it didn't do, thereby seriously harming its insides. Then his second instalment of pets had been two young rabbits which Johnny thoughtfully put in the ice-cream freezer and turned them around "to see what would happen." Needless to say, one died, and the other was promptly disposed of. So before Tony was delivered to his master Nancy had reminded him of these misdemeanors.

Johnny had scoffed, "Oh, I wouldn't do that *now*, mother. I was just a little baby then!"

And Nancy had said nothing, but warned Aunt Elizabeth. Johnny really was not cruel; he adored his animals, but he also loved his play—therefore he insisted upon the beasts participating.

It was a little lonely without mother. He missed her putting him on the street-car in the morning to go to school. He missed the front door that opened with invisible hands when he came home, and the wild rush into the eager arms behind



RIDING HIS VELOCIPEDE WITH THE
FRONT WHEEL IN THE TRACK

it. That was a little game in which he always pretended to be surprised when he found her there, but which truly astonished him if he didn't. Of course Aunt Elizabeth always watched from the window to see that he got safely started to school, but she fussed about the car fare, admonishing him many times to hold it tight. Whereas his last sight of mother in the mornings was as she stood on the street corner, shaking with laughter as he and the conductor groped for the nickel which invariably slipped out of his hand. Those car steps were exceedingly high and he needed both hands to help him mount. Hence the nickel was in jeopardy. The easiest way for him to get up was sort of dog fashion, on all fours, but he was too proud for that and had to get used to the big step.

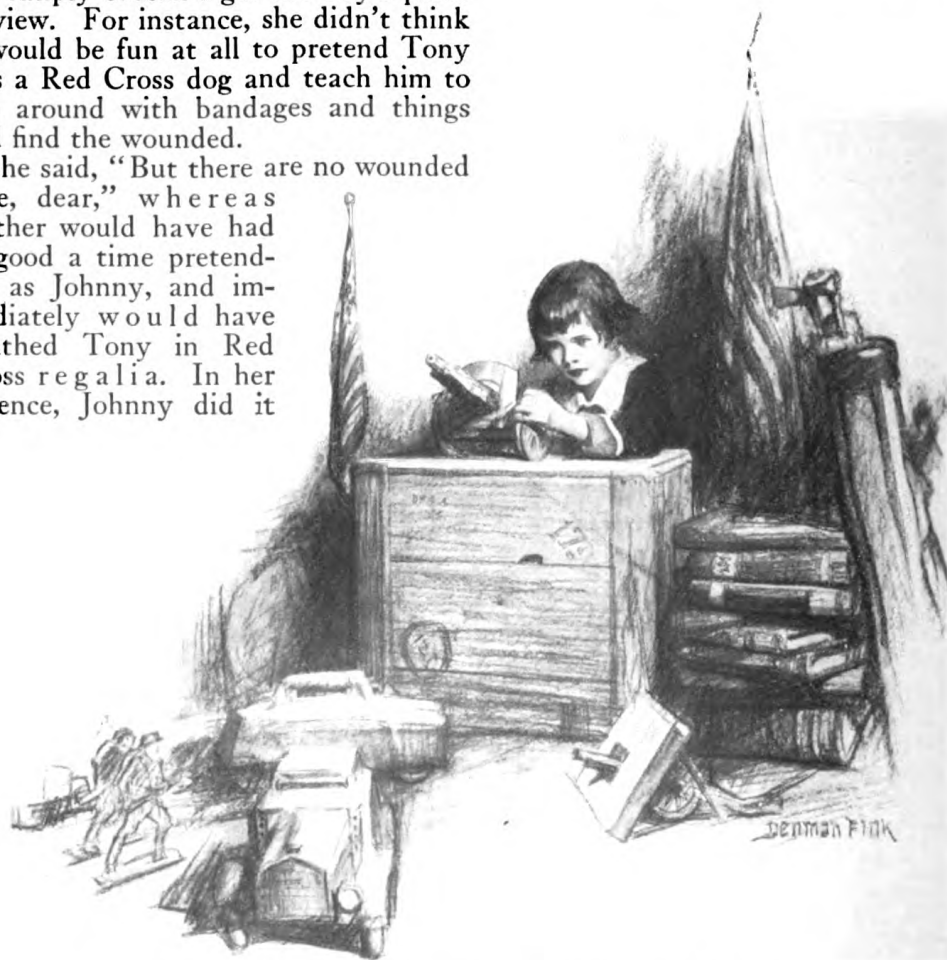
Aunt Elizabeth was nice enough, but she simply couldn't get the boy's point of view. For instance, she didn't think it would be fun at all to pretend Tony was a Red Cross dog and teach him to run around with bandages and things and find the wounded.

She said, "But there are no wounded here, dear," whereas mother would have had as good a time pretending as Johnny, and immediately would have swathed Tony in Red Cross regalia. In her absence, Johnny did it

himself—a white paper band with a red-crayoned cross, which Tony whirled round and round in a frantic effort to shake off. After several spells of violent rolling, however, he resigned himself to the indignity and accompanied Johnny behind the neighbor's ash-can and underneath the hedge, and even into half-ruined cellars of shelled farm-houses, in his eager search for the suffering. The Jones family would have been shocked had they known why Johnny always chose their cellar for his "ruins." It was because, as he said to Aunt Elizabeth, "It's so nice and messy I can fall over something all the time."

Thus it came about that when mother and Uncle Billy returned, and Auntie went away, Johnny's war spirit was not found to be dampened, but rather more heated than ever.

The evening of her arrival Nancy



THE ONLY TOYS HE ASKED FOR WERE ARMORED MOTOR-CARS AND FLAGS

tried to get him off the subject by asking him if he'd like to have his name changed to Dupont, like Uncle Billy's.

"You see, dear, mother's name is Dupont, now that she is married. Wouldn't it be simpler to have yours like ours?"

"Dupont, Dupont," ruminated Johnny. "Sounds sort of funny, but I guess it's better than Viliken. The boys at school say my name's Billiken, and if I was named Dupont they'd have to cut that out, wouldn't they?"

"Yes, dear, I expect they would," said Nancy.

"All right, go ahead, change me," conceded Johnny, graciously. Then he shot up from his seat excitedly. "Say, Uncle Billy, what's the Kaiser's last name? I have to know so's I can 'sic' Tony on him when I take him and the other Huns prisoners. I made up this game to-day, but Tony don't know his part very well yet."

"No use," said Billy to Nancy, smiling ruefully. "We might as well let him live his war. Perhaps if we don't try to side-track him all the time the novelty will wear off."

And so John Augustus Viliken Dupont's obsession was given a free rein and was discussed henceforth with no veils over it and all questions answered.

Some weeks later, Johnny came home from school one day with a sore throat. He was put to bed and kept there for twenty-four hours till the throat cleared up. Then he returned to school, but with a step less buoyant, a more silent tongue, and eyes that were dull and heavy. His father and mother noticed it and talked long and seriously over their new worry. A Johnny who sat still and looked at pictures, and asked to go to bed before eight o'clock, was new to them. For a week this dismal conduct kept up, then it became a shade worse. He complained of a headache and a backache, in fact, aches all over, and Nancy sent for Doctor Jennings.

"A little malaria, perhaps," said that kindly personage. "Bed's the place for him."

And Johnny went there quietly,

meekly, and contentedly. He pulled the blankets up under his chin and heaved a sigh of relief. He didn't even request the presence of Tony. Nancy grew really frightened when he said he'd rather lie still and not talk. She couldn't interest him during his waking hours, and another week of colorless, disturbing days went by, fretful days that wore out Nancy's nerves and troubled her heart, till suddenly the illness asserted itself in its true colors as that particular kind has a way of doing.

It was Sunday, and Uncle Billy was sitting with Johnny, reading the colored supplement. As he pushed the magazine section away, out fell a service flag—a beautiful red-and-white affair, with four blue stars at the side which could be cut out and pasted on the flag.

The dim little eyes glittered a second. "Gee! I wish I was going to war and could paste a star on there and hang it up in the window," sighed Johnny.

"Do you, old man?" answered Uncle Billy, pushing back the tangled fringe of hair from Johnny's forehead. "Well, it looks right now as if there would be plenty of war left for you to go to when you get old enough."

"Oh, I'd have to be eighteen! Anyway, that's twelve years. We'll beat 'em before that." Johnny was superbly confident that no force in the world, nay the universe, even, could give America a worthy fight.

"Say, why don't you go, Uncle Billy?"

"To war? Why, because I'm older, dear. It's not necessary yet."

"But you're not too old, are you?" insisted Johnny.

"No, not nearly too old," answered Uncle Billy, with a far-away look in his eyes and a challenge in his voice.

"Well, I think you're missing something," said Johnny, and turned over and went to sleep.

A half-hour later mother came into the room and found Billy lying next the sleeping boy, only his eyes were wide and staring at the ceiling. The Sunday papers lay neglected at the foot of the bed, but the service flag was clutched in Johnny's hot little hand. Nancy tried to take it out and felt the feverish palm. Then she put her hand lightly on his forehead. Billy in the mean time



HE ACCOMPANIED JOHNNY INTO HALF-RUINED CELLARS OF SHELLED FARMHOUSES

had risen and was standing with an arm across her shoulder.

"He's got fever, much more of it," whispered Nancy.

"I'll 'phone for the doctor at once," said Billy, tiptoeing out.

At four the doctor arrived, took a temperature and a few other things, among them a blood test, and in several hours the answer came back—typhoid!

Nancy sat weakly down and cried, and Uncle Billy tried to comfort her, looking harassed and somewhat useless himself. At midnight the doctor was back with a nurse, and Johnny was awake and wondering what the commotion was in the hall.

Billy took his wife in his arms. "You mustn't take it so hard, darling. Johnny has a wonderful constitution. He may not have it badly."

But John Augustus did have it badly, just as badly as it is possible to have it. The sunny, cheerful, noisy house became a place of whispers, of drawn shades and rubber heels. The motormen even refrained from kicking at their strident street-car bell as they neared Johnny's block, and the grocery-automobile driver brought a red geranium-plant which remained forgotten in the pantry window instead of doing duty "as a bit of color in the sick-room" as he had intended it should.

At first Nancy never left the room. Occasionally she slept on a couch at the foot of the bed. She allowed the nurse to take charge, but she was there in case Johnny wanted her, and she helped a lot, besides. Her face got whiter and whiter and her eyes blacker and blacker, while the baby face on the pillow grew more flushed each night, till at the end of a week it was almost purple.

He was able to talk coherently for the first few days after the nurse came; then his conversation grew queer, the mercury on the little thermometer crept up and up. Finally he was delirious, and his words were childish raving of the war and dogs and Germans. Billy no longer went to the office, and at the end of the tenth day Nancy was forced out of the room and a second nurse came. As her successor went through the familiar white door the mother's eyes gazed blankly at the trim, strange back; then she found herself staring at the flat expanse of wood before her. Here near the knob were still some smutty finger-marks, and up a little further on the door-frame three little lines, each higher than the other, where Johnny was measured every six months.

"Shall I *ever* again have a chance to scold him for putting his dirty hands on the wood-work?" she thought, as she sank down on a carved chest in the hall and rested her tired head on the banister.

Billy came out of his room and sat down beside her, listening to the murmur and uncertain jumble

of words that came from the sick-room. "I love him almost as much as you do, darling," he whispered. "He simply can't die."

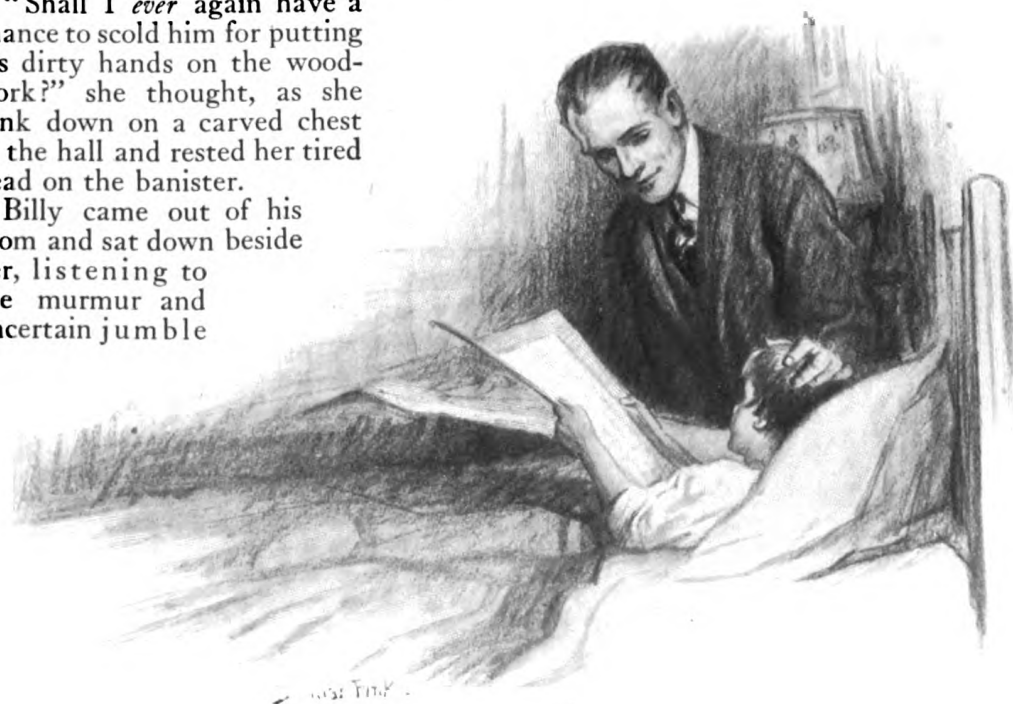
Then the high little voice behind the closed door stopped and suddenly the entire house seemed like a vault. Nancy's finger-nails dug holes in Billy's blue-serge sleeve as she tried to be calm and courageous. Now and then she caught dark glimpses of moving figures in the room with basins, as a nurse went in or a nurse came out. The waiting was frightful.

In half an hour the doctor emerged, carefully closed the door behind him, and took Nancy's two hands in his. "Mrs. Dupont, this is very serious; he has one chance in a hundred. The crisis should come to-morrow morning."

Nancy gazed at him unseeingly. Her eyes followed the line of his hair as it disappeared over the top of his head. "Funny-looking hair," she thought, and then she fainted.

In an hour she was all right again, and ready for the worst, tightly clutching Billy's hand and biting her under lip.

The white door opened and a nurse



"GEE! I WISH I WAS GOING TO WAR"

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BILLY EXHIBITED THE STAR PASTED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FLAG

came out. "Mrs. Dupont, the boy is conscious for a minute or so. Can you keep cool and be natural?"

"Certainly," said Nancy, and she and Billy went in.

Johnny was lying very still and did not see them till they were right by the bed. When he did he did not appear surprised.

"Mother, I'm awful sick, aren't I?" he said, in a small, thin voice.

"Yes, dear, but we'll soon have you well." Nancy was down on her knees, smiling, but gritting her teeth to keep that smile steadfast.

Johnny went on: "Mother, I woke up; they didn't know it," nodding feebly toward the doctor and nurses. "I heard 'em say, 'die'!" Nancy clutched his little hand tighter and shook her head negatively. "If I die, I can't ever go to war." Then his eyes closed.

Billy led Nancy toward the door. The

doctor was whispering, "We'll know at dawn, Mrs. Dupont," when the mother's ear caught a sound, just a breath, from the bed behind her. She turned swiftly back, drawing Billy with her, paying no attention to Doctor Jennings's frowning whispers to "please go."

The little figure on the bed moved, and then the blue eyes opened again. "I'd love to see a star on that service flag," he murmured.

Billy leaned over quickly, and smiled encouragingly down into the feverish little face. "I'll put one there, old man," he said.

"For real?"

"Yes, for real. Wait." And he was out of the room and back with the flag, a scissors, and a paste-pot.

The nurses drew nearer the bed, and Doctor Jennings, still frowning, but with one finger on his lips to command quiet, kept his other hand on Johnny's

wrist. Nancy knelt where she was, uncomprehending, and the little ceremony was performed in perfect silence. Billy flushed, but swiftly pasted the star in the middle of the flag and handed it to John Augustus.

The blue eyes opened wider, the parched mouth moved, and every one, leaning closer, heard Johnny say, "I'm glad I said I'd be a Dupont."

Then he slept.

Billy and Nancy crept out and down the stairs to the big green davenport in the living-room. A maid brought them a midnight supper, but they sent it away untasted and sat there mutely waiting for the dawn.

At last Billy spoke.

"Nancy, do you know what that meant—my putting the star on the flag?"

"I never thought, dear—just to pacify Johnny, I suppose. What did it mean?" and her eyes suddenly grew understanding and fearful.

"It meant," said Billy, quietly, as he kissed the top of her hair, "that if Johnny gets well I am going to enlist. If he doesn't you'll need me and I'll stay here. But I feel sure he will live."

Nancy raised her head, with the fear still in her eyes. "I can't let you! I can't let you!" she cried, wildly.

"Listen, sweetheart. They have been a wonderful two months that we've had. You know and I know how much we love each other—and how long we have waited. We feel that no one ever loved quite so perfectly and absolutely. But we've got something else to face. Many

a soldier has gone to war after less honeymoon than we've had. You're a wonderful little woman, and used to living alone. If I go you won't suffer like some of the weaker ones. Life will just be for you the way it was before we married, only broken now and then by marvelous little spells when we can be together—little jeweled landmarks to anticipate when the mere knowledge that we are doing our duty proves inadequate."

Nancy shivered as Billy continued, then relaxed in his arms to listen.

"There's another point—John Augustus. We can't disappoint him. When he asked me if I was putting the star on 'for real' he meant 'was I going.' I've been weak because I didn't want to leave you. I haven't faced the situation. But Johnny made me. I wouldn't throw him over for anything in the world. He's a little hero himself. I can't sit here and think what a much better man he'll make than I. Do you understand?"

Nancy leaned forward, her eyes on the fire. Then she turned abruptly, smiling, with the fear gone out of her face. "I can stand it, darling, like all the others. Besides, I'm Johnny's mother." And she reached up and drew her tall, thin husband's slightly graying head down to the level of her own and kissed him quietly and wistfully.

When Doctor Jennings came in at dawn to tell them John Augustus would get well, they were both asleep on the davenport, Nancy's head on Billy's shoulder and Billy uncomfortably bowed over the upholstered side.



Climbing the Shoulders of Atlas

BY CHARLES WELLINGTON FURLONG, F.R.G.S.



SOMEWHERE behind the centuries, during those shrinkings and bucklings of Mother Earth, in molten turmoil, the volcanic island and we now know as Teneriffe was born. Time clothed it in green, all but the peak rising majestically above the other Canary Isles. Then came man. Whence? Some say from the African deserts; others say from the Americas, because of his physiological resemblance to the Amerinds. They called themselves Guanches; but, like the soft breezes which fan across the Canaries, they have gone—a few mummies from their sacred caves, a few weavings and stone implements record their passing.

We had crossed the Atlantic in the tiniest of vessels to explore the Portuguese Islands, and now from Madeira we turned the snub bow of our little twenty-two-ton schooner southward, leaving the dangerous, uninhabited Salvages with their Kidd-buried treasure far astern. In a living gale we drove through the cresting foam, vainly searching the murky cloudbanks ahead for that ancient landmark of mariners—

Known to every skiff
As that skyscraping Peak of Teneriffe.

Through the mists came phantoms of ancient expeditions, which down the centuries sighted or visited these very isles—of Sesostri, the Egyptian who sailed beyond the Pillars of Hercules over thirty-three hundred years ago, the Carthaginians, Phœnicians, Arabians; then the triremes of the Romans who rediscovered these islands, christening them “*Insulæ Fortunatæ*” (“Fortunate Isles”), which still clings to them. In the wind-whisperings I heard faint echoings of myth and history; these isles were the Elysium of Homer, Ezekiel’s Isles of Elisha, the Hesperidian Gardens

of Herodotus, Pliny’s “*Purpuria*,” and Hesiod’s and Pindar’s Isles of the Blessed.

About seventeen and a half centuries ago, Ptolemy charted them. Through Hierro, the westernmost, he drew his imaginary meridian and established the extreme west of the known world. Through medieval times contact with Africa was by Arabian feluccas and dhows; with Europe, by the rolling galleons and caravels of the French, British, Genoese, Dutch, Portuguese, and Spanish. Then Colon’s little caracks passed this way, linked the two halves of the world together, and the Canaries became the great caravansary on the road to the Americas and the Indies—a half-way stop for the *conquistadores*, a run-in for the loot-ships of the freebooters of the Spanish Main, and to-day, as for nearly a century, a rendezvous for American whalers out of New Bedford and Cape Cod.

The *Islas Canarias*, in order from east to west, are Lanzarote, Fuerteventura, Gran Canaria, Teneriffe, Gomera, Palma, and Hierro. They are considered an integral part of Spain, where the islanders are spoken of as *Isleños* (they call themselves *Canarios*). Santa Cruz in Teneriffe is the seat of government. Its history has been closely linked with that of the United States, for Florida’s pioneer settlers were *Canarios*, and St. Augustine, our oldest European settlement, was founded in the sixteenth century by seventy families from Santa Cruz.

The Peak of Teneriffe rises sheer from the sea, three times as high as where clouds float in summer; it may be seen as far as from Albany to New York; it fans out almost a thousand square miles, and of itself forms an island thirty-one by fifty-two miles.

From the heart of the Great Crater (7,000 feet) of the mountain of Teneriffe, a great pyramid of lava and pumice

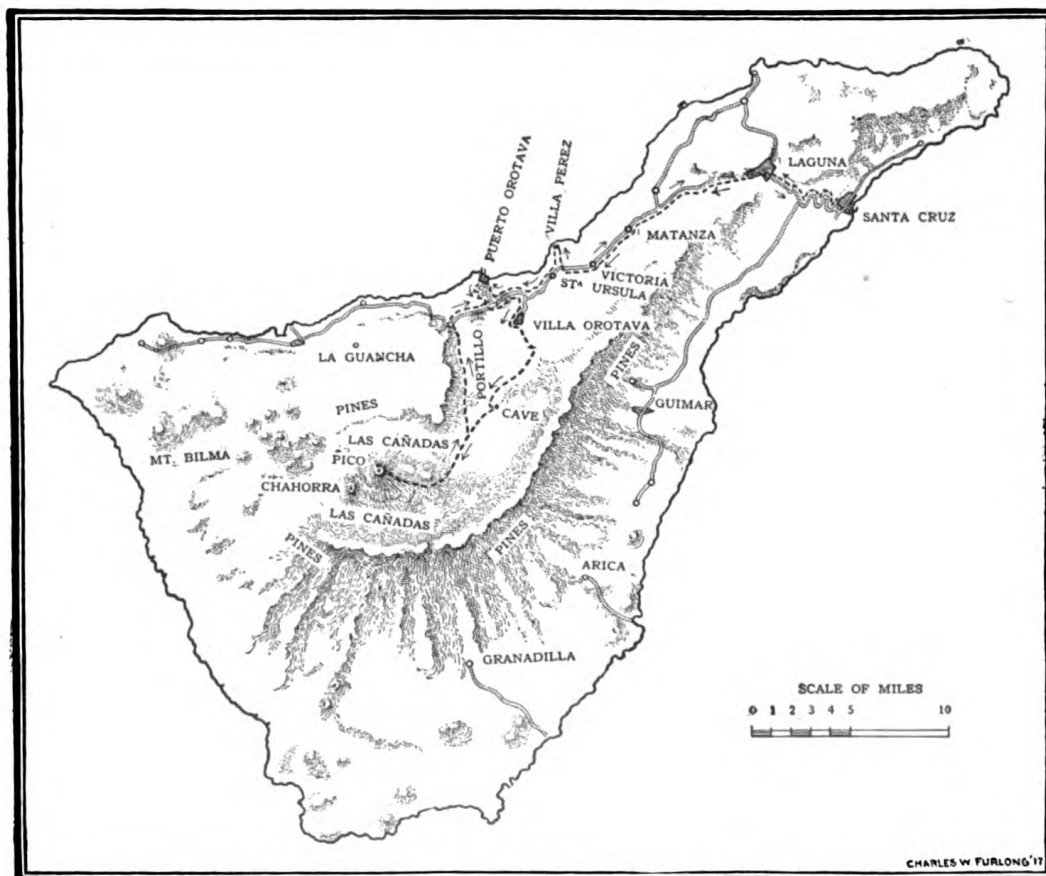
risers five thousand feet higher. This is El Pico de Teide (Peak of Teide), called also El Pico (The Peak), or El Teide, from the old Guanche *Tcheyde*. Out of a crater at its top rises a still higher cone of light-colored pumice ash, containing the third and smallest crater. I could see only with the mental vision the great purple pyramidal silhouette of Teneriffe, "where Atlas supports the sky on a mountain as conical as a cylinder," against the golden background of its history, for the gods of vapors and clouds now, as they do most of the year, veiled Teneriffe.

After another day and night we picked our landfall and dropped anchor in the harbor of the little sun-baked capital, Santa Cruz, where Nelson lost a battle and an arm in the same day. In 1799, two years later, there came another Britisher, Mr. Lewis G. Hamilton, from Greenock. His sons established the house of Messrs.

Hamilton, a type of the fine old British firm one finds in the Far East. General merchants, wine-shippers, bankers—scarcely a development of the island but originates or is principally supported by them. Also socially and philanthropically, the Hamiltons have stood for the best spirit of their native stock. As well write of British South Africa without mentioning Rhodes as of Teneriffe with the Hamiltons left out.

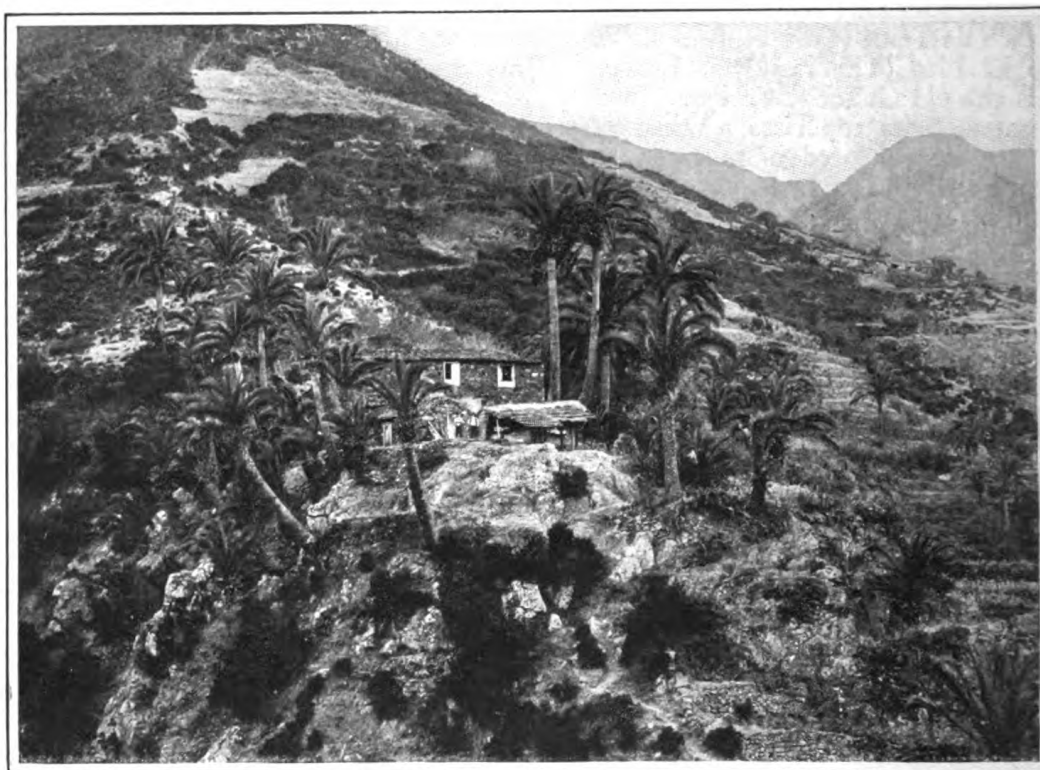
One of those hot Santa Cruz mornings, when one awakes feeling that the town has not aired out overnight, I sauntered down the tree-shaded Marina and turned into the cooler shades of the Hamiltons' old colonial mansion with its spacious *patio*, and its front apartments serving as the firm's offices. Here began a lasting friendship with Mr. Charles Hamilton, its present representative and grandson of its founder.

I had already followed Humboldt's



MAP OF THE ISLAND OF TENERIFFE

Dotted line and arrows show the Author's route from Santa Cruz to the Peak and return



THE CULTIVATED TERRACED SLOPES OF VALLE HERMOZO

trail up the Orinoco and across the flooded *llanos* of Venezuela; but to follow his footsteps to the crest of one of the world's greatest peaks, not to mention Mr. Hamilton's offer to accompany me, added incentive to my anticipated climb.

The ascent of Teneriffe really begins at the coast, for, geologically, the island is but one great mountain, its base extending northeast. The country-side beyond Santa Cruz was sun-scorched and barren; what little green there was—cacti, garden trees, and *tarrajal*—was dust-laden and gray; everything shimmered in the sizzling heat. Then high up in a fertile plateau we reached attractive La Laguna, Mecca of Santa Cruz business men who travel daily on what is said to be the most expensive tramway in the world. Laguna plateau is the lower of the two elevated plains of Teneriffe, the other being the floor of the Great Crater surrounding the peak, more or less leveled up between chains of hills by lava and detritus.

By auto we traveled the northern

coast westward, on high valley slopes, along the *tarrajal*, eucalyptus-lined highway. The early morning life sang "the song of the open road"—stalwart women with headloads of produce; *arrieros* with laden mules; small horses with bulky panniers on their way to the primitive presses, for it was grape harvest.

From the seaward-sloping vineyards, decorated with scattered palms, broken by bridge-spanned ravines, accented with tiny chapels, blinking white in cypress settings, men and women gathered the purple clusters. Little Matanza cuddled its houses as though still in remembrance of "The Slaughter" the Spaniards suffered here by the Guanches; the hamlet of Victoria beyond marks the spot of the latter's defeat. Now a peaceful, smiling valley in this "Empire of Flora" with its banana and sugar-cane plantations culminates in that paradise of beauty, the Vale of Orotava, which has faulted away from the rest.

Backgrounding all, rose the peak of El Teide, the acropolis of Teneriffe, a scene

which for variety and harmonious distribution of rocks and verdure Humboldt declared was the most beautiful upon which he had ever gazed.

Hundreds of years have wrested but few of these plantations from families who established them, such as a plantation of the Perez estate called "Adeje," which a hundred and fifty years ago employed a thousand negroes. From Santa Ursula we went along a side road a mile to "La Quinta," home of a descendant of this family, the eminent scholar, Dr. George V. Perez.

At tea we viewed the majestic peak, and over the Malmsey wine discoursed on the island's fascinating history. Relics adorned the walls—weapons captured from the forces of Bethencourt during his attack on Fuerteventura in 1402, when the modern history of the Canaries practically began.

"But this portrait of Washington?" I exclaimed before a gold-framed painting. "It's a new one to me."

"Yes," said Doctor Perez, "and here is another, a miniature. There was once a great wine trade here with your country, and so about eighty years ago Mr. Cullen, your first American consul, came to Puerto Orotava bringing out these portraits."

About sunset we bowled down to the little Hotel Monopol in Puerto for the night. Daybreak found two riding-mules, a pack-mule, and two guides awaiting us—Christobal Gonzalez, fifty-five, and José Bethencourt, twenty-five,

the best guide in the island. We were soon edging along banana plantations, fresh—wet with night dew, from which issued the matins of the *capirote* and Teneriffe robins which nest in the bunches of fruit.

Clattering up the old Spanish-paved road by the famous Botanical Gardens,

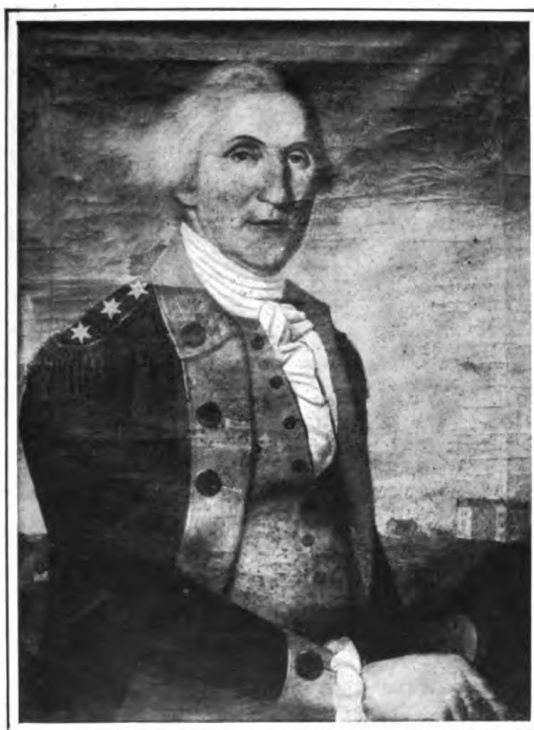
we soon reached Villa Orotava with its fine old houses with century-weathered balconies. I learned that Don Bernardo Cologan's mansion in which Humboldt stayed, the second house built in Orotava, burned down about eleven years ago; the present Marques Sanzal, grandson of old Bernardo, has built another on its site.

José left us, soon reappearing with a large brass key obtained at the house of Señor George Toler. "Mr. Toler," explained Hamilton, came out here for his

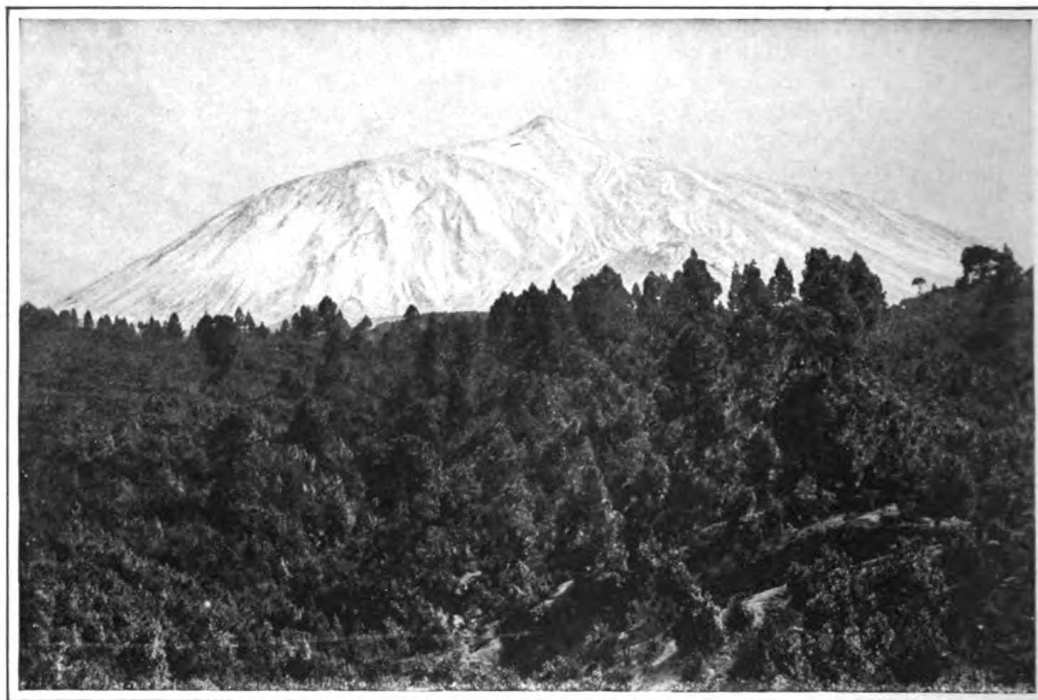
health and lived for months up in the Cañadas.¹ This key will let us into the stone hut built by him on the side of the Peak where we spend the night."

Scattered over certain spots of Madeira, Porto Santo, and the Canaries are some of the oldest organic inhabitants of the globe, the dragon-trees. The most famous was noted four hundred years before Humboldt saw it in Colonel Franqui's garden in Orotava. Humboldt recorded its girth forty-five feet, height about sixty feet, estimating it as

¹ The term Cañadas (ravines) really applies to the inner sides and bottom of the stupendous crater about fifteen miles in extent surrounding the Peak of Teneriffe.



A LITTLE KNOWN PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON
Brought from America about one hundred years ago by Mr. Joseph Cullen, who was Consul for the United States in the Canary Islands. Now owned by Dr. George Perez



THE PEAK OF TENERIFFE IN WINTER, SHOWING THE PINE AND HEATH ZONE BELOW

at least six thousand years old; but a hurricane destroyed this monarch years ago. We turned into a little outlying street.

"*Calle Tira de Manga*," smiled José, meaning "Street of Throwing Down the Manga," the draped cross carried by acolytes in funeral processions. The deceased is borne, after old Spanish custom, in an open coffin on men's shoulders. "Along here," explained José, "some mourners were shocked when the corpse suddenly sat up, exclaiming, 'What's all this about?' whereupon a terrified acolyte dropped his manga and fled."

A new day shone down upon us; a fresh, unpened page of life spread out before us. Pretty, red-tiled, white-washed Orotava receded behind. Our road wound up between little stone huts thatched with straw or leafy chestnut boughs. Each had but a door for ventilation and light, and was more poorly constructed than many a Guianan Carib dwelling, but the walls were spotted with pontilliste color flecks of geraniums—what geraniums!—and other wall-adorned flowers.

Fields terraced down the rounded

ridges in waves of yellow stubble and green; here and there *aras* (earth threshing floors) insetted like huge silver medallions or mosaics of purple, red, orange, or gold, depending on whether winnowed grain or drying figs, peppers, or other fruits littered their surfaces.

Mountain folk passed us, going down to Puerto with produce, the men usually following a loaded mule, the women usually carrying headloads—baskets of bread neatly covered with a cloth, fruit protected with ferns, and sometimes roots of the *brezo* (heather) to be made into coke. These simple folk were very shy, one woman hurriedly sidling by, shielding an eye with her hand. "*Mal de ojo*—the evil eye. She thinks you can cast a spell over her," chuckled Hamilton.

We soon left all habitations and bothersome flies as well. Swallows glided overhead; little *camíneros* flitted along the trail; flocks of green canaries winged from out the ferns. In the *barrancos* (gorges) *zarzaleros* (blackberry birds) chirped among the vines and the pretty, wee, spectacled warbler churred from the thickets its scolding note. Blackbirds' chuckings broke the stillness

of secluded gullies just below the pine-wood temples of the rare, petite blue Teydean chaffinch.

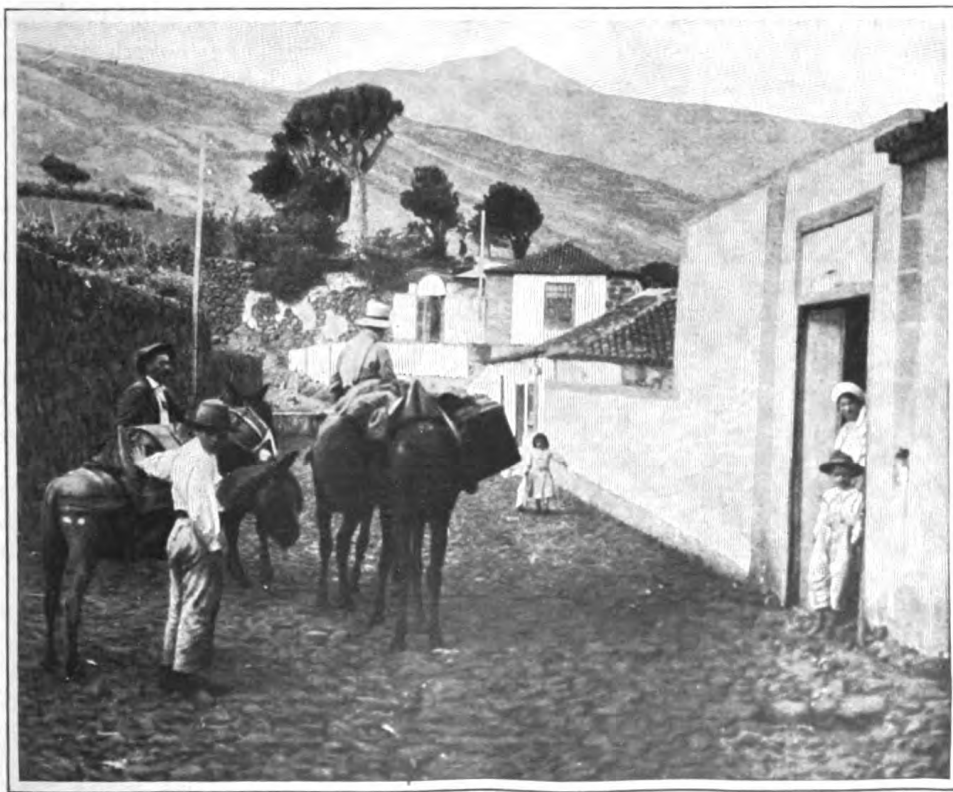
At about one thousand meters and upward I found a tiny flower from which an herb drink is made. This was the *tormilla* I had noted at these elevations on all the western Canaries, Madeira, and the Azores.

A verdant *barranco* scarped the mountain-side spoken of by Humboldt as Pino del Dornajito, but because of a small wooden cross near its bubbling spring, is to-day called Fuente de la Cruz. From such springs and its eternal rills the island laps its moisture, never drinking a full draught, for Tenerife—beautiful as it is—is riverless and lakeless. Here we took on our supply of cool water just as Humboldt had done one hundred and fifteen years before, and viewed from this gap the same marvelous panorama—the Vale of Orotava, holding in its green lap beyond where a few cones rise out of the lower plain, distant hamlets gleaming white among plantations which drop away over three

thousand feet to the azure ocean. The stupendous peak appeared depressed from this viewpoint, partially hidden behind the Ladera de Tigaiga (7,000 feet), a mountain wall named after the Guanche warrior.

Scanning this vertical panorama, I saw series plant zones which, if laid out horizontally, would be included in regions from the equator to the Arctic Circle. Far below, the ocean selvage lapped palms, musas, and cacti among which grew figs, oranges, bananas, and other tropical plants, softening upward into a temperate zone of vines, pears, cherries, and barley; also potatoes, fruiting two months later than those at sea-level.

This zone merged into the Monteverde belt with its arborescent ferns and forests of rhamnus, arbutus, laurel, juniper; then the high *Pinar* or pine belt. Above arborescent heaths, *brezo*, and *codeso* are the *retama* shrubs straggling up little gullies into the desert-like Plain of Spartium, from which the peak rises. On its slopes are a few scattered



SETTING OUT FROM OROTAVA—THE CALLE TIRA DE MANGA

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violets and other Alpine plants. Highest are those pioneers of the plant world, the lichens, clinging to the lava.

Crowning all was the whitish ash-heap cone, the Sugar Loaf—Piton of the Peak. A filmy vapor now collected, cloud-hooding over it—a half-closed, white sunshade of nature; then slowly

blue atmospheric color. Humboldt saw this effect in early morning, thus greatly intensified by complementary color contrast with the rose of dawn.

The steady climb in the heat told on the mules. About eleven o'clock we passed through the Barranco del Arena sand deposits, sifted down from the rocks, ascending to El Portillo (7,125 feet), the famous narrow pass, flanked by two basalt hills. Through these we stepped from a paradise of verdure to another world, a vast desert of rocks and pumice ash slightly relieved by scattered *retama* shrubs (*Spartium Junceum*)—low-growing Spanish broom, although sometimes nine feet high. Hence the name of this upper level, Llano del Retama or Spartium Plain.

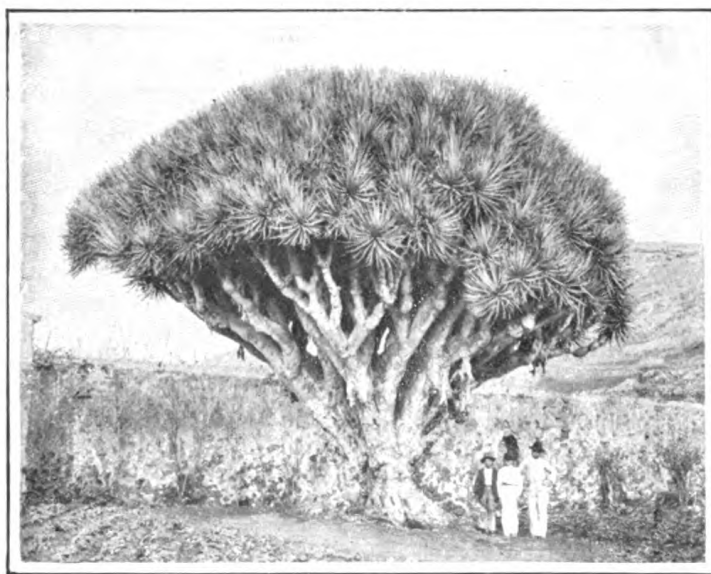
Just beyond the Portillo we halted for lunch in a cliff-side cave which overlooked huge lava boulders scattered about the desert, sur-

rounded by distant colossal walls whose scarped ravines or Cañadas sear across the plain.

Except the little lizards which ventured near for discarded morsels of food, all nature seemed at siesta. A soft, hot air fanned our bronzed cheeks and wavered the cigarette smoke of the guides, reclining in the rock shadows, dreamily scanning the distant peak.

"Eh! José! You have guided many expeditions to Sugar Loaf?"

"Si, señor," his eyes lighted. "Many scientific expeditions and some *caballeros muy distinguidos*: Prince Albert just before he became king of the Belgians; also Prince Henry of Prussia during the tour on which he visited your country, señor. I also accompanied the twenty-two-year-old daughter of the War Minister of Austria-Hungary and went with her on foot all over the island. My father, too, has guided many famous men, among them Prince Albert Victor



A DRAGON TREE

opened, suspended above, and soon disappeared.

Leaving the spring, we rode miles through the pines and *brezo*, which thinned out among the lava, giving way to a ground-hugging *codeso*. Lizards scooted across our now rocky and dusty trail.

"Arre!" yelled José to the mule. "With the sun up you are letting yourself go to sleep." On the Izaña Ridge far away through the vibrating heat to our left we saw the new meteorological observatory, built by the efforts of that able scientist, the Prince of Monaco, and handed over to the Spanish Government only fifteen days before. In the Cañadas a private German observatory was recently shut down through British protest, because of the possibility of its use as a wireless station.

Below El Portillo (The Gateway) I saw the cream-colored pumice-ash Cone of the Peak toning green through the

and Prince George, the present King of Great Britain, who came here in 1879 as midshipmen on the frigate H. M. S. *Bacchante*."

"Yes," interrupted Hamilton, with a laugh. "My father and uncle gave a dance in their honor in our house on the Marina. I was but an infant in arms, but went just the same, for I had to be nursed and mother was hostess. But, I say, the joke of it was Prince George upset a cup of coffee on mother's dress and the poor lad was in a devil of a funk."

"You must have had some adventures, José."

"*Algunas* [some]. Last Christmas Day there was much snow and tremendous drifts. I was guiding a German

from the Hamburg municipality with a sub-venture. We struck deep snow and I advised against going on, but he insisted. We crossed the *llano* [plain] afoot and started the steep ascent of Montaña Blanca there, abutting the peak, but he slipped and fell down a *barranco*. *Caramba!* he broke his leg and smashed his head. I carried him unconscious, head and feet dangling, four and a half kilometers to this cave in an hour and a half; you could follow my trail by the blood. Here I put two blankets over the mule saddle, tied him face downward to keep his broken leg from swinging, and took him to Orotava. The Germans awarded me the Cross of Beneficence with a monthly pension of fifteen marks. The medal was on its



THE LATERAL ERUPTION OF EL TEIDE IN 1909

way here in care of some German when the war broke out in August, but neither he nor the medal has been heard of since."

Out of the heart of these Cañadas which include the Spartium Plain rose the peak. The Cañada walls (1,900 feet) on this north side have been carried away to a great extent by destructive lava floods. The breach of the Portillo itself would undoubtedly admit easy egress of any flood of lava or water, as the whole tendency of the Cañadas' basin slopes toward it. In fact, Teneriffe's worst catastrophe was the 1826 hurricane, producing a tremendous flood. Thus draining from the plain, it rushed through Portillo upon Orotava Valley, exacting hundreds of human beings and cattle as toll.

• Our little caravan now strung out in five dots of brown on the yellow Spartium Desert, that part of the Cañadas or crater floor where pumice ash filling in the undulating lava plain beneath has left peaks of lava showing through. Where two of the trails which scarify over it crossed, a circle was finger-traced in the pumice dust—one of the mountain people's trail signs, indicating where one left or joined the trail or direction taken. These signs, classified to the extent of the cross, circle, square, or reverse curve, have significance only as previously agreed upon.

Notwithstanding we were seven thousand feet skyward, the ground reflected intense heat and the suffocating pumice dust beclouded us, settling on the sweating mules. Only their soft-scuffing tread at times broke the stillness of these torrifed solitudes. The scattered *retamas*, perhaps a dozen to the acre, suggested Arizona or the Sahara. The blanched bones I had seen along its camel trails seemed here epitomized by the whitened, dead *retama* branches—bleached skeletons of this desert.

Deaths have occurred in these Cañada wastes. José related how a man and wife were taking dried figs across the mountain from Güimar to Orotava in winter. At Portillo the woman, cold and exhausted, collapsed. Leaving her, the man with brutal indifference took her sack of figs down to Orotava, attended to his business, and—*mañana*—

returned to get his wife, to find her—dead.

Locusts flicked on shimmering wings from our path, losing themselves in the pumice. They originate in Africa, blown from the desert on the southerly winds which occasionally displace the northeast trade prevailing annually during all but about twenty-five days. Twenty years ago a southerly storm brought for over one hundred miles not only Saharan sand dust, but locusts, butterflies, moths, and other insects. Fortunately locusts have never established themselves by breeding to any extent in the Canaries.

Humboldt mentioned seeing rabbits on this desert, but we saw none. A lone vulture soared overhead; some half-wild goats bounded from their feast upon a few scant *retamas*, long since blossomed. During spring the *barranco*-dwellers occasionally transport their hives within the Portillo where the bees gather honey from the sweet-scented, yellow blossoms.

Three hours' steady going across this Sahara of Teneriffe brought us to a short, steep pumice slope leading to an elevated plain skirting Montaña Blanca at the peak's base—the Montaña de Trigo of Humboldt. Up its side were man-excavated pumice mounds, from diggings four or five meters deep. They resembled huge tailings of a mining dredge as they ridged up the mountain where a few human figures—ants on an ant-hill—still dug for the marketable pumice-stone.

Ahead, from far up the peak, a great lava flow shunted down its black river and fanned out in a delta of black solidified streams which disappeared in the light pumice ash—just as the rivers of the Southern Atlas disappear into the Sahara—drunk up by its sands. Enormous obsidian junks which had crashed down these mountains, rounding in the process, had rolled on until stopped by the soft pumice in which, partially sunken, they lay—bowling balls—hurled down this yellow alley of the plain in one of nature's active moods, as though some Colossi had but just tired of their game.

Whack! "I'll teach you to see the road!" and José's stick sent the pumice

dust from the mule's coat as the game, hard-breathing animal ascended the east face of Lomo Tieso—an abrupt cone against the peak's base. The steep up-trail zigzagged its dwindling way amid the flow's black lava humps. Now over nine thousand feet the faithful mules required constant rests, during which they pumped like living bellows beneath us.

Our longest stop was at two huge inclined boulders. Here Humboldt's party camped their night on the peak. Since the seventeenth century the spot has been known as the Estancia de los Ingleses (English Halt), probably the camp site of certain English merchants whose ascent, perhaps the first recorded, was narrated by Sprat, Bishop of Rochester. These gentlemen suffered numerous trials, for on reaching the top "their wine was congealed, brandy debilitated, and the wind so strong they could scarcely drink the health of the King of England or fire a volley in honor of his Majesty."

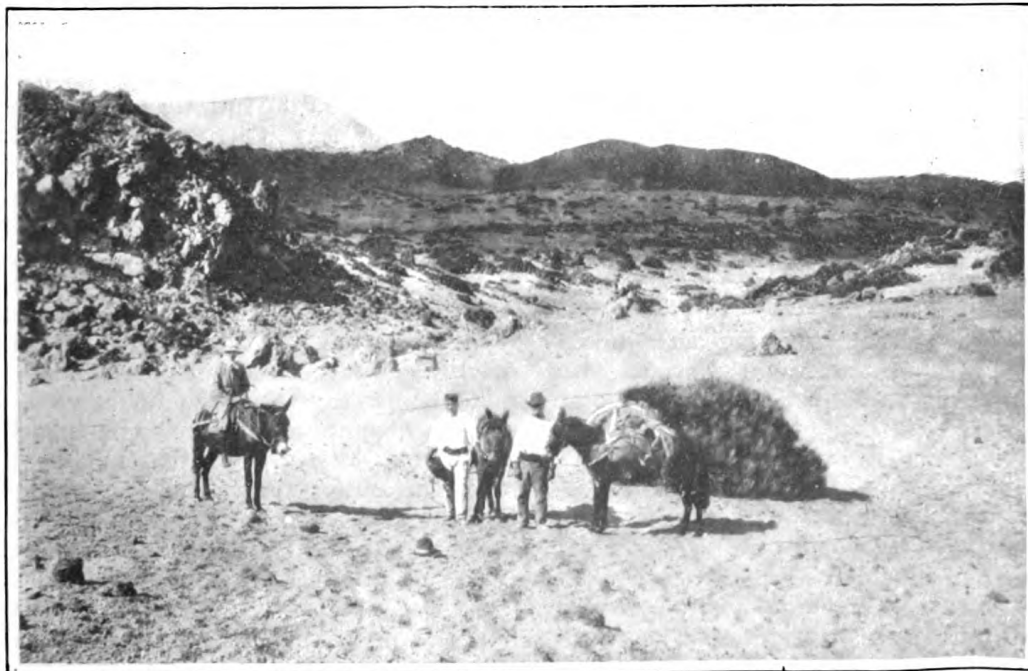
"Here has ended the expedition of numbers of travelers who hoped to reach the brink of the crater," wrote Humboldt and those of many more since his

day, for those with weak hearts or susceptible to *siroche* (mountain sickness) at this elevation (9,710 feet) would be affected by altitude. José said thirty per cent. of those who attempt the climb fail; even men of his class, who work in Orotava, unless strong, cannot get up even on muleback. Some who reach Alta Vista cannot sleep inside the hut, but are taken into the open air for enough oxygen.

Humboldt had never spent a night at so high a point and it was most unpleasant for his entire outfit, because of cold and wind. Smoke and flame from the fire of dry *retama* branches the guides provided drove upon them and almost completely burned their improvised shelter of spare cloths.

On the largest boulder were inscribed travelers' names. There was D. J. B., 1833; J. Otazo, 1872; on another boulder was the latest record, red-illuminated by ship's paint the names of the officers of the German steamer *Cap Ortegá*, refugeeing in Santa Cruz—the same foot-loose raider which escaped and caused havoc in the South American sea lanes of traffic.

Above the Estancia de los Ingleses we



OUR HALT IN THE SPARTIUM DESERT

passed the last of a few small *retamas* disappearing at about ten thousand feet. We overlooked the vast Cañadas south, here a jumble of hardened rock, there a series of frigid lava waves shunting steeply toward us from the crater rim. Though scarcely five o'clock, the sun was setting for this upper, interior world, gilding it in saffron, painting across it the mammoth neutral blue shadow of the peak.

Twilight screened the warmth of color and although the rocks still held the heat of departed day, we were chilled and my hands numbed penciling a few impressions, a volume of Humboldt my writing-stand. At six-twenty the famous stone hut appeared among the lava chunks and we arrived at Alta Vista. This hut might well be named Fonda de los Peregrinos (Inn of the Pilgrims). About twenty-five by ninety feet, its three-foot walls, built of the mountain stone, bow up to the ridge-pole—built to best withstand earthquakes.

On its down-slope side, in the center of a rough stone veranda, rests a big boulder. On this should be placed a bronze tablet in honor of Señor Toler, who has benefited mankind of all nations that, cold and hungry, find their way to these mountain heights. Two horizontal windows squinted at us; three zinc-covered doors defied entrance except by the brass keys in José's possession. Over a lintel, red ship's paint again blazed in the twilight—"Deutsch [land] über alles"—a grim reminder that far away from this peaceful upper world nations were locked in grim embrace to the death.

The tired mules were stabled in one end of the hut. Mine had acted oddly all the way up and was now seized with colic. These mountain mules become veterans like their masters. Below the hut some bones gleamed white.

"The skeleton of old Moreno [Brown]," said José, "most famous of them all. My *padre* owned him. Señor Toler hired him fourteen years. He knew the trails as well as I did, having traveled them most of his thirty-four years until one morning last March, as I brought him to the hut door, he suddenly expired—*el corazon* [his heart!]." José

smiled when I suggested that, as Moreno had gone to join Al Borak and the angels of muledom, his name might now be changed to Blanco.

While the guides descended for water to a spring discovered in 1886, Hamilton and I prepared supper in the hut. Its black lava walls were whitewashed, the floor solid cement. There was a wooden bench containing mattresses, room for six sleepers; three square tables, five iron-framed chairs, clothes-racks, a mirror, and a box completed the furniture. Because of the sick mule, it was nine o'clock when the guides supped on boiled potatoes.

Around their fire, José told of a small party he had guided here eighteen months ago, in which was a French couple on their honeymoon. There was a light fall of snow, but the Frenchman was confident he could find the way back here alone from the peak. He finally landed, torn and bleeding, down a Cañada in exactly the opposite direction, having slid down the peak slope over scorified lava. Meantime the party headed back. Once José thought he heard a man's whistle, whereupon the two months' old bride fell from her mule in a dead faint. Luckily a poaching charcoal-burner—surprised on suddenly viewing in these solitudes a shoeless Frenchman with only a belt-strap as evidence he had once owned trousers—was induced to take him for twenty-five pesos to the nearest habitations—a few huts called La Guancha. Securing a peasant's trousers and shoes, he appeared a day later in Orotava, much to the relief of his young wife.

More warmly clothed, I went out. The new half-moon's weird gleam failed to light much of the dark obsidian masses. But occasionally moonbeams reflected like mysterious wraiths—*jinnæ* perhaps—wandering from the sand-sculptured deserts of Africa. Through the night mists the crater valley was faintly discernible. I dimly sensed milliards of pontilliste refractions of light from the lunar crescent and the stars.

As I completed my notes by candle-light before rolling up in my blankets, the altitude caused a slight ringing in my ears, like the sougning of Time passing as it sang Eternity's hymn—a gentle

reminder that we were far above the sleeping world, with only the soft-droning night wind of those celestial solitudes to lull us to sleep on the great bosom of Tenerife.

"*Vamos, señores! Vamos por El Pico* [Let us go to The Peak]," José's cheery call aroused us at just 4 A.M. About five, after hot tea and biscuits, we started.

"*Vamos for the Sugar Loaf!*" called Hamilton as we started the fourteen-hundred-foot climb.

"It's had a bitter taste for many," murmured José, questioning, as we stumbled among the junks of lava. How grim and Doré-like in the half-light; black, mysterious shadows; shapes in uncanny places; a hardened inferno whose fires half-slumbered beneath us. Surely we moved behind spirit guides—Dante and Virgil.

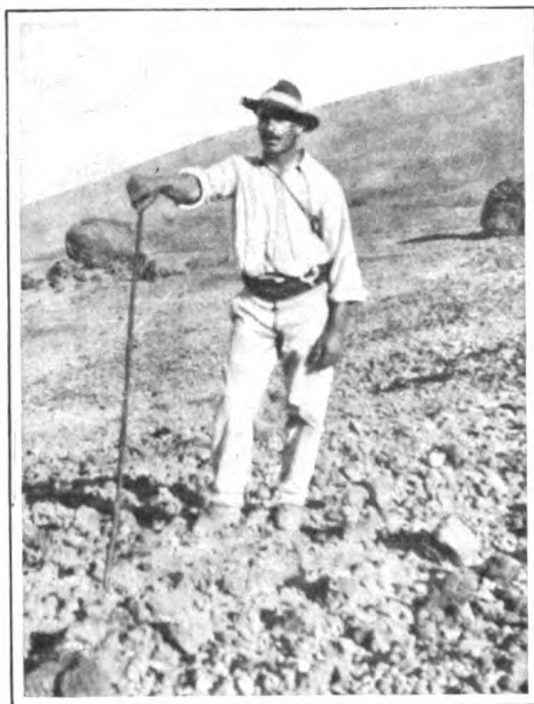
Humboldt took two hours from his camp to Alta Vista, which he left at the hour we did, under the somber light of fir torches—but he recorded his route on the northeast side of the volcano instead of the east. We now glimpsed Orotava, a silver-chaliced glow-worm lying in the blue oxide of night. One should go carefully over the big lava cinders, as a fall between the huge masses upon the sharp scoriæ might have fatal results.

This region, the Malpays (Bad Lands), was extremely rough. But we were fortunate in having José as guide, so different from those "models of the phlegmatic" of Humboldt, who secretly drank the water while crossing the

Spartium Plain. He found none had ever scaled the summit; they tried to persuade him not to ascend higher than Estancia des los Ingleses, beyond which they sat down every ten minutes and surreptitiously threw away the geological specimens he had carefully collected.

Six o'clock found us at La Rambleta

(11,700 feet), formerly the mountain top, a crater from whose center the Sugar Loaf rises. Its rim marks the elevation limit of the lava streams. Stones, pumice ash and dust trickling down the Sugar Loaf have broadened the cone's base, covering all but this outer rim of the parent crater. So Rambleta is only distinguishable from the slope of the peak by decreased steepness and change of color. Here are the first blow-holes, the "Narices del Pico" ("Nostrils of the Peak").



JOSÉ BETHENCOURT, ON THE PUMICE ASH OF MONTAÑO BLANCO

We here saw the unique phenomenon of earth's shadow tracing its dark disk of night above the southern horizon. Later, through the merge of day, I saw the undulating sky-line of Grand Canary. Humboldt saw the summits of Fuerteventura, Lanzarote, and Palma as islands in the clouds. From La Rambleta at just 5.51 o'clock we first glimpsed the sun's upper limb. It showed through the murky layer of horizon vapor—a long arc of orange—then passed upward for five minutes until its lower limb was seen, lighting the peak crest twelve minutes and fifty-five seconds earlier than the coast below.

Our ascent up the Piton, the steepest part of the mountain, ranged from thir-

ty-three to forty degrees. We followed an old current of scoriaceous lava and debris in the midst of the loose ashes. Except for this, Humboldt considered the ascent almost impossible. Of all volcanos he had climbed, except Jorullo in Mexico, he found El Teide the most difficult because of the loose ashes; but Pico, which Doctor Erving and I had ascended over a month before, was more dangerous and more difficult than El Teide.

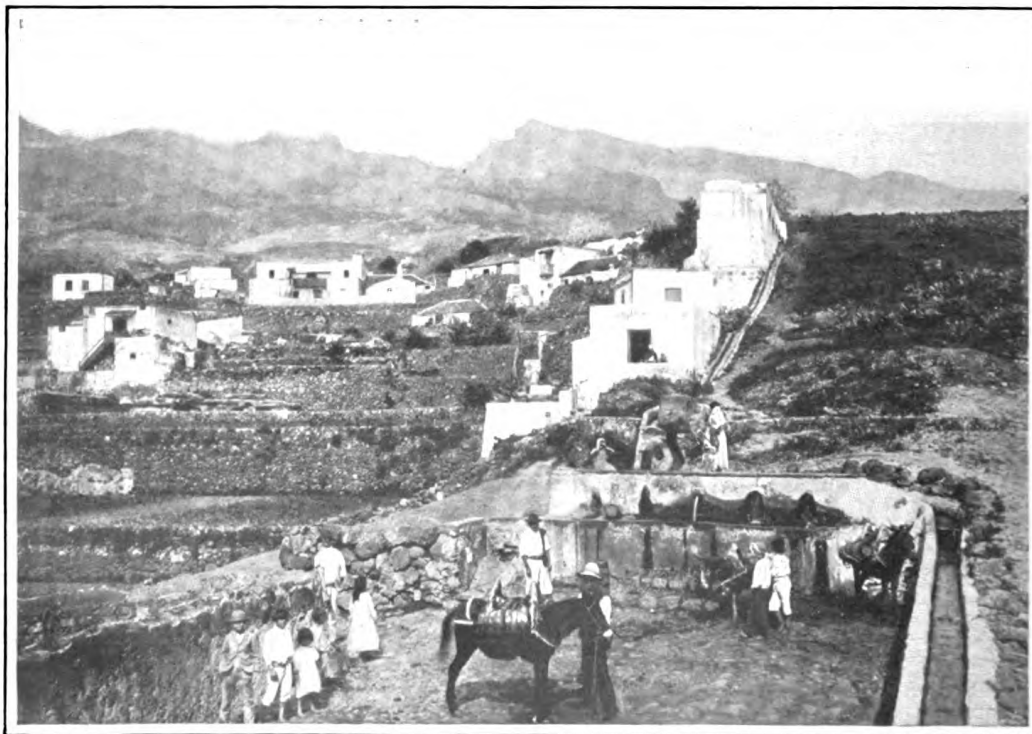
Snow covers the peak the greater part of the year and the climb is more dangerous in winter. During our ascent (September) there was no snow, though Humboldt found some (June) on La Rambleta. He relates how a Captain Baudin was nearly killed; half-way up this cone, he fell and rolled clear to La Rambleta, where luckily a snow-covered lava-heap checked him, saving him from suffocation by rolling. José and I reached the crest just as the sun appeared above a cloudbank and spilled its golden pink on the Peak. Then he went back for Hamilton who was taking it leisurely.

I sat alone on the upper rim of Creation, my seat a pinnacle of the globe, and looked down on the world. The morning light washed the page of my note-book rose-violet, and its lambent flame, winging across millions of miles, lit the cone tip of Teneriffe, transforming it into a beacon of red gold.

Beneath, lay La Rambleta, its dusky obsidian, like a vast coal-heap, its outer edge clear cut against the far-down Cañada which yesterday we crossed. Rivers of volcanic debris swing around the peak seaward like mammoth serpentine earth-creatures, the clouds below seeming floating upon the sea like Arctic ice-floes and open leads.

The Cañadas melt away through the Portillo into the gentle, verdant slopes of Teneriffe which surround its torrifed crater bowl; Tacaronte and Puerto Orotava are like handfuls of popcorn scattered on a patch of green; two steamers a pin-point on the broad band of blue calm paralleling the coast; the little splashes of silver are the great sea-surges, foaming against the rocks on the shore.

I stood on the lip of the Piton crater,



GÜIMAR FRAMED BY RUGGED MOUNTAINS AND CLOUDS WHICH SCREEN THE PEAK

two hundred feet in diameter; a turn of the head and I looked into and across this yellow, sulphur-coated caldron, brushed with turquoise shadow patches, the sunlight catching in brilliant cuneiforms of rose on its serrated edge; beyond this a stupendous blue wedge projected, spanned miles into atmospheric space and crossed Hierro, dim and somber in the twilight below, where the sun had not yet dispelled darkness. The wedge was the vast shadow mountain of El Teide, still standing between night and day.

So from the thin wall of porphyritic lava of El Pico de Teide, 12,152 feet above the sea, I looked down, ever down. The violent wind was no gentle reminder that I was on the tipmost edge of Tenerife which ancient writers considered the highest mountain in the world, and upon whose peak it was impossible to breathe.

Humboldt reached the peak at eight o'clock suffering from cold; we arrived at six, perspiring from the climb to face the same bitter, westerly wind which searched our marrow as it tore over the world. It whiffed by us steam and sulphurous vapors from the caldron, the Echeide (Hell) of the Guanches; the La Caldera Diabla (Devil's Caldron) of the Spanish peasantry, in which all food of hell is cooked.

The outer sides of the *caldera* wall—a short-stunted cylinder on a truncated cone—are almost perpendicular, so a narrow breach on the eastern side was a welcome entrance. Through this "Mouth of Hell" we descended eighty feet to the smooth floor of this great funnel—white, yellow, and red-tinged by sulphur deposits. White silica and yellow sulphur crystals are everywhere—all that remain of the sulphuric acid-affected lavas.

Aqueous, sulphurous vapors, buzzing and rumbling, fumed from hole and crevice in white cloud gusts—the lid of Hell's Caldron indeed, where pent-up Nature restrained her breathing as she exhaled her hot breath from her pulsating breasts of fire. Into great cavities within the Peak atmospheric water has probably filtered which, through slumbering volcanic heat, issues from the blow-holes as steam. This, laden with

muriatic or sulphuric acid vapor and charged with their gases, is to be more feared than the heat.

At the blow-hole vents the vapor is scalding hot. About these and in the lava crevices I found fine sulphur crystals—glittering, semi-diaphanous octohedrons. But have a care if the climb prompts sitting down, for these will corrode your trousers "while you wait." Although I carefully rolled up and pocketed some, I had the same experience as Humboldt—pockets eaten through.

Our bodies were nearly frozen, but our boot-soles were burned. Within the *caldera* we found no life, not even cryptogamous plants. Humboldt found dead bees in the funnels' mouths in which we also found not only bees, but wasps and a spider. These had flown up or been carried by the wind from their honey-gathering among the *retamas* below. The half-wild goats occasionally work into the *caldera*, where José once found one dead.

The *caldera* is a strange fantasy of nature rather than a grim spectacle. Its once seething floor, now hardened lava, seared with strange sinuosities of calcareous rock, is coated by sulphur deposits, platinated by the hand of Time into a golden solfatara—a vast mortar in which through centuries Nature has compounded chemicals for the gods.

Over the western edge of the crater of El Teide another striking view lay below us. Numerous craters, where the island once bubbled up, roughed the surface. Between us and Chahorra the basin of the Cañadas was seamed with orange-red lava streams and surrounded by the jagged, multi-colored Cañada walls. We looked down sixteen hundred feet into the gaping mouth of Chahorra crater, active even in recent years, now bathed in the quiet beauty of the morning sun, a variegated kaleidoscopic mass of neutralized oranges and orange-reds contrasting with greens, blues, and violets.

"For thousands of years," wrote Humboldt, "no flames or light have been perceived on the summit of the Piton [Teide]. Nevertheless, enormous lateral eruptions, the last of which took place in 1798, are proofs of the activity of a fire still far from being extinguished."

Columbus, when sailing by Teneriffe in September, 1492, recorded that "they saw a great eruption of flames from the Peak of Teneriffe." The flames he witnessed might well have been lateral eruptions from Pico Viejo, or more likely Chahorra itself. Had Humboldt known of Columbus's account, he would undoubtedly have referred to it. His accuracy in opining that latent fires lurked within the Peak was proved as recently as eight years ago when the islanders were aroused by loud detonations of the earth's quaking. Craters opened on the northwest slopes, the largest eruption occurring six miles west-northwest of the Peak. The volcano remained active nine days, ejecting ashes, cinders, and dust, and hurling stones to an estimated height of twenty-three hundred feet, vomiting westward five million cubic meters of cinders and lava which traveled at an average speed of thirty-five yards an hour.

As the eruption occurred following a Spanish Government decree, it was naturally unpopular in Teneriffe because it granted certain rights to Grand Canary. Hence the volcano was named *Montaña del Decreto*, Teneriffeans declaring the outburst due to their indignation with the political alterations.

We drank in a final vision of the scene and started down trail. At 11,040 feet altitude, a hole opens a few black square feet in the mountain-side. Through it we descended into the famous Cueva de Hielo (Ice Cave), a cavern about sixty paces long and arching twenty feet above us with no sign of any plant or animal life. Mud-covered rocks formed a third of the cave floor; the rest was water and thick ice. Into the northern end ice from a small, subterranean glacier crowded through a hole. During winter the cavern fills with ice and snow. Little warm air or sun is admitted; thus the cold air remains undisturbed at the bottom, and the ice preserved because of its mass, while new ice feeds in from the little glacier. Even in Humboldt's time *neveros* (ice-gatherers) brought ice from the Peak to sell in the towns.

Hamilton remembers that when a boy, a dance or some important festive occasion was held in Santa Cruz they would send clear to the Peak for ice.

José said the ice was more than a meter thick in some parts of the pond, and although five two-and-one-half hundred-weight loads had been taken in a day the glacier always replaced it by the morrow. The *neveros*, in ordinary boots, stand knee-deep in the ice-water, sometimes for three-quarters of an hour.

"But how about colds and pneumonia?" I inquired.

"I never heard of any getting sick, though some at last get rheumatism," José replied. "Martin Morales, who works here most, began with his father when ten years old. He has been at it thirty years, but still has *bastante color*, *bastante gordo* [plenty color, plenty fat]; but *señor*—one little thing, *siempre bebe bastante aguardiente de caña* [always drink plenty of rum]."

Twelve years ago a contract was made to send thirty mule-loads a week during the summer to Las Palmas in Grand Canary. This ice brought five pesos (\$1) a mule-load delivered in Orotava in fern-covered baskets of salt; then was carted across Teneriffe. To-day it costs thirty-five pesos to Laguna. Some wells have been dug recently near the new observatory which are filled with water; this freezes and is held for cutting through the summer—the island's ice-chest, but the Peak is the ice-house of the archipelago.

Down into the noontide glare and heat across the Spartium Plain I walked, because of my sick mule's condition. Bearing to the left, we followed a long ridge just below the Ladera de Tigaiga, down a stony, twisting, endless trail among *brezo* shrubs. At last we trudged through little Realejo Alto into little Realejo Bajo, dust-covered and thirsty, late in the afternoon to sink into the soft cushions of the automobile Hamilton had arranged to have meet us here.

"Adios, señores." Then José's softly modulated voice changed sharply as he turned to the mules. "Arre!" Thump! A cloud of pumice dust filtered away on the evening air.

The Peak of El Teide towered in majestic sublimity above us, a sun-kissed brilliant cone gleaming like a diadem of gold, though over the lower world had already been partly drawn the blue coverlet of night.

The Journey

BY MRS. HENRY. DUDENEY



SIR JOSEPH JOHNSON: with photographs."

Charlotte had picked up the magazine from the round bedside table; she dropped it. Her face—uncanny in its smooth beauty—became older and more human.

"Can't be the same," she said. "Johnson's a common enough name, and lots of men are called Joseph."

She picked up the magazine from the silk quilt; she turned to the article. Yes, there he was—her lover! "Sir Joseph Johnson in infancy. At ten years old. At sixteen. At twenty-two. At fifty. Present day." She looked at the photographs; she lingered upon the one marked "Present day." There he was! Yet nothing could convince her that this was Joseph. This shrewd and prosperous creature with a beard; with a strong, jut-out jaw; with prominent, dreamy eyes. Yet Sir Joseph Johnson at twenty-two was the man she had parted from so volcanically forty years ago.

She rang her bell. Chapman answered at once. The house was full of well-trained servants; moreover, they had learned that Miss Charlotte's bell must be answered at once—you could keep Miss Gertrude waiting.

Chapman looked at the handsome, four-post bed with chintz hangings all rose-colored and apple-green. "You don't feel well, Miss Charlotte?"

"Yes, I do. Why do you ask?"

"You don't look well; you look different."

"I feel the same. Send Miss Gertrude to me."

"Miss Gertrude is lying down."

"Oh, ask her to come at once!" Charlotte's transparent hand came down with a smack upon the open magazine.

Gertrude came. She was a worried-looking woman close on sixty, richly and

badly dressed in black. The sisters were alike, but Charlotte, in bed, showed no signs of age. Gertrude's face was scrawled all over with lines, and each one said "Charlotte." Care for her bed-ridden sister had wrinkled and bleached her.

"I was lying down, dear. Did you want anything particular?"

"It's a mistake for elderly women to lie down in the middle of the day, Gertrude. I wanted to show you this." Charlotte pushed the magazine across the bed.

"Sir Joseph Johnson, an interview with whom is given below," read Gertrude in her slow, precise way, "is at present in England upon important business in connection with the great Steel Trust which he controls. He is staying with his staff at the Carlton." Gertrude said what she always did say in moments of stress, "Oh, Charlotte!" She added: "And he was the village blacksmith. Hasn't he got on? See what young men gain by emigrating!"

"I wish," said Charlotte, "that he had waited another ten years before coming back to England. That would have made fifty years since our parting—and my jubilee in bed!" She laughed lightly.

"Oh, Charlotte! But you might not live another ten years."

"Years are nothing to me." Charlotte was airy.

"I suppose not. You don't change. I've got your years, Charlotte, as well as my own."

"So you have, dear." Charlotte looked regretfully at the hard old face. "You've been very good to me. Now go across the room and get my dressing-case."

Gertrude got it. She put it on Charlotte's hunched-up knees. She propped an extra pillow behind her sister's shoulders. "Don't sit up too long and fatigue yourself," she said.

"Because of my spine?" Charlotte

seemed amused. "I had to have a spine—some imaginary infirmity."

"Oh, Charlotte! Not imaginary; although Doctor Parish has always said that with a little effort taken years ago—"

"My dear"—Charlotte was cynical—"he has made a steady income out of me. Why not? I can afford it. The rustics are proud of me. They think I demeaned myself by falling in love with the blacksmith; yet it makes a link between us. Open the dressing-case, Gertrude."

"It won't upset you?"

"Open the dressing-case!"

Gertrude opened it and Charlotte took out the photograph of Sir Joseph Johnson at twenty-two. She compared it with the one in the magazine.

"He gave me that the night we parted"—Charlotte's voice was queer—"and half an hour before papa horse-whipped him. That was the night I went to bed for good. Take it away, Gertrude." She dropped back on her pillows.

"It *has* upset you, Charlotte. It has aged you." Gertrude carried the dressing-case off; she came back to the bed anxiously. It was one of the canons of her patient life that Charlotte should never be upset.

Charlotte sat up. "I'm going to the Carlton this day week, Gertrude. Ring for Chapman."

"Oh, Charlotte!"

"Ring for Chapman!"

They shared Chapman as a ladies' maid, and had done so since they were girls.

"I'm going to London next Wednesday, Chapman"—Charlotte rapped out the words from her bed—"and I must have clothes. Take the afternoon train to Luddleshorn [she named a fashionable town ten miles off] and have things sent out on approval. We'll make a list. I must be new"—she looked into the startled faces of the two old women—"from top to toe. Then you may write to London for catalogues; we'll choose which shops. There won't be time for Paris, but—"

"Paris! My dear Charlotte!" There seemed to Gertrude something sinful about the very idea.

"I've spent nothing on clothes for forty years. I can afford to have the very best," said Charlotte, in a simple way.

Gertrude said, making eyes at Chapman secretively: "You can't take a journey. Doctor Parish won't allow it."

"He will allow what I say he is to. Bless me, Gertrude, I sha'n't break! I'm not an egg—and a thin-shelled egg at that. It is all settled. Put on your bonnet, Chapman, and be off."

She flung out her amazingly delicate hands, that were so futile and strange—that had never, for forty years, been sunburned or soiled. They had no honorable history.

Chapman went off by train. Before the day was out all the village knew that Miss Charlotte was going to take a journey. She who had not been out of her bed for forty years, except to take her daily bath and to have the bed remade!

A hum and a whisper went round, "What would happen to Charlotte?" It would certainly kill her. She would die in London—or perhaps in the train. They realized what a blank there would be in the village if she died. You did not get, once in a century, a squire's daughter of eighteen who went to bed in a rage because she could not marry the blacksmith, and who stayed there—who made a romantic vow and kept it for forty years. Charlotte was celebrated.

Gertrude had given the poor nourishing food and good advice, but Charlotte had given them things more rare. Her gifts were unsubstantial, yet amazingly satisfying. Love-affairs, questions of dress—although she never dressed—problems of servants or nice social points were all undertaken by Charlotte with the utmost sprightliness. She held a regular court. She had time for everything and every one.

And now she was going to take a journey. Doctor Parish couldn't stop her. Miss Gertrude couldn't, either. Her poor brain was turned at last. Do what you would, she insisted on going.

Boxes of clothes on approval came out from the town. Lifelong neighbors, hearing of Charlotte's madness, drove over at once to judge things for them-

selves. People were coming and going in her room all the time. Chapman was excited and talkative. Gertrude was meek and sane and exasperating. Charlotte told her so.

"You are so practical, Gertrude. And this is not a practical affair." Her face was flushed, and it looked younger than ever.

Her sister and her neighbors—staid, elderly women grouped about her bed—trembled for Charlotte. She was old enough to know better. Yet, if her brain had turned, how could you blame her?

"He won't notice what you wear, dear," said Gertrude.

"It seems odd to think of you wearing anything at all," snapped Lady Taylor.

She was a dry widow, and the one person in the place who had always remained impervious to Charlotte's charm and caprice.

"Yes, doesn't it?" Charlotte was gay. "Are the things all gray or biscuit, Chapman? I can't wear black. My things must be bridal."

"Oh, Charlotte! He'll never marry you. Think of your age! And his age! Don't count on such a thing for a moment."

"I expect the man has got a wife," added Lady Taylor. "The lower classes always marry."

"The magazine article doesn't mention her." Charlotte looked at her neighbor steadily. "Eight guineas! It is a lot of money, Chapman—but money doesn't matter."

"It is just the gown for you, Miss Charlotte. I can see you in it."

"I can't." The rector's wife put on her glasses. "Why, it's for a girl, Charlotte, or a very young married woman."

"Bring out," said Charlotte to Chapman, "the clothes I wore that night I went to bed."

"Charlotte dear, whatever is the good? It will upset you. And you could never get into them, the figure spreads so when one is always in bed."

"The bottom drawer, Chapman, for the bodice and shawl; the back hook of the wardrobe for the skirt and pelerine," said Charlotte from her broadly frilled pillows.

The things were laid out on the bed

and all the women looked at them, with that implied titter which you bestow on old fashions—a dove-colored pelerine of ribbed silk, a bonnet with a poke brim and a pure blue satin lining, a blue frock with the bodice closely buttoned down the front. Every close-worked and dainty buttonhole was rent.

Charlotte picked the bodice up, poking her fine fingers in and out. "I rived that bodice off me like a mad woman," she said, contemplating these old clothes, while her ageless face grew terrible. "That night, that night! I remember!" They felt that she chanted.

"Papa caught us. It was after dinner. I used to slip out. You knew all about it, Gertrude, but you were too frightened to tell. And you knew, Chapman; but you didn't want to lose a good place." Her eyes and her voice mocked the two of them. "It was under the sycamore outside the forge in May. Blossoms were falling thick, thick—like little, tiny, three-penny bits." Her voice rose; she swayed. "I—I was in his arms, my dears. Papa! With a riding-whip! I screamed and ran away. He came back to the house—purple. Do you remember how purple he used to get, Gertrude?"

"Papa died in a fit," Gertrude dolefully shook her faded head.

"And he was laughing." Charlotte's eyes blazed up. "He said: 'I've horse-whipped the young devil and given him the needful to go to Australia. He'll be out of the village before dawn.' I came up-stairs. I tore my clothes off. Something said to me as I drew myself into bed, 'You won't get out again.' And I didn't." She looked at their faces. "Sir Joseph Johnson sent me to bed forty years ago. He is fetching me out now."

"Oh, Charlotte!" "Oh, madam!" "Well, really, Charlotte!" They entered a protest.

"Why," asked Gertrude, "can't he come down here? The village would welcome him. He could sit by your bed. You could talk over old times for an hour or so."

"The village is proud of him; it would welcome him," said the rector's wife, warmly. "And he might see his way to paying off the debt on the new boiler in the church."

"But I shouldn't have a journey." Charlotte was childish. "And I'm looking forward to it so much; though it will be a long drive to the station—fifteen miles."

"Charlotte! Have you forgotten that a loop line has been opened since your time?"

"I can drive to the station in ten minutes," said Lady Taylor.

"I can walk it in twenty," said the doctor's wife, "for George can never let me have the car."

She did not look with favor on this idea of a journey. Anything might happen to Charlotte—and a profitable patient would be lost!

"A most trying journey to London," she said; "nearly forty miles."

"I've been forty years saving up for it." Charlotte's smile was radiant. "Take away these old clothes, Chapman, and let me look at the new ones. You must try the things on, Gertrude."

Gertrude, always docile, did. She stood before the pretty, long glass in its frame of golden maple. Chapman was on her knees taking things from the boxes. She felt, at last, in her true element as a ladies' maid.

"I feel as if I were dressed up for May Day, Charlotte. These things are much too juvenile. Why have new things at all? Why can't you, just for that one day, wear something of mine?"

"Of course I won't wear your things. Expensive black! No, Gertrude. I'm not going in to the Carlton dressed like an old woman."

"Charlotte! Only eighteen months between us."

"Come to that, we are all much of the same age," said Lady Taylor.

"But I'm so different." Charlotte smiled from one hard-featured face to the other. "I'm not like the rest of you."

"Not a bit," said Lady Taylor.

"I will have that." Charlotte surveyed her sister, standing gawky by the pier-glass in biscuit-colored silk crêpe. "It is the very thing. And a hat, Chapman. Not black. I'm a dozen brides rolled into one. Unpack the hats."

Gertrude tried them on. "My hats always *will* go crooked." She jerked her head. "And my hair isn't full enough

about the face for this shape. Take it off, Chapman. Miss Charlotte must try it on herself."

"I sha'n't try on till I start," declared Charlotte, "but that one will do. And now a sunshade. Did they send sunshades?"

The narrow, long boxes were put on the bed. Charlotte chose.

"And a veil. Yes, here they are. And shoes? But I can't choose shoes till I get my stockings on. Put everything away, Chapman. Take that dress off carefully, Gertrude. I don't want to see anything else until the day I start."

She seemed tired. They left her to sleep.

Lady Taylor bluntly told Gertrude—on the other side of the door—that this journey would be Charlotte's death.

"Though she may live and marry Sir Joseph Johnson. How romantic!" said the doctor's wife as they went down Charlotte's gravel drive.

"Marry! Do you know Charlotte's nearly sixty?"

"Charlotte might be any age. Yet fancy her on a journey! Anything might happen, of course."

Charlotte said, when they were in the train: "There were too many people on the platform to see me off. I'm not a bride—yet. There was a sense of flag-wagging and—"

"You mean rice." Gertrude looked at her with yearning. "And as to flags, darling, there wasn't a bit of bunting about. Don't exhaust yourself by talking. Look out of the window. Since you traveled last there have been many changes. All those new cottages and—"

"Old Battersby, the station-master, was delightful," Charlotte said. "He merely remarked, 'Glad to see you out and about again, Miss Charlotte.'"

"You'd better have a sandwich." Gertrude reached for her bag.

"A sandwich! It would spoil my lunch."

"What lunch?"

"He's sure to ask us to lunch," returned Charlotte, with a flash.

She shut her eyes. Watchful Gertrude thought she was asleep. She sat looking for signs of madness in that face.

"I'm glad you've had a nap," she said,

as they slowed into Victoria, and, when Charlotte sat up: "Getting dressed *did* tire you, didn't it? I said it would."

"Getting dressed was a funny feeling," admitted Charlotte. "But I look very nice."

She stood up when the train stopped; she surveyed herself in the murky length of looking-glass above the seat of the carriage.

"You only look about eighteen—from the back," said Gertrude. "Of course, when one looks at your face—"

"My face might be any age." Charlotte was airy. "Is this Victoria? How it's changed!" She stepped upon the platform.

"A new station, ever so much bigger," Gertrude spoke fussily; she was looking in the crowd for Chapman. "Oh, here she is! I wonder if you'd like a taxi, Charlotte? My poor dear! You have never been in any sort of motor vehicle. How sad that seems!" She was flushed; she was far more excited than her sister.

"But you've never been in a flying-machine, Gertrude. All these things are only shades of difference." Charlotte was calm. She lifted her hand and hailed a taxi. "To the Carlton," she said, looking at the driver in a wide, fixed way. She said, as they shot out of the station, "I expected him to look surprised, to swear—or something." She laughed.

Chapman was sitting bolt-upright, in her best bonnet; Gertrude remarked that taxi-men never swore as the old four-wheelers used to do.

"You two stay in the cab," said Charlotte, getting out when they reached the Carlton.

"Oh, Charlotte! With all the two-pences mounting up as they do. You don't understand taxis."

"Well, come in," said Charlotte, carelessly.

She was taken up to Sir Joseph Johnson's private rooms. Gertrude and Chapman remained in the enormous garish *salon*, looking solemn, feeling ridiculous—although they did not know why.

Charlotte lived through a marvelous pause while she waited for Sir Joseph. Then he came in, and across the luxuri-

ous room they looked at each other. The memory of their last meeting, beneath the tree, she in his arms, recurred. The flare of the smithy lighted their faces—he had made love to her near the anvil. Her sense of romance had never been impaired by contact with the world. She had kept the power of taking any flight of imagination. She had, when she started upon this journey, expected everything—and nothing! She looked at this thick-set, gray lover with the practical, handsome face and the dreamy, prominent eyes. She did not speak. It was his voice that broke down their forty-year barrier—while he had worked from blacksmith to baronet, while she had queened it from her bed.

He said, reverting to her pet name, "Charlie!"

That was all; but it was vivid and real. He came round the imposing table piled with business papers and held her hands. So they had their moment—of the forge! In mental attitude they were instant lovers again, this old man and this old woman—as it must forever be between real lovers while the round world spins. They were just holding hands, just looking hard at each other. Then they drew apart and sat down, well apart.

Sir Joseph did not take his startled, bright eyes off Charlotte. "We were young fools once," he said at last, with a stiff, uneasy laugh. "We mustn't be old fools now."

There was a piercing silence. Charlotte listened to the thud of the London traffic, she who had spent forty years in a room where the only traffic you heard was the passing of birds.

He could not take his eyes off her. He said: "You don't look or sound like any other woman. You are—lambent."

She started. He had not known words like that—lambent!—in the days of the forge when they were simple and instinctive lovers. She said, simply:

"That's because I've been in bed for forty years. I came out to-day for the first time."

"Forty years!" he gasped. "Why, it has taken me forty years to make my fortune. Forty years since your father thrashed me under the big tree outside the smithy. He did me a good turn.

But for him I might be a village blacksmith to-day."

Charlotte flung him a blank look; she marked his agonized effort to catch himself up—for he saw, too late, how he assaulted her. Her face pinched.

"You are tired." He surveyed her with remorseful tenderness. "If you have been in bed for forty years—What has been the matter with you?"

"Nothing in the world." Her glance was direct. "I went to bed because you went away. I took a vow. I told papa that because he had sent you away I would stay in bed for the rest of my life. And I did stay. Then I saw your portrait in a magazine and read that you were staying here. So I came."

"This is your first day out of bed?"

"My first. Perhaps my last—that depends."

She looked at him. His face betrayed incredulity, reverence, perhaps amusement. Through all of this there glowed a curious sense of sheer scandal—an honest, uncomfortable sense of doing something wrong.

"Are you married, Joseph? You look as if—as if you didn't want your wife to hear."

"I'm married, my dear." He was downright to her and very gentle. "I'm a grandfather, Charlotte. Think of that! My eldest girl has got a boy. Since I left Australia. Where's the cable?" He looked helplessly at the littered table.

"Never mind the cable," Charlotte said.

She looked into his glowing face. She realized what a soberly enthusiastic family man this lover of hers was—this Vulcan who had adored her in the flare of the smithy.

"Is your wife in England with you?"

"No. Lady Johnson is a very bad sailor."

Charlotte detected his honest pride in being able to call his wife by a title. She marked also the glance that he cast at her across the table—stricken and ashamed, stirred and imploring.

She laughed at him. "My dear Joseph, don't think that her existence is a blow to me. I might have known."

"It is natural, isn't it?" He was eager and relieved.

"But I'm glad she isn't here"—Charlotte was level-voiced—"to spoil the airiest little interview that an old man and an old woman ever had."

"Nobody could call you an old woman."

He showed a frenzy of admiration. Yet she knew that he considered her uncanny. To stay in bed forty years—just because of a few kisses! While he had gone sanely off and become a baronet—and a grandfather!

He could not take his eyes off the strange, unimpaired loveliness of her face. "Miss Gertrude?" he asked at last. "Did she marry?"

"She couldn't. She has been looking after me."

"Did she come to London with you?"

"She is waiting in a room downstairs. And Chapman, too."

"Chapman?" he laughed. "Have you got her still? She used to carry stolen messages between us. Do you remember? What young devils we were! And how we loved each other! I can feel the thrill of it now. Can't you?" He flushed a dark, quick red. "When you make your pile and get married," he faltered, "your wife—God bless her!—makes you comfortable, but—but it isn't the same."

"Come down and see Gertrude," said Charlotte. She rose; so did he. Again they approached each other.

"Charlotte!" He suddenly bent his massive gray head until it touched her shoulder. "Wasn't it wonderful? The moon through the branches of that great old tree—"

"The dark roof of the smithy—other times," she whispered.

"You—you've remembered?" His short neck turned red, with his face.

"Forty years remembering. Done nothing else. And you have done so much. Now we must go down-stairs. It—it is over."

Charlotte moved forward; she advanced; she held the handle of the door. He followed her humbly, wistfully. She was the most magic creature that breathed; she was even more bewitching than the girl he had courted in the smithy. She engulfed him—until he remembered faithful, homely Lady Johnson and the little, tiny grandson.

Gertrude and Chapman were sitting silent, gawky, and bolt-upright, just as Charlotte had left them. Sir Joseph's impression was that there did not seem to be much difference between mistress and maid. He warmed to Gertrude, for she seemed to be an honest and a comfortable old woman, very much like his dear wife. Yet he knew—if men ever remember such things—that there was barely two years' difference between the sisters.

He began to talk to Gertrude. He insisted that they should all lunch together. He was abashed by the steady stare of Chapman, who had known him as the village blacksmith.

Charlotte said, with divination: "Yes, we'll lunch with you, but Chapman shall spend the afternoon with her sister at Stoke Newington. You will take a taxi, Chapman, and you will be on the platform at Victoria soon after four. The train is at half past."

Charlotte had the details of their journey, coming and returning, at her fingers' ends. She had mapped it out, with details of her new clothes, night and day for a whole week.

Through lunch Sir Joseph talked to Gertrude. He hardly looked at Charlotte. He dared not, for he was a coward, as men are. He would not hurt himself nor risk himself if he could help it. He was a baronet and a family man. He was not uplifted by this dull old Gertrude, with her obvious airs of flattery and awe, but he felt smug and complacent with her, and ever so much more Sir Joseph than he could ever feel with Charlotte. Talking to Gertrude was like talking to his wife. By every look and every movement she applauded him.

Charlotte did not speak. She made a good lunch, and now and again she looked at him. A funny little smile was on her fresh scarlet mouth, as if it said, "Let him brag, dear thing, as much as he likes. To bluster makes him happy." She'd rather he did not talk to her—before Gertrude! There was nothing left for him to say. They had said, they had looked, in the room up-stairs.

"He is mine," she felt, proudly. "A whole harem of wives, a whole string of titles can't take him away. The tons

upon tons of steel that he has dealt with through forty years—even the weight of that—can't crush our tradition!"

They were talking of the village. Gertrude said that he ought to come down, and then she (adroitly, as she supposed) begged for the church. He promptly promised to send the rector a check for the boiler, and added, looking at Charlotte:

"Suppose I did run down for the week-end? How would that be?"

Charlotte said nothing.

He added: "If Lady Johnson were in England I'd like to show her the old spot. She's an Australian by birth."

Charlotte got up suddenly. Lunch was over. She went and fiddled with her new hat and veil at the long pier-glass at the end of the room.

Gertrude, almost tearful, bent forward confidentially at once. "I don't know what will happen to Charlotte after this. She hadn't left her bed for forty years. Did she tell you?"

"She told me." He was grave, and yet there was the subdued snigger—for it was the queerest story he had ever heard.

He was two men—in two moods. He was Sir Joseph Johnson, to whom idealism was an obstruction to success and therefore ridiculous. He was also the enamoured young blacksmith. Charlotte had stayed in bed forty years because she could not have him. And there she stood at the end of the room, the most marvelous woman in the world. If he had come home from Australia single—Oh, he was an old fool and a traitor! He crumbled a bit of bread upon the cloth.

"Anything might happen now," Gertrude was saying, in a gruesome voice.

"You never know"—he looked up, and even she, dear, dull soul, saw the wild, sudden gleaming of his eye—"when people retire from business—and bed has been hers—"

"They usually die," said Gertrude.

"Die!" He was crisp. He flung round in his chair to look at Charlotte, still nervously fiddling with her smart hat; he yearned to that graceful young figure. "You can't imagine her dying."

"Death comes to all of us," returned Gertrude in her Sunday voice.

"Oh, she'll live to be a centenarian." His head was still turned away as he spoke.

"But will she take to her bed again, Joseph? That's the question."

"She may turn into a globe-trotter. She must come to Australia and look us up. My wife—Lady Johnson— Anything might happen!"

"A globe-trotter? Heaven forbid!" Gertrude had never been more vigorous. "Why, I can't even sit with my back to the engine without feeling sick, so what would a sea voyage be?"

"Lady Johnson is like that," he returned, mechanically.

Charlotte was skimming down the long room in her delicate biscuit colors.

Sir Joseph felt that he was choking. He was touched beyond endurance. Could he let her go away? He was a boy reaching out for fairyland. Charlotte might be no good for the daily things. She was nothing but the delicate embroidery of life. She could not clothe you entirely. Oh, but he wanted her! He was a young blacksmith passionately beating iron again and kissing a girl by stealth, in the dusk when he could. Charlotte had to-day renewed his youth. She had aroused his slumbering sense of pure romance.

"Oh, Charlotte! I'm so glad, my dear." Gertrude leaned her sharp shoulders against the deeply padded back of the first-class compartment.

They were going home. The smoke of London had given way to its suburbs. Charlotte was looking out—at rows of little houses and little lawns, and little washings hung out to dry.

"Glad, Gertrude!"

"Yes; that it is over, that we've got away. It was all most odd and uncomfortable. I simply dared not catch Chapman's eye, for she must have been laughing, just as he was."

"Laughing!" Charlotte gasped. "He wasn't."

"But, Charlie dear, nobody could possibly mistake it. A broad grin—and more than once." Gertrude was ineffably compassionate.

Charlotte was dry; she was stern; she remained looking out of the window at all that whirl of little homes along the

line. When they left off, when the prolific jerry-builder gave place to the austere countryside, her strained face sweetened. She looked in at Gertrude, who still was nibbling and who stared blankly in front of her.

"Are you afraid to catch my eye, too, Gertrude?" Charlotte was soft; she was scoffing and loving.

"Oh, Charlotte! he *was* laughing, poor man—and who can wonder! At his age! And yours! Of course it was ridiculous. I could laugh myself if I were not so devoted to you. For, as Chapman said, 'there is no fool like an old fool.'"

"She dared to say that?"

"Of Sir Joseph, darling; not of you. Chapman is never disrespectful."

"She was disrespectful—of Sir Joseph."

"My dear girl, he may call himself a baronet; he may be one, but—"

"He *is* one, Gertrude."

"I suppose he is; but he will always be just Joe the blacksmith to Chapman. He is Chapman's class."

"He *was*, of course."

"He is still, dear. Class is a thing that nothing changes. And then, didn't you notice at table that he—"

"No, Gertrude, I didn't. Please don't spoil him any more. You are killing me."

"It is kill or cure, my darling." Gertrude looked immensely anxious. All her life she had lived for Charlotte.

"I think you are right." Charlotte was serious; she appeared to ponder. "Yet I have never before admitted the value of proverbs. I have been angry with you for always having one ready to hand. Kill or cure!"

She turned to look out of the window again. They were within a few miles of home. She was thinking hard; she was adjusting herself. "No fool like an old fool!" He had said something like that! "We were young fools once, we mustn't be old fools now." Yet a moment before he had called her "Charlie" and his face had looked alight!

"Gertrude!"—she turned round, smiling brightly—"you are a seer!"

"Oh, Charlotte! I could never claim to be that; but I have got common sense. I wouldn't say a word against Sir Joseph, for just see how he has made

his way! He has papa to thank for that. If papa had not—"

"Am I glad that papa did?" Charlotte broke in, sharply.

She addressed not Gertrude, but the spinning countryside—all this panoply of landscape from which she had shut herself away through forty years. He had said, "I have your father to thank!" Gertrude was uncanny in her divination.

She was speaking again. Charlotte listened acutely, for more revelations.

"Such a good husband and father! You could see that with half an eye. How his face glowed when he referred to Lady Johnson! I do like to see that in a husband."

"Lady Johnson!" Charlotte fell back, her arms hung limply down.

"Charlotte! You are going to faint!"

"I'm not. Don't fuss. I'm trying to get used to her. It takes time."

"You've got to get used to a man's wife." Gertrude in her deep love was relentless; she was also immensely respectable, and a large part of her distress was due to the fact that she felt they had, by going to the Carlton, approximated to scandal. Charlotte had been running after a married man. That was how Gertrude put it, and how Chapman put it, and how (so Gertrude felt convinced, and she was probably right) Sir Joseph was putting it now. "I'm sorry I asked him down. It was good taste of him to refuse. I grant he has the instincts of a gentleman," she said. "I could see he was feeling that his wife might not like it."

"The wife wins," said Charlotte, opening her eyes.

"That is a shocking way of putting it, dear. A man has to keep in with his wife. Even bad husbands—"

"How worldly wise you are, Gertrude."

"Oh, Charlotte! I've kept my eyes open. And I haven't been lying in bed forty years."

"Well! And even bad husbands—"

"Keep in with their wives—unless they are fools or worthless. Sir Joseph is neither. He's a model. And one could see, all through lunch, that he felt himself in a false position. He was telling

me about the new grandson—tears in his eyes, almost. You couldn't help feeling attracted by the man."

"That's how I feel," replied Charlotte, "and how I've felt for forty years."

Gertrude observed a touch of the old airiness. Charlotte was bearing up.

Charlotte was doing more; she was dissecting herself, deciding what to do with herself. There must be for her no more airy imaginings—of this and that! She'd got to be a woman of the world—like Gertrude. And she was prepared to enjoy her life—since she had never lived one! She must put not only Sir Joseph Johnson the steel magnate, but young Joe Johnson the village blacksmith, clean out of mind—and out of heart! She must never think of the smithy any more, nor of wild kisses exchanged forty years ago beneath a great tree. She would accustom herself to walk fearlessly past that smithy, feeling nothing, remembering not at all. He had his wife and his children; he had his grandson, his title, and his fortune. He had his memory of her—if he cared to make a little joke of it!

"Darling!" Gertrude was almost impassioned; she had been watching the convulsed and changing face. "You must get resigned."

Charlotte laughed. "Resignation! How dull! I shall remain romantic—but I shall get up to breakfast every morning. I may even go for a walk before breakfast. I shall be one of those active old women."

The train slowed down. It drew in at the platform of the home station. They could see the carriage waiting for them in the dusty road; they could see the little mellow village, where the houses seemed to cuddle up round the church.

The station-master hastened to unfasten the door of their compartment.

"Got back, Miss Charlotte!" His broad old face beamed. "And all the better for your trip, I'll warrant."

Gertrude lovingly squeezed her sister's arm as they walked along the platform. "Oh, Charlotte, I do believe he's right! I never saw you looking better."

Charlotte said, smiling still, "What perfect tact that old man has!"



EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

IT must often be a question with the periodical essayist what the world will be like when his writing becomes another's reading. What, for instance, will the world be like without the sense of war which now weighs upon it like the atmospheric pressure? Will a time unimaginably but inevitably come when the dire stress shall be lifted, and will the coming of such a time be counted in days or weeks, or in years like the years which have passed already? Will that time come between this writing and that reading, between the beginning of June, say, and the ending of July? Such a prodigy would be the greatest of the prodigies that in their occurrence have benumbed perception, and wrapped the intelligence in a sort of trance which no struggle can burst.

One cannot, without folly ask one's self if peace will never come, because peace has always come in turn with war, or without treason to the cause which has consecrated this war as no war was ever consecrated before, and which must triumph. Yet the fact of war has become so habitual that we can as well imagine the lifting of the atmospheric pressure as the removal of that weight from the spirit. The fact of it wraps us like the casing air; it has become so effectively our being that we can scarcely recall the different events or aspects in which it has superseded peace. Can any one say just where and when he first saw a man in khaki? One can as easily date the preparedness parades, now that it seems the exceptional man who is in civil dress. How distinguishable in time is the lunge of the Germans through Belgium from the assassination of our own people in the *Lusitania*? Did two years separate those events, and by what successive processes did the American mind evolve the purpose of doing justice upon the murderer-nation in our stupefaction

from that horror? Was there once really a question with many of us whether there was not some right on the side of the enemy who was as much against us at the beginning as now? How long is it since the mother who now self-devotedly gives her son to the country was singing "I did not raise my boy to be a soldier"? The change which we cannot date is no more questionable than the fact that the last election turned in favor of the President who "kept us out of war," and whom we have now eagerly followed into it and whole-heartedly trust to guide us through it. Was there once actually a mood of their madness when the Germans imagined that we could be taught that their barbarity was the ultimate form of civilization? Just when did the doctrine of the German apostolate turn to the insult of German diplomacy?

We cannot seize the past and separate its particulars from the mass, or satisfyingly date them; and the most we can do with the present is to realize our experience of the national mobilization in such phases, vague and desultory as have shown themselves to each of us. One, for instance, who arrived with the spring of this writing when it came slowly up from the latitudes where it had been summer all winter, found a solidarity in the effect from South to North which could not have been imagined of their long disaffection. It was a vision, brokenly glimpsed, of our people in their fraternization with the allied peoples beyond seas, though in the retrospect our mobilization really began with the invasion of Belgium. Nobody ever truly believed, no matter how fondly so many fancied, that we could be kept out of the war if the war kept on; and the battle-planes which the northing witness left soaring in the sky of all but southernmost Florida seemed to have been as wonted there as if they had mounted at

the sound of the first gun fired upon the defenders of Liège. It was in all but northernmost Florida that the khaki-clad conscripts began their frequentation of the streets, and one began to see them full of the beauty of their youth, with that look of goodness in their faces which was as if reflected from their mothers' faces, but was yet their very own, and which, if it could be kept somehow, would remain the composite likeness of the embattled nation. They pervaded the old Spanish town which is our oldest American town, and then they ceased from sight; but one night they were heard, in the darkness of a train halted on a siding, singing and laughing in a pause of their progress toward some nameless port to take ship for some other nameless port beyond seas. The sound of their young voices followed the northing traveler, and then with the daylight their faces came visibly back in the camps which increased from the dawning onward—camps unreal in their sort of metallic inflexibility, with the ranks deploying in morning drill before the rigid successions of outline in the cantonments.

When this effect passed the sense of national unity returned with the individuality of the youth in khaki. This was felt best when the scene changed from the political to the commercial capital, and the chemistry of New York reduced to its several atoms the life consolidated at Washington. Amid the overwhelming prevalence of civil dress the khaki ceased to characterize the swarming multitude; its wearers were no more mobilized than the civilians in the tremendous emotioning of the days when the French comrades of our own veterans from the battle-fronts, and the Australians and Canadians joined in the drive for the Liberty Loan, and symbolized the alliance for Liberty throughout the world. They brought the war home to us, and yet the war lost rather than gained reality from their visit; it became part of the holiday of their welcoming; it was like the rejoicing of a victorious peace. It was when one lost sight of the strange faces and uniforms of these generous comrades, and glimpsed now and then a son and mother walking silently apart from the turmoil

that the impossible fact of the war became verity again with the heartache of it. Such a son and mother in their segregation passed where no unification of high intents could companion them, but they were mobilized in the vision of their self-devotion to the great cause, and were as the spirits of the dead who have died for the right. Above all others they had the American look; but the exaltation of our youth had little of the hilarity or impetuosity imaginable of those bound on their great adventure. What one saw in their shapely and comely faces was the seriousness, the solemnity of the supreme hour, which had come to them and had not passed. But there is an eternal peace which washes the bloody coasts of all the wars and cleanses them of the misdeeds which are as the sands of them. Perhaps it is the essential incredibility of its cruelty which disables the mind from separably accepting the events of any war and leaves this worst of wars a mass of wickedness which no chemistry is capable of reducing to its components. Can any one say what the worst wickedness of the Germans has been? If you choose one there are always other crimes which contest your choice. We used at first to fix the guilt of them upon the Kaiser, but even by event we have come to realize that no man or order of men can pervert a whole people without their complicity. There was a moment when we thought that this or that sort of German was incapable of the things which they have all shown themselves capable of, or so nearly all that the exceptions have not appeared. There have been rumors of dissent from the faith which is always seeking and finding precipitation in some atrocity, but these rumors never harden into fact. It seems the doom of a whole people to go from bad to worse, and to mislead the peoples whom they have perverted by their friendship or spared by their cruel mercies. The Turk is a worse Turk with their favor than he would be without it, and it is doubtful if the followers of Mohammed would not be better Christians than the worshipers of the Old German God whom the Teutonic theologians have latterly discovered, if they were not partakers of the Germans' crimes. In their static nature these crimes

seem to have occurred in mass-formation and not separately; there is still the apparent simultaneity in them which there was from the beginning, and the continual purpose of evil forbids a distinctive cognizance of them. The bewildered observance fails to time the first crimes in their due priority. Were the air raids of London with their slaughter of women and children in their homes earlier or later than the long-distance bombardment of Paris with its butchery of women and children in their churches?

What is to change the nature of the Kultur which binds its victims in the delusion of an inhuman patriotism so that they cannot change with the passing of the days and years? Are they hopelessly forbidden to learn from the experience of all other mankind that the greatest good of life is charity, and with it modesty, so that they cannot learn from kindness to themselves that kindness to others is of like preciousness? What is the fell magic which holds them liege to their oppression in a dream of ruthless dominion, and makes them as eager to shed their own blood as the blood of their fellow-men? What has so possessed their souls with the love of their own slavery that they should wish to die in the endeavor to make it universal, and so holds them to it that they cannot wish to break from it?

Our own democracy is often the camouflage of demagoguery, but there is always so much kindness in it, so much hospitality that it welcomes the alien to a friendship unknown elsewhere in the world; and what is it, in the nature of the allegiance he was born to that makes the German alien, after years of American kindness, remain fast German, and willing to suffer for German tyranny as if it were something holy? What is it so infects his people that they should willingly devote themselves to the betrayal and destruction of those they have lived neighborly among? What fell necromancy had so abused the minds of Americans that there should have been

Pro-Germans among us up to the moment when their delusion became treason?

The questions detach themselves from the mass of experience accumulated in the four years of the horror which has possessed the world, and they are as bleeding as when they were fresh wounds. They pierce the new life of the nation, the consciousness of our unity with the world-in-arms against the world-danger, as they did not when we held aloof and tried to ignore our part of it. They are as centrifugal as the single facts thrown off by the mass of our unification with the nations allied for liberty, which re-embody themselves in it with its collective significance. Three Highland pipers stretched on the grass of a New York square expressed our kinship with the British Empire, which we had renounced; the sidelong glimpse of a passing French *poilu* claimed us of the Revolution which our Revolution inspired; a little company of Canadian infantrymen met in a Boston hotel became of our America, and two of them who swung in upon crutches were as if of our neighborhood, our household, our kindred. They had come to help in the Red Cross Drive, and if they had been Italians or Belgians or Portuguese they would have been of the same fraternity. They had become of our Universal Yankee Nation and they could never disown us any more than we could deny them, for they were of our faith in the liberty and equality which we had come into the federation of the world to proclaim and maintain.

Between this writing and that reading two months hence there will be rumors of peace and perhaps false offers of it from those who have no truth in them, and we shall bear our part in refusing these offers. Perhaps we shall bear a leading part, for we shall have come freshly to the struggle and shall not have known the extremity which our brother-peoples have reached during the years when they fought our fight without our help.



HENRY MILLS ALDEN

AUGUST seems to us the noon of the year. Of course it is not the astronomical noon, which comes with the summer solstice. The planet, Earth, has a way of her own—a contrary and backward way, which is not harmoniously correspondent with the celestial order, as indicated by solar determinations of equinoxes and solstices. Her longest day has passed weeks before she reaches the fullness of her summer heat and growth.

August, with its later and important grain harvests, lingers almost to the verge of autumn, which really expresses the wealth of the year, as summer expresses its luxurious growth, so slow to come to its consummation. Suns, shining by their own light, promptly respond to all astronomical expectations, even in their eclipses.

Not so this planet. It contradicts the sun by its very opacity. The earth makes up for opacity by her mobility, though in our earliest astronomy she got no credit for it; indeed, she is that wilful that only of her own motion will she have sunrises, noons, and sunsets.

Our theory of evolution presents this apparent paradox—that, in a procedure each successive stage of which seems to involve some surrender of power, the progressive specialization results in a constantly increasing spectacle of wonder, beauty, and significance. The macrocosmic order, veiled at its origin by nebulousity that covers we know not what hidden and quite, to us, incomprehensible wonder of power and wisdom, is finally, at least to our sensibility, eclipsed in interest and loveliness, by the microcosmic. Science discovers new veilings in every evolutionary advance, but these veilings are revealings, and the most wonderful revelations are incident to ultimate specializations—at the cir-

cumference more manifestly than at the central source. Here, too, excellence is qualitative rather than quantitative.

Thus our planet, to such sensibility and conscious intelligence as may be developed in rational beings thereon, has a wider and more varied scope of meaning and interest than the radiant center of all its light and warmth; and, in the course of planetary evolution, its latest emergence—that of the cell, which clothes the barren earth with an infinite variety of plant and animate life—is invested with the most fascinating interest.

Nor does the expanding cycle of wonder end here. The evolutionary series hitherto has been one of normal decadence, each descent and surrender of power for some ascent—until, with the emergence of the cell it would seem that all previous descents in the physical world had been for the rising of living organisms. But with the emergence of the human species the possibilities of ascent reach far beyond the realm of biology. In man it is the rising of the soul and, with this, all the implications of a creative faculty and sensibility not hitherto manifest in any earthly creature but, in him, finding explicit expression in the creations of Faith, Imagination, and Reason.

This new realm of psychology is no break in the continuity of the evolutionary series—excepting as there is a break at every point in that series. In Nature, continuity involves discontinuity, though never an absolute break or final closure. No new specialization is evolved *from* that which precedes it. The procedure is not mechanical, but genetic, and at every advance the reference is back to the central source of all power and wisdom; and, whatever surrender of power there may be at each stage it is compensated for by hidden channels of openness to that source,

yielding abounding stores of reinforcement. Also for each new emergence of life there are the advantages of accords and correspondences in the complex order to which it belongs. So we may dignify by designating as a formula of evolution the statement that, in such a genetic order, all separation is an illusion—the departure being the breaking of a union which still remains one, including the fragment. Thus the apparent contradiction involved in the special glory and excellence of life at the circumference of the whole specialized order is reconciled.

The planetary order of things becomes, therefore, the special object of intimate human regard, of closest study and interest. We do not wonder that Fabre, whose earliest researches were astronomical, should have transferred his attention during nearly the whole of his mature lifetime to the insect world. He certainly disclosed to us marvels of instinct in insects, of greater novelty and more fascinating interest than any he would have found in the heavens in a dozen lifetimes. We have no doubt that the sun is even more determinant of the planetary destiny than if the earth had never left the sun (a detachment which must be counted among the separations we have called illusions), or that the stars have more influence over us than even astrology attributed to them; but, if the stars are like our sun, we cannot take kindly to the idea of them as our future abode. We should rather haunt the earthly scene. The ghost seems kindlier when we call him a *revenant*.

It is with Earth's children very much as it is with their parental planet. All animate creatures, in so far as they are wholly within the domain of instinct, seem to inherit the characteristic dispositions which we have attributed to Mother Earth. Every new specialization exhibits some new and striking diversity and even contrariety. Thus the reptile becomes the bird. All are held within the bonds of generic harmony until we come to the human species, when an unprecedented form of contradiction confronts us. Here—at the very circumference of the cycle of creative evolution

—we come upon a being not only with unlimited possibilities of wilfulness and waywardness, but capable, through the intuitions of Faith and Reason, of escaping from all the apparently closed circles of Nature—thus, having recourse, beyond the range of all visible worlds, to the creative Source of all being.

This recourse, which is his religion and which was obscured under the Nature-symbols of Paganism and never clearly brought to light until the advent of Christianity, was not the only form of his detachment from Nature. Another form of it, and one more distinctively a departure from Nature, is his civilization, which is normal or abnormal according to his culture—that is, the things he cherishes, the values he most highly esteems.

Human faith transcends Nature, reaching to a divine kinship, but, save in its perversions, does not therefore repudiate any natural bond or affinity. Nature, really interpreted, is at one with the Gospel. So normal civilization, while it reaches its highest plane when dominatively determined by the truth, beauty, and reasonableness that spring from the creative human soul, still holds to the modulations of the planetary harmony, accepting the limitations thereof, which are really its greatest leverages.

Man is most human—most divinely human—when he lives nearest to Nature, thus cultivating in his own nature the supreme virtue of modesty. We are too much ashamed of the meekness and humility which the Gospel exalts and makes the condition of all human exaltation. "Peace and good will"—the slogan of the angels over the manger cradle at Bethlehem—has been too despitefully rejected of men, until now powers which exalt brute force have compelled the world to adopt it as the slogan of a holy war. The type of culture which these powers represent is as manifestly unearthly as it is unheavenly.

The mastery of mind over matter is the peculiar portion of man and, like all other planetary allotments, freely yielded to him in response to his patient labor and his harmonious adjustment to natural laws and elements. The lesson the planet teaches him is this: Behold I am your servant; serve ye one another.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

The Toy of Fate

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

I AM seeking a quiet place—quiet and inexpensive. I also wish it to be remote from my customary haunts, even lonesome. What I want is seclusion—I could stand oblivion. Let me explain my case:

I am quite a youngish person—being still under thirty-five—and by fifteen years of patient industry and laudable ambition have risen to the position of buyer in the woodenware department of Wickers & Tubbs, general housefurnishings, with a partnership in prospect. Possibly that does not sound especially romantic, but it has been so, even from the first. I had not been a week in the business when I met romance in it, in the person of Lavinia Tubbs, daughter of our junior partner. Having once looked upon her, I said:

"My future is assured; I will attend strictly to business, and in due time wed Lavinia and enter the firm."

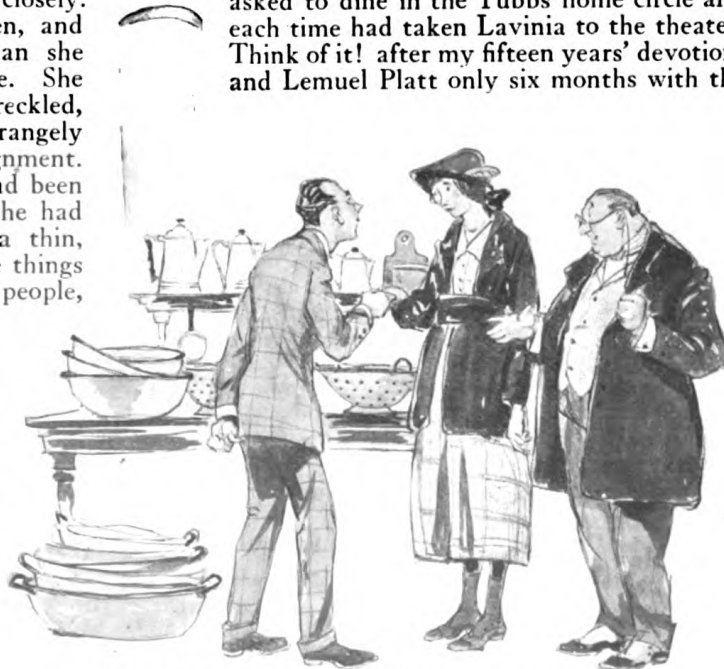
I did not regard this as a mad dream, not when I examined her closely. She was then about sixteen, and several inches taller than she should have been at that age. She was also underweight and freckled, and her nose, which was strangely long, was not true as to alignment. Her hair looked as if it had been left out in the weather; she had a droop in one eye and a thin, searching voice. Those things would have bothered some people, but they filled me with confidence. The competition was not likely to be brisk. A policy of watchful waiting was the thing.

"Beauty," I said, "is a snare. I know her true value. I will be a partner in the firm."

Through all the fifteen years since then I have served for Lavinia. Step by step I have risen from the basement to "sales," from "sales" to a desk in

the office. I have been not only industrious, but circumspect. Whenever Miss Tubbs appeared I have shown her delicate attention. Ezra Tubbs has invited me to his home and I have sat at his table. I have watched Lavinia fulfil the promise of her youth—seen her change from a bud to a blossom, from a blossom to a prune. I have been considerate, even complimentary. Quite often I have sent her flowers. I might have precipitated matters, any time during the past five years, I suppose, but I have never been as one blinded by love. All seemed going well enough. The thought of a speedy union with Lavinia, even for the sake of a partnership, was not compelling.

But then, last week, trouble began. The quiet idyl of fifteen years was marred—the fair prospect blurred. I learned with a real shock that Lemuel Platt of queensware "sales," a bald-headed old Methuselah of forty, had twice in the past two weeks been asked to dine in the Tubbs home circle and each time had taken Lavinia to the theater. Think of it! after my fifteen years' devotion! and Lemuel Platt only six months with the



I MET ROMANCE IN THE PERSON OF LAVINIA TUBBS

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firm! One of the other boys told me about it. He said Platt was going to follow it right up, and that I'd better get a move on me.

I do not approve of slang, but I thought his advice about developing motion good. I am prompt, once aroused. I wrote a note immediately to Miss Tubbs and invited her to accompany me to the theater on the following evening. I asked her to telephone acceptance, which she did, quite promptly. The carrying quality of her voice is certainly remarkable. I held the receiver away from my ear, for safety.

I did not know the character of the play we were going to see, but I know that I should have selected another. It was a comedy and many persons in the audience thought it funny. Miss Tubbs did not. The main character in it was an old maid whose name by some fatality happened to be Lavinia, and, what was still worse, she looked for all the world like Lavinia Tubbs herself. After the first act Miss Tubbs sat rigid while I tried to think of something to improve matters. I decided to invite Lavinia to have supper, at a good place. I reflected that there is nothing like food and gaiety to pacify the mind.

The play ended well enough. The spinster got rid of the man who was after her money and wed a humble but honest millionaire. Miss Tubbs, however, was still cool when we left the theater.

"I suppose of course you knew what the play would be like," she said, icily.

"Not in the least," I said, "and I thought it abominable. But I do know what the supper is going to be like. We are going across to the Café Beaumonde and have something very nice in a chafing-dish."

I knew Miss Tubbs would find something deliciously daring in the chafing-dish idea. She was, in fact, mollified, and we were presently in an inconspicuous corner, looking at the bill of fare.

"Let us have something very dainty," I said. "You know how to select such things."

That was the kind of remark to win her, but I wish she had not decided upon a Welsh rabbit and Bocko imitation beer. I suppose she thought it would look real frolicsome to be seen having a late rabbit and beer at the Beaumonde.

Miss Tubbs is never in better humor than when she thinks she is being frolicsome and sporty. That is why I encouraged the rabbit and the make-believe beer. That is why I told her about the lively doings of Greenwich Village, where the fetterless few disport themselves amid weird lights and decorations, and promised to conduct her to all those nice, interesting places some sweet

day—evening, I mean—though I have never been there myself except incidentally in the daytime, when it all looked shockingly frowsy, and anything but interesting.

Miss Tubbs was quite restored by the time the refreshments came, and, after a taste of the rabbit and a sip of the exhilarating Bocko, became really merry. She rested her elbows on the table, and with her cheek resting archly on her lightly folded fingers, she looked across the foaming Bocko and asked me to tell her something more of the unusual and fascinating things of life. She had been reading something of the occult of late. Was I interested in the occult? Had I ever visited a medium or attended a séance?

Ah, then the demon of my destruction patted me on the back. I knew something really amusing in that line, I said. Once long ago I had attended a series of table-tippings, and the results had been most wonderful and convincing until, quite by accident, I had discovered that the medium was tipping the table with her knee.

"Let me show you how she worked it," I went on, and, crossing one knee over the other and making a fulcrum of the ball of my foot, I slowly and mysteriously, quite in the mediumistic manner, lifted the table an inch or so from the floor.

Miss Tubbs uttered a startled little, "Oh, my, how wonderful!" which encouraged me to still further manifestations. I was quite elated in the feeling that Lemuel Platt was not really in the running with a person like myself.

"The table tips three times for 'yes,' twice for 'no,' once for 'I don't know,'" I said. "When very much pleased, it dances with excitement. Most of the spirit controls being Indian chiefs, they of course like to dance. I will now ask a few questions of Chief Big Wampum."

"Oh," said Lavinia Tubbs, "how lovely!"

I wished Miss Tubbs had a more subdued intonation and that other diners would resist looking in our direction. I modified my own tones to the lowest audible pitch. I said:

"Will the big chief please tell us if he is glad to be here to-night?"

The spirit of Big Wampum declared in three quite positive lifts of the table that he was. Lavinia Tubbs smiled and blushed.

"Will the chief please tell us if he is glad Miss Tubbs is here to-night?"

Three still more positive lifts of the table. Miss Tubbs became almost radiant. The shadow of Lemuel Platt had disappeared beyond the horizon. I quite forgot my surroundings.

"Will the chief please tell us if he thinks Miss Tubbs looks well in her lovely new evening gown?"

Three large lusty lifts, followed by the beginning of a war-dance. Only the beginning—just a few fancy steps, as it were—then, oh, curses! the side of the table next Miss Tubbs seemed to sink away and most of the rabbit and practically all of the Bocko beer went plunging into her lap. She jumped up with a shriek. Her napkin must have slipped down, for her new gown was plastered with rabbit in the form of a yellow apron, besides being soaked with Bocko. A waiter came running. We attracted general attention. Lavinia's voice would insure that.

"Take me home! Take me home at once!" she commanded. "Oh, I believe he did it purposely"—arraying herself thus publicly against me—"and he knew all about that horrid play, too! Just *look* at my dress!" which everybody did, and some remarked that it was a shame, while Miss Tubbs burst into tears.

I handed the waiter a bill and did not wait for change. Tears certainly did not help Lavinia's type of beauty. "Take me home!" was the burden of her refrain, and I directed my efforts solely to that end.

There was a line of taxicabs in front of the Beaumonde, but all engaged. I followed down the line, looking anxiously. Miss Tubbs came with me, repeating that she wanted to go home at once and did not care how she got there. I seemed to detect less acrimony in her voice, now that we were no longer on exhibition, and took this as a hopeful sign.

"Surely you know it was an accident," I

protested. "Not for all the world would I distress you so by intention."

"Accident or no accident, I want to go home," wailed Lavinia Tubbs.

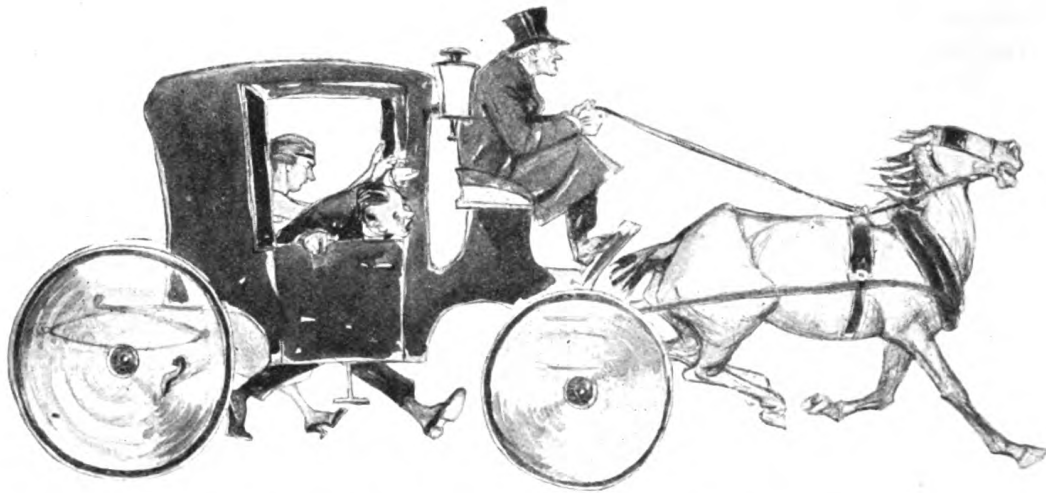
At the extreme end of the line there was an old one-horse coupé that ought to have been in the Metropolitan Museum collection. Words could not picture its dilapidation. Its driver was an equally musty relic, and stone-deaf. I had to climb upon the box and shout into his ear the number and street of Miss Tubbs's residence.

When we clambered inside, the place seemed unholy. I sensed that the cushions were tattered. Neither was it a comfortable vehicle. It was destitute of rubber tires and seemed without springs. We moved with a jerky jog, and when we crossed a car track we stood up a little, supporting ourselves on the frame of the front windows. When we turned into a cobbled street under the "L" we stood up still more. Occasionally Miss Tubbs moaned out something about what an evening it had been, and I could see that among other things she was now blaming me for the moldy old coupé. I spoke a few soothing words. Incidentally I was framing a general defense, and a declaration, already too long deferred. I meant to open my case as soon as we reached a smooth street, where we could sit down.

I did not do so, however. Just as we came to the smooth street there was a heavy bump, followed by a splitting sound and a sudden sinking sensation. The bottom of our ancient vehicle had disappeared, landing us on the ground. Not in disorder, however; still clinging to the front window-frame, we were trotting along briskly inside the cab.



SHE JUMPED UP WITH A SHRIEK



WE WERE TROTTING ALONG BRISKLY INSIDE THE CAB

"Oh! oh!" shrieked Lavinia Tubbs. "We shall be killed! Oh, my new dress! Stop him! Stop him!"

But this was a vain order. I yelled, and pounded on the window. The deaf old efigy on the box gave no sign. His aged plug of a horse seemed to hear, for he quickened up until we had to increase our speed considerably. Miss Tubbs wailed that she would certainly be killed and charged me with the deepest perfidy. I have a recollection of repeating over and over something to the effect that I was quite innocent of intentional wrong, that our horse was too old to go any faster, that the running was pretty good, that we only had to keep going to be quite safe. I might have begun my general defense and declaration, I suppose, but it did not seem a good time for it. The conditions were not sufficiently tranquil.

It was about four short blocks, and a half of a long one, to Miss Tubbs's home, though the distance seemed somewhat longer. Lavinia held out well, I must say. Being tall and spare, she was suited to such exercise. When I first knew her she was winning track events at school. Arriving at the house, I did not wait for the driver to get down. I opened the door, stepped through, and helped Lavinia to escape. Then I closed the door, paid the fossil and waved him away. I would not have tried to explain to that deaf old thing, feeling as I was, for a good deal. Let the next man do it.

To Miss Tubbs, however, my failure to protest was incriminating.

"You didn't say a word to him," she charged, hotly. "You had it all arranged—everything—the whole evening—all because I let Mr. Platt take me to the theater! You thought you would punish me, but it will be

you who gets punishment. I will speak to my father!"

I have a mortal fear of Ezra Tubbs. It is a legacy from my early days with the firm.

"Lavinia," I cried, "be calm. Do nothing until you hear from me. I will send you a love offering before I sleep. I will also write you fully what I cannot tell you in this late disturbed hour. Rest, dear Lavinia, and await my message."

I assisted her up the steps and saw her disappear. There was a florist's shop not far away where I had often ordered dainty tributes for Miss Tubbs. It being late, there was only a sleepy, stupid boy in charge, but I left my order. It was for roses, an extravagant quantity, but it seemed to me that the case warranted extravagance. I wrote the directions carefully on a card, and laid down one of my own.

"First thing in the morning," I said, "without fail. Put them on my account—Mr. Budd knows me—and, of course, put in my card. Now get that all straight," and I gave the drowsy idiot a little shake to loosen up his caked intelligence. That was a mistake, I suppose. It may have disturbed entirely his feeble mental processes.

I sought my room, and before I slept I laid my case fully and completely before Lavinia Tubbs. I told of my long years of devotion and how now in one evening a cruel fate by a series of fiendish events had undertaken to destroy me. I showed clearly how nothing on earth could ever induce me to give her a moment's pain, how, indeed, my single thought was for her happiness, and finally how one little word from her would make me the most fortunate and envied of men. It was a strong document. In the morning I would carefully revise it and let it follow

the roses, say by an hour or so, when Miss Tubbs should have fallen into a pensive and even sentimental mood.

I did not complete this plan. I was still in the midst of a light breakfast and careful revision when a note arrived per messenger, from Miss Tubbs herself. I seized it, pulsing with hope. Lavinia, renewed by the morning and greeted by my roses, undoubtedly had sent her tender forgiveness. I tore off the wrapper. The communication was quite brief. There was no beginning. It said:

You are probably reveling in the thought of your fiendish revenge. But your last step this morning, your "love offering," is not to be tamely endured, even by one so amiable and forgiving as I.

Let me look upon your face no more. All relations between us are ended. It may possibly interest you to know, however, that I am by this same messenger accepting a proposal of marriage, found awaiting me last night, from Mr. Lemuel Platt.

LAVINIA TUBBS.

You will admit that this was staggering. I sat down, trying to grasp it. "Your last step this morning"—what did she mean by that? My last step had been forty dollars' worth of roses. "Your love offering"—the roses, of course! Ah!—I reached weakly for the telephone, and in a moment more I knew. A tide of apology from the floral Mr. Budd made all clear: that torpid flower-boy had misunderstood completely.

He had sent them up C. O. D.

In No Hurry

"ALL the little boys and girls who wish to go to heaven," said a Sunday-school superintendent, "will please rise."

Whereupon all, with the exception of Sammy Scruggs, rose.

"And doesn't this little boy want to go to heaven?" asked the superintendent, in surprise.

"Not yet!" said Sammy.

Changed His Mind

MUCH against his wishes, Bobby was undergoing a vigorous bath. Mother was a little severe in her rubbing, and Bobby glanced up angrily and sputtered out through the soap, "I don't like you—"

He was warned not to repeat that. When the cleaning process began again he repeated, "I don't like"—Mother's hand was raised quickly—"the Germans."

No Half-Measure

LITTLE Bobbie, as the elder of the two children, was occasionally given the privilege of saying the grace for the family. One day—all heads bowed—little Bobbie was offering grace when, just as he solemnly uttered, "Give us this day our daily bread," little Mary interrupted by punching him in the side, whispering, "Ask Him for pie, Bobbie."

Essential to Industry

A YOUNG negro registrant, claiming exemption, was asked, "How many people are dependent on you?"

He replied: "Two, sah. Paw, he depends on me to find washin' for Maw; and Maw, she depends on me for to hunt wood-choppin' for Paw."

Seeing Not Always Believing

HENRY'S mother had cautioned him about eating too much when he was invited out.

One day the little boy was visiting a rather cross old aunt and after he had asked three times for more dessert she exclaimed:

"My goodness, child, you do certainly eat an awful lot for such a small boy!"

"Well, Aunt Grace," replied Henry, somewhat conscience-stricken, maybe I'm not so little as I look from the outside."

Proof Positive

IT was a very dejected little Marguerite that came rushing to her mother not long since. Indeed, the kiddie had been crying, as her red eyes attested, and she sought refuge in her mother's arms with the heart-breaking announcement that the Lord didn't love her any more!

"Mercy, child!" exclaimed the mother. "You mustn't say that! Why the Lord loves everybody!"

"He doesn't love me, mother!" wailed Marguerite. "I just know He doesn't! I tried Him with a daisy!"

Taking It Out In Trade

A YOUNG darky in the South, who was of very limited means, took unto himself a wife. Upon the conclusion of the marriage ceremony he proffered to the minister three twenty-five-cent pieces.

"Dese is about all I's got, parson," said he, regretfully. Then, observing a disappointed look on the face of the clergyman, he added, hastily, "But ef we has any chillun, we's goin' to send 'em to your Sunday-school."

Sabbath Observance

MARION, aged five, in a room alone was suspiciously quiet one Sunday morning. Her mother called, "What are you doing, Marion?"

"Just playing, mamma," she answered.

Her mother, who belongs to the old-fashioned school, said, "Don't you know it is wrong to play on Sunday?"

Quick as a flash from the modern five-year-old came: "But, mamma, I'm playing it's Tuesday."

Felicitous

THE newly elected Governor was paying an official visit to the State Prison, during the course of which he was ushered into the chapel where the convicts were assembled in a body.

The chaplain had presented him to the company, remarking that the Governor would doubtless have something to say.

"But," whispered the startled Governor, "I haven't anything to say, and I couldn't say it if I had!"

The chaplain replied, "I beg your pardon,

sir, for being so premature, but as I have committed you so decidedly, I see no way out of it."

Whereupon, with a sigh of apprehension, the Governor delivered himself as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen!—No, no; I don't mean that—gentlemen and fellow-citizens! No, I don't mean that exactly, either—but—but, well, men and fellow-prisoners, I can't make a speech. I don't know how to make a speech—and so—so—well, about all I can say is, that—that I am very glad to see so many of you here!"

The Laborer Worthy of Her Hire

THE members of the missionary society had assembled to turn in their money, and to relate the difficult and amusing experiences in earning, each, her dollar.

"Sister Lamm, how did you earn your dollar?" asked the chairman.

"I got it from my husband," replied the good sister, tendering her money.

"Oh, but that is not earning it," remonstrated another sister.

"No?" asked Mrs. Lamm. "Then you don't know my husband."



BEST MAN: "Hooray! I've got written permission from the Food Controller to throw ten grains of rice after them"

Had Gone the Limit
MR. HICKS, a Maine housewife, is so painfully neat that she makes life miserable for her family. One of her rules is that all members of the household must remove their shoes before entering the house.

"Bill," she remonstrated one day with her husband, "I found a grease spot on one of the dining-room chairs and I think it came off those pants you wear in the shop."

A brief silence ensued, then a volcanic eruption. "Well, Mirandy, for the last fifteen years I have taken off my shoes every time I come into this house, but I'll be hanged if I'll go further."

A Lost Privilege

AFTER the wedding breakfast a Boston groom happened to notice that one of the guests, a very young man, wore a gloomy expression clearly indicating that he was not having a good time. So the newly made husband approached the youth with the idea of cheering him a bit.

"Have you kissed the bride?" he asked, with fine magnanimity.

Whereupon, to his great chagrin, the gloomy youth replied:

"Not lately."

Deserving of Something

A CONSTABLE in a Western town recently entered the office of a magistrate, bringing with him a supposed fugitive from justice in another state. The constable evinced considerable eagerness with reference to the reward of five hundred dollars which, he understood, had been offered for the apprehension of the fugitive.

"But," protested the magistrate, "this man doesn't answer the description sent us. He has no deep scar on the forehead."

"Well," said the constable, "I think I am entitled to at least four hundred of the five hundred dollars for bringing him here. It was no easy job."



"Gee, Nellie, I'm not goin' to take any chances o' that bein' German!"

Inconsistent

"HARRY," said the teacher, sternly, "as a punishment for neglecting your lessons to-day, you must stay after school and write the word 'fail' one thousand times."

"How can I, teacher?" asked Harry. "You told us yesterday there was no such word!"

A Close Call

TWO young physicians in a Western city who were struggling to get a foothold in their profession met one day and exchanged views touching things of interest. Presently the talk turned to the last case one of them had handled.

"Yes," remarked the young medico, "the operation was just in the nick of time. In another twenty-four hours the patient would have recovered without it."



"What was that man saying to you?"

"He asked me my dolly's name"

"Well, I hope you didn't tell him. For all you know he may be a German Spy"

Preparing for the Inevitable

"THEY'RE tellin' me," said Mrs. Murphy, "that ye're wur-kin' hard night an' day since you was up before the magistrate for pushin' yer husband about."

"Yis, Mrs. Murphy," said Mrs. McIntyre. "His Honor said that if I came before him ag'in he'd fine me foive dollars."

"An' so ye're wur-kin' to kape out of mischief?"

"On th' contrary, Mrs. Murphy, I'm wur-kin' hard to save up for me fine."

Why Worry?

LITTLE Edward had not come up to his parents' expectations in his studies, and an explanation was demanded.

"Why is it," asked the father, impatiently, "that you are always at the bottom of the class? You never seem to get anywhere else. I should think you would feel ashamed!"

"I can't see that it makes any difference whether I am at the top or the bottom, father," replied Edward, pacifically. "You know they teach the same things at both ends."

A Hard World

(Women don't understand these things)

OH, gee! I can't make Mother see
That when Dad gave that ball to me
I didn't *mean* to break the glass,
Or hit the people when they pass,
Or trample up the flower-bed,
Or bump Louisa on the head,
Or finish out the game before
I did the errand at the store.

I never thought of running far
In front of that old touring-car
To get the ball—but three-old-cat
Just makes you jump when Bud's at bat.
And when I said I never thought
To do a thing I hadn't ought,
She acted 's if I'd *wanted* to!
And just said, "There, now, that will *do*!"

And now the ball is put away—
She says until I learn to play
'Thout breaking things, and hitting folks.
I know when it's no use to coax—
But I don't care!—f I play at all
I can't play silly, sissy ball!
I've got to throw—and bat—and run;
A fellow's got to have *some* fun!

EDNA KINGSLEY WALLACE.



Painting by C. E. Chambers

Illustration for "The Last of the Argonauts"

"BUT, CAPTAIN, IT'S THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME"

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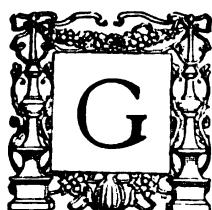


The Soul of Fighting France

SOME SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES AND WAR-TIME SUPERSTITIONS

BY NINA LARREY DURYEA

President of the Duryea War Relief



GERMANY has prosecuted this war for material profit by force of intellect, highly developed along scientific lines, but utterly devoid of spiritual co-operation. The mentality of her masses has been permitted to reach only the point of comprehension without initiative, and they have remained outside that magic circle where the finer powers of the soul give counsel and balance, raising men above the level of clever brutes. Germany's ambition was to do evil well; and this she has accomplished with astuteness and far-reaching efficiency, enabling her people to play their atrocious parts without revolt or shame.

But in France it is the soul which dominates her martyrdom. Her highly developed intellectuality is undisputed. Bismarck himself said that France was the only civilized nation; but her civilization is a secondary factor in her indomitable force. The spirit, with its loftier and finer perceptions, its power to endure, its indifference to material necessities, is defeating German intellectuality. Never, in the history of man, has the superior force of the soul been so clearly exemplified.

All religions are an expression of faith, though dogma through the ages has dimmed its purity. But this war has cleared the spiritual vision in France, and beauties of the soul, once dim and evasive, have become real and near, lending the individual a dignity and

poise which renders life a privilege and death merely a natural and kindly deliverance from an inadequate body.

Under conditions which permit death so free a hand, living has gained an impetus unknown before, because of the nobility of the purpose animating all men. It has enabled them to surmount every disaster and to survive, whereas in peace natural forces would have succumbed. France, having sacrificed every material thing which makes life possible, lives on, calm, strong, her spirit walking with God above that bloody arena where civilization welters breast to breast with German kultur.

This flowering of the soul of France affects different classes in different ways, but one common result is evident—a greater intimacy, not only between men of all classes, but a greater intimacy with their own souls. Living for an ideal in constant proximity to the next world, each man feels a certain new intimacy with God. His religion means more to him, but its forms he has learned to do without if necessity compels. A poilu, when asked how he did without a priest for confession at the front, replied: "Ah, madame, these things arrange themselves. If there is no priest at hand, I confess directly to the good God. And I have come to love the intimacy." He voiced the general trend. He had become more intimate with God and incidentally with his own soul.

Among the peasant class superstition retains its place, but that also has undergone a change. The people are be-

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coming dimly aware of forces which the more educated classes include in their vocabulary on psychology. The future state is no longer a simple matter of two conditions, good or evil; for both life and death have become more complex. Fear of the latter has disappeared and the poilu, lying in a shell-crater under bursting shells, thinks less of hell than of heaven; less of the devil's horns, hoofs, and tail than of angels affectionately disposed toward him, awaiting to escort his soul to Paradise.

But the poilu's conception of Paradise has also undergone a change. Eternity is no longer compassed by an abyss of horror below and a realm of unending bliss above, for each man is inventing theories of his own, of course quite in keeping with the ethics of the Church. One hears on every side such expressions as "When I go on." Or, "Tell my wife that I shall remain near her, and to fear nothing." Or, "The good God would surely not take me so far away that I could not watch the battle and know the result."

The writer, assisted by a one-legged hero in a weather-stained uniform, was caring for a lonely grave in the Somme. He had survived many Hun onslaughts; his wife was a slave in Germany, his home a blackened ruin, and his children, God only knew where. He contemplated the rough cross with a smile.

"Madame, never believe that such as he are dead. No! they live, and not far away yonder among the clouds, but here, close to us, part of us. Their souls mingle with our souls, lending them added strength. With each battalion of living men there is another battalion of souls which lead us to victory. The Germans have not these battalions, for they have no souls. Therefore, when a Boche dies, his usefulness is ended. Our dead remain with us, making us greater than our natural selves. How do I know? Ah! men learn strange things on battle-fields. Does not every man know that the battle of the Marne was won by the dead?"

This astonishing statement is not unique. One meets such ideas couched in different terms in all classes. No less a personage than the military commandant of Roye affirmed that the battle of

the Marne was a miracle. He was not particularly orthodox in his religious faith; rather he was a free thinker, but he assured me that no military explanation for the flight of the Hun was technically adequate. A high military official at Verdun last June affirmed this same belief, adding with conviction that the war would end suddenly by a similar manifestation of divine control. A professor of the Sorbonne remarked:

"When will this war end? I know not, but suddenly it will vanish as quickly as it burst upon us, for, God having taught France to endure sorrow with dignity and patience, German force will become as running water."

One black night at Rambervillers, where every chink of light was obliterated that taubes might not find their way, I was taken to the exact spot where the Teutonic hordes had turned and fled, within ten minutes' walk from that large, rich, and feebly defended town. Its terrified inhabitants had listened to that grim tread along the road. Suddenly there had been a silence, then a medley of sound, cries, sharp orders shouted in vain. And on that road, among meek apple-trees, there was panic, flight, unreasoning terror, as those mighty hosts fled back along the route they had come in wild disorder, regardless of all else save self-preservation from—what? They passed through villages like stampeding brutes, ignoring everything save flight. White faces peered from shuttered windows at faces no less blanched than their own as that dreaded enemy passed and vanished into the night.

I questioned a curé, a doctor, a shopman and his wife, and French soldiers, and they gave no other explanation for this phenomenon than that other than military forces were responsible. Later, I questioned a German prisoner, and his reply was to the effect that the devil had disguised himself as a general and thus brought disaster to the German troops.

The ordinary French poilu thinks little and reasons less, but his intuitions are highly developed. Hudson affirms that the gray matter of the brain is merely the result of a corporeal necessity, evolved by that necessity to serve the body only. He also affirms that a finer, inner

intelligence is baffled and restricted by the intellect and remains too little utilized. Thus, the very absence of intellectual development leaves that force freer to act, as when a bird finds last year's nest across the world. Those saints who laid claim to the power of performing miracles were rarely highly educated, which perhaps explains why modern life produces so few saints. Free education, public libraries, telephones, and telegraphs open men's brains, but perhaps cloud the soul. In France it is largely the uneducated people who seem to live in greater intimacy with the other world. Their confidence in and respect for unseen powers is a force to be reckoned with. It lends them superhuman strength, renders them indomitable, as Germany has discovered to her cost; enables them to sacrifice everything they possess, all they love, endure martyrdom with equanimity, accept disaster with a large faith in ultimate readjustment, and accomplish these wonders with an utter modesty and simplicity which have won the admiration of the world—even of Germany. They have retained faith in the beneficent intentions of the Creator and bless Him as the giver of all good things, though their gardens may show only a crop of exploded shells and the roof of their home reposes in a water-filled cellar. The old and the young fill battle-scarred churches, and prayer and praise still ascend as incense to skies reddened by their burning villages.

At Baccarat in the Vosges back of the battle-line I attended vespers in the roofless, windowless cathedral. Snow drifted down on black-robed women, and among broken pillars soldiers knelt, preparing their souls for a possible death on the morrow. From the broken altar where no lights gleamed the intoning voice of the priest rose and fell, invoking aid and comfort for those heroic and bereft people. The very spirit of France brooded there, surmounting horror, ignoring booming guns, rising triumphant to heaven whose august dome roofed tragedy.

Among the broken masonry of a little square in the midst of which a crucifix remained unmarred, an old woman knelt at prayer. In outstretched hands she

lifted to the pitiful Christ what, to her, represented all her remaining fortune—her last potato, which, when she rose, she laid at His feet. I asked her why, and she replied, "Alas! I have no more potatoes, and did not the Christ assure us that we should receive that for which we prayed?"

Needless to say she received, and who shall say that my wandering feet were not controlled by a beneficent force to prove her faith was not in vain?

But faith is not the prerogative of the poor and ignorant. The wise who thought their wisdom precluded belief have come also into a spiritual kingdom. A great surgeon whose name is well known to the world showed me through wards where men who had almost been blown to pieces lay in peace. No disinfectant burdened the air, no white faces were twisted with that familiar effort to suppress cries of agony which wring the heart more than sound. I asked the surgeon to show me through a microscope those minute organisms which moved through a gray void—the malignant in pursuit of the weaker which were hunted and killed, exactly as Germany has pursued and destroyed weaker nations.

I turned to him with discouragement, saying: "It is war, monsieur. It pervades creation. It is evidently a natural law and humanity has no escape. Where is a benevolent Providence and where is the soul of man?"

One should remember this great scientist's reply. "Madame, before this war I was a confirmed questioner and doubter. With all my intellect I searched men's bodies for some proof of the existence of a soul, and found none. I fell back on two codes: that might is right and that the strongest law of the material world is that of self-preservation. Like Germany, I founded my creed upon such fallacies, omitting and denying any spiritual factor. But I learned better, for there is another law abroad in the world to-day which cannot be denied—a law as old as the creation of man. Tell me, madame, why are you here? Why am I here? Why are these wards filled with broken men who do not complain, though they have sacrificed every material thing for an ideal? Why are fas-

tidious women scrubbing filthy bodies in hospitals and sending those they love to die, while they and their children endure every hardship? Why does that bulwark of human flesh along our frontiers hold year after year at bay forces of superior physical strength? Why does the civilized world (which does not include Germany, who fights for profit) sacrifice every material thing, that unborn generations may possess happiness and peace? Why does humanity give up wealth with prodigality and personal ambitions sometimes dearer than life itself? Why does this gigantic struggle continue when peace might be had at the price of dishonor?

"Because, madame, there is a force stronger than any law of the material world—the force of the spirit! It controls man to-day; it controls destiny; it will decide that this sphere is not a mote spinning through space inhabited by a highly developed animal called man, but a theater of events pertaining to the spirit—a mighty force, sublime, part of God Himself. The first time I saw a battle-field cleaned up under the stars I seemed to see, above the pieces of rent human flesh, radiant angels trying to make me understand that the death of the body was a perfectly unimportant and insignificant thing—that it was not *how* a man died, but what he died *for*, that mattered."

Thus, if we could eliminate as unimportant the destruction of the material and remember only the spiritual force at work, even war would lose its horror. Rather, one would realize that never in the history of the world has the soul's beauty and power been so predominant as when bodies are being blown to pieces on so vast a scale. Humanity is proving that "self-preservation" is not the law, but that the ideal is the law, and it is the soul which overcomes the former and upholds the latter.

Much has been said regarding the Angels of Mons and but little proved, though in these days it is unwise to deny that anything is possible, for the horizon of mental and spiritual research is ever widening. After all, man's five feeble, inadequate senses are pitiful material with which to comprehend the universe. What we do know is but the shadow

of realities beyond our understanding, and yet we are prone to deny what we cannot understand. It is easier than to search for truth and flatters our self-love to build our knowledge on mythical hypotheses. As a certain general remarked when alluding to the Angels of Mons: "It is no more absurd to believe in such manifestations than for our forebears to have scoffed to derision the possibility of men walking upside down on the earth's surface and not falling off into space. Later the law of gravitation was discovered, which made a seeming miracle become a natural procedure. There are doubtless other laws which also may explain or reveal 'miracles.'"

There have sprung to notice in France so-called "prophets," not the charlatans who for five francs will foretell romantic or heroic events amid terra-cotta plush divans and Egyptian deities made in Manchester. These do indeed ply a lively trade, and crystal-gazing, palmistry, and astrology thrive on the credulous. The law winks at them, for, as an official explained, "they assist in keeping up the courage of the ignorant, because no fortune-teller would be so disinterestedly tactless as to prognosticate anything but fame, love, and fortune for value received."

But around camp-fires, amid the wreckage of villages, strange tales are told of prophecies come true. M—— lies directly on the firing-line, with Germans all about on surrounding hills. They hold another village not more than two miles away, within walking distance from where M—— is surely a temptation to shells. It is said that an old man, whose only daughter was carried off by a German officer, cursed him before his own life was forfeited and prophesied that not one rood farther would the Huns ever advance. He defied them with his last breath, saying that M—— would remain untaken and untouched within sight of German guns, and, although nearly three years have passed, this prophecy has held true. The fact remains that M—— remains intact and its inhabitants live their lives in apparent fearless security.

The writer climbed up on to No Man's Land from a trench near the town, with only a thick fog between it and the

German lines across the sodden field. And yet, except for being forbidden to speak and being ordered to walk ten paces apart, that no massed shadow might betray our presence, no other precaution was taken save to don a gas-mask and steel helmet. The faith of the soldiery so effectively communicated itself that not even a pleasurable thrill of fear added to the piquancy of the situation, and we reached our goal conscious only of that silent line of incarnate hate which coils across those hills and valleys, apparently baffled and impotent.

In the evacuated region one heard of a woman of education who, eight months before America declared war, had lost her mind from too much suffering. It was said she possessed the gift of prophecy. One evening this distraught creature appeared in our garden where kultur had cut down trees, uprooted currant and rose bushes, and polluted the well. The woman wandered to and fro unmolested, as though searching for something, until she reached an American soldier who had neither moved nor spoken. Becoming aware of his presence, she asked, "Who are you?"

He saluted and replied, "An American soldier fighting for France."

"Perhaps you can help me," she said. "I had four sons. One lies beneath the snows of the Vosges; one rots on the bed of the sea; one fell from heaven, I know not where, and one—lay here, on my breast, soft and warm and—mine. But strange men came with spikes on their heads. There were great noises, raging, and cruel happenings. At last there was a vast noise and blackness. When it passed I saw my baby lying in pieces. Those men kicked the pieces and laughed and then put them in a box and took them away. Can you tell me where they are?"

Without waiting for a reply, the woman walked on, peering about for that box which held the baby she had loved. Again she approached the soldier and as, though for the first time, she said, "Who are you?" and again he made the same reply. Then a dawning comprehension seemed to pierce her brain and she touched his sleeve and groped over the national insignia of his rank as she reiterated the word—"American." Then

she stepped backward and with up-raised arms burst into a sort of biblical rhapsody:

"A great host shall come in numbers like the stars of heaven. The sea shall bear them. Justice shall be upon their banners and Liberty shall be their cry. Their tread shall shake the fortresses of the proud. The great King shall hide his face in fear and shall seek for safety and find none, for the curses of his people shall rise like flames about him and he shall walk in the blood of his children. Hasten the coming of that mighty host, O Lord God! Make clear their way. Let the shining presence of our glorious dead be about them, for they shall bring—peace!" She moved away, searching for her dead baby. It is to be remembered that she could have had no knowledge of America's entry into the war.

One is frequently asked whether France is tired of the war. In a sense she is; as is the whole world, including those who instigated it. But France has left others to prate of peace. Those waves of gray, helmeted men who twice have swept northern France, leaving a spume of blood on their inevitable retreat, have to reckon with a spiritual force which they neither understand nor consider at its proper value. Since war began, the French have usually been outnumbered, yet remain undefeated. When the Huns were speeding through Italy like a knife through cheese, it was the shabby poilu who was largely responsible for their arrest. When England's glorious army was being forced nearer and nearer the Channel, contesting every inch with sublime courage, again it was the poilu who stemmed the tide. His stocky body in its weather-stained, untidy uniform is ever the barrier against disaster. But that body is not the prime factor, but rather the spirit which animates it.

One finds running all through the armies of France the deeply rooted belief that they are chosen by God to kill and kill and kill Germans till that race is purged of its sin in its own blood. The poilu will count on his battered fingers the number of Huns he can account for, not with malice, but satisfaction, as of a duty well done. An officer will point

out German graves from his saddle without a trace of vindictiveness as: "So many!" saying, "It is long, our task, but we have all the time there is to do it in." The French soldier, paid five cents per day for the privilege of being blown into eternity, lives through the years of war in cold, mud, want, hunger, and finally dies with cheerful equanimity, absolutely certain that God will not count his sacrifices vain, but that later, just a little later, the *great end* shall be accomplished toward which the soldier did his part.

It is a common thing for these poilus to claim that they see visions, and very proud is the man who can recount his experience with the occult. In St.-Dié sector the Christ is said to pass through the trenches the night before an attack. That sacred Wraith in trailing, luminous garments, a glory about Its head, bends here and there, touching men who smile in their sleep and awake convinced that their hour to die is near. And they arise and go forth under screaming shells with calm acceptance. Later in a first base hospital deep in some dugout, while a surgeon probes for a bit of metal in that mangled body, a feeble hand will wave protest and lips will plead: "Let me go in peace. The White Christ came for me last night." So well known is this superstition that a gaudily colored postcard is sold among the rear trenches, and many a woman has received one soon after the death of her husband or her son.

This apparent intimacy with spiritual powers gives the poilu dignity in his own estimation. He feels a bigger, stronger man than the Hun without a soul. In the Somme, the writer visited a number of cemeteries where the dead had rested in peace through many generations—until the Boches came. Then the tombs of the rich were blown open and the graves of the poor dug open that a wedding-ring or some trifle of value might be stolen. Those emptied graves gape to the sky their silent protest against German kultur.

The culture of France is of another order. Not a German grave in that region is untended. In my garden at Roye there were three graves of German officers beside two dead French soldiers,

each and all edged with privet and each with its inscribed cross. I asked the old woman who cared for them if she felt no bitterness.

She replied: "God and I think that a dead man has no nationality. Besides, madame, we who have souls may well pity those who have none. A dead German is dead and can do no more harm. Even the devil has no further use for him."

Therefore, when a Frenchman kills a German, it is as though he killed a rat or any other unclean pest, and he does it without rancor, but as speedily as may be, that the earth may be rid of that pest and become fit to live in. The poilu thinks little these days of Alsace and Lorraine, the lost coal-fields of France, indemnities, or political chicanery. The map of the world fails to interest him, and the government is a body which has his disapproval but little of his thought.

On a certain occasion an ex-apache, who as a soldier had attained a *Croix de Guerre*, remarked: "Break the law? La! La! La! Why not? They are made by men no better than I. But here at the front *le bon Dieu* is one's neighbor. One has to look sharp not to offend Him."

This spiritual evolution in France has a wider significance than merely awakened faith and mysticism. It is transforming the relationship between classes. At lunch one day Prince de L—y remarked, ruefully: "My valet has won the *Légion d'Honneur* while I have only the *Croix de Guerre*. How can I ever again ask him to black my boots?"

When a people is rising to heights where self is forgotten and pursuit of an ideal animates all classes, the result is an upheaval which will necessitate final readjustment. In France it is no longer what a man has, or what his ancestors were, but what the individual *is*. His soul is his principal asset, for the soul makes the man. Already one realizes that class distinctions are becoming vague; past prejudices, prerogatives, envy, bitterness are put aside in the spiritual largesse. Where once each man's inner life—which, after all, is the real life—evaded comprehension, present understanding has swept barriers away.

The peasant has discovered that the man of fashion who feared a draught and wore galoshes can grow hard and brown and a good sort amid the grime and danger of trench life. Vermin, soaked straw for a bed, water-clogged boots, and a coating of mud appear to agree with the fine gentleman whose hands are no longer manicured and who cheerfully rinses his tin plate. The peasant learns, to his astonishment, that monsieur may be as homesick for his wife and baby as he himself and that he has the same standards of life in many ways.

On the other hand, monsieur finds Jacques a delightful comrade, something of a philosopher, invariably witty, and sharing his own gallantry for the ladies. Monsieur speaks to his former servant as *mon enfant*, using "thee" and "thou" affectionately, and can, at a pinch, replace with secular consolation an absent priest, speeding Jacques on his upward way to heaven with tearful affection, embraces, and respect.

They have fought side by side, prayed together before a common shrine, perhaps huddled together in some shell-hole below German search-lights, confiding strange experiences with death, their neighborliness to God and His angels, with the mutual hope that the Madonna may keep her eye on their children, whose own mother, being with the Huns, can no longer care for them.

German disciplinarians would shudder to see monsieur lift Jacques to his saddle while he walked beside him, or to see an officer slap a poilu on the back and chaff him on his latest flirtation. German propriety would wince to hear Jacques allude to his great *maréchal* as "Papa Joffre." It illustrates a significant difference between French ethics and German kultur that when a decoration is bestowed in France an embrace goes with it, and not one kiss, but two from the lips of the general on the weather-beaten cheeks of the soldier, doubtless well scrubbed for the occasion. Can the civilized world fancy Hindenburg kissing a German peasant? France has no self-consciousness when its soul honors the great soul of an individual.

In the Somme the French government

loaned five Boche prisoners for heavy work. One of them, Fritz, aged twenty-eight, was uncommonly intelligent and even perused Daudet during the hour of rest among the few bushes not uprooted in the garden, where trees had been cut down and the well polluted. It is forbidden to hold converse with prisoners, but a lenient commandant permitted discourse with Fritz, whose confidence was gradually won by hot coffee, sugar, and American chewing-gum.

One day he was asked, "What do you really think of your Kaiser?"

An odd expression twisted his features and slowly he turned his face to the right and—spat! once.

That reply not being quite clear, he was asked, "What do you think of your Crown-Prince?"

Slowly he turned his head to the left and—spat! twice.

I replied: "Ah, now I understand, Fritz! We are of the same opinion. Tell me what you really think of the situation."

It was like taking a cork out of a bottle of champagne. He ran to peep over the wall for listeners, and then, casting aside his sullen stolidity as though a garment which had too long disguised and encumbered the actual man, Fritz spoke, fists in air, with vigor.

"Madame, in yonder prison across your alley there are three hundred and forty-eight men. Not one of us knew till we came to France that we were the only army trained by a system of personal insult and abuse. We did not know that there were officers who *led* their men over the top. We are driven, with an automatic at our backs. I, twenty-eight years old, have had to stand at salute while a boy officer slapped one side of my face and then the other, kicking me from his presence as though I was indeed the swine he called me, because the edge of my cuff was soiled. Perhaps madame fancies me a traitor to my country. No! I am no traitor to her, but I curse her methods and those in power who grind us to the dust that they may rule. They will cause the ruin of my beloved fatherland where no man is free save those at the top. My comrades and I speak much of the future, for now we hope to

live, being prisoners; but not many of us will ever return to the fatherland unless there are changes there. You ask what we will do? I know not, but we desire to go to America."

And so the soul of Germany is not quite dead, for it has been quickened by the soul of France.

Among the sand-dunes of Brittany superstition finds fertile soil. Bretons are less French than any other class in France, having retained their own language, customs, and beliefs. They have as little fear of death as have pagans, though they are deeply religious. A cemetery is a place where children play, and on fête-days it is the meeting-place for gossips and swains. Relatives go always once a week with flowers to deck the graves and tidy the wee shrines above them as they do their own homes.

A Bréton apparently is not entirely convinced that the dead has really departed to another world, but behaves as though the lost one were still near, hearing, seeing, and interested in his former associates. A discreet watcher will hear a widow say in a pleasant, conversational tone, while tending the grave:

"Was the rain cold on thee last night? I thought of thee when I lay with the children in our snug bed behind the lattice. Perhaps thou wouldst care to hear that Jean has twins. That has proved a happy marriage, though Marie had no other *dot* than her good looks. Also, the apple crop is of an excellence and next week we begin to make cider. *Au revoir*, my well-beloved. Sleep well, for all goes well and I have money in my stocking."

With a tender pat on the cross she will return home to her hard life, consoled by this chat with her husband.

But this war has brought forth a new crop of superstitions which do not make for comfort. A wounded poilu brought home a German helmet with vast pride and pleasure, and was chagrined when his spouse would have none of it. Was not that helmet impregnated with the diabolical powers of a child of Satan? Keep it in the house? *Jamais de la vie!* If a bit of St. Cecilia's robe could work good, a Boche helmet would work evil. The offending relic was filled with stones

and sunk into the sea, and the curé was then called to purify the house.

German prisoners mend the roads of Brittany and are decently treated by their captors, but civilians avoid them as though they were an infectious and deadly pest. Children stare at them from afar with fascinated horror, and women who have washed for them suffer boycott. The writer found a peasant, bitterly poor, who was splitting a chair into kindling-wood because a Hun had sat in it.

No civilian dares to nurse a Boche, but the Sisters, once again back in their domain after years of exile, soothe the last moments of a dying Hun.

These convent hospitals, whose windows boast no glass, because taxation in certain departments is gauged by windows with glass, have rarely any heat save pale sunshine throughout the winter. Mist and rain drift through the windows on pitiful pallets with straw mattresses, and for months in the beginning of the war no chloroform softened pain in those long, stone-paved, stone-walled wards. Moonlight is believed to purify and heal, and often wounds are opened to its beneficent influence.

Old age in Brittany is revered, both from natural sentiment and from a selfish desire to placate those who soon may "tell tales to God." Money is put aside for elaborate funerals that the dead may arrive in Paradise in a good humor. These people rarely see a newspaper and glean their knowledge of war solely from rare letters. The sea is believed to be a sort of barometer of affairs at the front, and when it beats in fury along that dramatic coast the Bretons cross themselves and tremble, for does that not mean the Huns are again disturbing God's world?

It is a healthy sign of a broadening of spiritual brotherhood that the East Indians are treated with respect and consideration. Their peculiar dignity of bearing coupled with their native refinement makes them popular. As an officer remarked, "The sun never saw a vulgar Indian." They have every facility given them to follow their religious rites and customs; cooking their own food untouched by polluting Christian hands.

Their dead are buried in their own graveyards, faces to the east, while the living have been promised that those sacred inclosures shall never be disturbed. Now and then one sees an Indian, lithe as a panther, peering in at the open door of a cathedral with wistful interest. As Krishna said many hundreds of years ago, "What matters the road if it leads to God?"

The spiritual development of children in France is a sadder theme. Happiness is the prerogative of childhood, the basis of its development, without which the soul of a child can no more flower than a rose without sunshine. But children have been born throughout France into poverty, fear, want, and suffering. In those devastated districts, or huddled in vast refugees' sheds in Paris, children have forgotten how to laugh and have not learned to play. Often their lives have unfolded in damp cellars or bomb-proof shelters, their sleep broken by shells and their days one long, paralyzing terror. Save for those who remain to love them, humanity is represented by cruel men with spiked helmets whose words were curses and whose gestures were blows. A tactless word might mean death; and darkness, deep in the earth, was better than smoked-filled streets above, where moving armies, explosions, and torn bodies made hell on earth. Often their mothers were carried off by those brutish men in carts, pleading in vain against separation from the huddled, frightened little ones who held out arms to them in pitiful faith that mothers could always prevent their being left alone in the big, uncomprehended world. But childish loneliness remained unconsolated, and, like leaves in a storm, they drifted out upon that strange void where dangers lurked and fear became their daily portion.

The curé, if not shot, endeavored to tell them of a Christ all love, of a God all-powerful, of saints and angels who watched over them to whom they must still pray. Doubtless for a time their prayers did mount above the reek of din and dust while bombs made debris of their homes. Doubtless they watched for miracles for which they prayed, but which were never wrought, so far as they

could see, in their favor. Dim memories of happier times faded. The Holy Mother and her Baby became to them only a shattered image on a ruined altar. The rustle of angels' wings, for which their mother had bade them listen when sleepy eyes closed, was lost in the crashing of their world. Germany's spiked heel trod faith in such beauties out of memory and spirit, for nowhere in that ruined world could they find love, peace, and security. To them the Christ became a dim memory coupled with cathedral aisles, kneeling figures under a solemn nave, and that mystical, pricking silence which stilled laughter, yet brought a strange joy.

And simpler faiths also faded. All the sweet imagery of childhood vanished away. Shell-craters replaced the magic fairy-ring; bluebells no longer rang for fairy weddings. Days were long when there were no longer dolls to love and dress, and to "play soldier" might bring death, as it did in Belgium to a six-year-old boy. St. Nicholas never came to blackened hearths. He, too, had vanished into that happy past when there had been a father who could spoil and chide and a tender mother who tied a ribbon in one's hair for Mass.

Among Germany's heavy responsibilities, none is weightier than the dwarfed and stunted souls of the children of France. If their faith is stronger in the devil than in the loving God, the Hun is to blame. If ambition, fearless honesty, self-respect, and mental and physical vigor are absent, Germany should pay. Let America, while pitying and consoling those bereft victims of kultur, look to it that Germany does pay.

When being shown through a ruined village by a small boy dangling between crutches (thanks to a German shell) we paused before the shattered altar of the little church. He was dressed in American gifts and vastly proud of them, and was repaying by much agreeability.

"Madame, the curé used to tell me that all good things came from *le bon Dieu* who lived yonder in that shrine. But madame sees that the Boches have destroyed God's house, so that He can no longer with comfort live there. Now, as madame has brought me from America these boots of great beauty, this

worthy shirt, and incomparable trousers, may it not be that God has gone to America to take up His residence there?"

Throughout those scarred battlefields, among rusted barbed wire and crumbling trenches, Nature is doing her best to soften the grim reminders of war. One's attention is frequently called to the unusual size of poppies here and there, and one is assured that beneath always lies a soldier of France. Near by poppies are smaller, feebler, less poignantly aflame. The popular belief affirms that the red blood of that hero's body has risen triumphant from death in beauty and vigor, through Nature's eternal resurrection. Gallant hearts might beat no more, lips be silent, limbs no longer spring to assault; but up through the sod comes their hearts' blood spilled for France.

It has been said that architecture records the spiritual history of nations. Perhaps the greatest tragedy as felt by France is the destruction of her architectural treasures. Through the centuries of semi-civilization, though war despoiled her, barbarians spared sacred edifices. Not until German kultur crossed her frontiers did they suffer.

Rheims! It was the core of the soul of France. Its airy traceries were wrought with prayer. Faith made its foundation, heroic deeds paved that glorious nave, and through its jeweled windows heaven itself colored its mighty pillars. Humanity has the hope that God will judge it by its aspirations rather than by its deeds, but the aspiration of spiritual France became existent and materialized in Rheims. An aroma of holiness breathes from every stone, and wreathed about its shrine are all the harmonies.

When the first German shell struck Rheims a shudder shook the very soul of France as though the throne of God

had been smitten by violence. As other blasphemous shells destroyed its angels, shattered its saints, and made mock of the Christ high above its altar, a desire for vengeance was born. The Hun had blundered again, for rage is a more potent force than patriotism when for a spiritual ideal. Each explosion reached the outer rim of France. The rich and the poor, the simple and the wise, became bound by a closer bond. Every man's sword took a keener edge, women shed fewer tears for those who died to punish the iconoclast, and children took comfort in remembering that God was stronger than the Hun. Thus the soul of France sprang to newer life.

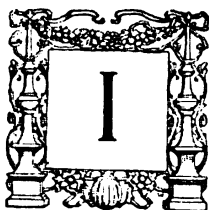
Germany forged a new weapon to be turned against herself when she destroyed Rheims, and her future generations will doubtless blush for that monument to their own barbarism. Should nothing remain of Rheims but memory, it will endure as though still echoing the clear young voice of Jeanne d'Arc. Men who scarce recall the faith of their childhood refound it in one up-leaping shock of amazement that there lived minds so ignoble. Those to whom love of country means hate of her enemies have discovered a stronger sentiment in reverence. Those unaffected by beauty suddenly found themselves its worshiper, and he who lived only for the present realized that the past was its maker.

Because the past produced such glories as Rheims a new ambition has awakened in France to make the present no less a marvel, and France is accomplishing this miracle, not by work of human hands, but by the vigor of its soul, for where the stones of Rheims were inarticulate save for what they implied, so the martyrdom of France is a triumphant chant of ultimate victory through the indomitable power of her own soul.



“Willow Walk”

BY MRS. HENRY DUDENEY



It was two days after their wedding—a war wedding—and he held her fast. To-night, in ten minutes, he was starting back to France—yes, starting in ten minutes, if the train kept its wicked word! Just two nights, just two days and the halves of two days, to belong, to be one—this was all they had known.

The white faces, touching, were part passion, part terror. If he never came back! If she got that message from the War Office—just saying—! Lots of girls got that message. You met them in the open streets, with their wide eyes and their black clothes and their babies.

The sound in her throat, as she cuddled up, was a funny, a childish sob.

At the beginning, when he came home on his wedding leave, they had been so madly happy. They had said: “We are not going to part for ever so long.” Two nights and three days, wasn’t it ever so long? They had taken time as a skein, and wound it off slowly. That way! As if he held wool for her. It was the same old bag of tricks; it was the ancient, delicious pageant of lovers. They had passed along it all: the looking forward, and the letters about it, and the last wild, brief letter before the meeting—the letter that was wordless and without breath. Then there had been the trembling, shrinking, shy beginning; then the rapture and the heaven; then the slow, cold terror that grew so big, that would not be shoved aside, however rough you were with it. At last they began to talk about “next time.” But would there be a next time? Lovers half over the world were asking that now.

This day, the last day, had been ghastly, greatly as they loved. They had looked from each other to the clock. They had been so tortured that, yes, they would be glad when it was all over.

They wondered, secretly, if all this suffering were worth the price. He panted to get back to the bloody whirl of things out there; she ached to solace herself—with her mother, with her little harmless daily round. For you may suffer too much.

They had been scrupulously left alone and the house where they sat seemed unduly quiet, as if a corpse waited there.

They had driven alone to Victoria, and in the cab they just held hands. They never said a word.

It was a sob, the little sound that broke from her, here, at the dark, the deserted, end of the long platform, behind a truck of luggage. He divined her.

“Oh, my sweet of heart! Nothing will happen to me, Paula! Haven’t I got a charmed life?”

Something dark crossed his face and he shuddered. He had a secret.

“I’ve been out since the beginning and—not a scratch. Doesn’t matter how hard I try.”

“Bobby! Don’t joke about it. But—yes—others go out; they just show themselves—and it is over. There was Laurie Holt; he was killed the very next day.”

“The war can’t last much longer.” He sounded ghastly and convinced. “It won’t, or the world will crack. I shall come home and not a scratch—you see. I shall take off all this.” He tapped his khaki and he laughed out loud and pulled his bride to him even closer, while his eyes over her shoulder were mad. “Would it be dishonoring the King’s uniform if I chucked it over the first hedge? I shall be in civvies again. We shall have our own house; we shall be grown up. I shall pay taxes. You will have one servant—two—for your very own. I shall make whole pots of money—and at once.”

They laughed merrily. They were very young. If it had not been for the war, they would not have been married

yet. They would have had to wait. Her parents would have made before-the-war conditions. They would have talked about squalid and far-away things, such as "providing for the future" and "keeping up a proper position." That sort of prudence had gone, and perhaps in the new world that was coming it would not return. The war was horrible—but at least it was sweetly natural when it came to love. If two young people honorably wanted each other, the war said, "Yes, you shall have each other." Nothing and no one had won in the war, so far—but love.

"Paula! What's going to happen after I'm gone? What are you doing to-night?"

"Mother said that the Grahams are coming to supper. Jim goes back to-morrow."

"So he does; but I hate even Jimmy, because he will see you, touch you, speak to you when I can't. I hate the very conductor on whose 'bus you'll hop, in a minute, when I'm gone."

"Don't worry. Women conductors."

"So they are, but that doesn't make any difference. I suppose we had better get along the platform."

As he said this they drew apart. The time had come—the final moments—for a repression that looked like utter coldness.

"I'm glad nobody came with us." He was hoarse. "I'm glad they all had that tenderness, that sense, bless them. I wanted you to my own self, because we don't know—"

"Yes, we do." She looked at him sharply, for he sounded almost buoyant at the end of the sentence. "You've never had a single scratch—not—nothing." She laughed forlornly.

"True. Not even trench feet."

"But if you are killed." She looked at him brilliantly. "Country is bigger than Love. Bobby! Why don't you answer?"

"Need I answer? Isn't it proved? Didn't I join up at the beginning? Jim and I were two of the earliest. Yet I do go back now with a bigger terror than ever, because if I am killed— Yes"—his voice changed again; it seemed merry—"if I am killed—"

"Well!" She was almost curt.

"Love! Don't you see? I shall lose you too soon, Paula darling. I shall lose the long years which we ought to have, which are our right. And—Paula—lose our children, which we ought to— Dearest, don't you see? If, just for this little tiny while, we've been so sublimely gay, just think what years and years and years of it would be!"

"We shall have those years and years and years." She looked round, fluttered forward, and hurriedly, rapturously kissed his mouth. "You see! Yet why should we be happy when such lots—"

"If we pondered upon the such lots we should go mad." He looked at his wrist watch. "And—Paula—the train is due and—my little girl, my wife—one more. Nobody's looking. If they are, I don't care a hang, and you don't, either."

So they took their last caress, behind the luggage-truck, in the March murk at the end of the long platform. Then they went toward the throng of people.

"So you'll see Jim when you get back?"

"Yes; but what does that matter?"

"Doesn't matter."

They sounded detached, sullen almost.

"I suppose you'll see him when he gets back?"

"S'pose so. Yes, of course. Same regiment, isn't it?"

"Same regiment. How silly of me! Of course."

"Paula, when the train does come in, don't hang about, dear. Go away—quick."

"I'll do what you tell me."

They were passing through the squash of soldiers and women and children. It was the usual scene, poignant, very brave, noisy, yet expressing a weird silence. There was joking and laughing and cheap scraps of song; there was heartbreak. The infants looked down, from the sure height of a mother's arm, solemn and safe and bland.

Pushing through the thick of it, he grabbed her hand and held it; oh, how he held! She would recall that last clutch more vividly than kisses, for there was something in it that was not only love. Dimly, she suspected him. He



Drawn by T. K. Hanna

SOMETHING DARK CROSSED HIS FACE. HE HAD A SECRET FROM HER

was keeping something back. Yet this thought was washed out upon the rough wave of their final moment.

"Paula! I've had three years—and it's hell! Here's a carriage." He got in and put his things on the rack. "Don't stay. You promised me you wouldn't." "Very well. Shall I go now? Like this?"

"No. Come here. Get in."

She stepped up, she sank down.

"Dear one"—he was speaking in a mad tumble of words—"you—you make me a coward. Oh, I don't want to be killed! And yet I'm not afraid; not that sort of fear. Do believe me. Yet I can understand men turning their backs on it—and coming back to the one woman. And men who maim themselves so that— You understand? And the women who hide them away so that— Paula! Why do you look at me like—"

"Like what?"

"As if you thought I was a coward. You—you don't?"

"How can I—when you joined up at the first? You are one of the very bravest. That is why I loved you—to begin with. Though I simply can't believe that there was a time when I hadn't got you and you hadn't got me."

"Darling goose! There was, you know."

His eyes were merry, his mouth relaxed. They were young again and happy—as they were last night.

Other men got in. She stood up.

"Good-bye, Bobby. I won't shake hands. That's silly."

"Good-bye," he whispered. "I'll kiss your cheek—coolly. That's married."

"No," she whispered back, and flung him a quick, bright, secret look, "it isn't."

His lips dwelt lightly on the round cheek that was so amazingly soft and smooth, so unearthly dainty, as it seemed to him: to him—going back to the filth of things and the noise and the harshness and the unending horror.

He was going back to all that—and to something more; only he—with God—knew about this last thing that he was going back to.

He had not told Paula. She should never know. That was his last fervent

thought as, finally, he looked at her. He had been saved from speaking.

The train moved. She had descended. She was standing there. It had come to the last smile, galvanic, false; to the last wooden lifting of a hand.

The crowded train slid out into the flaming suburbs.

She had watched his head to the last, as it stuck out of the window. Such crowds of heads sticking out, and each one with its vast, peculiar meaning for one particular woman.

She found herself in the station-yard; in the cold air and the murkiness and the lights and the sounds and the clumsy thickness of omnibuses.

A young man was instantly at her side.

"Jim"—she looked up—"it's you!"

She did begin to cry, for dear old Jimmy didn't matter.

She and he and Bobby had been children together not so long ago. Three gardens belonging to three old houses had joined. Three families, each with an only child, had been friends. The fact that Bobby got Paula and that Jim did not mattered only to Jim. Nobody else suspected. Yet he wanted her, and always would, with all his heart.

"Put me into the Hampstead 'bus," she said. "What's the number? I've forgotten. I'm—a bit off my head."

"Why are you alone? Why didn't your mother—?"

"We wouldn't have her, nor anybody. Don't you understand? Of course you don't. You will some day."

"No, I sha'n't. Don't want to, either. Here's the taxi. Congratulate me. Bit of an achievement to get one. Hop in, Paula. Don't waste time and twopences. It's all right. I've settled with the driver."

"But you're coming, too? Why, you live next door and you're coming to supper! Jim, what a dear you were to think of a taxi. I was so dreading a 'bus."

"Sorry. Can't come." He slammed the door when she was in. "Got to go somewhere else. See you supper-time."

He stood and watched the taxi squiggle its way out of the yard.

Here, in that awful land, there was

beauty and all day long the larks had been singing.

Too good a day upon which to die, and yet the dead were lying there, yes, thick—as posies. Scattered, yet thick, upon the far-reaching and flat field.

When night came, there was a stormy sunset with wild wind from the north-east, with a bewitching daintiness of bare trees against a peach-tinted sky.

Bobby pointed to those trees. "Funny that they are left when the rest are nothing but torn clothes-props. The trees seem like us and the animals—some taken, some left. Sounds trite, but—"

"Sounds Biblical," Jim finished. "Everything does—and is—just now. Yet did you read of that chap fighting in Palestine, passing through sacred places, and he was only able to write home that they were deuced short of fly-paper? A joke, I expect, but—"

He broke off, looking aside at Bobby, in whom there seemed a sudden change. Bobby had that way lately. Bobby was standing beside him in this surpassing desolation and he had turned grim.

"What a pretty place it was once." Jim waved a hand. "Sort of place I painted and you wove phrases about. Did I paint, did you write—before the war? Was there really any before? And will there be any after?"

He moved, walking slowly and kicking out with his toes at all the horrid clutter and mess of the army. The air was heavy; there were things at which they did not look.

"Jim! Do you remember Hampstead Heath?"

"Rather! Why, didn't we all live there? Don't we still live there—when we *are* there? And it was only last week." Jim sighed.

"I remember one particular Sunday! on the Heath when—"

"Sunday!" Jim broke in. "The universal love-making, the laughter and the romping and the little bowler hats. Wonder if it'll come back again. Yet this little affair of a war has changed the world. Never quite the same romping—and not the same bowler hats." He looked around him at the darkening earth.

"I was on the Heath alone the Sunday I mean," said Bobby, solemnly, "and I

do wish to goodness that you wouldn't interrupt."

"Sorry, old boy."

"I had such a passionate inclination to see Paula, just because I couldn't. She was staying with that old aunt at Norwich. I wanted to propose to her—she was only sixteen then. I wanted to conjure her up, claim her, without losing a second. But you won't understand."

"No, I sha'n't; but never mind. Go on."

"I mean to go on, bless you, and you'll understand when you get your own girl. It was a July afternoon—oh, jolly—he laughed aloud—"with the sun doing merry things and a brass band wafting quite creditable modulations to a passing crowd: children, nursemaids, lovers, bow-wows, policemen, all tumbling and jostling. I stood under the sticky elms, hovering around that sweet idea of Paula, and looking over a charming distant view. It all seemed so commonplace, so nice and noisy and safe, and quite British; as if it could not end nor change. And two weeks later we were in the thick of a war. Within a month you and I had enlisted."

Bobby left off talking. He caught his friend's hand frantically, with passion, as if it had been a woman's hand; that little silky hand he loved and which lived at Hampstead.

"Jim! I want to tell you something."

"All right. Go on, get it out. Shall we turn back?"

"No. Let's keep in the open. I can say it better in the half-dark when you can't see much of me, when there isn't some confounded candle-end to flicker in my face."

They walked on.

"I wonder what Paula is doing. It was a week the day before yesterday that I married her."

"Is that all you want to say?"

"All I want to say! Good God—no! Haven't you ever guessed? I believe she did—half—at Victoria."

Bobby stood still. He was listening to guns, that dull rumble through which they breathed. The heavy smell of battle was thick, the gathering dusk made everything dreadful and the simplest object upon the pocked earth acquired some new terror.

"I'm so afraid, in such a funk. I'm such a damned coward," said Bobby. "Now you've got it."

Jim never answered. What could he say? He kept quiet; he waited.

"It isn't only Paula," Bobby went on, talking fast, pouring it out (and you could guess how he had kept it back), "although Paula is the world. I want to live—for life's sake. I can't give it up. I dare not run the risk of losing it. When I see things— Well, you'll understand me now, anyway, for we see alike; we've been blest with vision. What you slosh on to canvas I tick off on a typewriter, and it means the same thing. The life of Art which we both loved until this war came and squeezed everything else out of us—oh, I love it like mad and I can't die and lose it all! When I see the sky as it was just now; when I see, as I did last time we were back in billets, blackthorn white against the bare stalk—"

"Jolly!" Jim was gravely enthusiastic. "I saw it."

"And yet"—Bobby's hand, imperious, miserable, waved him back into silence—"upon my soul I don't believe I am afraid of just being killed. Hanged if I know. I can't quite sort it out, but it haunts me. I'm so afraid—of being afraid. That's it, I think. Afraid I'm going to disgrace myself and everybody. It's the hellish fear—of fear. See? Even killing doesn't teach me, doesn't cure me; the bayonet ought to be a surgeon's tool—and I've used it. I'm so afraid of somebody guessing, old chap; I'm so devilishly afraid," he whimpered. "Yet — Jim — *you* never guessed." His voice was nearly inaudible.

"Not for a moment, and I don't believe you now."

"That's a fine, friendly lie. You do believe me; you know it is true. But if the others guessed—the men. If—in the next attack—I—I turn tail!"

"You turn tail!"

"I know I give the impression of bravery, but it is sheer humbug."

"You with the mil—"

"Never mind the thing I won, although I honor it. Tell you it's true. Just at the moment when we—begin—I sweat and shake. It happens every

time and the time will come when it turns me back. I shall take to my heels. I shall get a bullet—one of ours."

"Bobby—you've fought like—anything." Jim was staccato; he was childish in his utter bewilderment. "It's been sheer bravery all the time, and—"

"Sheer butchery! I haven't minded that, although I dreaded it so. I thought it would make me sick—and it hasn't. Brave! Not a bit. It was just my one chance of a remedy—to fight. And it never does the trick. I can't get killed."

"Killed! But you want to live. You said so. We all do."

"Live! I should think so. I suppose that is really at the bottom of it—my intense desire to live. Yes, to have Paula—for years; to get impressions—for years. Crowded years, every one of them, and everything recorded. Yet to die is man's noblest act just now, and it is my only safeguard."

It was so dark that they could not see each other's faces; yet Jim could feel that his friend's eyes, greatly stretched, were fast upon him. Bobby touched him; he felt and sounded clammy.

"It will come," the terrified voice was saying. "Something—the thought of a bird singing, or a bit of blossom I've seen, or the way Paula puts up her darling mouth—something like that will start me. I shall do it; I shall tip and run. You see. I shall be branded before the whole British army out here. Hang it! Jim, I'm worse than those conscience chaps at home, for they have the courage to confess. They say, bluntly, 'I'm a coward.'"

"They don't put it that way." Jim was exact.

"Means that, for nobody takes their excuses literally. They are cowards; some of them, at least, make no bones about it. Now I masquerade as a brave soldier."

His bitter laugh, ringing out across the dull bitterness of the land, was dreadful to hear.

Jim listened. He held those clammy hands, he tried to see that clammy face. A brave soldier! If Bobby was not that, then the English nation held nothing heroic. He was thinking of the things—sublime, simple—that he had seen

Bobby do. Bobby! Plunging into many a live and seething hell. Bobby! Never touched by any of it. He was saying that now.

"Death washes his hands of me, Jim."

"Look here, Bobby, let's sort this thing out, let's get at the bottom of this bogey you've got. You don't want to live. You don't want to die. Which is it?"

"Hanged if I know," returned Bobby, in a breaking, boyish voice, "but I do wish that there hadn't been a war. I was a brave enough chap—or believed that I was—before." He added, after a long pause, "Of course the secret of the whole thing is that I do want to live so dreadfully, and more than ever since I've got Paula."

They stood together, up close, clipping hands, in the nearly dark of the March night. Stood in the middle of this poor, wounded country that had been so comely—lush with streams and kine and pasture. Spires of old churches had been sweetly sticking up; bells had called across the pastoral silences; old roofs had been violently smudged with red and orange. This had been a land full of those things that they both so ardently loved. It was slime now and full of grisly, half-suggested horror. Air that had been sweet, with cattle and fruit and grain, was sour in its smell.

"Paula's got to know." Bobby's strained voice came through the darkness. "I shall have to tell her. I shall out with it some day. You *must* tell when you love a person—you tell everything."

"No, you don't. When you love, that's when you keep things—some of them—back."

"You don't know anything about it." Jim could feel that Bobby was desperately wagging his head. "Once Paula knows—that will be the end. She is so implacably straight. She is the true English type, ultra-honorable, rather limited—a type that neither grips nor understands pure subtlety. You mustn't cock a leg over one of their limits. That's Paula, and Paula's sort. It is the type we are fighting for—and dying, some of us—and a jolly good type, too. But you and I don't belong to it, Jim."

"S'pose we don't—quite. We've got funny little byways and corners. But

look here, Bobby, she mustn't know. If you tell her I will never forgive you."

"You'll never forgive me! What's it got to do with you? *She'll* never forgive me; that's the trouble. I wish I was dead; yes, I do—upon my soul. That's the only way to end it. Yet twice when I've been fetching in wounded, the chap has got hit—killed—in my arms. And I! Not a scratch. I'd welcome death—although I'm wild for life. I'd welcome anything that would put an end to this terror—this fear which no other soldier has."

"I expect lots have, but they throw it off." Jim was soothing.

"Throw it off! Throw it off! You can stand there and say that!"

Bobby drew his hands away. He sounded desolate, hopeless, frigid. He was feeling, "Well, I've told him and he doesn't grip it—no more than Paula would."

Their hands had dropped to their sides. They stood dimly sketched against the rosy, wind-riven sky that was turning blackish.

"Good night, old chap."

"Good night, then."

"I do understand." Jim peered through the veils and mists and tangles of the growing night. "You mustn't go off like this and think that I don't."

"Do you?" Bobby came back a pace. "Oh, I hope to God that you do! I was half feeling that you didn't. To make somebody understand—that may keep me steady when the moment comes. For it must come."

"Turn in and forget about it, if you can."

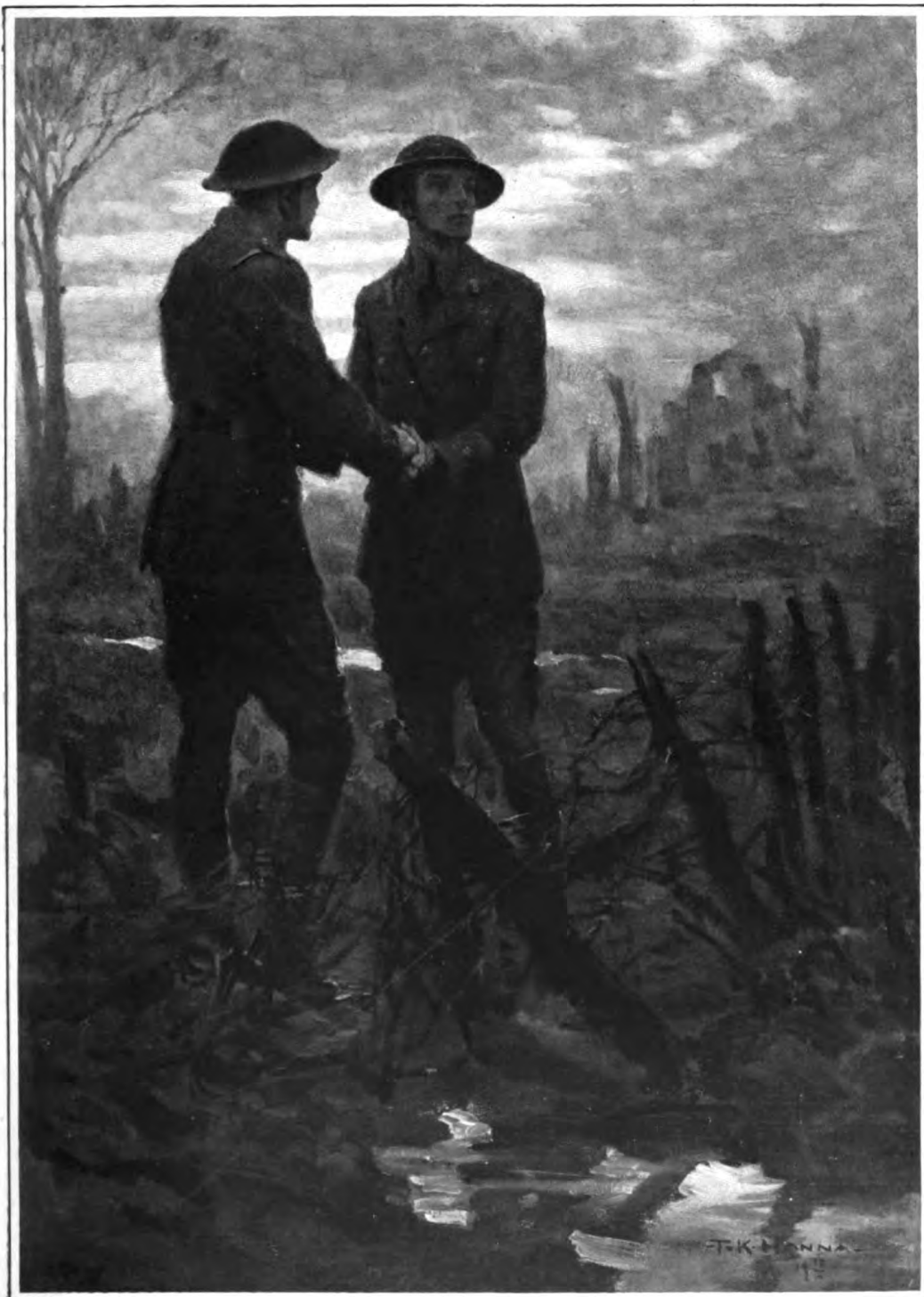
"If I can—yes, if I can."

Bobby turned round; he walked off. He whistled softly as he walked, just fluting. He sounded happy enough. He might have been a country lover walking home along the lane.

Jim stood perfectly still. He listened until he could hear no more.

A week later there was another night, a perfectly beautiful night with one great radiant star. It found Bobby's mouth and fastened upon it.

He was lying there, with his face up and his arm out. His mouth—how it smiled!



Drawn by T. K. Hanna

"I DO WISH THERE HADN'T BEEN A WAR"

Jim knelt down upon the sodden, the soggy earth. He knew what that stiff mouth, so firmly young, so finely resolute, was sweetly saying to him.

It said, "I am glad." And it said: "Nobody knows, only you. I am safe enough with you, dear old chap."

Jim arose. He stood there, he alive and the other one dead—at last. Death, he thought, did not wash his bony old hands to-night of one brave soldier. He stood there, in the thrilling calm of the perfect night a frosty night and all those dykes, those channels, which had

been rose-red through the day, were ghost white, were greenish. They twisted across the marred country like the crooked tokens of an old scar on a face.

He was alive and Bobby was dead. His turn might come to-morrow.

As for Paula! He never even thought of her. This was a moment that surpassed the love for women. Willow Walk and Hampstead—how far away, what worlds away, they were! His eyes were fastened on that dead mouth which the bright star had found.

Not for Thine Eyes

BY ALAN SULLIVAN

NOT for thine eyes, thy lips, thy breast,
 My homage take, though true they be—
 Not for the hours with joy imprest,
 And, ah, how dear they are to me—
 Not for the tender touch and look,
 How many tongues hath love been given!
 Not for the rapt embrace that took
 Its essence from some secret heaven—

But for thy spirit, that survives
 The drab assaults of life and living,
 The inner spark that still contrives
 To guard itself—though ever giving;
 Thy proud allegiance to the Mind
 That sent thee forth, thy firm endeavor
 To hold its flame so deep enshrined
 That naught its mystic power shall sever.

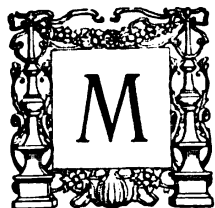
All else was yielded—this denied,
 All else was lavished—this maintained,
 And, in thy understanding pride,
 I, worshiping, have greatly gained,
 Since thy pure spirit, shining far,
 Circles its solitary pole
 Remote from me—a gleaming star—
 A lambent lighthouse for my soul.

Thou art not plundered by thy love,
 For He who made thee made thee free
 To love full well, and yet to prove
 All constant to infinity;
 And earthlier folk who lose that ray
 Shall bring their lamps to glean from thine,
 And, glorified, shall turn away
 To strengthen other hearts than mine.

Letters to a Boy

I.—ON GOING BACK TO SCHOOL THIS FALL

BY JOHN PALMER GAVIT



MY DEAR BOY,—I have taken a great deal of pains to arrive at a right decision about your proposal to get into some form of active war service this fall, instead of going back for your senior year at school. As I have just telegraphed you, your mother and I have come without doubt to the conclusion that it is best for you to return to Exover and see the year through. This applies equally to the idea of your enlisting in any form of army or navy service and to your alternative suggestion that you might go to France or Italy to drive an ambulance.

Believe me, I see this whole business from your point of view, and freely confess—indeed, I like to take it for granted—that in your place I should look at it about as you do. I am proud of the fine spirit that breathes in your letter. I cannot exaggerate the comfort your mother and I both derive from what you have written as showing your own feeling of responsibility and duty toward your country and your fellow-men in this crisis. The last thing in the world that we would do is to crush or discourage your desire to play your part.

I have noted in your letters, ever since the war began, a growing sense of responsibility, of feeling that you are coming into real membership in the community, an increasing desire to find and play your own part among your fellows. I long since lost any fear that I might have had that you might come to be that kind of “optimist” whom somebody has defined as “a fellow who doesn’t care what happens as long as it doesn’t happen to him.” I am with you, absolutely, desiring not only to help you find and recognize your duty, but to recognize and perform my own. As you say, “after the war there will be in this country only

two kinds of people—those who *did* and those who *didn’t*.” I am as anxious as you are yourself that you shall be able to stand up with those who “*did*.”

But—“those who ‘*did*’” *what*? Their duty, you will say. That doesn’t answer the question; it only moves it one step farther away. There are many kinds of duty, and it is not always nor often easy to select one’s own. Some of us are getting help in this task by having our duty selected for us. The only thing sure for the rest of us is that we *have* a duty somewhere.

I understand the word “duty” to mean being where you know you ought to be, doing what you know you ought to do, in the light of all the circumstances, *net*, as you honestly understand them to be at that particular time. The temptation is to persuade yourself that your duty is to do the thing you *want* to do, the interesting, adventurous thing, the thing that seems—beforehand, anyway—likely to afford relief from the drudgery of ordinary humdrum routine—school, for example. In such a time as this the easy thing is to drop the dull daily work of school and office and shop and rush off to some dramatic and exciting kind of activity. This Great Adventure naturally appeals to youth; it would be surprising if all the clamor and glamour of it did not reach you and shake your hold upon the routine work that seems so tame. You would be a dull creature if you were not stirred by the impulses that are throbbing through the country and awakening all but leather hearts.

For you and for all the rest of us it is not a question of *whether* we shall play our parts in this great business; we must, or in the time to come we shall not be able to look ourselves in the face. The question is, *what* is that duty?

To the winds with all “safety first” considerations! None of us must be di-

verted by thought of the cost to himself, in whatever form that cost may express itself. He must not shrink or haggle; he must be ready to fight, or work, or take training in the reserve, and he must pay his cost just as willingly if it be in the form of the quiet drudgery of some safe and obscure business, far out of hearing of the guns. I hope I need not assure you that in the decision at which we have arrived in this particular issue, raised by your letter, we are not moved by selfish motives, nor overweighting the fact that with you the light of your parents' life goes out. If it were merely a question of keeping you out of physical or moral danger, we should fail in that, because, as you say, you might be killed by an automobile on Broadway; or, safely tucked in your little bed at home, you might be dead in two days of some sordid peace-time disease! And as for moral perils, they lurk on every hand, as much at school perhaps as anywhere else.

No, you must be in this, actively, aggressively, purposefully, somewhere, and know that you are in it.

Now, there are three ways of serving in the war: (1) Directly in the fighting-line—army, navy, marines, Red Cross, or some of the collateral services, such as nursing, Y. M. C. A., and the like. (2) Indirectly, in the indispensable industries producing, transporting, and keeping up the national physical and moral fiber, including education, providing reasonable recreation, and so on. (3) And in the reserve—training on the part of those who will shortly be called into active service, and on that of those who later on will have to bear the vast after-the-war burdens of the nation and of the world.

I can well understand the hasty desire to rush out into the fight itself. It is the quick and obvious and superficial impulse. In one sense, it is the easiest way. Doubtless it is, or at a glance seems likely to be, much more fun to be out in the interesting business of military training, scooting about in a destroyer chasing submarines, driving an ambulance behind the fighting-lines, or on the actual fighting-front, than to be more or less drearily scanning Greek poetry, working out problems in trigo-

nometry, or attending chapel at Exover! And if by doing so one can acquire an Exover diploma or credit in college entrance that he might miss by flunking in the ordinary way, I can't say that I blame anybody for preferring it! But the honest boy will look himself in the face and ask, "Am I choosing this because it is my duty, or because it seems more interesting than the thing I really ought to do?"

Imagine the case of a man in a regiment held in reserve, or in preliminary training, far back behind the lines while a great battle is going on. Perhaps he can hear the thunder of the guns; rumors come back of the sway of the fighting-lines; he hears of reverses, of positions taken and lost. Fancy him crying out at last:

"I can't stand this! I will not stay here! I demand to be allowed to fight! I shall rush forward to the front. This is no place for us to be standing in safety while our comrades are falling and the lines are giving way. Come on, fellows!"

That would be mutiny. It isn't done. Men who are of the real soldier stuff, on which the safety of the nation depends, are those who stay quietly where they are put, doing exactly what they are told to do. The slave of autocracy obeys orders because he must—because it has been bred into him from the cradle; the free citizen, fit to be an American, obeys orders because he chooses to do so for the sake of united action for the common purpose. The minute you have the individual picking and choosing what he will and will not do, regardless of that common purpose and the decisions of those that are bearing the responsibility of command, you have the state of affairs that demoralized the Russian army and so took Russia out of the war. As I see it, the really brave man, young or old, is he who for real duty's sake bides his time in some obscure, safe corner, so long as that is where he ought to be, at least until his turn comes, patiently doing the dull, uninteresting, plodding work that lies at his hand to do, or quietly preparing himself to be effective when the call comes to him.

The man who toils, far down in the bowels of the ship, shoveling coal under the boilers, is just as important in his

place as the gun-pointer in the turret or the captain on the bridge is in his. He doesn't see anything of the battle; he doesn't even hear the bell-signals in the engine-room. His business, his sacred duty, is just to plug away, shoveling coal. He knows that nobody will give him any Croix de Guerre, or even interview him for the newspapers. And if the ship goes down he just drowns—at his post of duty!

The post of duty—that's the main thing! Is it always in the fighting-line? A staff-officer in this state who happens to be also one of the high officials of a great railroad system was urged to press upon the employees of that road the duty of enlisting in the army.

"Not on your life!" he cried. "More important than the getting of recruits for the army is the maintenance of efficient railroad service. Where will your army be, what will become of the transportation of men, food, and munitions, if the railroad service is demoralized?"

The best argument for the "selective draft" of men for the army, the real reason why the President urged it as preferable to the old volunteer method, was the fear—so well grounded in the experience of England—that a general response to the call for volunteers would draw the most efficient and high-spirited men from the ranks of vital industry and leave the country with plenty of men, but crippled as to the means of feeding, arming, and transporting them. The "selective" system, as you know, has developed a classification by which, within the age limits decided upon, those men can be drawn who can best be spared, while those who ought to stay at home and fulfil obligations as binding as those upon any soldier, continue the vitally important service of the country on the farms and railroads, or in the mills, factories, and shipyards. The fundamental principle is that those thus left at home are just as completely fulfilling their war duty to the nation as those who fight in the trenches or serve with the heavy artillery in France.

It was by no accident or mere sentimentality that the minimum draft age was fixed at twenty-one years. Despite the urgency of the professional soldiers who say that lads as young as seventeen

have the dash and recklessness and physical qualities that soldiers need and that men lose as they grow older, the sober second-thought of the nation prevailed for a more far-sighted purpose. It was realized that this war, if it takes the lives of hundreds of thousands of the men between twenty-one and thirty-one, as it has done in the nations that have been in the war from the beginning, will leave the burden of the crucial years that will follow the war upon the shoulders of those who are now the boys growing into manhood—between sixteen and twenty-one. There was a vision of the condition that would exist if none were left to carry on the work of the nation but boys and old men! So they said, "Let the boys remain in school and college and fit themselves for the job that is before them."

Uncle Sam has said in an unmistakable way that under present conditions he will not call the boys under twenty-one unless in some emergency. The men in charge of the ambulance services tell me that they do not want boys for that service. They need adults, and they are getting them.

You are the custodian of one of Uncle Sam's most valuable pieces of property, an engine—a weapon, if you please—not yet quite ready for use. What right have you to wrench it off the lathe, so to speak, and rush out to use it according to your own taste and will? For the moment, as it seems to me, your place is assigned and fixed, as a matter of *military duty* in a very real sense, behind the lines in the reserve of boys training for the duty that is to come, the duty to preserve and defend the nation in a time, if possible, more perilous than now. Haven't you the patience and the high self-control to stay in *your* place in the line?

It seems to me very clear that your duty just now is to *stand pat*, go back to school and, with a determination and sense of public duty such as you never felt before, salt down all that you can in preparation for the work that will fall upon you in the coming years.

Now, it may well be that this war will last so long that you will be called into it, to fight, maybe to die, for the great cause of human liberty in which your

country has enlisted. When that time comes there can be no question about what you will do, or about what your father and mother will want you to do. You will step right up, quietly, cheerfully, take your place in the line, and give all there is of you. The time to die and the place to die is when and where you ought to be and die, doing the thing you ought to do. There will be no whimper of dissent from your mother or from me. Our hearts will ache, and every fiber of our being will quiver with deepest prayer for your safety; but we did not raise our boy to shirk or flinch from any duty, however arduous or fraught with peril.

Neither did we raise him to shirk or flinch from duty when it happens to be safe and ordinary and dull. The real "slacker" is he who for some selfish reason leaves undone the thing that he ought to do, who slides out of *his particular duty* and leaves it for his old standby, Somebody Else. "Let George do it" is the slogan of the "slacker" in peace and war. Isn't he a coward who runs away into the excitement and adventure of physical danger from the duty that he doesn't like because it isn't interesting?

Affectionately,
FATHER.

MY DEAR BOY, — There's another thing I wanted to say in my letter mailed last night, but I felt that it was long enough in all conscience. No human boy ought to be asked to read such a tome, even if his father is very much in earnest and very anxious that he should be convinced of the rightness of the judgment in which he is asking his son to concur with a willing spirit. Very seldom in all your life have I required you to accept a decision of mine merely because it was mine. "Because I say so" never has seemed to me "reason enough" to satisfy a child.

You laid some stress in your letter upon the physical benefits that you have observed as accruing from army and navy service to the fellows you know who have enlisted in one or the other. I am glad you reminded me of that, because it is one of the special things to which I wanted to draw your attention.

We had you go to that summer camp in the woods by the lake, where you are now, because we felt that the out-of-door life, full of athletic exercise, sleeping in the open air, and so on, would be of benefit to you physically and would give you a fresh foundation of health for the work of the coming year, whatever form that work might take.

There is now a new incentive for keeping yourself in the finest physical trim. As I said before, you are the custodian of one of Uncle Sam's most valuable pieces of machinery—a young man physically flawless, so far as we know, capable not only of military service, but of other forms of important social and public work. It is your highest duty to keep that physique in perfect trim, not only negatively by refraining from those things that damage the machinery, but positively by compelling yourself to regular, definite, and adequate exercise and body-developing recreation. Or work.

Now, that word "work" brings me to the point of a concession to your impulse to get into war service. I tried to impress you with the idea that your immediate ~~task~~ is to stay in school and complete, so far as circumstances will permit, your preparation for the coming time when the burden of a nation will fall so much upon those of your age and generation. But suppose I do not succeed in convincing you. Suppose that the imperative call of duty outweighs in your mind the argument that I have tried to present to you. Suppose you insist that it is your duty to leave school and get into some form of national service. Very well, I shall not demur or stand in your way. But I shall point out to you again that the nation's need is in no doubt. There is no lack of soldiers. The selective-draft system has provided a great list of fit men, twenty-one years old and upward, and not by any means all of these have been called into the training-camps. A further increment, of those who reached the age of twenty-one by the 5th of June, 1918, has been called for by the President. The finger has not yet beckoned to you, nor will it, we may suppose, for a long time to come.

The lack is in the army of labor, espe-

cially in two fields—agriculture and ship-building. If you were to say to me that you could not conscientiously keep your fine physique in school while there is so great a need of men in the harvest-field and that you were bent upon enlisting to help get in the wheat, corn, and other crops with which to feed the soldiers, the Allies, and the people here at home, I could not make much objection. Or if you referred to the pressure on the shipyards and expressed a sense of duty to put your muscles and your brains into the work of building ships to take the crops and the soldiers and their equipment to the fighting-line, again I should have a hard time holding out against you. Or if you pointed to the dire need of merchant sailors to man these ships, and declared your intention to join a merchant crew, I should have a hard time framing a valid objection. If danger is what you are looking for, the merchant-ship crossing the war zone where the U-boats operate will give it to you. And in any of these things you will find a very thoroughgoing sort of physical training.

You see, I am trying to compel you to look your motives squarely in the face and distil out of them every form of self-deception.

There is something else. You are trying hard to think out *your* duty in this world crisis. I am trying hard to think out *mine*. It will help me to do a little thinking out loud to you. You know the reverent affection in which I hold the memory of my father. I know he did the best he could for me and taxed his wisest and most unselfish judgments in the decisions he made for me, and the things he permitted me to do and omit. But I think he fell short in his duty to me, as one older and wiser than I, in not insisting upon my finishing my school and going to college. He wanted very much to have me do it, but yielded to my eagerness to go to work.

You are trying your best to get me to yield to your desire to leave school and get into the war. I know the conditions are very different indeed, and that the parallel is faulty in several respects; moreover, if Uncle Sam were calling for men and failing to get them, I should not raise a finger in objection. But

Uncle Sam in various ways has said that he wants the boys to stay in school and college. I am trying to help you to see that *that spells Duty*. But still more than that, I am foreseeing the day, later on, when you will say to yourself:

"My father, older and wiser than I, knew that it was better for me, and better for the country, that I squeeze dry my last opportunity to get education, training for the work of my life. He ought to have made me do that. But he was easy-going and good-natured and yielded to my youthful enthusiasm and desire for adventure. He didn't even steer me into the harvest-field or the shipyards, where Uncle Sam needed me if he needed me at all."

And what shall I say to you then? I confess it will not afford me very much satisfaction, even though I shall have the right, to recall to you the "alibi" that I shall have in what I am writing now; or to sing to you then that dismal old song, "I Told You So."

Affectionately,
FATHER.

MY DEAR BOY,—It was like you to take my letter in so sensible a spirit. And it was like you to speak of the "last great price" that so many young men are paying in order to shield the rest of us, including yourself. I am much impressed by one thing in particular that you wrote:

"How will I feel in the coming years when I look myself in the face and think of the lives that have been given as the price of my safety? How I will wish that I had gone out and taken the same risk with them!"

Well, I want to say something about that. Keep the idea before you, because I think it is the idea that will inspire men for a long, long time to come.

Frightful as are the costs of war, few indeed as are the compensations for it, nevertheless some fine things come out of it. And this nation is getting a cleansing and an uplift that was badly needed. When I was a boy there was a widespread feeling of gratitude to those who had gone out in the Civil War and had paid the "last great price" to save the Union and to free the slaves. There was left over a great comradeship among

those who fought in that war, and an exaltation through the whole people—of the North, at least, and I have no doubt of the South, too—from the feeling of having had part in a thing greater than Self. The boys in school were inspired with the thought of self-sacrifice for a great cause.

We have been drifting away from that elation; there was a glow of it in the Spanish War when men went out to fight unselfishly for the liberation of Cuba; but the glory was clouded over by some things that we do not like to remember. Of late years we had been "going stale" again in respect of high national motives; it was a long time since any great cause had called to the people to make great sacrifices. Now this thing has burst forth, and whatever else may be said of it, this nation has gone into it with high motives. If ever a people went to war with a clean soul, this people has done so in this war.

In a very dramatic way we are all being bought and paid for now. Every person in the world worth a pinch of salt has a stake in this struggle to free the world forever of military despotism. There is no corner of the earth that is not concerned in this struggle; at no fireside between the poles can the outcome be a matter of sheltered indifference. Never again in my time or yours will anybody be justified—if ever he could have been justified before—in thinking of himself as his own. In one of his letters to the Corinthian Christians, St. Paul wrote, "Ye are not your own; for ye have been bought with a price." That is true of you, and me, and every other man, woman, and child alive or to be alive for a very long time to come.

I am too old to be in this war; you are too young. But the strong and brave men of the whole world are in it, fighting for us and in our stead. And when the war is over, if we are still alive, we must keep it before us night and day that our lives are not our own; that we have indeed been "bought with a price." You will owe your life to its very end to those who have suffered and died for

you. In a very great sense you will belong to Humanity. Every talent you possess, every hour of the preparation you are getting now, will be a trust in your hands for the people of the whole world whom the toil and battle of these terrible days shall have set free.

If I thought that the war would leave you simply safe and self-satisfied, equipped by school and college only to make a living for yourself; capable of smugly congratulating yourself that you had escaped by the accident of a particular date of birth from danger to your skin—I should feel very differently. But the very fact that you are unwilling to take refuge behind the fact of your youth; that you feel a deep sense of obligation to the young men who are "paying the last great price" for you, assures me that when you go back to school this fall you will look upon your studies with new eyes.

The young men who in the camps all over the country are undergoing training for actual war need no one to tell them that they are serving their nation. It requires no imagination for them to understand what they are doing. I am trying to awaken your imagination to see that the work you will do in school this coming winter with a new kind of devotion is equally preparation for the service of your country. No longer can you look upon it as "just school." The fellows just a little older than you are enduring the hardships and perils of bloody war *for you*, as well as for me. I know that if you will look squarely at the matter you will see that, however dull and routine and humdrum it may seem at times, this work to which you will return this fall is, as never before, a sacred duty. Quite as much and as truly as if you were in a training-camp, the work of every hour, if you do it well and faithfully, will be preparing you to render the highest kind of service to the liberated world that those who have toiled and suffered and died for you will have given into your hands.

With abiding love, as ever,

FATHER.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Ginger of the Amb'lance

BY FLOY TOLBERT BARNARD



THE bachelor who owned Ginger reached the crossing ten seconds ahead of me, stopping his roadster so suddenly that the chains flung off spirals of slushy snow in a manner suggestive of Fourth-of-July pinwheels, and had the door open when I ventured into the zone of subsiding spirals.

"Hey, Skin-nay," he quoted, quizzically. "Want to go 'long?"

I stepped in beside him, Ginger having gravely descended from the seat to make room for me, and answered him in apostolic willingness to be all things to all moods—in moderation.

"Sure! Where are you going, *Fatty*?"

"Down in the slums to see a patient," he grinned, skidding along in the dangerous thaw of the mild February day. "Anyway, it is the place an organization calling itself charitable mistook for the slums, one memorable day." He chuckled reminiscently.

THE bachelor happens also to be a doctor, but that is his avocation. His vocation is being a bachelor, and we girls call him Tenny far more often than we call him Doctor Tennant. When he addresses me with "Hey, Skin-nay," as he often does if no one is about, I react with the expected "*Fatty*," although neither implication is justifiable, the terms being merely approximate. His name, as it appears on his calling-cards, is Dr. Richard Telford Tennant, and, yes, he *is* Irish, and his hair *is* red, but his eyes are brown—not blue—and he has no freckles. He is not a bit bad-looking bachelor! But though, as I have said, his divine calling is that of a bachelor, medicine being merely his hobby, he is a very successful physician, in earnest without being serious.

I inferred from the acrobatics of the roadster that Tenny was sorely needed somewhere, and I lifted up an

unvoiced supplication that he might arrive safely in that part of the little prairie town which he had whimsically dubbed the "slums." The town, like any other of four thousand inhabitants in the Middle West, has its poor, even its bleakly poor, but it has no slums.

"*Fatty Tennant*!" I protested, wrathfully, as the car danced along the edge of the curb, missed a maple-tree by an inch, and stopped violently in the middle of a block-long row of two-story, extremely shabby frame flats boasting a succession of tiny duplicate square porches, in front of which were meager lawns. At the back of the building was a similar succession of back yards, where washings flapped the year round and vegetables grew in season.

Tenny was out of the car instantly, laughing up at me as he reached back for his case.

"I'll be about twenty minutes, *Freddy*. You might load some of the kids in the 'bus and take them round the block. They aren't so very dirty, and you drive fairly well."

I raised my eyebrows. He dashed for a door, tousling every head he passed on the way, and calling back with his cheerful grin:

"Sure you do, *Winifred*. I'd trust them with you as quick as I would with myself."

"I should hope so," I retorted; but already a door had closed behind him, so I turned my attention to the children playing on the walk. There must have been from two to five for each little dingy flat, and they seemed to be having the time of their lives, judging by the array of snow men which staggered along the entire length of the block—weird Frankenstein monsters, which the nearest small boy informed me were new recruits to "knock the stuffing out of the *Kay-zer*!" He explained that the middle of the road was No Man's Land, and "the *Kay-zer*" was the board walk

across the street! It seemed that no group of children could be induced to play they were the Germans—not even the four little Von Swartzenburg boys—thus necessitating the ignominy of the board-walk impersonation of the haughty Hohenzollern. While listening to the urchin who was nearest me explain this in somewhat different terms, I was interested in watching Ginger. He had abandoned the car and walked sedately to the third from the end of the row of duplicate entrances, where he was patiently striking one paw against the door in thudding knocks. Tenny had disappeared two doors farther along, and I thought Ginger's trailing powers at fault, but as I watched the big red setter the door opened and a young woman lifted an old rocker, with a big quilt in it, out to the little square porch, greeting the dog familiarly:

"Hello, Ginger! Jack can come outside to-day. Wait a minute."

Ginger never "wagged" his tail; he waved it, and could express every degree of affection and every degree of indifference with that stately waving tail. He has caused me often to speculate on the theory of transmigration. If souls *do* transmigrate, instead of merely reincarnate, in their evolutions, then I am sure Ginger's silken red setter body holds a good and great soul, intelligently and patiently doing penance for some sad old blunder repented as soon as committed. He greeted the woman courteously, and looked past her into the little cubby hall with its glimpse of steep stairs. On the bottom step was a waiting figure, carefully bundled up, which the woman now picked up and deposited gently in the chair. When she had adjusted the quilt and moved aside, I could see an elfish, pale face with great, round blue eyes, crinkling in welcome to the dog, who waited until the woman had gone in

and closed the door before he stood up to search among the quilts until he had found a ball. Then began the gay business of endlessly retrieving the ball.

The little lad beside the car glanced up at me with the shy smile of a child's compassion.

"That's Jack Estey. He's just a li'l fella. Somepthin' ails his back. Doctor

Tennant's dog comes every day and plays with him. If Jack is asleep he plays with us, but Jack ain't hardly ever asleep. Are you Doctor Tennant's girl?"

"No, indeed!" I laughed. "Doctor Tennant's girl's name is Legion."

"I don't know her," said the small boy, all in good faith. "Is she one of the teachers?"

"She does about everything," I told him, gravely.

"Is she pretty?" he pursued.

"Well, a composite picture of her might be," I smiled, amused.

"Hey! Talking to the doctor's girl!" an older boy taunted. "Talking to the doctor's girl!"

"She is not! His girl's name is Legion. She just told me so," the youngster retorted, hotly, and added to me: "You're Miss Grant from the Library, ain't you? Don't you remember huntin' a boy-scout book for me one day?"

I did not, but I cheerfully sacrificed veracity, and satisfied the young man's belief in his own unforgettable personality, before I asked:

"Do you suppose Jack would like to ride around the square while I wait for Doctor Tennant?"

"Who'd take him?" doubtfully.

"Why, I would."

"Well, I don't know. Doctor Tennant drives awfully easy when he takes him. I don't know if you could be easy enough."

I accepted the eight-year-old skepticism of the efficiency of my sex, and



"GINGER"

meekly relapsed into silent assimilation of his statement concerning Tenny's "easy" driving.

Some boy shouted: "Hi, there, kid! Are you in on this fight or ain't you? We are goin' into the trenches right now, and we need your men."

The "kid" got hastily back into the fray, behind his two soggy snow men, but, discovering that to throw his goodly pile of hand "gree-nades" from his position would be to "soak me good and plenty," hesitated dismally. I hastily backed Tenny's car out of the way just as the little boy in the rocker shouted, eagerly:

"Oh, fellows, y' fightin' now? Say! C'n Ginger be the field amb'lance and bring in the wounded?"

"Sure, Jack! We needed a' amb'lance, and Ginger ought to be a good one, being whose dog he is," some one answered, good-naturedly.

Jack called eagerly back: "He won't miss none of them. An' c'n this be the hospital, an' me be Doctor Tennant?"

"Yeah, you can be the doctor; but, say! Don't have Ginger bring in any of the Kay-zer's men. We're goin' to take *them* prisoners." And the big boy turned back to "plugging" the opposite sidewalk with hard, icy hand-grenades.

Jack's small face darkened. A little absently he tossed the ball, which, when retrieved, represented the wounded. Having stopped the car just opposite the "hospital," I could watch Tenny's small impersonator without seeming to do so. Ginger went courageously into the field, never missing a single "man," but the little lad's joy was gone for a few moments while he deliberated some thought in his own mind. I was so interested I forgot Tenny's twenty minutes were up and had been for some time. At last Jack reached the decision he had been groping for in his child's mind, and held up an impressive, ragged-mittened hand.

"Ginger, if any of the Kay-zer's men is *hurt*, you bring 'em in, and I'll fix 'em up before we let 'em be pris'ners. It *hurts* so to be hurt, you know, and I guess a *hurt* German has *some* rights!"

When I could see the little doctor again, the wind or something having impaired my vision for an instant, Gin-

ger was delivering an important German officer to Jack, who said, heartily:

"Put him right here, Ginger. I'll fix him up in *no* time," his voice plainly imitative of Tenny's encouraging professional one.

Having gravely received the ball which was the important German officer, it miraculously changed, as Jack threw it with renewed zest, having found peace and renewed spontaneity in extending his professional services even to the enemy.

"This is a Frenchy, Ginger. I got a lot of 'Mericans and Englishers," he told the dog, earnestly, and Ginger, the fastest-working field-ambulance volunteer as yet reported, sped after the Frenchy just as the doctor came tearing out in his boyish fashion. Seeing Jack, he stopped abruptly in great and gratifying surprise.

"Well, hel-lo! If you aren't out of doors!"

Jack's eyes shone like blue stars. "Yeah! This is the hospital. I'm you! Ginger's the amb'lance!"

"You don't say! Well, good old Ginger! Is he getting them all, Jackie?"

"Yeah. He's getting them all. Say!" Confidential, round blue eyes lifted to the smiling brown ones.

"Shoot! What is it?" encouraged Tenny.

"He brung in a German. I told him to. If a German's hurt, he's hurt, ain't he? And hadn't ought to be a pris'ner till he's fixed up, had he?"

"I should say not! You fix up every Teuton Ginger brings in. It's the only way to treat them—when they are hurt. Well, so long, Jack. If you need me for consultation or anything, send an orderly."

"Yes, sir," was the proud answer.

"What are you weeping about, Freddy?" laughed the doctor, dropping back into his bachelordom as he took the wheel.

"I am not! It's the sun on the snow," I gulped.

"Ye-es, it is! What's that?" One of the boys had called his name. "Will I be the tank and smooth out the shell-holes? You bet I will!"

And for a few perilous minutes the little roadster charged the sloppy snow



"IF ANY OF THE KAY-ZER'S MEN IS HURT, YOU BRING 'EM IN, AND I'LL FIX 'EM UP"

in front of the walk-that-was-the-Kaiser to the shrieking delight of the Allies and the shrieking protest of at least one "Fritzie." Then we shot around a corner and started for home, leaving Ginger still bringing in the wounded with a fine impartiality.

I spoke of it to Tenny as the car came down almost to speed limits. He smiled his curious little one-sided smile.

"Jack's a tender-hearted little tad. He had such a tough time himself that he can't bear for anything to be hurt—because it hurts so! Plucky little scout, though. All you have to do is suggest a game, and he'll play it if the skies fall. He plays he is my assistant, and holds the bandages for me himself. He gets so blamed interested he forgets some of the pain. But you needn't snivel, Honey," with a side-glance at me, "because the Ballards are going to make him good as new in the summer. I am to get him bucked up on a diet, and all, so don't you worry about Jack."

"The Ballards!" I ejaculated. "How could those people afford the Ballards?"

"Oh, they aren't so hard to get at as you think," was Tenny's careless response.

I had a sudden intuition as to how they were "got at." "Are you—" I began, eagerly, only to have my breath swept away by a burst of speed down the street to my own home in the early winter dusk.

"Good - by, Freddy. Hello, Mrs. Grant!" he called to my mother, who appeared in the door. "I just brought Winifred back from the Front. She has been in a tremendous battle. See how her hat is all askew! We routed the Kayzer, but Winifred suffered heavy dishevelment and sustained some loss of tears!"

"You think you are smart," was my inelegant comment. But my mother invited him in to dinner, smiling at him affectionately, just as every older woman does at a born bachelor.

"I can't come in this time, Mrs. Grant, thank you. Have another call. Freddy, if Helen Coles turns me down for the movies to-night, I'll come and take you." And he was gone.

I kept thinking of Jack, who, having known physical suffering, had attained the mental emancipation that would alleviate the suffering even of the enemy and could not bear that even the Kaiser's men should go without first aid; and one afternoon about a week later I made excuse of some intricate puzzle-blocks to go to see him. But when I turned the corner I saw Ginger trudging along through the falling snow, evidently on his way to Jack's, though neither the bachelor nor the bachelor's car was anywhere in sight. I suspected that Jack would not care about puzzle-blocks when Ginger was there, so I walked slowly, wondering what to do. My courage was oozing out at every step. Not that the silly blocks were intended as charity, but that Jack's mother might, rather than disappoint Jack, accept them, and still have a justifiable mental reservation as to the effrontery of my visit. I whistled hastily to Ginger before he could begin his thudding knocks on the door. He never scratched at doors; he knocked. If that failed, he barked softly, though, when thoroughly roused, as at some alarm, his barks were such as to lead the uninitiated into a belief that the dog must be at least twice the size of a Jersey calf. His bark, when he got down to business, was a thing never to forget, a tremendous barytone with not the hint of a yelp in it. Tramps fled precipitately before it, whereupon Ginger turned twinkling clear brown eyes to his hostess—he called on his friends with or without the bachelor—and permitted himself to smile, a broad, pink-tongued smile, bounded on either side by the silkiest ears imaginable. At my whistle he turned, lifting an alert head, and, recognizing me, came trotting back to meet me. To my surprise, he had an envelope in his mouth. I reached for it. Ginger turned his head aside, evading my outstretched hand, and the rebuke in his eyes actually caused me to blush.

"I was not going to read the note, silly," I told him, crossly. "I want you to take these blocks, too, and I'll give you back the letter as soon as you take this string."

Ginger's tail, which had been suspending judgment, gave a slow wave, and he permitted me to follow out my inten-

tions, though regarding me steadily with his earnest eyes.

"Now take it all to Jack," I said, giving him a pat and watching him trot back to the door. As I walked slowly by, the door was opened to admit him, and Jack's mother's voice was heard calling to invisible people:

"Well, of all things! Here is Ginger with a note for Jack from Doctor Tennant — and a box of something. He is the *best* man!"

I scrunched disappointedly along, reflecting that, once a man gets a reputation for being kind-hearted, every amiability that is found lying about loose is credited to him! Here was Tenny getting all the credit for my box, while I remained as unknown and as unsung as Gray's minor poets.

When I reached home Tenny was mashing potatoes for my mother, while they chatted together not unlike a couple of Ladies'-Aiders! When I appeared in the kitchen door they were laughing over some silly thing and mother's cheeks were as pink as a girl's.

"Well, how do you do, Doctor Tennant?" I formally greeted the red-haired gentleman wearing my perkier big kitchen apron, and added, irritably: "When you go out to service, I wish you'd furnish your own apron. I was keeping that clean for next Saturday. And does it occur to you that mother probably intended those potatoes for dinner, not for wall decoration?"

Tenny regarded me unabashed for a speculative minute, then turned to my mother. "Mrs. Grant, I've a notion to pick up all the potato that got spattered about and decorate Freddy's face with it. A little blond, turned-up mustache, and some white eyebrows, all done in bas-relief of warm potato, would make a corking German spy of her."

He started for me, scooping all the adhering potato from the masher. As he came I fled precipitately, putting the dinner-table between us. He went back to the kitchen with a parting shot:

"What's happening Saturday? That song-bird of yours coming down for the week-end?"

"Yes, he is. *You* don't have to hear him sing. *You* won't be asked—"

"I should say not. I wouldn't come if

I were; I'm too jealous. But speaking as a physician, Winifred, I'd suggest that he do something about his voice. It is out of place, or something. He is a pretty chap, though. Cunning little dear. He almost got in my coffee the last time he was down, but I saved him for you, and it for me. What I want to know is, why you don't pick out some one your own size? Of course he is wider out than you, but then you are taller than is necessary for a girl, and not so wide as Suzanne considers proper for your height. But all the same—"

"Oh, keep still, Tenny!" I cut in at last. "I wish mother would stop asking you over to dinner."

"She won't, though. She likes me. You could facilitate this dinner, Freddy, by cutting the bread and transferring the coffee to that fat silver affair your mother insists on using."

"How is Jack?" I inquired, presently, when we were at the table.

"He has gained two pounds! He is going to make it, O.K., by May or June. I've got to have him ready for the reaction after the operation, and then he will be able to walk, and, with right care for three or four years, he will forget by the time he has grown that he ever had a mean fall."

"Where is Ginger?" was my next question.

"Couldn't say. The way that dog gads about is a disgrace to me. I never trek around. I am always to be found in my office every once in a while. Oh! I happen to think! What do you mean by telling that bunch of hoodlums that my girl's name is Legion? The other day one of them asked Helen Coles, when she was waiting out in the car for me, if she were 'Miss Legion.' Investigation revealed your frightful slander. Even Jack has heard of the lady, and wept with jealousy, unable to grasp the explanation."

I did not see Jack again until in May, when I strolled out past

the row of flats just on the chance of seeing him, and found him sitting in a brand-new wheel-chair out under the maple-trees that line so many streets in our town. Ginger was with him, and, as usual, was retrieving balls.

"Hello, Ginger!" I greeted, seeking by indirection to take up a conversation with Jack. "Give us your Irish paw."

Ginger came over, lifting his left fore-paw to be shaken. Jack's eyes beamed round and blue.

"D'you know Ginger, too?" he asked, eagerly. If he had noticed me on that February day when the snow unit attacked the Kay-zer, he had forgotten me even more completely than I had forgotten the lad of the boy-scout book.



"WELL, OF ALL THINGS! HERE IS GINGER"

"Oh yes; everybody knows Ginger! What are you playing?"

Jack hesitated, looking at me questioningly. But not for nothing have I trotted about as one of old Miss Legion with that bachelor doctor. I imitated Tenny's one-of-you manner, if not perfectly, at least well enough to establish Jack's confidence.

"The kids are all in school, except the li'l ones. They're taking naps. So we are playing flying squad. You can play that alone, you know. I mean just me and Ginger. Mother says there are two in the airplanes. Ginger has a parachute and goes after the wounded." Jack might be uncertain of the uses of parachutes, but he was not uncertain in his compassion for the wounded.

"Oh, then you are a doctor?"

"Yes'm. I'm Doctor Tennant. He got me this chair because I'll need it while I am getting well. Do you know him?"

I admitted knowing the doctor.

"He's the most fun," sighed Jack, happily. "Him and me is going to take me up to Ballards to get my back fixed. I am going to help hold things soon as I am able. He says it takes the most grit to be the 'sistant, and so he's going to let me be it. He says— Oh, there comes mother!" Mrs. Estey was hurrying along, half a block away. "Mother always hurries so when she leaves me by myself. She is afraid something will happen to me, but I tell her that I guess I'll be all right. And, besides, it mostly always happens that Ginger comes before she gets back. Since the doctor give me this chair I can go to the door myself and let him in, if I am in the house." His blue eyes were starry with pride in his new independence. I turned blinkingly to speak to his mother.

"I am Winifred Grant," I explained. "I was going past and stopped to talk with Jack a minute."

She greeted me quietly, and talked impersonally for a few minutes before going into the house, and I went home thinking what a lot of genuine worthwhileness Richard Tennant concealed under his frivolity. Just as I have always said, I gloated to myself, an earnest person does not have to be serious. He can

afford to be merry. And then, just as I was downright emotional about Tenny, even calling him Richard, he sailed up alongside with his pestering:

"Hey, Skin-nay! Want to go 'long? I'll get you back before dinner."

"No, I don't," I snapped.

"That makes four girls who do not appreciate their privileges," he remarked to Ginger, who was getting out to make room for me, and drove on.

"Oh, wait, Fatty! I've changed my mind," I called after him.

"So have I," he called back, but stopped at the next crossing and waited for me.

Later, as we were driving home, he told me that he was going to take Jack up to the Ballards in June. But it came to pass that he took the little chap three days later. Jack's mother had been obliged to leave him in the house alone, as it was raining, while she delivered some plain sewing on the other side of town. The woman in the next flat had promised to "look out for" Jack, but when the whole row was discovered to be on fire, the woman forgot all about him, in the tumult of getting her own five together and counting them to be sure they were all there. When the fire department arrived, Ginger turned the corner a little in advance of the hose-carts, and before the hose could be connected he had found his way through a window beside the door of the third flat from the corner, disappearing into the smoke and flames. The firemen were so accustomed to his prowling about at the fires that no one paid any attention to him until he reappeared at the window with his biggest barytone bark. As soon as he knew he was observed he disappeared again, and the mother of the five began to scream that Jack was in the house. Three or four firemen crashed through the door, fighting their way through flames and smoke, but could find no one—not even Ginger, and presently came back to see if the dog had come out while they were feeling their way about inside. No one had seen him. Two men went back to renew the search for the boy, and were gone so long that the front walls fell, cutting off their return. Every one was in a panic, until presently a wild yell went up from the



"AND THEN HE COME AND WAITED BY ME AN AWFUL LONG TIME"

back, and we—for half the town had arrived by this time—rushed around to see what had happened.

One of the two men was carrying Jack, and the other was rolling Ginger in somebody's blankets off a flapping clothes-line. The boy was half crying and half laughing as he was handed over to Richard Tennant, who had just arrived, and said, with sobbing pride:

"Ginger he played he was the ambulance and he got me out, he did!" And then he fainted.

I knew Tenny would take care of Jack, so I ran back to ask about Ginger.

"Just scorched, Miss Grant. He isn't hurt a bit," the fireman told me. "Some of his fur was afire, but his coat is so thick it would take a week to get at him. You might rub some cold cream on his nose," he said, smiling a little at my concern, "though it isn't singed to speak of."

A minute later Ginger escaped from

the blankets and the indignities thereof, and shook himself vigorously.

I had to wait until Tenny came back from taking Jack up North, to find out just what had happened at the fire. He came in, laughing, in time for dinner one night the last of the week, followed by Ginger, who was not in the least self-conscious over the stunning new collar displaying an engraved notice of full membership in the fire department, bestowed upon him by the firemen.

"Jack is doing fine," Tenny told us, in answer to our questions, and continued: "On the way up North he told his mother and me all about the fire. He said the first thing he knew there was fire everywhere, and he couldn't get to his chair. He had had a backache and had been lying on the couch all day. He said he just played he was in a tight place (poor little devil, he didn't need to play that!) and just thought he'd better 'buck up,' as I always told him.

He said he 'hollered' awhile, and then he admitted he cried a little, and then he said 'Ginger come bustin' in and found me.' I asked him what Ginger did, and he said, 'Well, first he went back and barked, and then he come and waited by me an awful long time' (it was probably only a minute or two), 'and then he took his nose and rolled me over on my face, and then he took a good hold of my clothes in the back and dragged me down on to the floor. It hurt like the dickens, but I knew Ginger couldn't help it and was trying to do something. I tried to reach round and put my arms around him, but he growled at me and I let loose. Then he licked the back of my neck like he never meant to be cross, and got hold of my clothes in the middle again, and pulled me through the kitchen to where the basement door was open. Then he got around on the other side and pulled me down the steps. It hurt, and I kinda choked in the smoke, and didn't notice anything for a while. Then the firemen found us and said,

"Well, I'll be hanged!" and then they give me to you, Doctor Tennant, and you found mother, and that's all. Only wasn't it fun that Ginger knew all about amb'lancing from fighting the Kay-zer with me?"

Tenny leaned over and patted the dog lovingly. "Not so bad for a chap like you, is it?"

Ginger waved his tail and yawned, superior to praise, but when mother slipped out into the kitchen a few seconds later all his superiority vanished like magic. He trotted alertly after her, and I laughed to Tenny, "There goes the cream I intended for the short-cake!" my apprehension proving not altogether without foundation, for in a minute we heard a mighty lapping.

"He is a great old dog!" grinned Tenny, listening to Ginger's abandoned enjoyment of his bowl of milk, which, I discovered later, *had* been to some extent enriched from the cream supply, and then he did a most characteristic and Tenny-like thing. He dropped a casual



"WOULD YOU CONSIDER MARRYING ME—AND MAKING A HOME FOR MY DOG?"

hand over my hand, which was lying on my chair-arm, just within reach, and said, with his little one-sided smile: "I have about decided to marry you in order to have some place to leave him when I go to France. I've just received my commission, and shall be leaving before many weeks. Would you consider marrying me—and making a home for my dog, Freddy?"

I sat very still for a minute. Where were the sentimental wooings of fiction—and my day-dreams? Then I reasoned within myself that Tenny was only fooling, though the quality of his voice, quizzical as it was, made that deduction absurd. The steady hand over mine closed strongly. I turned, almost against my will, to meet Tenny's eyes, and found them quiet and clear and full of tenderness; and it came to me that just as an earnest person does not have to fall back on seriousness, so a love that is deep and sane and true does not have to fall back on sentiment, and Tenny's whimsical proposal became to me the most wonderful one that was ever made.

"W-why, yes!" I laughed a little tremulously. "I'll be 'old Miss Legion' and marry you—and feed your dog while you are away!" Sudden panic overtook me, and I turned my hand beneath his in an anxious clutch. "You—you'll be sure to come back, won't you, Tenny?"

"I shall come back if it is humanly possible, dear," he told me, reassuringly, all the quizzical nonchalance gone from voice and eyes. "You are a great little girl, Winifred, to marry me just when I'm going away. Let's see if this is the right size," fishing a ring out of his pocket—a ring of such magnificence that it must have been three minutes before I thought to say:

"Well, of all the conceit! You were so sure as *that*—that I—that I would—"

Tenny smiled his provokingest. "Oh, I just thought surely *some* one could be found to wear it, and look after my dog, and write love-letters to me that would bring me safe home again; and I have always meant to ask you *first*, because you have so many moods that it is next best to having a generous assortment of girls. I'd hate a wife who was always

the same! She would bore me to extinction."

"Richard Telford Tennant!" I began, loftily, only to dwindle off into this comment: "You are a born bachelor, Tenny! It is a shame for any girl to marry you and spoil your whole life. I feel downright mean about it. I'll tell you what I will do! I will keep the ring, and feed your dog, and write you the best letters you ever had, and let you off from matrimony. You are as free as before you blundered into that indiscreet proposal that you will be sure to regret!"

"We shall be married next Wednesday," he returned, calmly, and added: "I appreciate your generosity, Freddy, but in my case it is not love me, love my dog and my ring, but love my dog and my ring, love me. If it would not necessitate my getting up out of this chair I would kiss you, all according to the romances. But I am so comfortable. Will you please excuse me till a more convenient season?"

I scorned to make any reply, and, anyway, mother came to the door just then to ask Tenny to do something for her out in the kitchen, and presently I heard him saying to her:

"I have inveigled Winifred into a promise to marry me next week, Mrs. Grant. She is just like you, so I do not expect to regret my lost bachelorhood as long as I live!"

I could not hear mother's reply, but I had to smile to myself at his way of telling her. Then the smile vanished as the significance of the last phrase echoed dully in my mind. As long as he lived! Life was so tragically uncertain where Tenny was going "before many weeks." I started up impulsively, with the idea of begging him not to go, and then stood breathless before a sudden realization of how much men like Tenny were needed at the Front—men whose universality of heart and mind could supplement and piece out the loose ends and limitations of their profession with a sane and sturdy faith, though *faith* might not be the name these men were in the habit of calling that confidence that comes of insight and unselfishness; men able to care for the bodies that had gone bravely down into hell, and at the same time, without a thought of cant or creed, able

to reinspire and fortify the horror-sickened minds, just by their own good cheer and poise. And I had been about to beg Tenny to stay with me, because I was selfish and afraid! I was standing, half blinded by hot tears, when he came in from the kitchen, bearing a meat-platter and two vegetable-dishes with almost the skill of a trained waiter. Seeing me, with his usual quick comprehension of moods he put the things quietly in place on the table and came over to me, putting his arms about me with comforting gentleness as he said:

"Everything will be all right, Winifred, no matter how it turns out. Of course I expect to come back, especially *now*, but even if I shouldn't, you would not want me to not go, would you? That's a good girl! Now come along and have some dinner, for I have tickets for 'Daddy Long-legs,' and we don't want to be late."

The other day a very proud small boy stood gloriously erect on our station platform, saying good-by to the *benedict* doctor who was leaving in khaki to take care of the men who get hurt while fighting the "Kay-zer," and who was saying:

"I had to tie Ginger up in order to get away from him, Jack. Remember! I am expecting you to help Lady Legion take care of him for me. Do you mind, old scout?"

"I'll help her, Doctor," the little chap promised, eagerly; but they had reckoned without Ginger.

Just as the wheels gave the first crunching turn, and Tenny swung up the steps of the observation platform, followed by the porter, a red setter, wearing only fragments of the proud collar of full membership in our fire department, flashed through the crowd and up the steps, past the frantically protesting darky, into Tenny's arms, which tightened comfortingly about him.

"Why, *Ginger!*" he said, his voice

curiously husky, as the dog, even in his distress, remembered to lift a right forepaw in the newly learned salute, giving a beseeching whimper as he honored the khaki. "Well, if that is the way you feel about it, old puppy, we will find some way to take you along."

And then, as the train gathered momentum, Tenny's eyes swept smilingly over the little crowd that had come to see him off, answering the numerous good-bys with one hearty, inclusive one, before his eyes came homing back to mine in a long, reassuring look.

"Ginger has the courage of *his* desires!" I called up to him, and endangered my life by stretching a hand up for one more touch; what had started in to be a laugh turning into an ignominious sob. Tenny managed to reach the tips of my fingers as I added, incoherently: "You got me under false pretenses! Ginger was to stay with me!"

"He just happened to think that *he* couldn't write letters. You can! Go right home and write me one, Winifred!"

And because he carefully did not say, "Good-by," I was suddenly able to call across the swiftly widening space: "Good-by, Tenny! Good luck!" in unison with a shrill childish voice that said:

"If Ginger brings you any of the Kay-zer's men, if they're hurt, you'll fix 'em up before you let 'em be prisoners, won't you?"

And Tenny heard us both, for his voice came faintly back to us: "Sure, Jack! . . . Good-by, dear!"

Three minutes later, as I was getting blindly into Tenny's roadster, a shy voice at my elbow asked, "Did Doctor Tennant give you his car?"

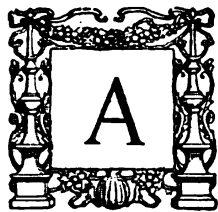
"Yes," I laughed through my tears. "Hop in and I will take you home, Jack."

"You don't have to drive so very easy for me any more," he hinted, hopefully, as he climbed in.



Reducing the Waste of War

BY DONALD WILHELM



AMERICA, in world estimation at least, has never been considered the abiding-place of the thrifty, "those who live a life of bees, working as though they would live forever." Our husbandry has been overborne, rather, by superabundant harvests, and, our hands full of plenty, we were not forced to thrift as was France. We had no black and belligerent monster lying along our borders, ready to smash in; no Ahriman awaiting chance to throttle Ormuzd; no Power of Darkness ready to overwhelm the Light. We were indifferent to the practise of economy, since there existed no necessity for it. Accordingly, it was said that what each American family wasted would support a family of the French, and what the nation wasted would sustain, well-nigh, half of the old, the embattled world.

In peace we wasted; but now, perforce, we save. Now we spendthrifts are becoming a nation of a hundred million thrifters. Now our army itself—the best-fed, best-clothed, best-paid army in the world—is out to win the record of being the thriftiest army in the world.

In the very front-line trenches there begins the intriguing contrast between waste and conservation.

In other wars, after battles, after the guns had ceased to brag and after the bodies were buried, everything on the battle-field was burned on a sacrificial pyre. Now, not a thing is burned or wasted. Instead, salvage-men scatter out on the battle-field, frequently under fire, and gather in literally everything for their vast and far-reaching organization to repair and remanufacture. As a consequence, in one relatively small but illuminating instance, for two years the British army in France has not required one new yard of canvas or of webbing. The British and French, and

Americans now, are literally "making things out of nothing." They are using over and over everything that can, by any stretch of the imagination, be made to serve again. Every loose thread, every bit of metal scrap, is gathered in and used again or remanufactured. A veritable science of thrift is what this great and necessitous grapple with waste means.

Armies did not, in other wars, compromise with economy. Even in the Spanish War in Cuba, when a mass of stores was being burned, Colonel Roosevelt, it is said, remarked, "I marvel at the absolute in you Regular Army officers." Now nothing is burned. Battle areas are far too big, the reach of destruction far too vast. Waste would spell defeat, since scarcity is the order of the day. Now every big thing—the mighty carriage of a wrecked gun, for instance, the engine of a fallen airplane, the parts of a disordered truck, and every little thing, every coat, whether gray or khaki or horizon blue, is saved. Old hats are turned into bedroom slippers, saddles into shoes, rags into tourniquets. I threw away a burnt match while talking to a salvage officer. "Over there," he observed, "we save burnt matches sometimes. They're charcoal, you know—good for tooth-powder!"

There is now, in every division of our million men abroad, a salvage battalion—and with it is working every branch of the army. How much is saved, how extensive the effort is, no one knows who has not seen a rail-head, in the battle-zone. There you find the most conglomerate mountain of material imaginable—great heaps, growing larger continuously, added to by trucks and wagons busy night and day; and in turn sorted by armies of workers, baled for shipment, loaded on cars, or repaired on the spot.

The other day at Camp Meade I saw a private take up critically a pair of shoes.

"My old buddies," he said, smiling with an air of renewing a pleasant acquaintanceship, "back from the shoe-shop." He kicked off his other pair—each soldier has two pairs, with his "hob-nails," three—and pulled on his renovated friends. "Not much for style," he mused. "Built for speed and comfort, though." Then, abruptly, "And believe me, I'd rather have 'em than new ones, you can bet!"

And that is the general opinion regarding renovated articles, both "over there" and here in the sixteen Guard camps and sixteen cantonments, every one of which has, either within itself or in base shoe-hospitals strategically located, facilities for the repair of shoes. In the single month of April, in fact, the third month after the Reclamation Division of the Quartermaster Corps became an actuality, 170,000 pairs of shoes in America alone were renovated by the army, and many of them, moreover, were given the benefit of orthopedic and corrective work by army medical officers. In the Fort Sam Houston shop forty-one workers are now repairing an average of 228 pairs every day. One camp reported 15,000 pairs as unfit for service; one officers' training-camp left 9,000 pairs abandoned; but nearly all of these are marching in the cause of freedom now. Every pair of them represents a saving of five dollars; and since the issue of new shoes at one typical cantonment was reduced by more than 40 per cent., and 3,000,000 soldiers knock through about 2,600,000 pairs in a year, one may guess what are the savings in comfort and money; this, too, at a time when leather is scarce and invaluable.

In France shoes are sent direct from battle-fields to the "mother"—the great base equipment-hospital located in two large steel-and-concrete buildings loaned us by the French, equipped by us with electric light and all-American motor-driven machinery, and "manned," when Secretary Baker and his party visited it, by 2,000 Frenchwomen and 1,000 enlisted men, but manned now by steadily increasing numbers of women and by fewer and fewer men.

These Frenchwomen who "man the mother" are performing such a grim and

ill-smelling task as would win praise even for men. For first the shoes and other articles must be cleaned and sorted and, because lice and their larvæ are everywhere in the trenches, must be given antiseptic treatment. Accordingly, they are put to seethe for twenty-four hours or so in a bath—a solution of creto, water, and carbolic acid. Then they are dried and repaired, given a coat of dobin, or grease, which helps to make the unfinished leather, the only kind that withstands mud and water, waterproof for a month or so; resized, boxed, and returned for reissue, when they are generally preferred to new shoes by the soldiers, because they are softer and "broken in."

Sometimes the soles of the shoes are utterly worn out or missing; sometimes the uppers are gone. But remaining parts are matched together—facilities are being developed even for turning right shoes to left or left to right. If the soles are fairly good, new soles, hob-nailed, are nailed over them. If the uppers are past redemption, they are turned by machine into circular patches for use in reinforcing leggings wherever required. Then the remaining pieces of leather are cut into disks, drawn through knives of special design, turned into shoestrings, and any bits still non-usable are sold, at last, as scrap.

The good old army campaign hat has its extended period of usefulness. Here in America it lasts about nine months if it is properly cared for, but at the end of six is usually in condition for complete and surprising renovation, at a cost, by contract, of sixty cents or so, or of only thirty-five cents if the work is done by the army. It comes in soiled. The man who wore it, since he owns but one hat, seldom gets it back again. Accordingly, as is the invariable rule, it is cleansed and sterilized. Out comes its sweatband, off comes its ribbon and tie-cord, on a block it goes, to enjoy the liveliest of steaming. Then it is blocked into shape, finished off with pouncing-paper, loured with hot loure, wetted, ironed, set to size, furnished with new or rejuvenated ribbon, band, and cord, boxed, and returned for reissue.

In France the old hat, which is associated with the fondest of army tradi-

tions, had to give way to the army cap—which is made from fragments of the uniform—inasmuch as men are often obliged to sleep under cover, meaning under hat, and inasmuch as the shrapnel helmet is quite the fashion now and the cap goes better with it.

Now it happened, over there, that, though army hats were plentiful enough, hospital bedroom slippers were very, very scarce. It took a long leap of salvage ingenuity to take apparel from the head of man and put it on his feet. But that is what the army did. With dies it cut the brims of the old army hat, which was then usually on the road to ruin, into the shape of the human foot, stitched two layers together, stitched them back and forth, as is done with Japanese slippers, turned the fragments into heels, turned the crown into tips, used bits of uniform for the uppers, and sent off to the Red Cross a prodigious supply of bedroom slippers!

But here and over there this is not the ultimate use of the old army hats. The leathers, when worn out, are sorted and sold to dealers. The ribbons and the cords are used again. And finally, when only little fragments still remain, these are turned into shoddy, for giving strength to overcoats. Everything, in a word—every bit of the old army hat—is salvaged, turned to use again.

These are illuminative bits of army thrift. To tell all salvage miracles would be to write a book, and a stimulating book it might prove to be.

There is the vast business, for instance, of reclaiming and remanufacturing ordnance material. In the very zone of battle there are motor-truck repair-shops. These units go with a division into action. They take their place at the nearest rail-head, under fire of shells and bombs, and to them is diverted everything capable of quick repair—small arms, automatic rifles, machine-guns, rifles, pistols. Special sections are able to patch up field-howitzers, to fix the breech-blocks, or take “dimples” out of the bore, and set them to pounding the enemy again.

Back of these motor-repair units there are corps repair and artillery shops, to handle larger problems. Still farther back are advance depots, with com-

pletely equipped machine-shops, which can take down and reuse the parts of a battered field-howitzer, putting two or three battered ones together to make a good one.

And far back are great salvage stations for ordnance which can take a twelve-inch gun, bore out its worn-out “liner,” put a new liner in, rifle it—in short, make it as good as new.

In one great establishment, where four thousand Frenchwomen are employed, most of whom sustain families, is cleansed and repaired all the equipment used by the officers and men in the zone of advance, except that which is handled by compact traveling laundries; whereas the men who are not in the zone of advance themselves wash what they wear or have them washed at *blanchisseries*, and returned, which work the government is also preparing now to handle.

It is the fact that men far behind the lines or still in America must do or pay for their own laundering, which makes the army laundries self-sustaining, though they do their work at about one-sixth of prevailing commercial prices. But when men come out of the trenches they are deserving of a well-earned rest, and not only is it impossible, usually, for them to reclaim their original equipment, but, more important still, it is quite essential that thorough war be made on vermin. One great department of the “mother” is, therefore, devoted to handling clothing, to sterilizing and laundering it, to mending, sewing on buttons, and to darning socks, which is done by machinery. Another department sterilizes and repairs shoes. Another repairs rubber goods—boots, arctics, ponchos, rain-coats. Another handles canvas goods—cots, tents, leggings, nose-bags, water-bags. Another, saddlery and harness. Still another, the last, hardware, such as cooking- and field-ranges, utensils, kits—a department which has turned out of a scrap-heap three car-loads of field-ranges when they were sorely needed.

The total saving made by this great “mother” of course even the Quartermaster Corps cannot estimate; and the reader, remembering we have more than a million men in France, and some

already on German soil, can only guess.

Nothing is neglected in the plans of the Quartermaster Corps, to whose Reclamation Division here, and Salvage Division over there, falls the business of gathering in all remaining threads left by the other branches of the army.

In other words, thanks to the example of the British and French, the army is developing a science of economy, and the essence of any science, of course, is the universality of its law. In the old days the army was not wasteful, nevertheless such economies as it made were casual rather than primary, and those of current manufacturing methods merely, or such as occurred fortuitously.

Long before the vanguard of our army was sent to France Mr. Balfour, it will be remembered, came to America as a special emissary from Great Britain. He called at the White House, he made public appearances and public utterances, but nothing was said of the small group of experts, the very chosen of British army brains, who kept out of public view and conferred secretly with our army authorities. Then Joffre came. People saw him, too, but no one knew the secret knowledge he also brought. Then other missions came. Soon, from these secret conferences, were sent a few American officers abroad, specifically to study salvage. And when the army arrived, in part, overseas, plans for its salvage work were well under way, though at first it required, with new equipment and no battles, little effort.

Here at home complaints poured into the Quartermaster Corps regarding waste in the erection of the cantonments, which the contractors were building on a cost-plus basis—cost of materials plus less than 3 per cent. profit—in a race with time. On October 5th, accordingly, the control bureau of the Quartermaster Corps assigned a captain, two other officers, an office with one stenographer, to the beginnings of army salvage work, specifically as such. That work, beginning with savings in lumber and other articles, which at one cantonment were sufficient for the erection of a barrack-house, and in others were sufficient to afford a large supply of firewood—for in some instances whole acreages had to be

cleared of trees—resulted, in January, in the establishment of the Reclamation Division, with one Reclamation officer and 600 men assigned to each of the large camps and cantonments and smaller allotments to every army post. Thus something of a new science was established, with laws in the form of general orders, and a new watchword going the rounds, "The Reclamation officer will get you if you don't watch out!"

"There is no weapon the Germans fear so much as the bayonet," this new evangelist preaches, "except the sharp bread-knife."

And the Reclamation officer forthwith sat beside the garbage-can especially allotted in every army kitchen to bread-stuffs—together with others for bones, others for fats, and so on—and the effect of his presence showed in the disappearance of all big slices, with the result that by weighing the respective cans and establishing "bogey" in one cantonment, a typical one, in fifteen days the saving in bread was 60,000 pounds—enough to feed 3,000 men.

"Instead of all the sugar you use in those great cups of coffee," he preached his new evangel, "stir your coffee twice as much."

"And, cook, in your important work help to lick the Germans! Use these well-established lard substitutes and save invaluable animal fats—save a little for each man and the total will mount up huge!"

Then this distinguished army officer rose from his place beside the garbage-cans, into one of which went tins and bottles, and stressed the importance of bottles and tin.

"Bottles," he demonstrated in his monthly receipts, "are worth from twelve to sixty cents apiece, and even broken glass is worth seven dollars a ton. And cans! Instead of smashing and puncturing them so that mosquito larvæ cannot breed therein, save them! For every 150 pounds of them mean a pound of pure tin, and who knows when Holland's 'neighbor' will force the Dutch to cut us off from the major part of our imported supply?"

Then the ubiquitous officer turned to love-letters, newspapers, magazines—every paper scrap that flew—"Because,"

he argued, "paper is worth its weight in coal, and newspapers and magazines are worth much more!"

And then the wire that came from the bales of hay that were shipped for the horses and mules, which are without number. "Use it," he ordered, "to bale the paper!"

While the cannon in some parts of the big reservations grumble and roar, in other parts soldier convalescents, a few of those disappearing gentry called conscientious objectors, and others are learning the gentle arts of the field—wielding the plowshare behind the patient army mule. And while the rifle-ranges throb, and some men learn the arts of war, half a mile away, others, under a scientific farmer, are planting radishes or potatoes, of which nearly every camp and cantonment has a goodly acreage. Camp Dix, in New Jersey, thus has 400 acres under cultivation. Camp Devens, in Massachusetts, has half as many. Camp Lee, in Virginia, has 700 acres allotted to sweet-potatoes principally. All of which, says the Reclamation officer, goes to the glory of American arms, the strengthening of convalescents for duty abroad, the beginning of the end of the time when a single cantonment required 1,000,000 pounds of potatoes, 250,000 pounds of onions, despite traffic conditions, in a single consignment all the way from Colorado!

Some soldier cities have piggeries. A few are picking cotton that came springing up from taken-over farms—one cantonment cared for and gathered in \$4,000 worth.

A port of embarkation, or a pier thereof, partakes of the existence of a ship itself. There space is precious and hurry is the rule.

Vessels in ballast put in from infested waters, eager to dump anything they carry, eager to get away again. And ballast means, unless the vessels have special tanks, not water, but something heavy that will cling to keel—cinders, sand, gravel, rock—any of a score of things, 500 tons or so to a typical transport. This ballast, of course, must be lightered away.

Now one of the great and continuous costs of one of our ports—Hoboken—

came with the business of employing lighters, which carry only fifty or sixty tons and cost twelve dollars a day. This continuous cost, so the shrewd Reclamation officer who was assigned, first, to Hoboken, discovered, mounted up to huge proportions, since vessels come and go faster far than the German count. And the only recourse, likewise he discovered, was to sell that ballast. This, accordingly, he does. Sometimes there are many bidders for it! So he has in it a source of income now. He climbed on a truck one day, just as it was leaving the gate to the piers. "What have you got under that cover?" he demanded of the crew.

"We're rubber-repair men," he heard. "We've been doing some work on the *Antilles*."

"Yes," mused this captain, shrewdly, "and you're carrying away that conduit—forty dollars' worth!"

Now every pound of rubber goes to the uses of the army, or goes into storage against the rainy day. Not a truck or wagon leaves the gates without written permission of the Reclamation officers.

Garbage and refuse, which the government had formerly paid \$1.50 a wagon-load to get hauled away, is sorted now as it accumulates, and brings for special kinds comparatively "fancy prices," while mere table garbage yields a steady income of \$720 a year, with a contractor calling for it regularly every day and as often additionally as wanted. Boxes, which cost about fifteen cents to get rid of, now bring as much to the credit side—sometimes more; and barrels, when perfect, are worth much more.

Is it any wonder, that the captain and three lieutenants and the eleven enlisted men who are assigned as army reclaimers at the port, in addition to depositing in storage an invaluable mass of things varying from bulkheads and life-rafts to mattress-covers and counterpanes, copper, brass, a hundred other articles, deposited in May alone in the bank, over and above all expenses, more than \$12,000?

One day this captain-of-the-watch was summoned to a railroad yard. There a car-load of army material, which had, in storage in Washington barracks, suffered severely from spontaneous com-

bustion, had taken fire again while in transit to the port's reclamation depot. Then, water-soaked and sodden, it was dumped into the railroad yard.

"We think," this captain was informed, "you'd better send for the garbage-man."

The captain shook his head. "The garbage-man," he said, momentarily, "gets too many things given to him."

He sent for a laundryman instead.

The laundryman, a little dubiously, agreed to wash all the sorry mess at five cents a pound. And forthwith from that mess there were reclaimed more than 400 good woolen army blankets rated at eight dollars each, 300 others, the edges of which had been burned, trimmed and stitched together, virtually as good as new, by-products from many others, along with a great number of cotton uniforms, much cotton underwear, and odd buttons, pockets, and scraps sufficient to replenish this "mother" for many days to come.

One day this same captain got as far out on his field of battle as the end of one of the long ocean piers. There, hard by the berth in which the *Leviathan*, once the *Vaterland*, had lain for long months, awaiting Americanization, was a small mountain of pillows, some of which, mischievously, some wisely, as we shall see, had been ripped open, all of which lay now, fully 2,500 in number, a wet and, fortunately, rain-driven mass under the open sky.

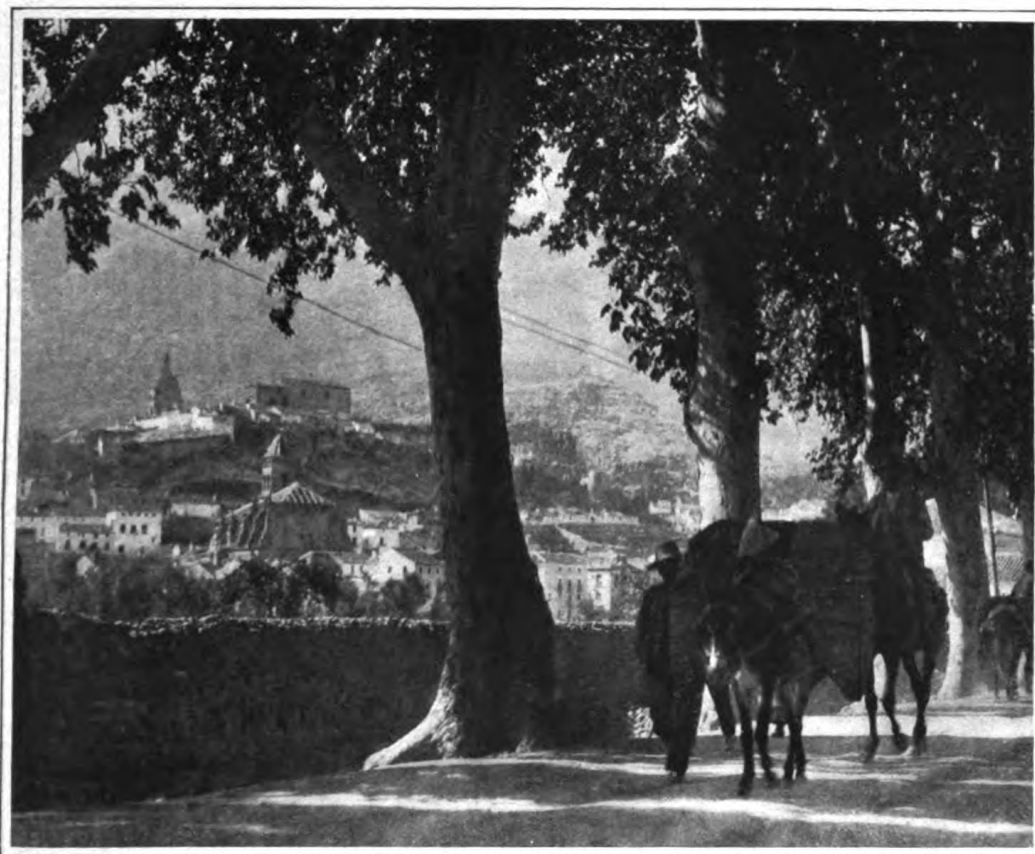
The Reclamation officer sold those feathers. He got nearly \$300 for them. And of course he reclaimed the fancy cambric cases—two yards nearly to every pillow, worth fifty cents a yard. But that is not the most interesting, most eloquent part of this incident. For when he opened those pillows he found, besides the feathers, such devilish machinations as only the Germans seem heir to—torches, tiny improvised ignitables, even match-heads wrapped in sand-paper, so that the tiniest pressure would start a raging fire.

He found a sequel, too, when he turned inspectors to the life-preservers thrown off from German ships. For many of them, with what hopes the reader can guess, had been stuffed with sawdust, slugged with heavy pieces of iron.

Long after the war is over we shall remember these lessons learned. For, howsoever the world recovers from waste which can only be measured by working-days lost from homes and families, from fields and factories and all the constructive work of the world, lost in drill and preparation and in graves on hillsides over there, still there are lessons we are learning now.

"We shall have learned thrift, the handmaid of replenishment," said a Salvage officer back from the fields of desecration. "We shall, in part, and perhaps in all, make up with education what we have lost in war."





A HILL TOWN OF ANDALUSIA

*PICTURESQUE GLIMPSES
OF OLD SPAIN*

BY

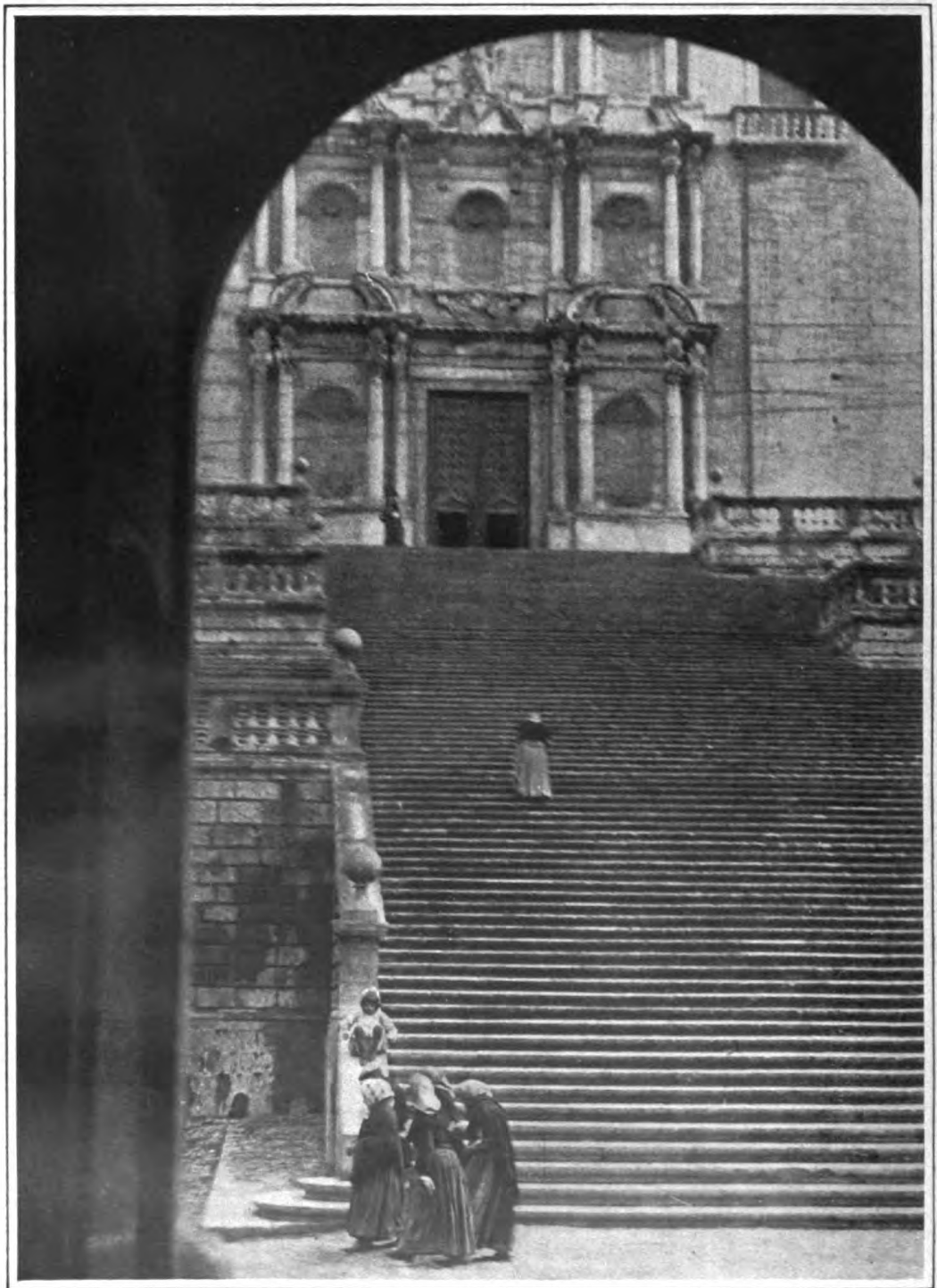
SHERRIL SCHELL

Fellow of the Royal Photographic Society

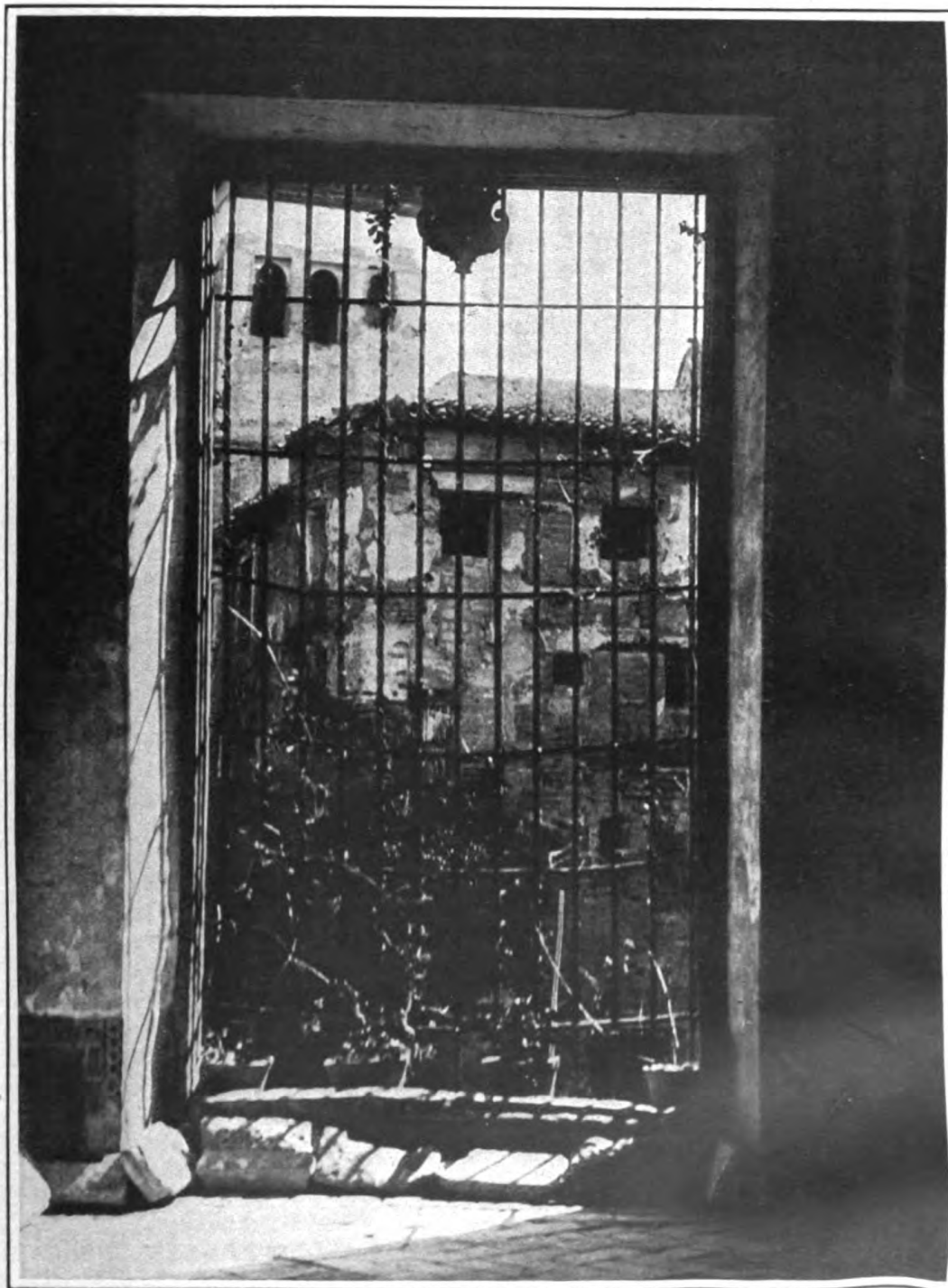
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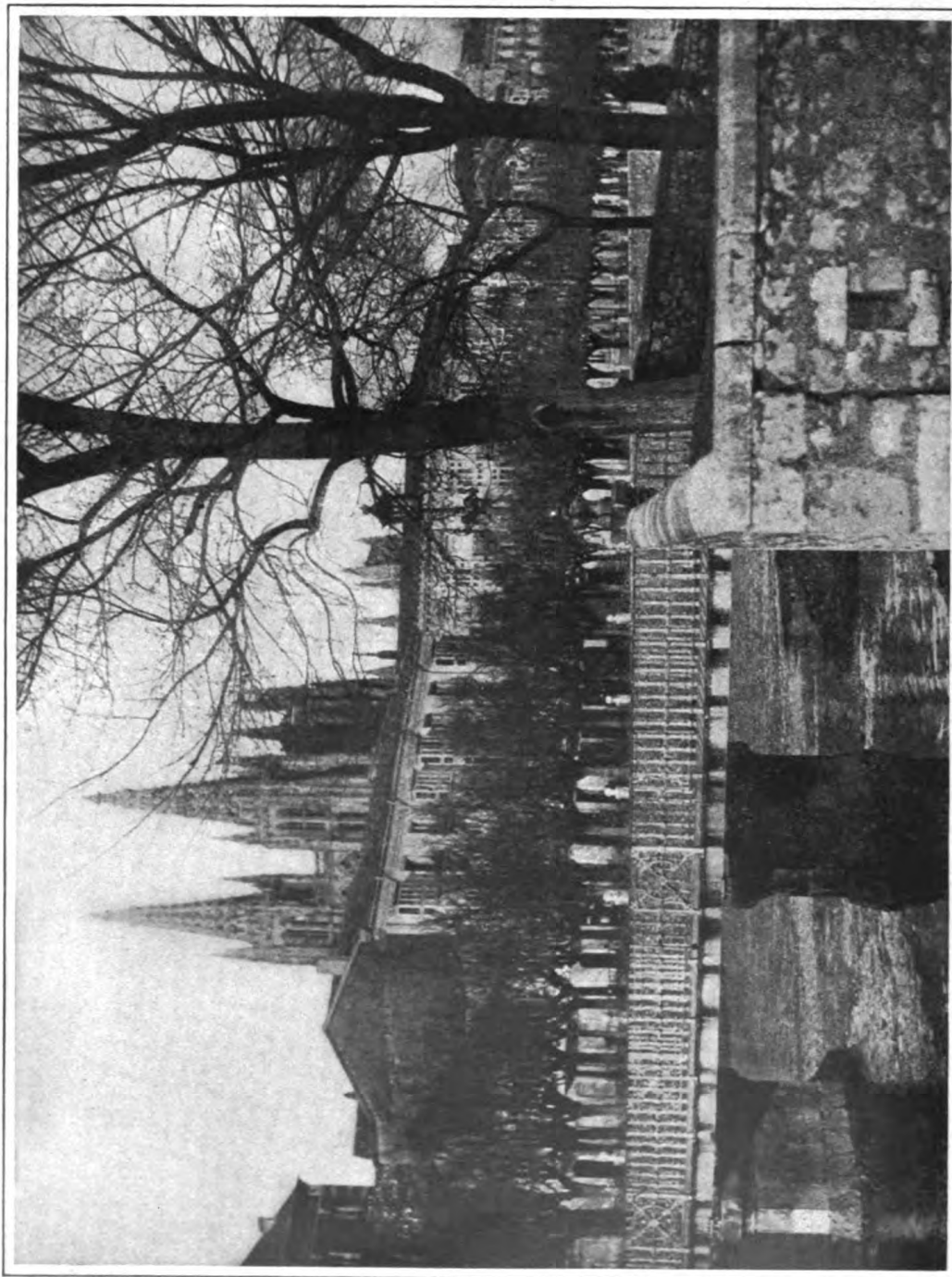
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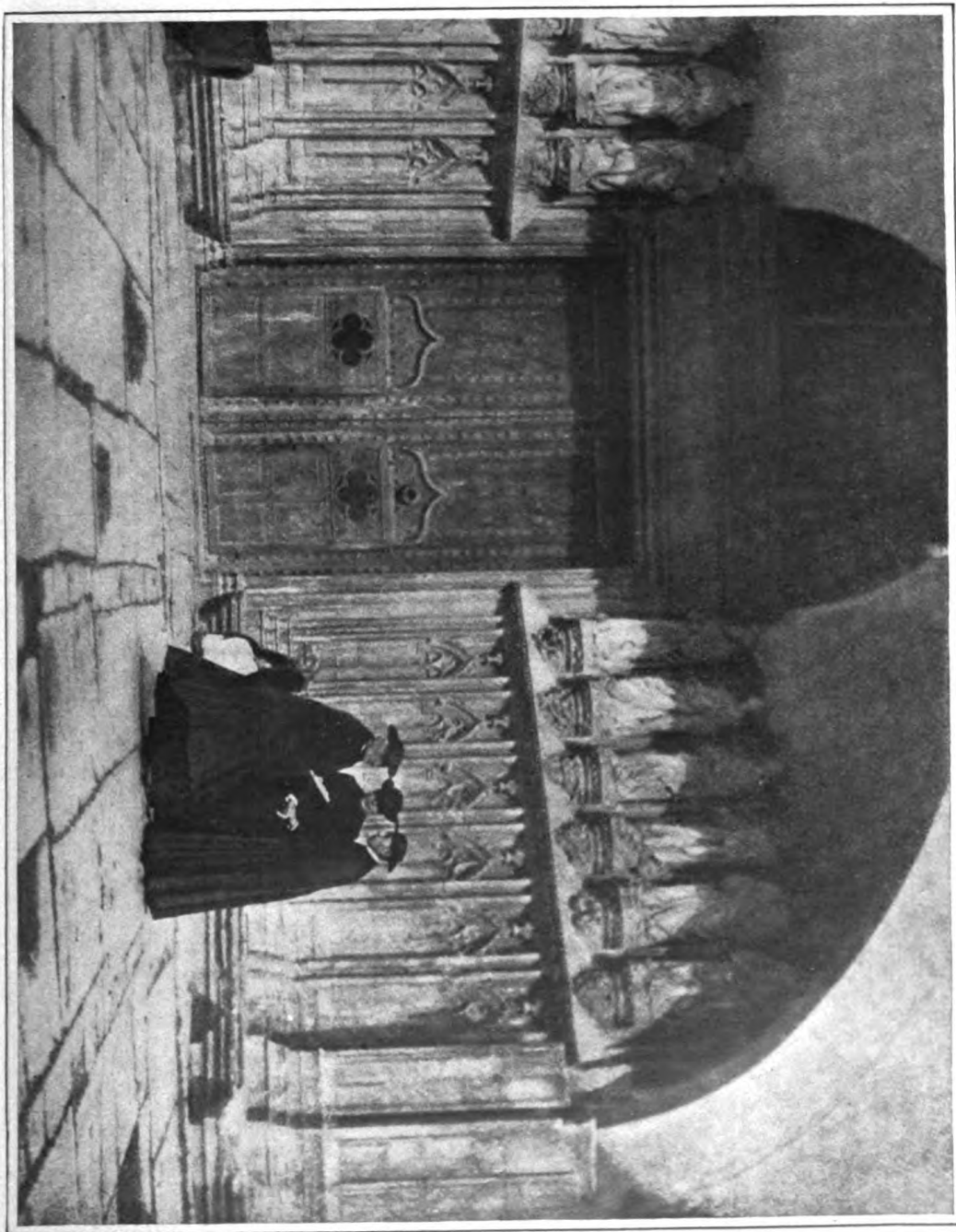
CATHEDRAL STEPS OF THE ANCIENT CITY OF GERONA



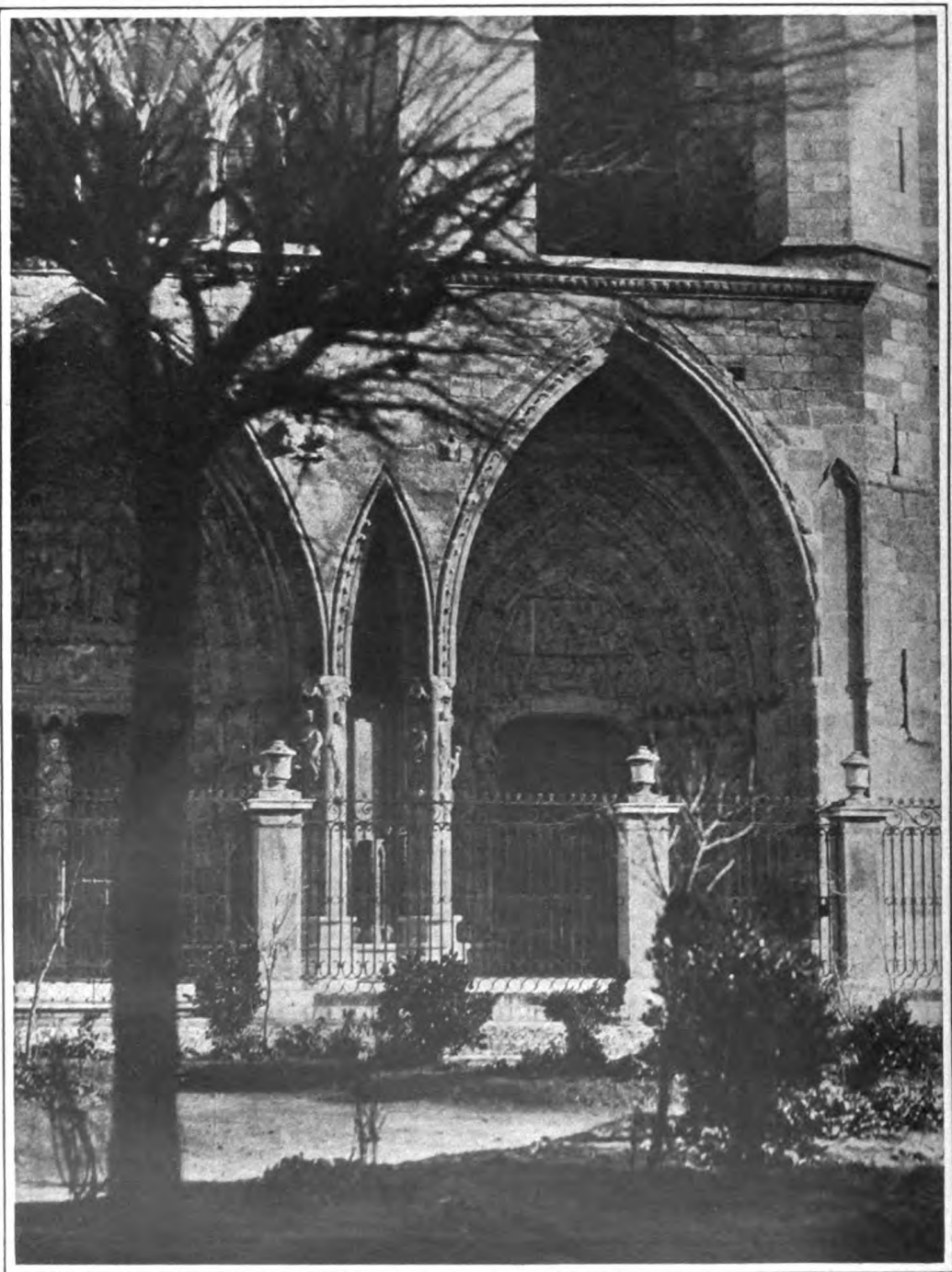
A WINDOW IN THE PALACE OF THE ALHAMBRA



BURGOS CATHEDRAL—ONE OF THE ARCHITECTURAL GLORIES OF SPAIN



THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT AND THE CHURCH MILITANT—GERONA



THE GOTHIC PORTALS OF THE CATHEDRAL OF LEON



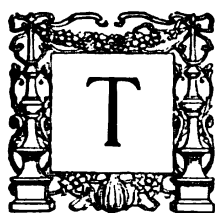
A MORNING STREET SCENE—SEVILLE



THE MARKET PLACE—GRANADA

On the Disappointments and Vicissitudes of Mice

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR



HERE is, I am persuaded, a tendency in many of us to reckon too absorbedly our own difficulties and to give but scant regard to the difficulties of others. This I have observed frequently, not only in our associations with those of our own kind, but very especially in our relations with creatures we assume to be of a lower order than ourselves.

I believe my own opportunity for observing the difficulties and disappointments of certain members of the animal kingdom to have been somewhat exceptional. It first came to me by way of residence in a very delightful house in the country in which it was my privilege to live. It is an old house, as age goes in America, eighty or more years having passed over the oldest of its low gables. Before we came to it the owner had not lived in it for many years. People had camped there from time to time; it had served during one summer as sanctuary to some episcopal nuns who set up a chapel in one of its twenty-two rooms, and tinkled matins and vespers in and out of its twilight chambers; but they remained a short two months only and then went on again, they and their chanted services, leaving it voiceless and tenantless—tenantless, as to human kind.

When we came to it there were many problems, difficult enough, certainly, to be met before the beautiful old rooms of pleasing and aristocratical proportions could be made comfortable and livable. But I know now that I reckoned these problems much too curiously and with too scant regard for the far greater difficulties our advent must have put upon all the shy creature folk who had up to that time found the old place convenient and habitable enough.

In front of the house a wide brook brawls or pauses in little pools to meditate under the hazel light of the birches and maples of a most lovely woodland. Into this woodland the long veranda, running the length of the house, faces directly. It is but a step, say, rather, the mere dip of a wing from the branches of the trees to the more sheltered safety of those cornices and crevices of pillar and window-frame where nests may be built so commodiously, away from storm and uncertainty of many kinds; so, too, it is but a step, or let us say a mere flying squirrel-leap from the drooping wood branches to the mossy veranda roof, and thence a swift squirrel-run of no distance at all, along the varied eaves, and under them where secret openings offer, and then but a flash of four-footed speed to the inviting safety and quiet of the old rafter attic—an ideal place to raise baby squirrels.

When we arrived that day the house was occupied, at its edges and corners, and even between its closed attic shutters, by birds of every householding and house-loving variety; and in between its many walls, and in its upper rooms and closets and air-chambers and low, long attic, by squirrels and chipmunks; and here, there, and everywhere, we soon learned, in all kinds of unobservable but plainly audible places, by mice.

At the time I was not aware of the completeness of this occupancy, but looking back now with full knowledge, I have a sense of shame and crudeness as I think what our coming must have meant to all those many denizens of that long, rambling, quiet old mansion. I had then, it must be remembered, not a thought of them. We were reckoning so absorbedly our own discomforts of moving attendant on our arrival, that we gave not so much as a thought to their calamities of withdrawal.

The birds were the first to go. I remember the frightened dart of one of them close to my face when I first stepped from the front hall onto the veranda. Such a frightened whirr and clipping and cutting of the air to get through it and away, as though a panic had seized her. And another on the branches just beyond the veranda, on her way, no doubt, back to her nest on the window-casing where now she dared not alight. Such incredulous flitting from branch to branch, such twitching of tail and wings, such anxious twitterings and turnings of the head, such bird exclamations! Then she spread her wings and flew away, no doubt to circulate the news. What Huns and Vandals threatened the country of her safety!

I think the first week, certainly the second, at most, saw all the birds gone. The squirrels and chipmunks, too, though they stayed on a trifle later, were not long in departing. There were councils and hurried scamperings, hushed pauses, and now and then—when I got an actual glimpse of one of them—an attitude of intent listening, a tiny paw held dangling in front of a visibly beating heart, then the quick, noiseless drop to all-fours, the drooped tail, the flash of speed, then the leap into leafy invisibility—only the branches left swaying, remembering.

We had an Irish cook, who called all this tribe—red squirrels, gray squirrels, and chipmunks—indiscriminately, “the munks.”

“God bless us! Look at the munks, mum! How they do race and carry on!”

She came to me the second morning, after what I take to have been a sleepless night: “Did you hear last night, mum? ’Twas a shame to any decent house. And but for it’s bein’ here in this heathen country, at the back of God’s field, and not a Christian locomotive to be had for miles, I’d pack up and be gone before I’d stand another night of their riotin’! I can’t stand the rakish things, mum.”

“What is it you cannot stand?”

“The munks, mum!”

It was she, a devout daughter of the Church, who had said it. I made no amendment; I only, I am sorry to say, offered her as consolation this:

“Don’t worry about them. They will

not stay now we are here. They will find other homes for themselves.”

Yes, I said just that, and gave it to her for consolation.

So much for the birds and squirrels, those altogether shy denizens given to quick abdication. But the mice being, I take it, of a somewhat more reasoning and philosophical order, more inclined to treaty and capitulation, remained, after I know not what cautious considerations and watchful consultations among themselves. That these must have been sufficiently serious I am convinced, for we heard at first very little indeed of their doings; as though they meant to wait and study this phenomenon of our usurpation before taking any risk with powers so unlikely and unknown.

But as time passed, their attitude toward the heavens and their horoscope must have altered. Doubtless there was some hope matters were not so bad as the old and experienced among them had prophesied. Appropriately quiet in the day, in the night they began to dare and to recover what was, I suppose, some of their erstwhile freedom or old-time happiness. They began cautiously to come and go; to advance creepingly; to explore; to inquire and pry; to examine and study; and doubtless, to report.

The usurpers, it seems, had a strange way of lying quiet at night (of all times!) and pursuing their busy activities in the day, when all good mouse citizens were in bed and asleep! Well, so far so good. Perhaps the mice set this down to a special providence. However that may be, it is certain they acted on the intelligence, for at night, having now become well informed as to our habits, they began to come and go, if still a little cautiously, yet with increasing freedom.

I used to lie awake listening to them. One would scurry across the floor wildly, overhead, forget something and run back for it. Another, carrying a burden, would in fright or haste drop it, scamper away as though terrified (oh, good gracious!)—and then would dare to go back for it, and roll it away soundingly into safety. I am inclined to think a certain pleasure was attendant on these dangers, and that among them, as among ourselves, the brave were the

gay; for there were among them now—oh, bead-eyed, venturesome spirits!—certain delicate squeakings that had all the effect of laughter; I could have sworn their feet tittered; there was—I do assure you I am speaking the truth—something giggling in their gait.

They were not, I am sure, without their Colchases and Cassandras; but, despite these, they began ere long to have certain celebrations. Go to! Let old White-Whiskers, who foretold calamity, take himself off and lie with his nose on his paws! There are better things in the world than prudence!

Celebrations there certainly were, though of what exact kind I am unable to state; weddings, very likely; town meetings, it may be, with the ladies present and welcome; picnics, in all probability; and christenings, I lean to believe, at which I make little doubt they drank deliriously of dandelion wine. One must not demand too curiously where they got it. I really have no idea. I keep my own well corked. I only know that circumstantial evidence is strongly in favor of the belief that they had it, and that in large quantities. How else is it conceivable they could so far forget our presence and their own risk? For I heard them coming home late one night between the rafters, shortly before dawn, in an openly riotous manner. Prudence they had flung to the winds. Their behavior was wholly ramshackle and reckless. Such squeakings! such tumblings and titterings and scramblings as could only have occurred among those totally oblivious to all danger! Such a drunken dropping of acorns and other picnic viands! with little shrieks from the ladies! Too evidently they had determined to eat, drink and be merry, come what would.

I could not help laughing myself with them, yet I sobered, too, at such recklessness on their part. This was no mere indiscretion; it was sheer folly.

I have no way of knowing whether any Daniel rose to warn them. If so, he was not heeded. The feast went on uninterrupted. Or, it is possible, too, they had not the requisite education or conscience to enable them to read the moonlight on the rafter wall for writing of an ominous character.

When I wakened in the morning not a sound nor evidence. Like Bottom, it seemed to me that I had had a most rare vision, for daylight had laid a hushing and dispersing hand on them also. Then suddenly I knew it all for reality. Not a beady eye among them, of course, that was not closed now; in the day-time twilight of old rafters, all of them, without doubt, slept, dandelion deep, their noses and their whiskers on their tails.

Meanwhile time and events went forward. Miss Layng, a North-of-Ireland woman who kept house for us, while I attended to the work required of me in my study, appeared before me with a white and sleepless face.

Miss Layng had ominous colored hair, which she heaped each morning in an exact manner above a face in which delicate health, gentleness, and unalterable determination were composite. She stood before me now like an allegorical figure of "Justice," or "Commerce," or "Law," bearing in one outheld hand a magenta "Dutchman's head" cheese.

"You heard them?" She spoke with quiet severity.

I looked inquiring, innocent.

She disregarded this, as a person too much above a lie herself to recognize one. "I think we shall need six traps, at least. Cook says she will not stay unless they go. She says one ran across her face last night!"

(Oh, the riotousness of them! More than I had suspected!)

At this moment the cook herself appeared, far less allegorical, comfortingly real, a lemon-squeezer in one hand:

"Oh, mum, I can't be saying exactly whether it did or not. Maybe it did, belike it didn't. But they do get me that nervous with what they *might* do!"

"You can see from this," antiphonied Miss Layng, solemnly. She turned the Holland cheese toward me. In its side was eaten what could only be called a cavern. She stood there exhibiting it, eloquent, without need of words.

Meanwhile, my own mental processes were busy, delightedly. Of course, of course! Here was a revelation and an accounting! It was this, undoubtedly, that had been the occasion of so much merriment and wild celebration. And how altogether natural! For days they

had been fearful, and oppressed with dark anxiety. What harm might not such a race as ourselves bring them. Other powers had fled before us. They had remained! But who dared tell the outcome? Dark prophecies! Sombre forebodings! Unthinkable possibilities! And then—then—when the dark-minded and old among them pointed out optimism as the sheerest folly—then came this proof of unlooked-for benevolence! Age and pessimism received their due. Caution and timorousness were flung to the winds. Old wives and grandfathers were flouted and their cautiousness set down to sheer envy and crabbedness. The day and the victory were in the hands of the young, the optimistic, the full of faith! Come, ladies; come gentlemen! Pay no heed to these pessimistic aged people. Preserve your faith in life! Here is good warrant! Quick! uncork the bottles! Bring the baskets along! This is a day for feasting, for feasting! Look upon this magenta miracle of benevolence and be convinced. Life is kind!

Where is a man with heart and imagination so dead who would not understand, by the light of all this, why the night had seen such celebration? How well understood now was the daring of the gentlemen, the almost hysterical gawdiness of the ladies!

Meanwhile Miss Layng waited. "I thought I would get six traps, but wished to speak of it first, otherwise you might wonder to see so many on the bill at the end of the month."

In this cryptic yet crystalline fashion the problem of their fate was presented to me. There was put before me a choice, a clear choice, between the proper maintaining of an honorable household, the retaining of a housekeeper and a cook with all that this implied as to my own comfort, and—a whole community of I know not how many fathers, mothers, children, step-children, brothers, half-brothers, uncles, aunts, cousins, first cousins once removed, prophets, sibyls, lawgivers.

Need I say which I felt constrained to choose?

Six were caught the first night.

Six the first night! In the very midst

of their rejoicings and the apparent favor of their divinity—six! What a subject for a rodent Æschylus! How they must have set themselves to ponder it! How and by what neglect or unintentional disrespect had they offended the gods, who but a while before had shone so kind? Six! And, as in the reappings of war among ourselves, these were bound to have been the best and most adventurous spirits. I paused to look at only one of them. What a sleek and likely fellow he was! What a bead of an eye! What a father of a family he would have made, nay, perhaps was!

After that I asked Miss Layng to spare me all bulletins and statistics; but by the frequency with which I came across her in the halls, or just emerging from closets, holding far from her between horrified fingers a small magenta trap rigged with wires and a dangling tail, I knew the number was large.

I knew, too, by signs other and quite as authentic. The riotous junketings had indeed ceased. The community was without doubt sobered and, it may be, led to think of its sins, its gods having turned against it. There was less frolic and gladness in the world than there had been. I confess all this seemed to me a loss, or, more exactly, a kind of waste. The wiser and the brooding East does not throw such things away. Are there not many folk in India, of tawny skin and gentle eye, who regard the humbler orders as sacred? There in that land are not the monkeys (and I cannot believe them to be a less destructive or garrulous race!) welcome to the temples? There does not Kim's sacred bull go about in the market streets and select the best vegetables for himself?

I was discontent with our order of things, not to say conscience-stricken, and thought much about it. How we patronize and humiliate and rout and exterminate these humbler folk, mused I. With how marked an arrogance we deal with them! How we impose our morals upon them and bid them live up to our laws or be gone! They must exist in the presence of a perpetual ultimatum. No court is held for their benefit; no appeal possible save to mouse-traps with their inevitable death penalty; no more chance of getting their case fairly

stated before us than before the Red Queen. Who ever listened to even their most able eloquent attorney?

"My lords," he begins, with nervous whiskers, "the case of my client is one that especially commends itself to human clemency. Six little ones at home, my lords, and not a mouthful to eat! If this, my lords, if this be not—"

"Off with his head! Sentence first" (the inevitable sentence!), "verdict afterward!"

So we behave ourselves atrociously toward these who, though of a humbler order, are yet susceptible, I doubt not, of sensibilities and sorrows and enjoyments.

These things are disturbing to philosophy and troubling to the heart. How shall we with a conscience justify ourselves in the eyes of the animal creation? Humber folk than ourselves, yet I cannot think that mice suffer by a comparison. I have attended to them with much speculative attention, and I have found them a peaceable people without malice. The worst offence that I have to record against them is the demolition of several fine books in my library, but it was done (it is not fair to hide this testimony) with the high intent of providing a comfortable nest for the birth and early tending of the tender young. As much cannot be said for the destruction of Louvain, for the shelling of Rheims. They have purloined my cheese and been sly as to my soap and tallow candles, but not, you will note, that they might grow disproportionately fat and sleek thereon; no, nor for the sake of banking these riches to exchange them later for horseless carriages in which to loll lazily or to pursue madly some unwholesome excitement; no, nor yet to lay such things by in hoards and stores in such a manner as to make it difficult or impossible for others to have the same pleasure as themselves. No; they took only what hunger rendered legitimate, a few satisfying nibbles at the candle, then leaving it free, with a fine democracy, for the next man to take whatever was his need. Where shall you find me a millionaire, or even a moderately conscientious business man amongst us, with as generous and as democratic a tendency? We who are so

sharp with them, so eager to give them the death penalty, would we had thieved as little as they? Nor have I ever, for all my listenings, been able to hear any quarrellings or recriminations amongst them. Solicitous cautions, dangerous adventure, frolickings and gigglings and squeaking laughter I have heard, but nothing to compare with our harshnesses, spoken and unspoken, nor do I believe them capable of our spite. I have met, as have most of us, with days of such from honorable men and women which I do not believe a mouse—of a so much lower order!—would for a moment be capable of.

In the face of uncertainties and disappointments such as theirs, what would become, I wonder, of our philosophy? Yet they would appear to maintain their gentleness unspoiled. We who take offence so readily; would we not boast if we forgave a man seven times seven! They, it would appear from easily collected data, do, in all likelihood, forgive seven hundred times seventy, and make no ado about it at all. They seem always ready to try life anew, and to give you another chance to be generous.

I was sitting once in the library of the old house, to which I have alluded, reading. Stillness and the stars were out; a fire burned on the hearth, for the night was cold. I read by the light of a lamp a book that I loved. At my feet slept Commodore, my collie, his pointed nose resting on his paws. On the rug by the fire was the old tortoise-shell cat, Lady Jane, a spoiled but endeared companion. Both had had their supper so bounteously that the dish of milk lay unemptied still on the hearth, and, like the Giant in the fairy tale, they slept "from repletion."

They slept and I read, and for comfort of mind and body you might have gone far that night to find three so content as we. And then presently I became aware of a little timorous shadow that was not a shadow, after all, but a tiny, tiny mouse. It put up its nose and sniffed the air nor'-nor'-west, sou'-sou'-east. It tasted the possible danger with its whiskers. It tasted again and made sure, delicately, like a connoisseur. Could the great adventure be risked?

I can give you no idea by what sensi-

tive soundings and testings and deliberations and speculations it at last crept into the flickering firelight. I wish I could convey to you the delicacy of its behavior, manners to make those of Commodore and Lady Jane (they with their sounding titles!) seem crude and greedy and plebeian. Its little pauses said, "May I?" Its delicate deliberations conveyed, "If I am troubling no one?" Its hesitations offered, "If I may be so bold?" And then, after these preliminaries, it took its place how politely on the brim of the flat dish of milk and drank, and raised its head, and drank, paused and drank again, thankfully, daintily. Once I thought it offered a courteous toast to me and my stillness and my silence.

Commodore and Lady Jane slept on! Oh, if they had known! Oh, the mews of disappointment and the terrible barkings and the *Fi-fo-fum* there would have been! But no, they slept on, and at last, having supped but lightly, the little mouse took itself away, carrying with it neither money-bags nor marvelous hen, nor golden harp. A true story and a fairy tale all in one, if you like—and without the questionable ethics of its more famous prototype.

What do they make of life? Their stoicism, their gentleness, their never-jaded curiosity perpetually tempt my speculation. That they are a people of vicissitudes and disappointments due largely to ourselves needs no arguing. What opinions have they of us? What effect have our behaviors on them? A consistently gentle people, they are treated with unvarying severity. What have they in lieu of logic to make life bearable? And what reward is there for their virtues? Or, are they too simple at heart, as yet, to ask for reward at all beyond the hope of a mere precarious existence? Is life that dear to them? And what, in the way of religious speculation of a crude, early order, might they be supposed to entertain? I would like to be delegated to investigate and report upon mouse mythology.

I can hardly rid myself of the idea that in their present is, as it were, some dim glimmering of our own past. They seem to me testing the world as we ourselves

must have done when we too were less established, when we also were in a position scarcely less precarious, eons before any written records were kept, long before man had learned to remember at will for the quick purposes of convenience and comparison—in a dim, dim foretime when to us, in some early Caliban existence, the outward world was as Prospero, unaccountable, and possessed of strange whimsies and quick with unwarrantable revenges.

"When a tree," says Frazer, tracing in his *Golden Bough* the beginnings of mythology, "comes to be viewed no longer as a body of the tree spirit, but simply as its abode, which it can quit at pleasure, an important advance has been made in religious thought. Animism is passing into polytheism."

I cannot help wondering from time to time, whimsically, whether those quiet denizens of that old house had made "an important advance in religious thought"; was "animism," with them, "passing into polytheism"? Were mouse-traps deceptive and evil gods with terrible snapping jaws, or but the abodes of these evil deities? And for philosophy and metaphysic, what had they? In that dim attic world was this perhaps an entire people in its mythopœic age, their gods descending and ascending miraculously, leaving a magenta cheese as incontrovertible evidence, or as unaccountably visiting them with swift and crafty destruction?

I am inclined to think their world is a colored one, fertile in fables. It would not surprise me to find that a small wooden object, known to us of a different development as a mere "mouse-trap," is to them some Dis or Ahriman, a terrible deity of dark powers and multiple personalities. That there are other gods besides—the great and awful Cat, the less omnipresent but not less terrible Terrier—I am not disposed to doubt; nor do I think they lack the shining ones also, as quiet as the others are full of movement, as conducive to life and well-being as the others to death and destruction—bright, effulgent ones of the god-like color of cheese, or silver sheen of tallow and paraffine; and back of all these, it may be, some elder deities—ourselves—the older gods with Olym-

pian powers, who can establish earthquakes; who can wipe away entire communities; gods and goddesses whose heads are in the clouds, whose movements are terrific, who shake complete creation when they walk, and with unthinkable besoms sweep with horrible sweepings, and periodically visit the world with awful scourges and hellish visitations of order and cleanliness.

I would not pretend to be acquainted with mouse literature, but I would venture a wager their *Arabian Nights* outdoes ours as cheese, chalk. Djinn, genii, and affrites—can it be thought they lack them? If the unaccountability of the world be, as it would seem to me, the basis of all literature and the origin of all fable, philosophy, entertainment and speculation, can it be denied they have extraordinary inducement? If our own world seems full of chance, and forever breaking away from bonds and probabilities, I only ask you to compare it with theirs!—in which the unaccountable is the sole certainty they possess.

I awoke one morning in the late fall, and began to dress, giving no thought whatever to them and their problems. When I came to put on my shoe, however, I could no longer ignore them. In the toe of it, stowed away safely, were three hickory-nuts!

Some sleek-coated citizen, with a winter house in mind, had wandered in those purlieus thinking to begin the arduous labor requisite to the building of a home suitable to the long, dark season nearly at hand, when lo, this prudent necessity was suddenly, by a miraculous bounty, waived! Mark you and observe! Here was provided for him a home such as his best skill could never have contrived. A place how warm, how neat, how conformable! That his acceptance was immediate was testified by his already accumulated stores.

I paused and took them in my hand;—one, two, three. There was a saint, I am told, who allowed the birds to build in his two palms, and did not rise from his knees until the fledglings were ready to fly from the nest. Neither was I a saint nor could I afford such beneficence. I was pressed for time, as God's saints, I believe, never are, and I needed my shoe. I slipped it on as I had

slipped on its mate; I tied its lace neatly, gave the bow an efficient pat, and walked away in it. It is true, I did put the three hickory-nuts on the bureau. I am not sure what I meant to do with them, but I never saw them again. Miss Layng, the terrible goddess of order, probably flung them out of the window with mutterings.

But I ask you only to picture the romance and it may be the terror of the thing to the one who had laid such delightful plans, who had enjoyed such anticipations! House, stores, hopes, social aggrandizement, everything—gone! carried off entire, by God knows what spirit! and not so much as a vestige left to tell the tale!

I do not forget that it is the custom to speak of mice as *destructive*; yet may it not be that we use that word concerning them, after all, with something of a bias? I picture one of them on his way to seek a few bits of newspaper for the lining of a nest, and I imagine him suddenly endowed with the ability to read the inky characters. He pauses in amaze. His eyes bulge and devour the news beadily. And what news it is! Statistics! Staggering statistics of the men and officers killed since our great war's beginning; of aged innocent citizens shot, women violated, children sacrificed, cities destroyed!

His hand goes over his heart to quiet its violent beating. "Ah, what a race of gods they are!" thinks he. Or, he reads this from a recent account of the bayonet practice at Plattsburg—whatever "bayonet" may mean, and whatever "Plattsburg," for these accessories of civilization lie ahead of him some eons.

"Aim for the vitals," he reads. "Do not fire until you feel your bayonet stick. Thus you will shatter the bone, and you can then withdraw the blade. At the same time, try to trip your enemy with your left foot, so that he will fall forward."

None of this is clear to him. This is the deportment, without doubt, of the immortal gods! Fancy the consequences of *his* attempting to trip *his* enemy, the Mouse-trap, or the Cat, or the Terrier, with *his* left foot!

No; these are powers and potencies to which he can only look forward in dim

futures, when the mouse tribe shall have attained, in eons hence, perhaps, to a higher order of being, and to these god-like practices. But that, however glorious, is but a far dream! Meek and gentle and forgiving, in his inferiority, he lends himself devotedly once more to his labors, and nibbles the newspaper, carrying off small pieces of it very destructively to build that near-by nest in which soon are to be born tiny creatures as gentle and inferior and destructive as himself.

To one who has studied mythology with a reverence for its revelations, it must often have seemed that man is kinder than his conception of the mighty powers that try him. Job would seem to be, rather than the Deity, the hero of Job's tragical story; and how much nobler, to cite a most obvious instance, is the ancient Greek than his deities.

However impious this may appear to the pious, yet to me the thing looks hopeful. Dread and powerful as are our own gods—Authority, Mammon, Sentiment, Public Opinion, Superstition, Fear—and many as have been our sacrifices offered up to them, yet may it not be that humanity, frail, and so largely at their mercy, retains some sovereign nobilities still unvanquished by them?

Have not we like these gentle mouse denizens of whom I have spoken, had our own disappointments and vicissitudes? Have not our conceptions of our duties and privileges and rights and gayeties been but poorly adjusted to those powers whose awful retributions we have tempted? Yet I am inclined to hope that, notwithstanding all this, we shall still preserve some gentleness that cannot be conquered; some virtues which, let these terrible powers descend upon us as they will, cannot be obliterated; that we shall be, till the end, some thing better than our fate, something more kind than our destiny.

I have but speculated widely concerning mouse mythology. Truth compels me to state it is to me, after all, but dim and debatable territory. I can give you nothing authoritative as to their philosophy. But this I know: they have maintained their gentleness, and are a reproach to those I take to be their gods.

All else is but speculation and possi-

bility, but this is the evidence of their lives. They are a meek and a forgiving people. Think only what they endure at our hands, who justly make so great a matter of a Belgium violated, and forget, in a god-like manner, when it so pleases us, a violated Congo, or a divided Persia, or a Poland outraged and cut to pieces, but not defended. How gentle, how consistent, how without spite, ill-will, or grudge they remain toward those unalterably hostile to them. With what mildness not matched among us do they conduct themselves. How they preserve their cheerfulness, their good nature, their kindliness. Have you not heard with what gayety they roll hickory-nuts away? Has your ear not witnessed their gigglings and rejoicings?

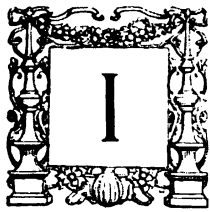
But their virtues go deeper than this. It may be told of them above all, that, however provident in other matters, they store up no malice, they preserve no hate. Of this I have had testimony.

Once I lay ill in that house of which I have here written. I had been very wretched, but my physician, seated now by my bed, promised me I would soon be well. Then we spoke together as we were wont to do of matters of a philosophic kind, then paused. On the bed beside me was a tray bearing some invalid dainty, but untouched by me. At the bottom of my bed, on the footboard, was a tiny mouse. No; it was not the same adventurous spirit who has visited the giant's castle and drunk from the plate of milk; this one was smaller and more slender. We did not speak. He came down cautiously, very gently, to the coverlet, then delicately up one fold, down another, pausing, listening, hesitating to take note; pausing, waiting, foot delicately lifted, until he had got as far as the tray. He went very carefully about this, smelling and inspecting it; yes, I would have sworn inspecting. It had every air of his wanting to know whether they had brought me the right and well-cooked food. He tasted nothing save a tiny crumb on the tray itself, and then, as though satisfied, was gone.

I hoped for another visit, but waited for him in vain. He was a little fellow, sleek of skin, with a black, beady eye, and very delicate whiskers. I never saw a daintier foot.

Dead Dog

BY ELOISE ROBINSON AND JOHN REDHEAD FROOME, JR.



I was on the second Tuesday of last October that the lamentable incident which I am about to relate took place. I know I am right in my calculation, for in the expense account which I keep punctiliously I find that it was on this date that I received from my tailor the frock suit which I was then wearing for the first time. Although it cost me a sum of money which I have never felt justified in expending for such a cause, the suit has never been worn since that evening.

Lest I should give an erroneous impression, let me hasten to add that I am not habitually so concerned in the appearance of the outer man, preferring rather to adorn the mind. But on this occasion I had deemed it allowable to turn aside from my usual practice, having made up my mind that evening should see me at the feet of her whom I had chosen for my future wife, and knowing it to be a well-authenticated fact that such considerations are of weight with the weaker sex.

That the lady was not averse to my suit I had reason to believe. Even then I wore in my breast pocket her note telling me in terms I could only construe as cordial, though restrained by modesty, that I should be welcome beneath her paternal roof that evening, and expressing her pleasure that we were to meet after a summer of separation. It was during this absence that I had at last become fully cognizant of how remarkably great a part of my existence Miss Althea Eastman had become, and determined to lose no time after my return in making her my own.

I left my boarding-place rather earlier than was necessary, intending to make my way leisurely and enjoy the beauty of the autumn evening, but I continually found myself hurrying, while a nervous

unrest had overcome me, which I could only account for—having partaken of an extremely light meal—on the ground that it was the same palpitation and ardor which the Elizabethan poets have so frequently mentioned as the accompaniment of an amorous passion.

And upon what an object was my devotion lavished!

Although her beauty and charm were the subject of frequent remark, and though she was, likewise, of irreproachable family—her mother being a Pinchon of Boston and her father the esteemed president of the university in which I have the honor to be a not inconspicuous member—yet it was her inner qualities that made me feel she would be the ideal mate for me. Undoubtedly she was at times too spontaneous in her gaiety, so that one less well acquainted with her than I might almost have deemed her frivolous. And indeed, far from resembling her eminent father, her mind was singularly immature and untrained. Yet the kindly admonitions of a husband and the cares of wifehood would moderate the one, and as for the latter deficiency—what more delightful than to have the shaping of that docile intellect in my own hand? Her joyous temper would counterbalance my own, which, I fear, is grave beyond my years.

No, Miss Althea Eastman had but one foible great enough to be called a fault, and that was the intense and misdirected devotion which she bestowed upon a dog—a small creature of a variety known as Pomeranian, I believe, with long, silky, black hair, whose cognomen was Mabel. I trust I am not devoid of kindly feeling for all animate objects, as works of nature, but I must admit that it often tried my patience to hear my Althea lavish every endearment upon this little creature—indeed, sometimes interrupting my most interesting and instructive expositions to do so. It was particularly distressing to me to

hear her name Mabel in a relationship to herself, than which there is none on earth more sacred. Yet, no doubt, if that happy time came when our conjugal state was blessed with— But beyond this point my sense of modesty restrained me from going.

On the evening in question my eagerness to see Miss Althea again caused me, I fear, to arrive before I was expected. As I mounted the porch steps I could hear Miss Althea's voice through the open window. She was apparently, I regret to say, speaking to Mabel, for her words had a soft, cooing sound and were such that, were it not for the sake of veracity, I should be inclined to omit them.

"Is muvver's 'ittle cutey takin' its 'ittle beauty nap after its din-din? Did it like its din-din? Good din-din with chicken in it for 'ittle cutey baby! That's right, take its 'ittle beauty nap till its muvver tums down. She won't be long—won't be long! Muvver's 'ittle sleepin' beauty, 'ittle cutey beauty!"

There was more of the same, or a similar, variety to which my decisive ring at the door-bell put a hasty end. I heard Miss Althea's flying footsteps on the stairs. A moment later the maid was informing me that Miss Althea would be down-stairs shortly. Would I go into the library?

I did so, a smile lighting up my countenance as I realized that the charming girl was in all probability engaged in arraying herself in those feminine adornments which so became her, and for no other eye than my own. I was so gratified by this reflection that, contrary to my usual custom, I leaned down to caress the small black form of Mabel, who lay in her usual place in the largest and most comfortable chair in the room. Far from appreciating my advances, the little animal snarled and showed its teeth—indeed, I fancy she would have abraded my finger had I not hastily removed it. I determined anew to use all my influence with Althea, after we were engaged, and, if necessary, to resort to authority, to induce her to part with Mabel.

I settled myself near the table, and while I waited took from my pocket for a final inspection a copy of some verses

which I had written for Miss Althea and intended to present to her that evening. I found them quite correct. They would, I hoped, be agreeable to her, for in them I had used a quaint conceit of likening her face to a garden, with a rich and pleasing effect. It was while reading these verses over to myself in a semi-audible tone, and gesticulating, if I remember correctly, with my unoccupied hand, that, glancing up at the imaginary form of my lady as I turned the page, I encountered the gaze of Mr. Charles Hughes fixed upon me.

I fear that for a moment I lost my poise. Mr. Hughes was a person whom I had not expected to see, and one who, always offensive to me, was at this time and place most unwelcome.

"Don't let me disturb you, Prof," he said, with a sociability bordering upon familiarity, when he saw that I had become aware of his presence. "Go right on. You're doing fine."

With a measure of dignity designed to convey to him that we were not upon the terms of intimacy which he seemed to assume, I rose and, returning my verses to my pocket, said, with a bow: "Good evening, Mr. Hughes."

"Write them yourself?" were his next words. "I've heard you did it."

"If you please, we will not discuss that topic," I returned.

Mr. Hughes is merely the physical director of our college, and had made it evident to me on many occasions that he had no aptitude for the higher things of life.

"Oh, all right." Mr. Hughes came into the room and, as if quite at home, began to search in his pockets, presumably for a match, since he held an unlighted cigarette in his hand.

"You wish to see Doctor Eastman?" I inquired. "I believe he was to attend a trustees' meeting this evening."

"No, I don't care about the doctor. Miss Eastman's the person I'm here to see. Same with you?"

"Not—not Miss Althea?" I cleared my throat. It seemed to be a trifle husky.

"Miss Althea."

"There must be some—ah—misunderstanding," I began, determined that the evening for which I had made such



"GOOD LORD!" HE EJACULATED. "MABEL!"

careful preparations should not be ruined by an interloper, when my words were arrested by the look on Mr. Hughes's face.

He had thrown himself heavily into a chair, striking a match as he did so. But instead of lighting his cigarette he paused with the match slowly burning away in his fingers, while an expression—at first curious, and then interested, and finally terrified—was visible on his countenance. Suddenly he jumped to his feet and stood with his back to the chair, flinging the burned-out match to the floor.

"Good Lord!" he ejaculated. "Mabel!"

At first I was at a loss to understand his words. "Mabel?" I echoed, blankly.

"Mabel." He stooped and pointed backward between his knees. "I clean forgot this was her chair."

"Did she bite you?" I inquired, politely.

He quickly felt behind him. "No-o. But—but—"

"Yes?"

"I think I mashed her."

"You—er—you do?" My active imagination was conjuring up the effect this calamity, if true, would have upon Miss Althea.

"Yes. 'Fraid so." He spoke in a hoarse whisper.

"Hadn't you better find out?" I counseled.

"Yes." He bent down and, thrusting his hand between his knees, brought out the dog, holding it by the neck and staring at it.

"Is she dead?" queried I.

"Don't know. She looks like it, don't she?"

"Agitate her gently," I suggested.

Hughes did so. "She doesn't squeak," he said.

"More violently, then."

"She *acts* dead," he reported, following my advice.

"Does she—ah—feel dead?"

"Can't tell. You feel her."

I hesitatingly put out one finger and touched Mabel's side. "Rigor mortis has not set in," I informed him.

"How's that?"

"The—er—corpse is not yet cold," I explained.

"She don't look very stiff, either. Say, just see what she sounds like, will you?"

"I—" I looked at the furry object distastefully.

"Hurry up! Althea might come in at any moment."

I cautiously placed one ear against Mabel's side.

"What do you hear?"

"Nothing."

Mr. Hughes looked fearfully toward the door. "Wait, I'll give her another little shake. Now listen."

"Mr. Hughes," I said, "you have smothered her. She is as dead as Desdemona."

"Mabel—dead? What'll we do? If Althea knows that Mabel is—that we killed her—"

"That *you* killed her," I returned, coldly. "*I* had nothing to do with it."

"Well, don't argue. The point is, what'll we do with her?"

At that moment we simultaneously heard the click of Miss Althea's slipper-heels on the stairs.

"Good Lord! Pottle," Mr. Hughes cried, "take her! Before I could protest he thrust the dog into my hands."

"But I don't want her!" exclaimed I. "You will please take her from me, Mr. Hughes."

As he did not, I dropped her on the floor.

"Pottle, for the Lord's sake, take the thing!" He picked Mabel up and thrust her at me. "And—and—put her somewhere—before Althea comes in."

But I folded my hands behind me. "This is your affair," I replied. "Suppose you put her."

We could hear Miss Althea reach the bottom step and start across the hall.

"You've got to help me out of this," Hughes hissed in my ear. "Here!"

He quickly plunged at me, the dead Mabel in his hands, and before I could restrain him had thrust her against my new vest and buttoned my coat over her.

"Now!" he said. "Don't let her fall out."

At that moment Miss Althea entered the room.

With all exactitude I may say that I never have found myself in a more embarrassing position. It is true that I might have removed Mabel at once and told Miss Althea the truth about her pet, but I could not endure the thought of the tears with which those lovely eyes would be dimmed. And, too, I felt that it would be a little awkward to explain how the animal came to be concealed beneath my coat. It was possible that Miss Althea might believe that Mabel had come to her end there. While I hesitated, it was too late, for Miss Althea had greeted Mr. Hughes—rather casually, I was gratified to notice—and crossed the floor to me.

"How good of you to call so soon, Mr. Pottle," she said, in her melodious tones. "Did you have a nice summer?" How well you are looking!" Her gaze wandered down my shirt-front to the region where Mabel lay beneath my coat. "Why, you're actually getting fat!" She laughed. "How perfectly splendid!"

I grew red. I fear I stuttered, a painful relic of childhood which in times of embarrassment still persists. I do not recollect what I answered, but I do remember what Mr. Hughes said.

"Well, that's true, by jolly! You *have* filled out, Pottle!"

I ignored him, merely putting on an air of greater dignity.

"Don't let him tease you!" Miss Althea exclaimed, coming to my relief with her womanly sympathy and glancing sternly at Mr. Hughes. "It's awfully becoming! But let's sit down."

She crossed the room, Mr. Hughes solicitously at her side, keeping, I noticed, between her and the empty chair where Mabel was accustomed to repose. He adjusted her chair so that she had her back to that article of furniture. A feeling of irritation overcame me as I saw him assuming the pleasant duties which I had counted upon as mine, but which I dared not attempt to perform for fear of dislodging Mabel. I crossed, however, to the chair nearest hers, forcing Mr. Hughes to sit on the other side of the fireplace. But when I undertook to seat myself I found that I could not do so. Mabel's presence interfered with my bending at the waist. I was afraid that if I forced myself into a sitting

posture the buttons of my coat would burst open, disclosing the object underneath, or if not, I had an unconquerable aversion to compressing Mabel further, lest something unforeseen and unpleasant should take place. So I remarked:

"If you will allow me to do so, Miss Althea, I believe I should prefer to stand this evening. I have been sitting all day and—"

Miss Althea looked, I thought, slightly puzzled, but she graciously gave her consent.

"It is a beautiful evening," I began, by way of opening the conversation, which I intended that I should conduct to the exclusion, if possible, of Mr. Hughes.

Miss Althea replied that it was. I had often before noticed the astonishing and gratifying way in which our minds reach the same conclusion. It shows, I believe, a true congeniality of soul.

I was about to continue in the same strain, remarking upon the beauty of the moonlight, but before I did so I was obliged to shift my position, since I felt that Mabel was about to slip.

"You aren't comfortable, Mr. Pottle," Miss Althea broke in. "And I don't blame you for not wanting to sit in that chair—it's fearfully hard. But dear little Mabel's asleep in the other big one and I know you wouldn't want to disturb her."

"Pottle wouldn't disturb Mabel for anything." It was Mr. Hughes who spoke. Although his words appear innocent, I had the feeling that they were meant facetiously.

"No, no, indeed!" I hastily intercepted.

"I know what I'll do!" Miss Althea announced, jumping up. "I'll have Davis bring in another chair for you."

"Oh, I beg of you—" I protested.

"Pottle doesn't mind standing. He likes it," Mr. Hughes put in.

"Just the same, I shall

have the other chair brought." Miss Althea disappeared through the doorway.

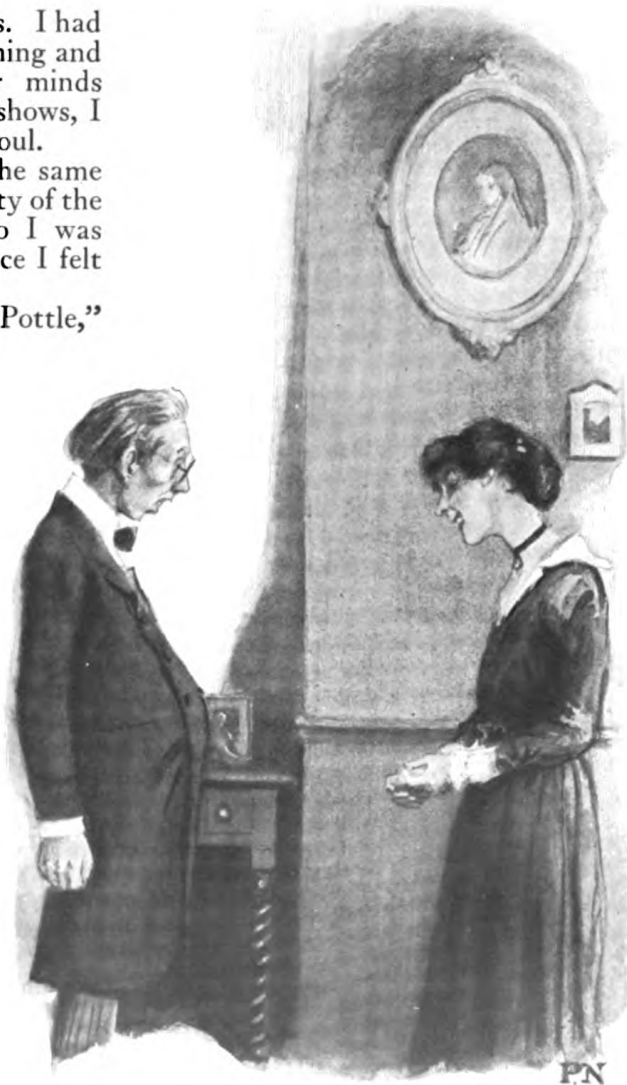
As soon as she was out of sight I unbuttoned my coat. Mabel fell to the floor.

Mr. Hughes crossed to me quickly. "What did you do that for?" he demanded, angrily.

I looked at him in extreme displeasure. "Do you think I care to have a dead dog on my abdomen all evening?" I inquired, coldly.

"But we've got to put her somewhere."

"Then place her beneath your own coat."



"WHY, YOU'RE ACTUALLY GETTING FAT!" SHE LAUGHED. "HOW PERFECTLY SPLENDID!"

"You won't wear her?"

"Decidedly not."

"Not for just a little while? You can leave early."

"Nothing would induce me to do so."

"Well," he said, resignedly. He rushed to the couch and returned with a cushion. "Here, then."

I adjusted my glasses and regarded the pillow. "What is that for?" I questioned.

"If you don't wear Mabel you've got to wear something to keep you fat, haven't you—after Althea's noticing you?"

"I—I had not thought of that."

"Well, which 'll it be?" He picked up Mabel and held both the cushion and the dog out to me.

"I certainly would not choose the dog," I began.

"Hurry up, then." He placed Mabel on a chair and helped me arrange the cushion beneath my coat, which butted with some difficulty.

"Does it not seem to you that the pillow is larger than Mabel?" I inquired, doubtfully.

"Great Scott! So it is. Well, never mind. She'll think it's all the more becoming. Hurry up, now! What 'll we do with Mabel?"

"How do you expect *me* to think," I cried, with some exasperation, "all choked up this way?"

"But we've got to do something."

"We? I request that you will kindly refrain from bringing me into this. I did not sit on Mabel."

"I know, Pottle, but—" He looked about frantically. "Ha! I know what we'll do with her."

He rushed across to a large fancy waste-basket that stood beside the desk in one corner of the room, and dropped Mabel into it, stirring up the papers to cover the deceased.

"There! That ought to hold her for a while."

As he spoke we were aware of Miss Althea reapproaching. Hughes hastily took up his position in front of the chair where Mabel was no longer reposing, just as the charming girl entered, followed by Davis bearing a large wicker chair.

"Now, Mr. Pottle"—she smiled on me—"you'll be comfortable."

"I regret exceedingly that you should have taken this trouble—"

"Don't be foolish," she returned, lightly. "It wasn't any trouble at all. Now do please sit down."

There was nothing for me to do but comply. As I eased myself down, supporting myself by the arms, I saw her look at me strangely. Her large brown eyes dilated curiously as they rested upon my form. I am constrained to believe that she noticed how my avoirdupois had increased during her brief absence. I fancy, too, that I must have shown the strain under which I had been laboring, for she added:

"You look tired, Mr. Pottle."

"I am," I replied, "extremely. I have had a heavy day. The opening of the term is always exhausting to a delicate temperament, and in addition I have been investigating the disputed authorship of the pre-Shakespearian drama, 'Locrine.' In fact, it is my intention to prepare a thesis on this subject for the *Quarterly*. Though accredited by some to Peele and by others to Greene—"

"That reminds me!" Miss Althea cried, rising suddenly in the midst of my remarks. "I have a clipping for you. Father thought you might be interested in it and cut it out for you. It's somewhere on the desk. I'll get it." As she spoke she crossed to the desk.

"Oh—er—never mind it now! Pottle can get it later. Can't you, Pottle?"

"Yes, yes, later," I acquiesced.

"No, I'm going to get it now." She began rummaging in the desk.

Hughes was again standing in front of Mabel's chair. Remembering the difficulty which I had experienced in sitting down, I decided to remain seated, even at the risk of appearing discourteous.

"I don't seem to find it," Miss Althea complained. "I'm sure it was here. Maybe it fell in the waste-basket."

She bent over that receptacle and a shudder of horror shook me. I deemed all was lost. It was at this moment that Mr. Hughes gave vent to a loud cry.

"Althea!"

Miss Althea straightened and turned quickly. "Goodness, Charley! What's the matter?"

Even in my extreme agitation I no-

ticed that she called him "Charley," a fact which was extremely displeasing to me. Miss Althea had never denominated me "Albertus." I determined to ask her to address me in that manner henceforth.

Mr. Hughes was sniffing violently. "There is something burning! Don't you smell it?"

Miss Althea turned up her charming nose. "No, not a thing."

"Come over here—out in the hall. It's up-stairs! Quick, Althea!"

"I did leave my candles burning," she admitted.

"It's that! It's the candles! It smells like candles that have set fire to something! Hurry!"

I extricated myself from the chair and hastened after her as she flew across the hall and up the stairs.

"I am coming!" I called to her. Mr. Hughes plucked me by the coat-sleeve as I passed, but I brushed him aside and went on. However, the pillow somewhat impeded my progress, and as I reached the landing I met her returning.

"The candles were perfectly all right," she told me. "And I don't smell a thing. Do you?"

I told her I did not.

"At any rate, it was nice of you to come to help me, if anything had been wrong," she smiled at me.

"Miss Althea," I said, seizing this opportunity, "would it not be possible

for me to have a few minutes with you—"

Just then Mr. Hughes came out into the hall. "Wasn't anything on fire?"

"Not a thing."

"I'm sorry. I thought sure something was burning."

"Well, it wasn't."

We again entered the library.

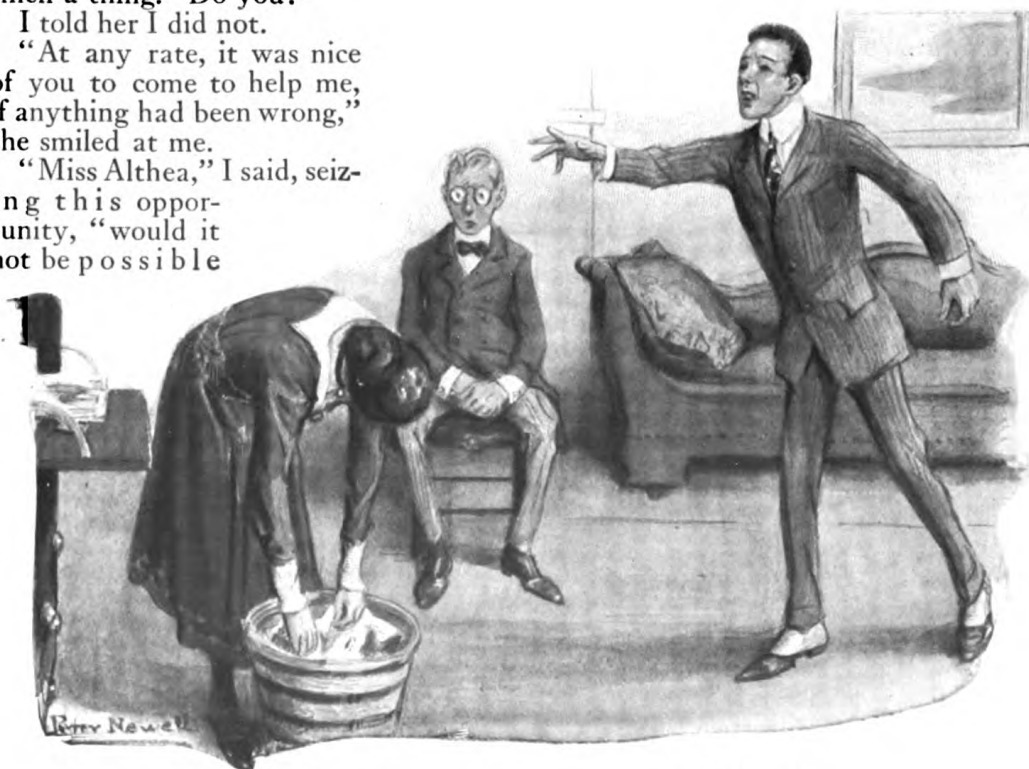
"Now what was I doing?" Miss Althea meditated. "Oh yes—that article for Mr. Pottle."

Miss Althea began anew her search in the waste-basket. In my nervous agitation lest she find Mabel I began attempting, as well as I could for the cushion, to stoop and shovel back the papers which she removed. I quickly saw that the dog was not there. It came to me that Mr. Hughes must have removed Mabel during our absence—perhaps had even given a false alarm that he might do so.

"Can't you find it?" Mr. Hughes asked.

"I can't seem to. Oh yes, here it is!"

Miss Althea arose from her knees and held out to me the clipping. As I put



MR. HUGHES GAVE VENT TO A LOUD CRY, "ALTHEA!"

out my hand to take it from her fair fingers I felt the pillow beneath my coat slipping. I was forced to make a shrugging movement in my endeavor to keep it in place. Miss Althea noticed my motion.

"Oh, Mr. Pottle! You are chilly! Why didn't you say so? We'll have a fire."

"Chilly!" I exclaimed, startled. "Oh no, my dear Miss Althea! Not chilly! Indeed, indeed not!"

And I was not. To be exact, the presence of the cushion on my anatomy had rendered me uncomfortably warm—so much so that from time to time I had found it necessary to pass my handkerchief over my brow to remove the superfluous moisture.

"I'm sure he's not chilly." It was Mr. Hughes who spoke, rather emphatically, I thought.

Miss Althea turned to him. "Charley, you never think of a thing. Why don't you light the gas-logs?"

"Oh—er—I—I'm not cold. Are you, Pottle?" Mr. Hughes stammered.

I glanced down at myself. "I assure you I am not cold, Miss Althea."

But she would not be persuaded. "Of course you're cold, and we're going to have a fire."

"But we don't want a—" Mr. Hughes began.

However, she interrupted him. "Now, Charley! And then the room will be nice and warm for Mabel, besides. Mabel's very sensitive to cold. I'm glad you shivered, Mr. Pottle."

"I—I didn't really mean to shiver."

"No, he didn't, Althea. Did you, Pottle?"

But Miss Althea had already found the matches.

"I beg of you, let me," I entreated, "if you really wish a fire." With some difficulty I got to my knees and struck a match. As I was about to apply it to the gas-logs Mr. Hughes startled me by calling out:

"Oh, Pottle! Do you—er—like sausages?"

I looked at him in surprise. "Sausages?" I repeated, blankly.

"Yes, sausages. Between rolls, with mustard. *Hot dogs*, you know." As he spoke he was winking violently with the

eye that was turned away from Miss Althea.

Perhaps I have intimated that I did not have a high opinion of Mr. Hughes's intellectual powers.

"No," answered I, applying a second match. "I believe I should not care for the article of diet you mention, although I cannot say I have ever partaken of it."

Mr. Hughes turned away from the fireplace with a hopeless gesture. At the third attempt I was able to rise to my feet.

"Now we're nice and comfy," Miss Althea said. "Come let's sit down and be happy."

We settled ourselves, I taking the chair nearest Miss Althea and producing my reading-glasses preparatory to reading aloud the clipping which she had given me. But at this point we were again interrupted by Mr. Hughes.

"Althea!" he cried, more loudly than before.

Miss Althea leaped to her feet. "Charley!" she said. "I wish you would stop that. You make me nervous."

Mr. Hughes was again sniffing violently. "Althea! There is something burning! It's something in—in the kitchen, I think."

"It seems to me I do smell something," Miss Althea acquiesced.

And, indeed, I did myself. As she hastened from the room toward the kitchen I started after her. But Mr. Hughes, grasping me by the shoulder, whirled me about ungently.

"It's Mabel!" he gasped. "I put her behind the gas-logs!"

As he spoke he dashed to the fireplace and turned off the gas. Reaching down, he gingerly pulled Mabel out.

"Open the door!" he commanded. "It smells like a mattress-factory in here. Or here, hold Mabel, and I'll do it."

He thrust the dog into my hands and opened the door onto the porch.

"She appears to be singed," I remarked, inspecting the object which I found myself holding against my inclination.

"Singed! Well, I should say she is!"

"Will you kindly relieve me of her?"

"Hold her a minute, can't you? I've got to light a cigarette to get the smell

out of here. Wait! I've got an idea! Throw her out the door. Throw her clear into the flower-bed!"

It was a suggestion in which I was ready to concur. But before I could reach the door Miss Althea's step sounded on the opposite threshold.

In my agitation I dropped Mabel.

But I have always been able to think quickly and I immediately sat down on top of the dog.

"Why, Mr. Pottle!" Miss Althea exclaimed, coming in. "Did you hurt yourself? How did you come to fall?"

"I—er—I did not fall. I—I told you—I—I was tired."

"It seems to affect you very suddenly," she replied. I thought she looked a little—peculiarly—at me.

"It *does* affect him suddenly," Mr. Hughes put in. "I've seen it affect him that way before."

"But don't sit on the *floor*, Mr. Pottle. You'll take cold."

"I—er—have something under me. When I—ah—get tired, Miss Althea, I—ah—sit down where I happen to be."

"Haven't you heard of people being so tired that they drop in their tracks?"

Mr. Hughes came to my aid.

"Yes, of course. But—but—"

"Was anything burning, Althea?"

Mr. Hughes said, divertingly.

"Not a thing. The smell must have come from outside. Why, who turned off the fire?"

"Uh—Pottle. He was—very warm and it was so hot we—uh—we had to open the door, too."

"You must have been warm, to open the door," she said, turning to me.

"I am—I mean, we were."

"But you simply shall not sit there with the door open. I won't allow it. Do make an effort to get up."

"Come on, Pottle. I'll give you a hand."

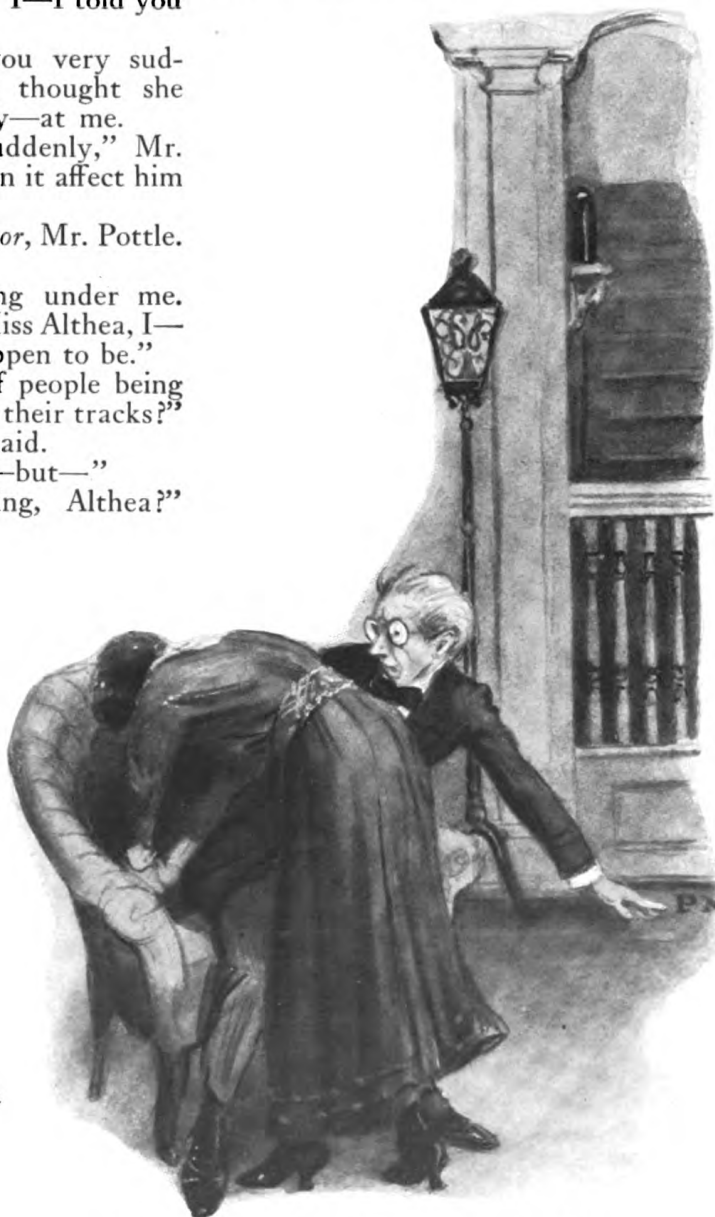
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Mr. Hughes stationed himself between Miss Althea and me and assisted me to rise. As I was getting to my feet I felt him give Mabel a gentle kick which sent her beneath the edge of the couch.

Quite unnerved, I staggered across the room and sank heavily into a chair. But I was brought to my feet almost at once by a shriek from Miss Althea.

"Oh, Mr. Pottle! Mr. Pottle! You've sat on Mabel! You've sat on Mabel!"

I had not known her delicate arms possessed such strength as that with which



"OH, MR. POTTLE! YOU'VE SAT ON MABEL!"

she thrust me aside to peer into the chair. It was, of course, empty.

"Why — why —" she wondered, "where is my Mabel?"

Mr. Hughes gave me a baleful glance, although I did not, and do not now, comprehend why he should be incensed at me.

"What's the matter, Althea?" he asked.

"Mabel!" she cried. "Where's Mabel?"

"Isn't she in the chair?" Mr. Hughes asked.

"Can't you see she isn't? Mabel's gone! Oh dear! Oh! She's gone!"

"We must find her," said Mr. Hughes, stupidly.

"Yes, yes." Miss Althea bent down and looked beneath the table, calling, "Here Mabel!"

"I—er—I don't believe she's under the furniture," Mr. Hughes said.

"Oh, my little cutey dog!" Miss Althea wailed, peering about among the chairs. "Mr. Pottle, don't you know where she's gone?"

"Per-perhaps some w-wild animal has come in and gotten her," I suggested.

"There, Althea! I believe I hear her out in the dining-room! Come on out and look!" As Mr. Hughes passed me, following Miss Althea, he hissed in my ear:

"Paper and string on bottom of hall table. Wrap her up."

"I'll be looking in the hall!" I called after Miss Althea, at the same time making a movement with my head to indicate to Mr. Hughes that I understood him and approved of his suggestion.

Indeed, as soon as they had gone into the other room I hastened to seek the hall. I wrapped Mabel, now somewhat the worse for what she had been through, in brown paper, and tied her as securely as I could. I cannot say that she made a neat bundle.

I dropped her on the seat of the hat-rack as Mr. Hughes and Miss Althea appeared at the door.

"Didn't you find her?" I queried.

"No! She's gone!" Miss Althea almost wailed. "Oh, Mr. Pottle, help me find Mabel!"

In the pleasurable excitement engendered by the sight of Miss Althea's evi-

dent dependence upon my masculine superiority, I forgot, for the moment, that Mabel was no more, and with warmth I responded:

"I will, I will indeed help you—Althea."

It was the first time I had ever called her by her given name, yet she did not reprove my temerity. I knelt down and looked under the hat-rack, calling in a soothing tone:

"Here Mabel! Here Mabel! Here Mabel!"

In the midst of my exertions I heard Miss Althea give another loud cry. Thinking she had, by chance, discovered Mabel, I got to my feet. But she was gazing into space.

"Oh, Charley! Oh, Mr. Pottle!" she cried. "The door! The library door! Maybe Mabel got out and went onto the street!"

"Maybe she did!" exclaimed Mr. Hughes. "And got—lost."

"No, no. Not lost. *Run over!*"

At the thought Miss Althea wrung her hands.

"Run over!" Mr. Hughes stared at her, as if in thought. "Maybe she did!"

"And got *killed!*" In her excitement, I was sorry to hear, Miss Althea failed to remember that a woman's voice should be always modulated in calm and even tones.

"Killed!" Mr. Hughes affirmed.

"Killed?" I repeated, mechanically.

"Yes, killed!" Althea repeated, beginning to sob.

"Shall I see, Althea? Shall I go see?" Mr. Hughes asked, in eager excitement.

"Yes, yes! Go! Go!"

"All right. I will. I will. Here! Where's my coat?"

He jerked at the hat-rack and in his incautious haste pulled off Mabel, who fell with a curious, thudding noise to the floor at Miss Althea's feet. Mechanically she stooped and picked Mabel up and stood waving her up and down, repeating:

"Hurry, Charley! Charley, hurry!"

I saw the string at one end of Mabel slip.

"Be careful! Don't drop that package!" I cried, in terror.

Miss Althea looked at the bundle, realizing for the first time that she held one.

"Don't drop it? What is it?"

"I—I—ah—" I stammered, taken unawares and being unaccustomed to prevarication of any kind.

"It's Pottle's laundry," Hughes broke in. "He—he brought it up to—to take back."

"And if you drop it it might break!"

Miss Althea thrust it at me.

"He thinks of his old laundry when my Mabel is gone—maybe dead! Oh, Charley! Can't you hurry?"

"I am hurrying," Hughes panted. "There! I'm ready. I'll try to find her for you, Althea."

On his way to the door Mr. Hughes seized the package which I was still holding, afraid to let it go from my hands.

"I'll just leave this at the—at the corner for you."

Willingly I resigned it, and set myself to the pleasurable task of soothing and quieting Miss Althea, who was by this time truly distracted. But my efforts did not meet with the success they deserved. Although I finally persuaded her to sit beside me upon the couch in the library, she seemed in no mood to receive philosophical consolations, to which I brought the full power of my personality. At length it occurred to me that no doubt this was the time for warmer commiserations—the time, in fact, to assuage her grief for her little pet by the representations of my personal devotion to her. Accordingly, in preparation for my avowal, I drew the verses I had written to her out of my pocket, substituted my reading-glasses

for those I habitually wear, and with, I fancy, a pretty ardor and expressiveness, began to read them to her.

She did not allow me to progress beyond the first stanza, however. Leaning forward as if struck by a new thought, she asked, clasping her hands:

"Oh, Mr. Pottle, if little Mabel is—if she has been—will you write a poem about her?"

Although distressed that she should not be able to keep thoughts of Mabel from intruding upon the presentation of a work of art, I nevertheless felt some satisfaction that she had asked me to undertake a task like the one she mentioned.

"Why not?" I returned. "Did not Thomas Gray write a charming elegy on a favorite cat drowned in a tub of gold-fishes? A lament according to the classical model occurs to me as a fertile possibility—perhaps opening in some such fashion as this:

"Mabel! Thou has run out thy race—"

"But maybe, if Charlie hurries, he will find her," Althea broke in.

"Yet if he does not," I said, "there is one who would deem life held no greater pleasure than to cause you to forget your loss."

At this point, had it not been for the cushion beneath my coat, I would have



I WRAPPED MABEL IN BROWN PAPER
AND TIED HER AS SECURELY AS I COULD

taken the time-honored attitude of the lover, on my knees, before her. Since this was not feasible, however, I drew nearer to her and placed my arm in a position, on the back of the couch, from which it could easily descend to encircle her waist.

Curiously, Miss Althea did not seem to grasp my meaning, merely saying, "But I know she's killed—and then—I'll never have another dog again!"

At this sentiment a feeling of inexpressible thankfulness stole over me. The only barrier to our mutual happiness had been removed.

"Oh, won't you?" I cried. "Promise me, promise me you won't, Althea!"

She turned to me, but I thought I detected a gleam of resentment in her eye.

"Why—you don't *want* me to have another dog! I believe—I believe you're *glad* poor little Mabel's gone!"

"I confess," said I, "my—my dear Althea, I have thought your extreme devotion to Mabel a little out of place in one who—There are higher passions—"

But Miss Althea, in her highly overwrought condition, misjudged me.

"I believe you opened the door on purpose and let her out!"

"Althea, my—"

"And you tried to sit on her and mash her. I saw you!"

"Try to calm yourself—" I began, but she would not listen to me.

"Calm myself! Oh, can't you go see if Mr. Hughes isn't coming?"

Owing to the frame of mind into which she had allowed herself to fall, I had almost a feeling of relief in obeying her. At the edge of the lawn I met Mr. Hughes returning.

"What did you do with Mabel?" I asked.

"I addressed her with my fountain pen and put her in the mail-box on the corner. I sent her by parcel post."

"Do you mean you—mailed Mabel?"

"Yes. I mailed her to you."

"To—to *me*?"

"Of course you don't need to keep her. You can bury her as soon as she comes—without unwrapping her if you want to."

"My dear sir, I do really think—"

But Mr. Hughes did not have the

courtesy to wait for my expostulations. He ran on up the steps and into the library to Althea.

"Althea—dearest—" he said, "I—I've got bad news for you."

"Charley! Is she—"

"She is. I just saw a—er—a little boy and he said that Mabel had gotten out onto the street and an automobile—"

"Oh, my little Mabel!"

"And so Mabel is dead!" I said this with the idea of consoling Althea, but my words were unfortunate.

Althea looked at me. "Yes, but I might have had her here if you hadn't opened the door and let her out. It's your fault that Mabel's gone."

"Yes, Pottle, you ought to be ashamed," Mr. Hughes put in, speaking indignantly.

"But where is she, Charley? Why didn't you bring her home?"

"The—the Board of Health ordered her removed."

"Then I'll never see Mabel again!" She hid her face on his coat-sleeve. At the time it occurred to me that the ease with which she performed this action argued that it was not an unaccustomed one.

"But listen, Althea darling," he murmured to her, placing his arm about her yielding form, "I was thinking that you'd have to have another dog right away—"

"You *do* understand me, Charley!"

"—and so I stopped in at the drug-store and telephoned to a kind man I know who had a dog for sale, and bought her for you."

"Oh! You didn't, really?"

"Yes, and besides, this is a better dog than Mabel. It's a real little bulldog straight from Boston, and eats beans and everything!"

"You're so good to me!"

She was gazing at him with her eyes large and bright. Had it been I at whom she looked in this manner, and had a third party not been present, I should have done as he did, and imprinted a kiss upon her lips. I believe, however, that a sense of moderation would have prevented me from indulging in the fervency which he showed. However, she did not repulse him.



SHE DID NOT ALLOW ME TO PROGRESS BEYOND THE FIRST STANZA

"I never did like fuzzy dogs," she added, "but I should *love* a bulldog."

"And it hasn't any name, sweetheart, and you can call it Mabel if you want to."

"You dear boy! Can we get her tonight?"

"If you don't mind taking a little walk we can."

"I'd adore to—with you. I'll get my things on right away." She ran out into the hall. Through the door we could hear her humming:

"We're a-tummin' to get muvver's 'ittle new baby! We're a-tummin'! We're a-tummin'!"

It was the sound of these inappropriate and light-minded words that took away any sting of regret that I might have had when Miss Althea passed through the library, on her way out with Mr. Hughes, without asking me to accompany her. To speak with justice,

I do not believe she desired to be rude; I believe I merely escaped her memory. Be that as it may, I could not help but congratulate myself that I had been wise enough to refrain from committing myself irrevocably by asking one of so trivial a nature, though of noble hereditaments, to be my wife. One in my position requires a mate of more poise and dignity than Miss Althea possesses. On my way homeward it occurred to me that with slight alterations in regard to color of hair, eyes, and so forth, I might easily revamp the verses intended for Miss Althea to suit Miss Crumley, a woman of mature years and high intellectual ability who is an esteemed member of our faculty. In fact, I have done so.

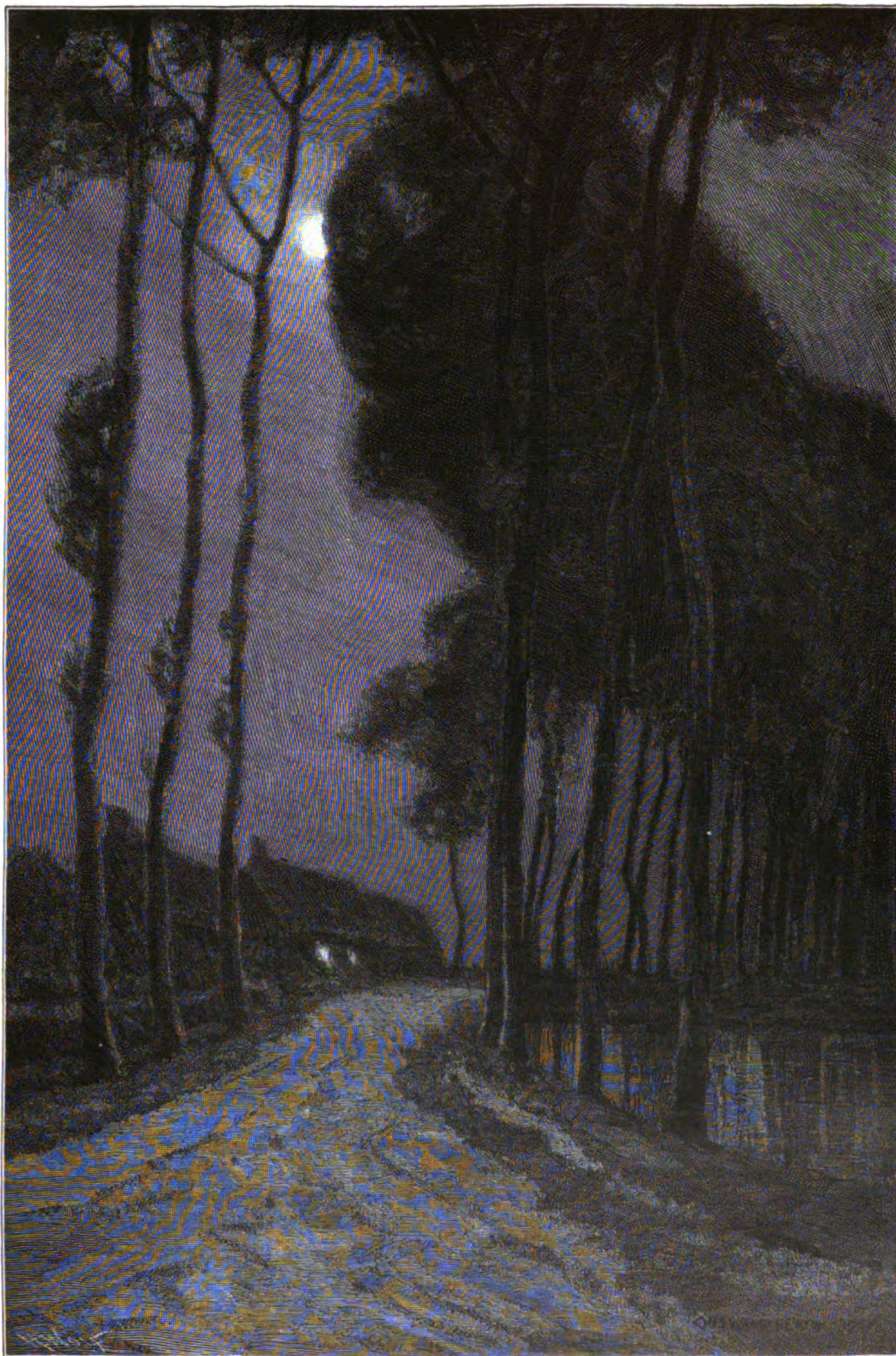
I am, however, slightly puzzled to know how to restore, without suspicion to myself, the sofa cushion which I inadvertently carried away from the Eastman residence on my abdomen.

“Moonlight in Holland” by Charles Warren Eaton

THE individual way of painting which characterizes the work of modern landscape men has created a school of art totally different from that of its founders. They see deeper than those who went before them and strive to give truthful expression to the diverse moods of Nature, rather than render her external aspect. Mr. Eaton is a representative example. He does not seek to record the striking phenomena of Nature, or the spectacles which arrest the multitude; in his pictures there is no fanfare of color, but only the quiet elegiac music of twilight or moonlight, under which we surrender ourselves to the enchantment of those quiet tones befitting the end of day. He loves to portray those subtle symphonies which succeed each other day after day without repetition, and which disappear without finishing; he does not strive for virtuosity in manipulation, but tries to catch that intangible beauty which is to be felt rather than phrased.

In this work he has caught the changing aspect of moonlight, the mystery and fantasy of the woodland, touched with silvery light. He aims to delineate a mood awakened by the enchantment of the hour, or the embodiment of an indefinable state of soul, with the haunting memory of things felt. With poetic beauty, his pictures always show penetrative vision and study of light, and appeal to those of fine sensibility, the dreamers who find in them the undiscovered scenes in which their fancy long has dwelt. While they reveal imagination, the artist never allows either imagination or sentiment to run away with judgment, but keeps his theme subject to a guiding intelligence. Through all is seen the union of Nature and temperament, a union serious and deeply spiritual.

W. STANTON HOWARD.



"MOONLIGHT IN HOLLAND," BY CHARLES WARREN EATON

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting

A Poet of the Air

LETTERS WRITTEN IN THE AVIATION SERVICE

BY JACK WRIGHT

PART II

[THE author of these letters was an American boy of nineteen, born in New York City, but educated in French schools. After graduation, with special honors from L'École Alsacienne, at Paris, and from Andover in America, he volunteered for service in France, first in the ambulance work, and later with the *camions*. He then entered the American aviation school at Tours, where, after four months, he won a First Lieutenant's commission. The following letters describe his training experiences during that time. They are written mostly to his mother, without thought of publication, up to their abrupt termination, January 24, 1918, when an official telegram came announcing his last flight.]

September 17, 1917.



MY DEAR FRIEND DICK,—
Now I am far from Paris, in the historical and aerial town of Tours. Were I to live long, I would surely gain possession of one of these low, dark, ancient houses, where crouched and heavy arches lead through corridors of mystery. However, I am not entirely exiled from civilization, and after an early-morning flight I don my student-pilot's badge and uniform and take a ride to town. There, cafés and theaters, though somewhat provincial, still await me, and even other welcomes, whose provinciality renders all their charm. We usually have lunch downtown and pass around until flying-time in the p.m. In the evening, now and then the boys go down for a show and come back, for flying, next morning. We get up at five, for early morning and late afternoon are our working-hours, but the work is better than play.

Yesterday afternoon, for instance, we rode out to my class field, and as our planes one by one swooped down and awaited us, peasants of the neighborhood, a car or two from a near-by château, and a flock of little girls crowded along the side-lines and formed a gauntlet of wondrous eyes and silent admiration, which we somewhat awkwardly, but very gladly, accepted.

Then I would climb into the machine, the mechanics would start her up, and as Midinette and Parisette would throw some flowers at me, I would be off in a whirlwind, turn around the field, and mount the air, just above their heads, waving back a temporary farewell. Then the houses would shrink, the wheels of the plane would still be turning but hanging in space, mounting higher in space, dominating more pastures and roads, hills and towns, till they all seemed but petty toilings and dabbings of innumerable bourgeois. High was I! Level with any eagle and glad to be rid of earth and its boredom, its heaviness, its chains. Then I would bank and swing round to the west, face the blazing furnace of the setting sun, roaring straight into it, sending the motor and propeller to the highest pitch of their speed and wind and thundering; feel the rush through my veins of some of the unknown ether of space, some of the forces of the medium far above and around, that fashion globes and meteors; feel myself a god, partly rising in potentiality, partly gaining eternity, thousands of feet above men.

Well, I would feel the monitor push on my back for me to come down, then a turn—the field was in sight—and, giving the controls to the monitor, who would shut off the motor, I could distinguish the crowd and the boys and the

planes as we glided to earth—skimmed it and then, once again, felt its sod take hold of our wheels with its chains, and once again we would rumble across the campus back to the side-lines.

That, my boy, is an unexaggerated, fact-for-fact account of an afternoon's flying. Of course, we don't fly every afternoon or every morning. It often rains and the barracks of young heroes becomes the haunt of gloomy faces lights, and pens. In the morning, as I reach the field with the rising sun, I often think of going down to New London beach in the morning's brisk air and early sunlight, and I contemplate how it would have been to stride down to the beach for your morning flight, midst all your friends, instead of a bath. And such things will be true, for I've got good reasons to stick to aviation. During the morning, only little children, a good American lady with food for us, and some cows crowd around us, but it is all very pleasant and quiet. The little girls and boys will scramble on to our knees and chatter to us between minutes of life and death high up in space. We will tramp around in the wet dew, pick berries and fruit, and breathe in all the inspiration nature can give us; the dew, ripened fruit, the grass and the air, all are saturated with morning perfume and we are happy to do our work in quiet communion with deep, silent nature.

Then comes a ride to the barracks in a car, and we have our second meal. We eat four times a day, which is, at least, very interesting to me. Some adventure at Tours in middle of the day and a lecture or two, and we fly again in the P.M. and so on, the weeks through, in a continuous passing and repassing of happy hours, gay adventures, high inspirations, and always the fine life that fine boys put together are sure to bring out.

Does none of that tempt you? Does none of that surpass your present hours of would-be romance, would-be freedom, and would-be happiness in America? Of course, one thing we have not. I have no time to let my imagination wander, or my poetry to murmur its symphony, or my fantastic dreams to weave their fanciful spider webs—none of that. It would be deadly poison to me, for in my

new game I must cultivate a cold indifference to danger and a cold determination to conquer. Were I to let my imagination or my artistic feelings loose for one second, up in the air, I should be lost. My first flight was a passenger one, and luckily, for it just taught me in time that life was to be void for the present of all supersensitiveness.

It is a great expanse of activity, positive accomplishments, action, real dreams, adventure, romance, speed, concentration, nerve, and a wide opening for glory; it is, therefore, through such elements as these, a horizon that no man could call an image and that no man should be so hypnotized as not to fight to obtain. That is why I am putting it up to you.

You think it is void of Art? My boy it is the Art—the living Art—not the dream of a poem, but the realization of it—the standing statue, the breathing masterpiece.

And later on, when I become thoroughly at home above the clouds, when I'm back in America, I'll find more time to paint on the side things that have never been painted, and explore with my muse the rhythm and power of regions unexplored. Secret: I intend to become the Poet of the Air. Of course it is not merely a question of eternal soaring; now and then two or three of us will get serious and mention death, but we get rid of it hurriedly, knowing that the world won't stop turning around when we do, and the rest of the time death is the general joke of the day; it makes us laugh and it takes on quite a sporty disguise; nevertheless, it is there—always present—even when I would be listening by soft feminine locks the whispering of, "*Comme nous sommes heureux ensemble,*" just so, the next morning with the early sunrise, might I pass from such happiness forever. Therefore, in urging you, I also am warning you, but, once in the game, you'll find that usually death serves as a stimulant to the vitality of life and daring of flying.

Well, think it over—form a philosophy, create a fancy, realize a necessity, do *something*, and then join, for I'm sure your decision would not—could not be the contrary. At least, if you are as I know you—Richard Mansfield, Second.

Now it's a rainy day, the mandolins are atingle among the little military cots, and denseness of cigarette smoke makes their soft caressing of forgotten ragtime bring you back to the old, funny-seeming cabarets of Broadway. How distant they now seem! How blurred the faces of American beauty and the lights of American gaiety! How foggy, through this cigarette smoke, here on the field in France, do those ancient symbols of peculiar joys and days forgotten come peering back at me—tempting me with homesickness, but only strengthening my desire to drink deeper of France—her joy, her sympathy—and her Great War! I am young, and Youth is here! Now then, it is a rainy day. I will go over to the little café across the way, see a friend aviator or two, salute a uniform, smile at a maid or two, and with a tall glass of black coffee and a volume of Verlaine muse at the big, low hangars crouching along the field in the rain and contemplate the hour or two away until the car leaves for town.

Good-by, and until then I'll remember you to all the little Tourraine maidens. They'll surely want to be more than remembered to you—just because they're French.

So long, Dick, ol' sport.

JACK.

September 24, 1917.

DEAR MOTHER,—I'm just back from the morning's work. I'm practically running the old boat now, except for some corrections now and then on the end of the landings, which are the hardest parts of flying.

I'm enjoying flying more and more. I can't get enough of it. Each time I come down I remain silently enraptured with its voluptuousness, for a long while, until once again it is my turn.

I feel a little shiver (for I'm still that way until the motor starts up) and then the monitor in the front seat puts his hand on the side of the bath-tub, coffin, car, whatever you will call it, gets the flag signal to leave, and shakes his hand straight ahead. I pull back on the gas lever, the motor pounds like a battery of artillery, the handle-stick (*manche à balai*) pushes hard on your hand, and

with a few maneuvers the machine is skimming the ground—leaving it—mounting higher.

We're off some hundred yards above the ground, with the wind to fight with and give "pep" to it all, for the sun is up and air pockets are frequent. They make you drop, they boost you up like a tin plate, they whack one wing and tip you, they give you a wonderful tussle.

I've had four and one-half hours now and will be ready for landing-school in a half-hour or so. That lasts a day or two; then I'll be *lâche*, or "soloing"—sailing around by myself—visiting the château country by the third dimension.

Affectionately,

JACK.

September 29, 1917.

DEAREST MOTHER,—When under the sun are you going to get over here? The planes are still flying all right, and I'm getting impatient to get advanced through the school. If an accident of some account would only come around it might calm me down, but just now I feel bold and brave and over-confident. Of course there are from two to six smash-ups a day, but those are all in solo class and I don't see them; besides, no one ever gets hurt, so you don't even hear about them.

Landing class is great fun. In ten minutes you have to make seven landings up and back the long field. The only trouble is that as soon as a partridge is sighted within a few miles radius, school stops immediately; the monitors jump in their machines and run down the birds, catching them in the wires and coming back with a great feed. Talking about "running down," yesterday a monitor saw a car run into a woman and then speed up to get away. He came back to a hangar, took out a machine, flew just over the road, caught up with the auto, made the owner turn around and come back to pay his debt. It's just great to be an aviator! But you can only fly in case there's no wind, no rain, no heat, no fog, no snow, or hail or anything else, and then you can't always fly; machines and parts lack terribly. We've just ordered fifty new ones (\$150,000) for the place, but they won't be here for kingdom come. We'll all be

dead and forgotten by that time. Except for one friend, Eternity. He says he'll keep our memory up and put fresh flowers where we dropped.

There's not so much doing out of the ordinary these days, but when I get to "solo" I'll have my own experiences to relate and shall try and make them just as active as possible, so as to more amuse the folks at home.

Does America realize she's at war yet?

Much love,

JACK.

October 2, 1917.

DEAREST MOTHER,—Flying went rotten this morning. I'm away behind in my class on account of the landings. Aviation gives you extremes—either joy or "the blues"—so I guess it's a pretty big service, bigger than the *camions*.

To-day our truck lived up to its nickname of the "hearse" by killing a dog.

Talk about feeling discouraged. I don't need to fret so much, for I'm intent on either making a good flier or a good fighter. One can always go out and fight better than other fliers and until you're "popped" beat them in reputation. Guynemer, the greatest aeronaut of the war, can't make (I mean couldn't) a good landing yet, and took one hundred hours to go through this school.

Good afternoon,

JACK.

October 15, 1917.

Well, dearest, how is the sunshine in New York this afternoon? Here the sky is blue-gray, full of rain, excepting in the west, where a firmament of gold reflects its rays over a favored blotch of Touraine landscape—the poplar-trees and the rusty-roofed houses midst their orchards, and elevates with its golden mist this mirage of country into regions divine as the mist of a halo sheds a heavenly grace on the face of a painting.

Outside of heaven there's also been a little hell, just to make the world go round. That is—I've flown alone! I've made my first "solo-hop." When reveille sounded this morning, and I looked out on a clear day, I knew that the biggest moment of school work had come—the dreaded first hop alone.

I had been so filled with scary tales and wild descriptions that I didn't have

any imagination left to get scared on myself; so when I got out to the long-envied solo-field I took a look at the sky, as usual, put on my gloves, and climbed in. The thing that bothered me most, so material I had become, was that the seat wasn't very comfortable.

Then the chief pilot showed me the direction, and before I knew it (just like at the dentist's) they had the motor on. Where was my monitor? Why wasn't he in the machine? Oh—it's to be done, all alone, by myself—to hang in space by myself—well, "Remember I like lilies, boys," and, without knowing why, the demon went off. Things seemed smooth, the sun was coming up prettily, and I leaned over the side to see if I was off yet. Well, I felt like I was standing on the head of the flagpole of the Metropolitan Building. Then I felt alone. And, gee! I was never quite so homesick—never in the depths even of a jungle, as I was just then, a little way off solid ground. I decided mighty quickly that Mother Earth was very loving—exceedingly loving, so I cut her off and nosed into a glide. Somehow she decided—for she's a masterful mistress, a real vampire—she decided to cater-corner—that is, to make the "first hopper" feel like a kitten entangled in a ball of yarn, so that my landing was like a flat tire.

By the time I fully realized that I had flown by myself, without breaking my neck, some of the mechanics came running up to me and set me on my backward route—"taxi-ing" across the field. And there you are! At least I can come walking back with the crowd from solo-field. I am one of the austerities of camp. Flying, now starts—I mean, not exactly flying—but excitement.

Of course aviation is, from the first ride to the last smash-up, one long series of heartquakes, dinner parties, and sleeping, but after you start out alone in the world the heartquakes become soulquakes.

Machines break up around you; friends escape by a hair's-breadth or don't get the hair's-breadth in, and you yourself are floating between heaven and earth with a trip much easier and quicker to make upward to Saint Peter and heaven than downward to earth.

My next trip will be a *tour de piste* about ten minutes around the main field. Other machines to look out for (landing from a height and length of time, not counting the weather up above and your nervousness) make it quite appalling, so I'll go to the theater to get it off my mind.

I received the cigarettes. They arrived just at the critical point in the happiness and sociability of a room of four camp boys, when all four were broke and the last pinch of tobacco had long gone, even to the last scent of its smokings, for when a room no longer smells of sweet tobacco it loses coziness and spirituality; the boards of the walls, the crude furniture—all its materialism triumphs in its cold reality.

Love always and abundantly,

JACK.

October 17, 1917.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—In the American field service the percentage of death (therefore of bravery and risk) was one-fifth, while in aviation, according to the statistics of the last offensive that permitted flying weather, the percentage was 80. In other words, out of ten boys that left camp two came back. So I was amused at your recommending me to be brave. If you had heard, as my comrades did, when I started off on my first *tour de piste* alone, our monitor exclaim, "There goes a dead machine!" you would have turned your recommendation to bravery into one to God and my soul.

However, I got out of the *cheval de bois* all right, straightened out, and, feeling somewhat the color of the trees below me, shot on through the air, my eyes watering as if I were peeling onions.

I don't think I ever hesitated more as to whether I wished to continue to be an aviator than I did just then. Somehow my legs were pushing the rudder unconsciously, like the wagging of a dog's tail, my hand just couldn't steady the *manche à balai*, and the old boat was exhibiting gleefully to me such twists and twirls and unknown sensations as I never imagined an aeroplane could ever find the caprice to invent. As for other aeros, I didn't give a snap—they just had to look out for themselves. I was far too busy trying to carry a ton of tacks on

an ice-covered path one foot wide, between two gigantic abysses.

Every peculiar lurch, start, or cater-cornered thrust instantly became for me a wing slip (certain death) or a tail slip (fair death) or a loss of speed (absolute death), with a few extra possibilities, such as leaping off the Woolworth, turning somersaults on the last twig of a tree and lighting on the lightning-rod—Pavlova style.

As I was almost round the *piste* my engine started missing and I to look for a landing-ground in case of a forced landing. Well, I didn't look long. Mother Earth's smile, from up above, turns into the most ghastly grin of Satanism. I just kept my eyes ahead and waited. She picked up, and before I realized it it was time to cut off; then to redress, to pull back gently for a beautiful skimming landing, and to suddenly feel a bump—brrrr—as the boat hits the wharf instead of just fitting in. However, I was lucky, for out of thirteen who went up seven machines were broken that morning and mine was still intact.

Very much love always,

JACK.

October 24, 1917.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—At sunrise, before, even, I yawned, I slipped on my "leathers" just in time to race for breakfast—coffee, bread, syrup, beans. Then I came back for a cigarette while the two platoons marched down to "double controls" and "landing." Poor devils! they had to take life so hard compared to the "soloists," and at last I was one of the privileged ones.

Once out in the field, I found the wind blowing hard, but was on edge to get up. I didn't, though, and perhaps it was best, so, after standing in rubber boots and a wintry climate for three hours, I came back and finished up my toilet down to my finger-nails. I played soccer-ball a while, smoked a little, and went—I mean ran, raced, flew—to lunch—potatoes, bad meat, tough bread, and cheese. I rested after lunch and smoked some more of my friends' cigarettes; tried to read *La Femme de Trente Ans* of Balzac, but threw it up. Then came lecture.

I again tried to read Balzac's *Thirty-year-old Woman*, but found her too com-

plex, and upon a call-out grabbed my flying-clothes and got over to the machine. I also found out I was to be paid to-morrow, so I had a broad smile on my face. It died down during the afternoon, though, for I didn't fly, which set me raging—numb with the blues!

Baron de Haven, our monitor, got mad because we cut in on the Anzanis, and explained how yesterday, at C—, on account of cutting into another *piste* that way, four men were killed. Then one of our machines bounced on its wheels and flipped over on a wing—breaking it. A couple of pilots were up in Nieuports and played tag and gave war maneuvering—that is, as soon as one would get in a position to kill the other, the latter would “barrel” or “tail-spin” or “wing-slip” and loop away. Another one of ours came in with its hood hanging on the motor. It was getting late, and I was about ready to fly as far as my frozen senses could make out. The wind was strong. Another fellow came in, glided, “piqued” too much, bounced up some ten yards, and dug straight down. The fool pushed on his stick because he got rattled, burying its nose in the earth, turning over, breaking everything to be broken, including, almost, my friend Jack, who was just climbing into another machine.

The author escaped, and we took him out of his belt just in time for him to meet the usual storming of the monitor. As usual, also, the boy took a broken propeller-blade back to hang over his door or make a cane with.

I shall soon be eating supper. We have only three meals now—supper is very bad meat, tough bread, beans, and jam—that is, if you get there first and, after you get there, can eat it—then I'll smoke “bull” and go to bed with hopes and disgusts and glimpses of vengeance for the morrow.

There is my day—poor me! Please, a little more tea and another slice of chocolate cake, or perhaps a *tortoni*, before the tray is carried out and we light the lamps. Mr. W., I suppose, is just coming home. I hear an echo of an old banjo and the hollow blow of a wintry wind. Ah yes! I am not there. I am here. The echo is reality and reality is an echo.

I am not on the divan and cushions of the studio. I am at war.

Very affectionately,
JACK.

October 31, 1917.

DEAREST MOTHER,—I'm in the last class of this school now, and if good weather keeps up I will be voyaging and doing the other stunts that go to make up the *brevet* and to make you an aviator full-fledged, licensed, and ready for the devil himself. After that, perhaps two weeks or three from now, I get a three days' leave in Paris, during which I shall enjoy the comfort and refinement—in short, the contrast of a good hotel, good meals, and all the other bourgeois luxuries. It's good to wallow in bourgeoisie a couple of days after a period of more or less privation. After that I don't come back to Tours and its golden, burnished château-land again.

I go to the school of *perfectionnement*. It will be all American and the biggest in the world. Where it is I am not at liberty to tell, but there my occupation is that of the French schools of *perfectionnement*—that is, training on light, fast *chasse* machines (if I choose *chasse* work) very modern; in fact, such as they use at the front every day. There I go through acrobatics and machine-gun work and some extra delicacies, including lectures on aerial war tactics and strategy.

Just back from two ten-minute turns out on the field on the Anzanis (the last class of the school). I ran into a rain-storm for a while and it was annoying. It took half the joy out of the scoot, for it feels like fifty Singer machines all sewing at once, criss-cross your face.

Mother! I've just found out that the one man in the world I would want to meet lives about five kilometers from here in a big château and wants to meet an American soldier. He is Anatole France. Is it really possible? Were I to meet Jesus on Fifth Avenue, I would not be so surprised. Maybe I'm not out for the biggest adventure I've had yet! I'm off. Let's hope I succeed.

Ta-Ta,
JACK.

November 4, 1917.

MY DEAR HARRISON,—At a table cov-

ered with an army blanket, warmed by a cast-iron stove, lighted by a barrack window, sits Jack Wright himself, with a letter from a little French girl in his pants pocket and a letter from a little American girl in his shirt pocket—as to his money-pocket, there is nothing of special importance.

I've just finished an Abdulla, which, being 99 per cent. opium, makes me conscious that being broke can never be beautiful, especially after being rich a week ago. Therefore, the letter in which you gave me a prescription of how to live on six dollars a week was most harmonious to the present mood of his Majesty's austere soul; excepting that I'm just now demonstrating how six dollars a week is luxurious.

My boy, I know what it is for the young country poet to hit New York, or rather for New York to hit him, but aviation is the ninth marvel of the world, be it the handkerchief wave of a school-girl as I skim by, or the wave of the black veils and tricolor banners of all France; be it the sunlight on a daisy-field where cattle graze, or the roaring speed with which your machine hurls you into the mouth of the mighty brazier gold—the setting sun. It is more than a passion, for while you are winging through space you also realize that those sunlit beds of flowery meadows may be instantly the chasm of your grave. The very danger of it impassions you. Your head rings with the constant humming of the wings of death until, superbly mad, you strain your feverish lips toward Death, the queen, and beg of her a kiss. I know that some day these lips of mine that smile as Death promenades with me will tremble; some day—some glorious day of spring, with too much youth and passion, and that, as steel toward magnet, they will seek her mouth and find it in a first and last long kiss. And that Death shall be like one in the full divinity of first love; it shall be immortal and eternal.

That, my boy, is more than most men attain. Though your present life be "just as in the novel," mine will one day, for a few hours, be just as the novel could never attain.

One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

Scott was right—*n'est-ce pas?* Then why not come and join me?

With my sincere congratulations,
JACK.

November 5, 1917.

MY VERY DEAR MOTHER,—Just a word before lunch. It is a windy, late autumn day. I used to like the wind, but now that I'm in this game I don't. In one class this morning five men flew; two had forced landings; one finished safely; two smashed up while landing—all on account of the wind. Don't worry, though, for though I've seen accidents lately, I've never seen any one killed.

I suppose I told you I'm on my tests now; still more, I'll be one of those to get the French *brevet* instead of the American, which, in a way, is a distinction if you consider that only the first to volunteer will receive it. The badge is the stamp of a full-fledged aviator and is worn over the right breast pocket. The wings and the star are gold, the wreath is silver.

The tests consist of four trips covering some 400 miles. Then the spiral test, consisting of two hair-pin turns and landing within a circle; and an altitude test requiring you to stay at 7,500 feet for an hour and a quarter, and a number of landings and hours necessary. On all these tests you must keep a good barograph reading of level flights, descent, and ascent.

This morning I went out on the spiral field and learned how to do the hair-pin, but didn't get up.

November 7, 1917.

Again a word before lunch. Had a funny time this morning and feel quite happy, for I had about one and three-quarter hours with my machine. I did the three things I wanted to do while at this school: fly over the city, chase a train, circle down on a château.

My first machine was tried out, and ahead she bounced and shot full into the rising sun; she skimmed upward, and below me, across the shining river, the dark towers of the cathedral stood in their medieval ignorance—petrification. My soul was soaring, too, when I heard the motor talk back at such spiritual-

ism. I wondered if she was missing. Well, you never have to do much wondering here. It simply stopped dead a second. I looked at it, at first patiently. She picked up; stopped again. This time I couldn't stand such foolishness, and got mad. I swore at the cursed damozel for going back on me and fully explained to her that we had lost fifty meters and only had fifty more left. Whereupon she quit making fun of me and started off half-way decently again, but, nevertheless, with misses and bangs and stops that made my heart patter. You always do love a person more when they start going back on you. Decidedly I was entirely in love with her now, so much so, that my tour was shortened and spoiled for the need of looking out for good landing-spots, clustered houses, woods, and vineyards, not forgetting telegraph-wires. Of course, though, I got back with my usual good luck. A forced landing is a great experience, but one never cares much for it.

In a few minutes another machine was ready and I was off for a half-hour. I sailed over the cemetery and its black crosses like so many dead ants, all of which I didn't forget to salute at full attention, for one always has much respect for his future home. The wind was getting to be like a hurricane and bumps were frequent; it kept me working steadily, and my legs, even, grew tired, though they were propped against the sides. I passed over the bridge I used to take into town and saw the Rue Nationale where all the cafés and theaters are. Little people were going about their petty ways. I didn't bother to wave to them. Now and then the king condescends to anoint his people with a wave of his royal hand, but only as an exception. I then took a notion to see if my friend, Mr. W., was home, so I passed over the convent and in front of his château, but he wasn't even out hunting on his grounds. Flying at fifty meters is, after all, the best, though it is a little dangerous; so I came down and passed slowly (about 60 miles an hour) above the peasants plowing and sowing, over their heavy stone farm-houses with their display of chickens and kids in the courtyards and a geranium or two on a window-sill. My neck

was as tired as my arms and legs, so I settled down to earth again.

I went up for another half-hour and explored a different part of the land—long, brown fields, slim gray trees with blue-gray ponds among them. Here and there a villa in its luxury of leaves and flowers and autumn sun. I was dreaming away happily. Now and then a machine would pass under me or keep up on my left, for instance, like a kite attached to me being strung out little and little, until I'd back around steeply and change direction, getting face into the wind and scarcely advancing, but climbing as fast as I pleased. Just after leaving the city and the cemetery behind again and pleasantly bathing in nonchalance, the old boat took a swerve to the right and down on the wing in a speedy drop through space. I had a faint notion it might be the end, and my teeth gritted. I managed to bring her back, though, and looked around for my star in the heavens.

Well, I went up again, with orders to come back to the hangar when I was through, for everybody had stopped. It was rough and unpleasant. I was tired and feeling a little cloudy, like the sky. I got up to 350 meters (400 yards—higher than the Eiffel Tower) and looked the country over for a decent château. I followed the Loire out a way and saw a beauty—terraced and surrounded with fountains and gardens. One window was open, so I shut down the motor and glided straight for the open window. At the end of a 100 yards I was about 30 meters from it. Whereupon a fair lady came out on the balcony in a violet robe and sent kisses to the unknown cavalier, the aviator, one of her future defenders. It was a gallant kiss—not a flirtation. Something as the fair nurse (if there be such) bestows upon the dying soldier. I like those gallant kisses and the message it brought to me, as a silver arrow shot through the golden sunlight was pure and radiant. This was the impression of a second, for I was just skimming the trees; so I pulled on the gas-lever, and with a thunderburst the motor picked up the machine and shot her ahead as I slightly banked, thereby going in every direction at once—ahead, above, and sideways on a wing. I turned for a last

farewell as I left the roof under my train, and took the trail of the gods toward their vastness of blue. I got up higher than the Eiffel Tower again. Being bored, I once more shut down the motor. Silent and swift, with the wind whistling in my ears, she dropped in a few seconds the space of 300 meters. I was just on top of the houses and plains again, with my stomach in my throat and my ears a-singing. Then I let her go on again, now and then jerking her upward, which gives a cute little tickling in you. Off in the distance a train was creeping around a bend; so I swooped down at it, and when at 50 meters off ground, with the train some 100 to my left, I banked into a curve parallel to that of the tracks and slid by it, waving to the poilus, who answered me joyously, for at last I was "one of them." No longer an *embusqué*, but a defender, even of the poilu himself. I felt their admiration and brotherhood sent out to me at last, and was still more pleased than by the midair kisses of a moment ago.

I was feeling more than bored, so I gently rose to 100 feet, swung over to the field, avoided any possible machines, and, first cutting my motor and then the "contact" (in case of landing accident), settled down to earth with a gradual curve and a long skim just over the ground. Turning the motor on again, I sat up in my seat, looked ahead, and "taxied" back to the hangar, where a couple of mechanics came out to get the machine and see it safely in place. All this latter, of course, being done before the envious eyes of the last new-comers, who were in the double-controls I had left behind. In short, I feel like a senior at school.

Thursday.

This morning I went into "spiral test." I didn't get up, but had to take the machine home. It is a much speedier and more powerful and lighter machine, so I found out that spiral, something like hide-and-seek for your landing spot, height, distance, curve, glide-angle, etc., was not going to be one of the easiest. My good luck, though, ought to pull me through. It's now about lunch-time. I'll stop awhile. No, I'll get this letter off.

A tantôt, JACK.

November 11, 1917.

MY DEAR MOTHER OF ONARGA,—Well, yesterday afternoon I was supposed to have killed myself three times. Not feeling ready for Purgatory yet, I just fooled them all. The first time I was supposed to run into two long, thin poplar-trees, but what did I care for such a silly smash-up? Then, when I banked around at 50 meters off, I was supposed to have either slipped on the wing or been flipped by the wind. I sure gave them the laugh, though. Bringing back a machine from spiral-field, I was gliding and at the same time watching a machine coming down just over me. I happened to look around just in the pleasant time to find the earth in front of my nose and the grass blades as big as California pines. Well, I didn't care in the least for Mother Earth—not in the least—so I snobbishly pulled back on the stick just in time to swerve up over her tender cheek with a sarcastic grin from ear to ear. I guess I fooled them all right.

This morning I passed the hardest part of the tests—the spiral. I had never been up to 660 meters before (twice as high as the Eiffel Tower) so that I enjoyed ravishingly the new and enlarged wealth such height puts into your view—your grasp on earth. The Loire was bending silently around her ancient tapestries of sienna forests and the streaks and flames of light the sun turned the fields into. The city and her towers were lost in the gathering purple of a storm. As I turned back the earth was completely drowned in the nearing storm, but I could see above it into the secret sunny glow of heaven as the sun tipped these leaden domes with gold, while across the struts of my plane, as on the window of some saintly church, the sun slanted its warm rays and I realized that, far below me, men could never touch nor know these spots of sun-glow that went sailing with me, hung in the midst of the space of God.

It was very cold, though, for a north wind was blowing, making me drift considerably. As I leaned over the front of the plane to peer down on the mapped-out country below me, trying to place the field among the familiar landmarks, I felt as though I were at the front—

those roads were trenches and that it was for a battery I was searching. Then I saw the "T" far below me and made for a good position. After cutting off the contact, the long glide down started with only the blowing wind for company. I made my first turn as a train passed far below me. Then came the last—the hair-pin; a strong wind was fighting me, and being without the motor it shoved me far back away from the fields. I was forced to put on my motor, which, luckily, caught. My barograph, considering the day, read fairly well.

My monitor had me make a second one—this time I was entirely at home and corrected myself considerably, although after keeping my eye on what seemed to be the field, once over it, I discovered not a machine in sight; not a "T"; not a person. It made me laugh, though the monitor was probably dancing the Saint Vitus's dance down below and all the boys were laughing. Thanks to an old tower and a lake, I found the field, but right under me, which caused considerable maneuvering. All went as right as it could, on account of the wind. I cut and came down, when I saw myself short and just about on top of some apple-trees. Thank God that motor didn't miss and carried me safely over their tops. On my first *tour de piste*, by the way, the whole car of the machine began to shake like an old scarecrow. I didn't know whether a cylinder was dropping off or half the machine itself, especially as there was a grove of trees right underneath, which I supposed might be soft for landing on one out of one hundred times, but which I'd just as soon shun, too. The old tug pulled out of it, though, by some mistake or other, so I was able to get down and stamp my feet around to warm up, although I had forty good minutes flying this morning and regret that only the wind will make the old sport impossible this afternoon.

November 12, 1917.

This morning I did my altitude. I never want to do it again—at least with these open machines. My bird was brand new, and soon all I could see of the city were sparkling bits that were roofs, and through the layers of mist and the clouds of smoke the toothpick-

factory chimneys belched out still more obscurity till the sun seemed but a faint scintillation on the huddling of the industrious city. The test took me two hours, and from the beginning to the end I kept beating my fingers on my knees, as their tips were very numb. Otherwise I was warmly done up in a fur "teddy bear" suit and could distract myself on the way up by looking across the tops of the herds of clouds, whose infinite foam, under the sun and the unspotted blue above, seemed a gigantic waving sea of melted opals where now and then arose a coral island or a topaz one as the sun tinted a distant cloud rising above the rest. I don't remember all that happened, as when you're up there, during what time you have to try to think and observe and contemplate, the wind is blasting in your face with the force of a big blinding hand, while your motor makes a horrible noise, most indifferent to your attempts. Two things came to me, though: One, I no longer was the least bit interested in humans; they were almost of another world of which I could only note the outlines—the roofs of those towns below hid, undoubtedly, romances, intrigues, passions, the beatings of many hearts and the palpitations of some souls, but I was far from them. They were vague and half forgotten, and I didn't care for them nor heed them in any way. I seemed to find my joy more in investigating the new medium of space in that vague unknown mystic and monstrous creation of ages past and future; clouds that were the voyaging souls ethereal of dead worlds; winds and light that were the germs of a vast futurity.

I was then at the height I needed to reach—9,000 feet. There I was to remain an hour on a level, which I did—sometimes letting go of the controls completely and singing up there alone; sometimes half sleeping, sometimes quite bored with the petty yet monotonous aspect of earth below; sometimes tickled with the novel aspect of color or formation up above the clouds—mostly occupied in watching the time pass away on my barograph. When I saw that I had only fifteen minutes left, I think I never became so suddenly and extremely happy in my life. I let out a whoop, let

go of everything, and, though fastened in my seat, was kicking around and beating the old plane in a wild attempt to dance a jig. I poured out French rag-time and seized the top plane and shook it like an old friend, and raved like a typical maniac for about ten minutes. Then I headed for the city and started the descent. Your ear-drums are shoved in, your glands are blown up like balloons, and you think your head, heart, and eyes are to follow; but you soon get down from a place ten times as high as the Eiffel Tower. I went through a little cloud on my way down, although I didn't need to, as I saw the top of it right in front of my upper plane. It smelled like a put-out fire and was quite disgusting and wet. I landed feeling like quite some boy, tipped the mechanic, and made for lunch in a hurry not much the worse except for a fingertip that I probably froze. You always feel great right after a flight, because your nerves are all on edge, but half an hour later you find yourself quite worthy of a bed and perhaps something to stop your head- or neck-ache.

Well, here it is Thursday, the 15th.

The afternoon of my altitude, I went on a *petit voyage*. It felt good to get out of *tour de piste* and swallow up miles of country. My machine was comfortable and quiet after the powerful altitude 'buses, so that I felt rather as though taking a pleasant sail than an air ride. I've gotten so that I don't have to concentrate much on the machine, having the "feel" to correct it unconsciously, and can look around at the country nonchalantly, as a fair queen gazing from her throne across her subjects attired in their court costumes. It is remarkable how you catch on to traveling without names of towns or any one to explain, just by your map, which shows you the shapes of certain forests, the direction of certain rivers and roads, and their relation to one another. I landed at the town and met a couple of the boys. It seemed like meeting friends in a foreign land, and the little gathering of our planes ready to carry us away again seemed like a beach party, only that we flew there instead of riding.

The next day I started on a triangle.

The first part was two and a half hours' straight flying in icy weather. The wind also takes your head and pulls it back terrifically, adding another hardship to the whole. At first it was pleasing to feel myself out for a long trip by air; it was a wonderful novelty. A number of machines passed me on my way, and I flew over an English school. I soon found out, though, what these *brevet* tests are; not a test of your flying capabilities, but rather a physical trial, a bit of tangency with the raw side of aviation, an accustoming to what you will have to meet at the front. I landed at X with the expectation of a comforting meal, with a feeling of having slept out in a snow-storm, and with one of having wrestled a pretty tough bout. My barograph was so far all right. I signed my papers and tried to warm up and rest; but I couldn't get anything to eat there, so I climbed in again and set off on the second part. The wind was with me, so I went fast, but I couldn't see ahead very far, and it was getting bumpy; now and then you could feel yourself turn white, but I had full confidence in the old 'bus and just looked ahead and let her go.

Before I knew it I was over a city at the end of the second leg of my triangle. There a marvelous lunch awaited me at a certain little house that has become very famous among us *brevet* men, for the beautiful little specimen of American beauty to be found in a neat apron serving a cozy family table in an unknown little country house in an unknown little country town. Three other boys were there. Weather made me stay there two days; two days of family life—best of food, gigantic beds of silkiness and downiness, and a quaint village proud of a few historic memories and the inhabitants of a couple of people of the day. Outside of all that, we four aviators set the town's eyes wide open watching us joke among their funny world of odd people, awkward and ignorant—comical to all but themselves. We would start out in the morning, walking through the town, stopping at every little café and spreading our wild oats through their rustic life. We once ran into the town *marché*. Immediately the *marché*, though in full thrivance, stopped and looked at

us. The whole town slowly followed us around their *marché* from counter to counter, as one boy insisted on buying specimens of their wood and iron shoes and another in buying their table-cloths, napkins, and all of us following, as gods from heaven or fools from Mars, through their awed, blinking crowds of sheepish peasant boys, flirting with peasant girls, and hardy peasant women wrapped in black, strapped in at the waist and chained at the feet with their sabots.

Well, this noon after lunch I was bound I was going to get back, though the others didn't think it worth while trying. I went down to the field, donned my flying costume, deigned to spare a smile and word on some people, eagerly watching, also signing my name on some cards for some little damozels, then, after looking the machine over, climbed in, tried out the motor, waved to the gathering, and was off. First I sailed over the house where I had stayed, to say good-by, then headed for the end of my triangle. I soon found that the clouds were impossibly low and that a mist made it impossible for me even to fly at the minimum voyage height. I was obliged to keep below 250 meters and only hoped that my motor wouldn't fail me in a bad place.

Soon I couldn't see far enough ahead

to use the map, and the compass, which is rarely used outside of night work, on account of its inaccuracy, became my only guide. The bumps were sudden and hard. Finally the fog gathered and I was speeding ahead in a whirl of opaque mist and now and then a vague glimpse of brown that was the earth. I discovered myself to be over a big forest and only 100 meters above its treetops. Thank my luck that the old engine was going good, for a forest from the air in a fog is an ugly mess of seaweed and black things that you don't care to smash on. I headed off on another angle to leave it to my left and get to the river. All the landmarks I looked out for were lost in the sea of mist, and I was starting to think of how it felt to get lost when I was six years old, when a gray, snaky line announced the river, and then the top of a cathedral tower passed under me, telling me I was almost at home and safe. Before I knew it it was time to land. Luckily the camp was in a clearing and I got back to my little room glad to see home again, to find my little articles of intimacy and a long letter from you.

Best love for the best muzzie.

JACK.

Two more days' good weather and I'll be through.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Waterfall

BY JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

I WENT to see a waterfall,
When days were dull of song,
And to its jubilant, wild voice
I listened deep and long.

I thought that it would loose my dreams,
But ah, it could not free
My bound heart—for it sang so loud
It drowned the song in me!

The Last of the Argonauts

BY LEE FOSTER HARTMAN



HE shot out of the door, spun round twice like a tattered dervish, and ended in a pitiful, sprawling heap in the gutter before the hotel. The proprietor of the Island House, looming large and dominant in the doorway, and red of neck from the sudden exertion, regarded with a grunt of satisfaction the work of his hands lying prone in the street. Then he turned to discover me where I had halted, and his big, blond face was spread with a sheepish smile.

"The swine!"

The words were flung out, half at the cringing, shaken figure now struggling up from the dust, and half to me in a sort of apologetic explanation.

"Come right in, Mr. Judson. Lunch-eon is on the table, if you wish to join us."

Larssen's *table d'hôte* was famous among the smaller islands of the West Indies, where hotels of any sort are sparsely scattered. Through the open window I could glimpse the white length of the dining-table, set with its thick, old-fashioned porcelain; and the sharp, savory aroma of pepper-pot was in the air; but my attention was held by the shabby, outlandish creature now galvanized by a series of jerky movements of thin arms and thin legs into an upright posture of impotent rage and hate. He shook a trembling, unclean fist at the big, unperturbed Swede, and began screaming maledictions upon him in a thin, high-pitched voice like a cracked flute. I surmised that Larssen, tolerant by good nature and long experience to the human flotsam of tropic ports that persistently gathered about his hotel like a fringe of scum, had been cleaning house.

A stream of curses, imprecations, and wild menaces now rained down upon his head like a gush from a sewer. The

fellow was oracular. His thin, emaciated body vibrated to the sweep of his tirade. The tails of his absurdly long black coat, which hung upon his joints like the garb of a scarecrow, depended sadly in dust and tatters. Underneath, he wore only a torn undershirt, while something in the poise of his pipe-like legs betokened the service of the sea. He was possibly twenty-two, but the wasted look of his weather-beaten face and the hang of his thin lips were unpleasantly suggestive of his having been steeped in the brine of every iniquity. A bloodshot tracery overlaid the whites of his eyes. When they turned suddenly to envision me, it was with a start and prolonged stare at the insignia of my visored cap.

It was evident to him at a glance that I must be an officer of some vessel that had just put in at Santa Marta. Dropping his venomous harangue of the hotel proprietor, he wheeled eagerly to scan the empty waterside, where the *Briseis* had been made fast hardly ten minutes ago. The sight of her tall yellow stack drew from him an exultant whoop. He scuttled off like a disheveled rabbit in the direction of the vessel, his tattered coattails now flapping like a pennant in the blazing tropic sunshine.

The hotelkeeper brushed one big hand against the other as if over a finished task. "You should have arrived a week ago," he said to me. "It's not been a fit town to live in. Just one awful stew night and day, and fights going everywhere."

"What! *That* poor devil—"

"Oh, he's only the last of them, Mr. Judson. They were brought back here in a schooner they had stolen—the *Elva May*. It was like a plague of locusts descending on a peaceful land. They were dumped ashore by the owners of the vessel, who had caught the whole rascally lot of them in San Pablo Bay, where they had gone on some

wild treasure-hunt. Thought there was Spanish gold buried there which they had only to shovel aboard the schooner. It ended in the worst sort of spree. The *Elva May* happened to have a cargo of Jamaica rum in her hold when they stole her. They didn't discover the gold, but they found the rum. You can imagine! . . ."

Larssen's shrug of his big shoulders was impressive. "Why, they say that when they caught them all San Pablo Bay was afloat with empty bottles, and the infernal racket they were making echoed from the hills. It was no trouble at all to find them; you were just guided by the sound. Perfect bedlam. And it was murderous, too: captain shot; one man knifed on shore and left there dead; first mate drowned; and the rest of them a sorry, battered lot, nursing cuts and bruises. They were dumped ashore here like a cargo of spoiled meat, and they set right in to quarreling and fighting again. It demoralized the whole town."

"You must have had your hands full," I offered, instantly visioning the Island House as the point toward which the centripetal forces of that orgy would be sucked in.

Larssen was philosophical. "I had my share of it all to put up with," he acknowledged, simply. "However, they are pretty well scattered and gone now."

As second officer of the *Briseis* I was a frequent guest at the Island House when in port, and acquainted with most of the resident boarders. Seated at Larssen's *table d'hôte*, I was permitted to hear in detail many of the lurid deeds and outstanding enormities, for the quiet little island still vibrated to the impact of the *Elva May* adventurers. It was like listening to the raw, formless fictions out of which an epic might in time be shaped. There was a crude, impressive virility about it all, despite its hapless violence and frayed ends.

It seemed, indeed, to have been an actual quest for a Golden Fleece. The legend of an ancient pirates' hoard buried in the sands of San Pablo Bay had long been current in the islands. It was a lonely, almost landlocked stretch of water, remote, unvisited, with a ragged fringe of cocoanut palms along

the clean, sandy shore, which, in the sunshine, edged with a circlet of gold the unruffled blue of the bay. Some Castilian adventurer of the sixteenth century had first put in there, and he had paused to offer prayer and christen the bay with the name of his patron saint before hanging eight wretches for mutiny. In the decades that followed, various gentleman rovers of the seas of the New World had found occasion to seek this ill-omened sanctuary of Saint Paul. But to a later age San Pablo was forgotten. Only the stories remained—fugitive, idle whispers lingering along the shores of the tropic islands, vain and illusive, like the murmur of a sea-shell lifted to the ear. . . .

In an experience of over twoscore stained and unsavory years knocking about the Caribbean and down the West Coast, Captain Crunch (captain only by virtue of his successful theft of the *Elva May*) had remained unstirred by this sort of gossip. It was only when, stranded in the ancient town of Panama, he had come upon some old charts and second-hand sailors' effects in a Chinaman's shop, that San Pablo Bay became for him the goal of all earthly aspiration. Empty legends, fanciful whisperings, fragments of old sea tales, seemed suddenly transformed and verified by the magic of a tiny cross clumsily made with red ink upon a soiled and shriveled map of parchment. There were notations in old Spanish, not too cryptic to be deciphered with the aid of a little nautical understanding.

Crunch began to canvass the waterfronts of Balboa, Colon, and Port of Spain for his Argonauts, whispering the seductive tale of a Golden Fleece into grimy ears, quickening hearts that beat under browned and tattooed breasts. . . .

"As scurvy a crew of knaves as I ever hope to lay eyes on," said Parker, across the table. He owned a plantation inland, but once a week broke the tedium of his solitary life by visiting Larssen's *table d'hôte*. "Tall and short; white, black, and all shades of brown; big, brawny louts that could stand up to Larssen here with their bare fists; nasty little shrimps with a wicked eye, and a knife, very likely, tucked away somewhere. All of them corrupt, rotten,

ready for anything. Make the Seven Deadly Sins look like a frieze of archangels."

He went on to tell me how they had filched a schooner at Barbados and stood out to sea on a dark night. It was an easy reach, of a day's run or so, to the sun-steeped shores of San Pablo Bay. In the first flush of that high adventure Captain Crunch had been able to preserve a fair semblance of order. He had appointed as his mate the chief Goliath among them—a big New-Zealander named Tooke, whose knotted, hairy fists were equal to a brace of belaying-pins if it came to a question of discipline.

"Queer, though. He was the fellow that got drowned," said Parker, shaking his head. "One of their small boats capsized in the bay. Seems strange that he couldn't swim. Drunk, probably. Sank like a shot, so one of them told me—just as if he had been weighted down with all that gold they thought they were going to find."

I smiled at the notion of that preposterous Golden Fleece which had been their lure. "Then they actually made a hunt for it?" I asked. "Or did they stumble upon the rum too soon?"

"Would you believe it—they found the place," the planter paused to assure me, with his fork half lifted from his plate. "Strange as it may seem, the chart was all right. They came across a rendezvous of some sort—very likely a pirates' cave once, ages ago. But it had been rifled long before, if it ever contained anything. There were just some old rusty cutlasses and insignificant odds and ends lying about. And a couple of skeletons, propped up inside the hole like a guard of honor, grinning—with half their teeth gone—at this ridiculous band of hopefuls who had come there on that wild-goose chase. It seems that in the commotion of their first inrush the jaw of one of these bony gentlemen dropped suddenly, sagged down for all the world as if he had been convulsed into a monstrous laugh at their idiotic invasion, and then remained fixed in that hideous, eternal guffaw.

"It must have got on their nerves," resumed Parker, after a pause, during which he helped himself a second time to

the steaming pepper-pot. "What with their crazy, superstitious fears, and the night coming on in that lonely spot, and the obvious fact that the game was up. . . . It was a bad time to serve out the rum, but that is what Captain Crunch did. He had maintained a strict embargo on the stuff up to then. Now, for some reason, he ordered the bottles brought ashore, and after that—" The planter shrugged his shoulders. "Just what actually happened after that will never be known. No two stories are alike, and I talked with several of the rascals in their more lucid moments after they descended upon this peaceful town."

Parker resumed his interrupted meal, and one or two others at the table took up the tale, giving me in ragged, detached anecdotes glimpses of the crew's exploits after the *Elva May* had been towed back to Santa Marta. But these stories lacked significance; they seemed a raw and formless aftermath of the real adventure, failing of what should have been a proper climax. It was like the desultory popping of stray fire-crackers after the pack had been set off.

I loitered on the veranda of the hotel to smoke a cigar, and then went back to the *Briseis*.

"It's lyin' there—almost in plain sight, I tell you! Gold!—gold!—enough to make us rich all our lives!"

I had made my way up to the bridge, and had paused for a moment to watch the derricks lifting and falling at the forward hatchway, while the donkey-engines roared and clattered, and in the intervals of respite wheezed with escaping steam. Except for the noise and strenuous movement below me, where bales and boxes were soaring aloft and then clattering out upon the wharf, the vessel lay like a dead thing while a score of dark-skinned creatures far down in the open hold tore at her entrails. The hot sunshine poured down upon decks and awnings in a dazzling glare. Rounding the corner of the wheel-house, I heard a thin, high-pitched voice issuing from the captain's cabin. The door was wide open and on the hook. I stopped short in amazement at the speaker's back—a long and dragged coat of black,

the tails of which hung dusty and tattered almost to his knees. A grimy fist was lifted in the air with a familiar gesture which I recalled from the morning.

"May God blast me on the spot if I ain't tellin' you the plain, honest-to-Jesus truth, Captain!" shrilled the thin voice with an intensity that held me rooted to the spot. "I hope to die before sundown if what I'm a-tellin' you ain't gospel-true!"

Beyond, I could see Captain Beattie, seated in his rocking-chair, his face, framed in reddish-gray whisker, lifted to the intruder in a sort of appalled, unwilling attention. Across the old man's knees lay open a ponderous volume—an ancient Bible, treasured in the Beattie family for three generations, which it was the captain's habit to read during the waits in port. He had taken off his large, horn-rimmed spectacles, which now lay folded in the bend of the great book as if marking his place. From the big type at the head of the page I could see that he had been deep in the prophecy of Ezekiel when interrupted by this quivering outcast in rags.

That the stolid old skipper could make little or nothing of the tale that was being poured into his ears was evident from the look of blank wonder that was spread across his furrowed face. Only as the name of the Deity was whipped out in the fellow's frantic harangue did the captain blink disapprovingly, as at an unexpected and unpleasant jolt. Suddenly he caught sight of me.

"Oh, are you there, Mr. Judson?" he called in that slow, heavy voice which I had never known to be lifted in even the hardest blow at sea. "Come in, won't you? Whatever is it that this fellow is trying to tell me? . . . Blessed if I can fathom it."

I stepped into the cabin, while Pollock—for such his name proved to be—half turned to include me in the sweep of his vehement argument.

"It's the gospel truth, sir, just as I've been a-tellin' the captain here. May God eternally blast my soul—"

"He will, young man!" boomed out Captain Beattie, sourly. "Let me hear no more of that language."

The rebuke fell unheeded; he was in

such a tremor to tell his story—that bizarre, extravagant jumble of events that had profaned the silences of San Pablo Bay. It was no mere spinning of an idle yarn. A deep, almost desperate purpose inspired the shabby, emaciated creature. He had contrived to sneak aboard the vessel, eluding the guard at the gangway, and he now stood before us like some hermit saint, unclean but exalted, in whose soul burned a vision which he strove to recreate before our purblind eyes.

Acquainted as I was with the outlines of the tale, recounted by Parker over the hotel table, I was struck anew by this feverish marshaling of its sinister detail. It was like a monstrous, gaudy patchwork flaunted before the imagination: flaring strips of melodrama overlapping the grotesque; lurid patches of tragedy and grim disaster; the whole stitched crazily together with the dark threads of malice, trickery, and greed. And yet, in spite of its repellent bestiality and crime, over the tawdry surface seemed to quiver the bright sheen of romance.

The story came from him in raw, prolonged snatches, with abrupt pauses when he gulped for breath. I could only wonder what deadly purpose led him on.

". . . Blasted if I ever had such a scare in my life! We were all crawlin' in on our hands and knees, fairly pilin' on top of each other after the captain, when he suddenly lit that flare. . . . Ugh! Skeletons! Grinnin' at us as natural as life! Been sittin' in that dark pit of hell since the beginnin' of time. Out we scrambled like a pack of howlin' cats. Even the captain, bringin' up the rear and cursin' every man-jack of us, was clutchin' that smokin' flare with a hand that shook. He called for volunteers.

"'I'll go in,' pipes up Big Jim Tooke, the mate.

"'Who'll go with 'im?' says the captain.

"'I'll go alone,' says the mate, quick-like.

"The captain looks at Big Jim Tooke long and hard, as if misdoubtin' somethin', and then nods his head. And the mate takes the flare, loosens up the knife at his belt, stares around defiant at the

white-faced lot of us, and goes in on his hands and knees.

"Fifteen minutes go by, and not a sound from the cave. It was as if that dark, gapin' hole had swallowed him up forever. Meanwhile the sun, all blood-red, dips down into the sea, and high up against the yellow sky come two black, queer-lookin' birds, flappin' slow their great wings and circlin' round right over our heads. Some fool sets up a howl: 'Lord-a-mercy! Them's the souls of them two blighters inside!'

"Shut up!" screams the captain, black-faced, and curses him to perdition. He stamps back and forth and scowls at the hole where there's never a sign or sound of Big Jim. And we wait and wait, wonderin' what could 'a' happened to the mate.

"The night breeze comes ruffin' across the bay, sendin' a shiver right through us. By now it's beginnin' to get dark fast, and those two ugly birds, wheelin' round overhead, set up a lonesome *caw-caw* that fair give me the creeps. All the gold in the world ain't goin' to hold the crew in that bloody place much longer, and the captain knows it.

"Some one into the cave to call out the mate," he snaps, and glowers around at us. "You, Sykes!"

"And poor Sykes turns white as a sheet, not darin' to disobey, and crawls in. That's the last we see of Bill Sykes. More minutes go by, and at last out crawls the mate, his face all sickly white and his eyes burnin' in his head, draggin' Sykes's limp body after him. He fixes the captain with an awful look, and says: 'For God's sake, who sent him sneakin' in after me? I've knifed him. Heard somethin' crawlin' up on me in the dark—'

"D'ye find the gold?" blares out the captain, not carin' about Sykes 'live or dead.

"The mate tumbles poor Sykes's body down in a heap and curses horribly. 'There's no gold in the blasted hole. Nothin' but bats hangin' to the roof—'

"No gold! You blind fool! Why, of course there's gold!" screams the captain, tryin' to make himself heard above the general howl that broke loose, while the crew started like one man for the

beach where the boats lay. But he might as well have tried to hold back the night droppin' down on us or have hushed up them two daft birds that had settled down somewhere, only to start up again at the racket we made and go flappin' off, croakin' like a pair of lost souls.

"And there was poor Sykes, nothin' but a tumbled, bleedin' heap at the mouth of that black hole that gaped at us out of the drifted sand, and the mate all shakin' and pale as death, eyin' the captain as if he was still seein' some evil thing inside the cave.

"There's nothin' in the blasted hole," he says again. 'Go in and look for yourself.' And with that he stalks off slowly toward the beach, with never a look back."

Pollock, livid and breathless, broke off suddenly, while his twitching lips were spread with a crafty, evil smile. "Cleverest actin' I ever hope to see!" he shot out, scornfully—"the big mate stumblin' off slow and heavy, as if the sins of all the bloody world was layin' on his shoulders. Just because he'd knifed poor Sykes. Bah! I sensed it, right then and there. And I waited. . . . You'll see."

Captain Beattie, stolid and indifferent under the whirl of words, let his eyes fall absently to the Bible on his knees. Instantly the little cabin rang again with Pollock's shrill, strident tones. His gesticulations were renewed, his thin body, ravaged by tropic fevers, shaking like a reed. He was desperately resolved to hold the old skipper's wandering attention, to awaken a gleam of interest in his vacant eyes. Gaunt and ragged he stood before us and labored in an unholy fervor to outcry Ezekiel.

He went on to describe how Captain Crunch, baffled for the moment, with his villainous crew rapidly getting out of hand, had resolved to wait until morning before making another search of the cave. To allay the fears and all but open rebellion of the men, he ordered the rum brought off from the schooner, while a fire was built on the beach. To judge from Pollock's grandiloquent description, the scheme worked only too well. The Golden Fleece was utterly forgotten in the impromptu libations to Dionysus.

The small boats returned, heaped to the gunwales with cases of rum. And the orgy began.

"Bottles!—hundreds of 'em!" Pollock flung wide his arms. "The beach was strewn with 'em! Full ones, dumped down in heaps. Empty ones, rollin' round under foot—fat, black-bellied flasks lyin' all over the white sand and glintin' in the firelight like a swarm of gigantic cockroaches that had crawled out to warm themselves. Broken bottles, that went crashin' into the fire and sizzled among the embers while their splintered edges stuck up like saws. And a reekin' smell hangin' heavy in the air like some one had dynamited a sugar-mill. The racket was awful, singin' and cursin' and wild yells streamin' up into the peaceful night like the sparks shootin' up from the fire."

"Aye! And you carousing with the rest of them, I warrant," Captain Beattie broke in, with sour disapproval. "Why you should come aboard here to fill our ears with it—"

"You're dead wrong!" protested Pollock, vehemently. "I wasn't drinkin'. Neither was Big Jim, nor the captain, who sat scowlin' at the fire and eyin' the mate in a deadly way now and then. I could see some suspicion was smolderin' dark in his mind. He was up to somethin', sittin' there and bidin' his time in all that din."

"They would have kept it up all night—just one long screech of joy—if the captain hadn't at last ordered them back to the schooner. There wasn't a blessed soul among 'em by now who could remember what had brought 'em to San Pablo Bay. So long as the rum held out, that God-forsaken beach was Paradise. Why go back to the ship? They wouldn't go back; the captain could go to blazes. A bottle, splatterin' its rum, shied past his head."

"It looked like a row right then and there, when Big Jim gets up slowly and orders his watch into one of the boats, him leadin' the way. I can see him now, standin' in the bow, while the rest clambered in, stumblin' over thwarts, tryin' to ship the oars—hardly one of 'em knowin' what they was about, and all yellin' fit to wake the dead. We got off somehow, the boat wabblin' as

if as fuddled as the daft crew aboard her.

"All of a sudden the fellow in the stern-sheets straightens up, and I see that it's the captain. What was he doin' there in the mate's boat? He had been fumblin' round in the bottom as if he had dropped somethin'. When he lifted his head, I could see his face all dark and mottled from stoopin' over. He seemed to be tryin' to make out the mate in the bow, watchful like a cat."

"But I had my hands full just then tryin' to keep my oar from bein' fouled by the crazy flails that were thrashin' around me. They had started up a song—no two of them on the same key, when all of a sudden the drunken fool behind me lost his balance, caught me a prod in the back with his oar, and pitched face forward into the bottom of the boat. He gasped, choked, spluttered, and let out a yell. Water pourin' into the boat! But nobody seemed to hear or care, singin' at the top of their lungs, and the oars goin' every which way. By now I could feel the water slushin' round my feet—hear it gurglin' up from somewhere like a gush from a fountain. We were shippin' it by gallons."

"Just then some one pipes up from the stern: 'Some fool has knocked the plug out'n the bottom of the boat. Lay to and bail her out!'

"'Bail her out with your empty skull!' says the captain, and fetches him a kick that tumbles him back across the thwarts."

"There wasn't so much as a dipper to bail with, and it was only a matter of minutes before we'd be swamped. There was nothin' to do but to swim for it."

"'Every man of you overboard!' roars the captain."

"Half of them acted on the word, for it was no trick at all to reach the schooner from where we lay founderin' in the middle of the bay. One after another they chucked their oars, gave a whoop, and plunged overboard, just as if this swimmin'-match was a part of the bloody show, and some of them yellin' challenges off to the other boat in the darkness that they would beat them to the schooner."

"I leaned on my oar, as the men jumped clear, sort of dazed and won-

derin'. We were fillin' fast, the water lappin' cold around my knees as the boat began to settle. The captain's eyes, hard and glitterin' like a snake's, were peerin' through the darkness at the big mate still in the bow.

"Over with you, Jim Tooke," he purrs at him in a queer kind of voice. Somethin' in his tone made me turn and look at the mate. He sat hunched up in the bow like a scared cat, his face as white as paper, and givin' the captain back a look as evil as he got. 'Afraid to swim, Jim Tooke?' the captain gibes him, and laughs in a horrible way.

"For a moment I couldn't understand, for of course the big mate could swim. And yet there he sat huddled in the bow, drawin' up his legs from the water lappin' greedily toward him, as if paralyzed with mortal terror. And never a word did he answer the captain.

"'Afraid to swim, Jim Tooke?' the captain jeers at him again.

"Just then the boat began to go, and Big Jim starts up with a scream. There was a flash and a ringin' noise in my ears, and the captain tumbles forward, shot dead by a pistol the mate had drawn. At the same moment the boat was gone from under us and we were all flounderin' in the water. I heard the mate give another scream, saw him fling out his arms and go down like so much lead."

Pollock made a soft, cat-like step forward, and lifted one of his claw-like hands to hold us more intently. "Like so much *lead*, eh?" In the swift transformation of the moment he became unspeakably repulsive, his eyes a-glitter as he swept us with his crafty smile. It was as if he had suddenly stripped off a mask, while the little cabin rang to the shrill triumph of his climax. "'Twas gold, I tell you! The big fellow must have been staggerin' under a weight of it that would have bent any other man to the ground. Crammed into that long, canvas money-belt he always wore swathed about him, stowed under his shirt, tucked away everywhere. It's a wonder he didn't drip with the stuff when he was movin' round slow and watchful on shore. And it's all lyin' right now in shallow water in San Pablo

Bay. Gold, Captain! Enough to make us rich all our lives!"

"Humph! So that's it, eh?" Captain Beattie gave a skeptical shrug and reached for his spectacles to resume his reading of Ezekiel. "Well, be off with you. . . . Hold on a minute. Listen to this." His voice suddenly rose in a sonorous chant as his blunt forefinger followed the type of the book on his knees:

"Thus saith the Lord God, Because ye have spoken vanity, and seen lies, therefore, behold, I am against you, saith the Lord God. And mine hand shall be upon the prophets that see vanity, and that divine lies. . . . Do you hear that, young man?" The skipper cocked an admonishing eye over the big horn rims of his spectacles.

Pollock's hands were suddenly clenched and lifted above his head as if his grimy fists would invoke Heaven against the captain's stolid incredulity. "It's the truth, I tell you!" he fairly screamed in his earnestness. "What else could have dragged Big Jim Tooke down like that? What was he up to all that time in the cave if he wasn't stowin' all that gold away on himself? And why should he have knifed Bill Sykes if it wasn't that Sykes had crawled in and caught him in the act?"

Deaf to Pollock's words, the captain read unmindfully on: *"Thus saith the Lord God, Repent, and turn yourselves from your idols; and turn away your faces from all your abominations—"*

"Why, it's as plain as daylight! Captain Crunch knew a thing or two. He was too clever for Big Jim Tooke. Swampin' the small boat in the open bay with the crew too fuddled to understand. If the mate was innocent, he'd have swum like the others, wouldn't he? But if he was carryin' all that treasure, he'd go down, wouldn't he? And the captain could fish it up easy enough next mornin'. Big Jim must have saw it all—knew he was done for when he drew that revolver and went down with murder on his soul—"

Captain Beattie's voice rose fervently, drowning out the frantic argument of the ragged creature quivering before him: *"Cast ye away every man the abominations of his eyes, and defile not yourselves with the idols of Egypt. . . ."*

It was a grotesque antiphony and dissonant clash of sound, the voice of the ancient Hebrew prophet lifted against the raving of this desperate son of Baal.

"But listen, Captain, it's the chance of a lifetime—"

"Well, then, be off with you and make the most of it," concluded the old skipper, shortly.

"And how, I'd like to know!" Pollock burst forth in a bitter rage. "Hain't I been stewin' in this dead hole for a week?—huggin' tight to this secret that nobody dreams of except Captain Crunch, and him dead and done for? Hain't I been eatin' my soul out tryin' to lay hands on any sort of craft and make for San Pablo Bay? There ain't so much as a wash-tub that will float in this bloody place! Hain't I been prayin' for some vessel to put in at this God-forsaken port, and all the time a-dreadin' that it may come on to blow? For, mind you, it's clear, quiet water where Big Jim's lyin' now; but let half a gale kick up, and it will scour out San Pablo Bay like a dish-rag wipin' out a kettle. Good-bye to Big Jim then! You could drag the whole bloomin' ocean for 'im. But while this weather holds—him lyin' in less than four fathom of water—it's as easy as pickin' berries off'n a bush."

Pollock's shrill nasal tones suddenly took on a wheedling character: "And I'll divide on the square with you, Captain. I'm honest, I am. You can see that, can't you? Bill Pollock wouldn't steal a penny to save himself from starvin'. But it ain't stealin' to lift that treasure that's weightin' down Big Jim Tooke's body this very minute. Your big Bible hain't got nothin' to say ag'in' doin' that—honest now, has it, Captain?" He scored the point in confident triumph. "Why, it's just as if God Almighty 'd been purposely stallin' for more 'n a week and not rufflin' up the waters of San Pablo Bay so that you and me could come by our proper reward—"

The ancient Beattie Bible suddenly closed with a ponderous thud. "Be off with you!" stormed the captain. "I'll listen to no blasphemy aboard this boat! Blasphemy—and drunken lies—"

Pollock went white to the lips. "You ain't goin' to put me off'n this boat now that I've told you, are you, Captain?

Me willin' to lead you straight to all that gold! I'm a master hand at divin', Captain—four years in the Bahamas, goin' down after sponges. All you got to do is to lay to at San Pablo Bay. Not a half-hour's steamin' off'n your regular course."

"Stow that silly talk! . . . Get him ashore, Mr. Judson."

Pollock advanced a step belligerently. "Silly talk, eh? By God! I'll show you! If I don't come up with that gold—fistfuls of it—you can row back to the ship and leave me there to drown. I don't ask to be taken back aboard. I'll show you—!"

The lank form of the first officer suddenly blocked the doorway to announce that the last of the cargo was aboard and the hatches were being covered.

"Very good, Mr. Merrihew," answered the captain, springing up. "We'll be moving along at once."

"You'll never get a chance like this again in your life!" shrilled Pollock. "Steamin' right past San Pablo Bay—"

"Aye, steaming right past," agreed the captain, with a curt nod, as he reached for his cap. "Get him ashore, Mr. Judson."

The touch of my hand on Pollock's shoulder was like a galvanic shock. He jumped around fiercely, as if shaking off the cold, remorseless grasp of an inexorable fate. There was a look of terror in his eyes in that last moment when he broke forth once more in furious appeal. Had I been a jailer come to lead him to the gallows, he could not have striven more desperately, more blindly, against his doom—striving to touch our cupidity, our pity, our compassion, by that vision of golden treasure, tendered us as if by a miracle, and as evanescent as the gilding of a cloud-bank at sunset, for at the lifting of a breath it would be swept away forever.

Resisting my forcible direction of his movements, he proclaimed again the gospel to which we would not harken, lifted before us his dream of unbounded plenitude, of luxury, and every mortal ease. He still cried it into my ears as I got him from the cabin. Then a fury of despair seized him.

"Hain't you got human hearts?" he screamed. It was like a sudden gush of

white molten metal. "Hain't you sick and tired of steamin' back and forth over this bloomin' water all your days when you've only got to reach your hand down under it and be rich forever? Are you goin' to drive me ashore to starve when by rights I'm rich already? Are you goin' to hold me back from what's lawfully mine?" He began to struggle from my clutches. "By God! you sha'n't! You sha'n't!"

"Throw that howling idiot overboard!" called Merrihew, impatiently, from the bridge. He was looking down upon us with infinite contempt, his hand lifted to the whistle-cord. The *Briseis* vibrated to the deep, long blast of departure.

I got Pollock to the gang-plank with difficulty while he continued to pour out his vials of rage and abuse upon my head. And I was indulgent with him, coaxing him along as if he had been an unruly child who clung to some foolish, fond delusion which one was loath to shatter. He shied from the gang-plank toward which I urged him, struggled in a sort of frantic madness as if it overhung an immeasurable abyss where all earthly hope had perished.

"There, there!" I tried to soothe him. "Some coasting-vessel may happen along. . . . Give you your chance for fortune yet." But I knew in my heart that my words were vain, without the white-lipped lashing of his scorn. To him we were but the cold, pulseless factotums of an aloof commercial god. We slaved in a mechanical round of duty, hardened beyond pity or understanding, soulless, blind, inert to life's every dream.

"The insides of you is dead—rotten dead!" he screamed, as I gave him a final shove.

Regaining the bridge, as the vessel slowly began to move forward, I had a glimpse of his tattered figure still running along the wharf, vainly trying to keep abreast of us while he brandished his thin, puny arms—as if we might yet relent—and shrieked again his impotent pleadings that could move our hearts neither to pity nor to greed. He became a mere speck in the distant blur of the waterside—futile, tragic, the prey of an unspeakable despair.

"The barometer is falling, sir," I heard Merrihew announce, as he came out of the chart-room with his quick, precise step.

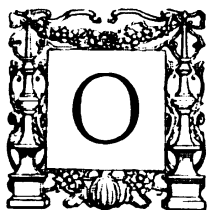
"Aye! We shall see a bit of weather soon, I think," answered Captain Beatie.

And it fell upon us in the night, the wind moaning suddenly out of the northwest and swooping down upon the sea, which leaped tumultuously to embrace it. All the airs of heaven seemed to tear at the *Briseis* as she labored heavily along, the great deep note of the tempest sounding a stupendous dirge above the hiss and scud of the spray. My thoughts went back to Pollock, huddled ashore in his rags from the fury of the gale that tore away his last tight-clutched hope. It was as if the elements had ironically decreed to the poor wretch this majestic shattering of his earthly dreams, sweeping them away in a vast pageant of torn sea and sky, while in the waters of San Pablo Bay the body of Big Jim Tooke, lifted gently by an immeasurable tide, was borne afar to its eternal sleep.



Record-Hunting in the Arctic

BY DONALD MACMILLAN



ON the 18th of May, 1845, two of England's proudest ships, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, sailed out from Greenhithe. All that the ingenuity of man could devise, all that a great, wealthy country could give, was theirs. The sailors, volunteers, young, enthusiastic; the officers, the best; the commander, the ablest of them all—Sir John Franklin! A name on every lip and on the lip of every nation for a decade!

After repeated failures, bulldog England with her characteristic fortitude was renewing her attack upon the Northwest Passage, the accomplishment of which had been the fond hope of centuries.

On the 26th of July the two ships were seen off the entrance to Lancaster Sound. They sailed west. Two years went by, at the end of which time some anxiety was felt over the fate of the missing men. After three years this anxiety was manifested in the despatch of five relief-ships which returned with no tidings of the lost explorers. From 1847 to 1857 no less than thirty-eight expeditions sailed away into the north on a vain search for Franklin and his 138 men. In August, 1850, tombstones were found at Beachey Island with inscriptions recording the names and dates of the deaths of three of the men. There were, in addition to the above, unmistakable signs of the ships having wintered in this locality the first year. Nothing more of the ill-fated expedition was learned until October, 1854, when Doctor Rae startled the world by the announcement that all members of the Sir John Franklin Expedition had undoubtedly perished of starvation near the mouth of the Great Fish River on the northern shores of Canada, where clothing, buttons, watches, and also silver plate were found in the possession

of the natives, the latter being engraved with the name of "Sir John Franklin, K.C.H."

The discovery of these relics was considered by the British Admiralty as final evidence of the fate of the entire party. Doctor Rae received as a reward the sum of ten thousand pounds. Lady Franklin, however, devoted to the last, hoping against hope, persisted in the search, and sent out a final expedition in 1857 under command of McClintock. It is interesting to note that through all these years not a single record had been found; that alone could now clear up the mystery, and that McClintock hoped to find.

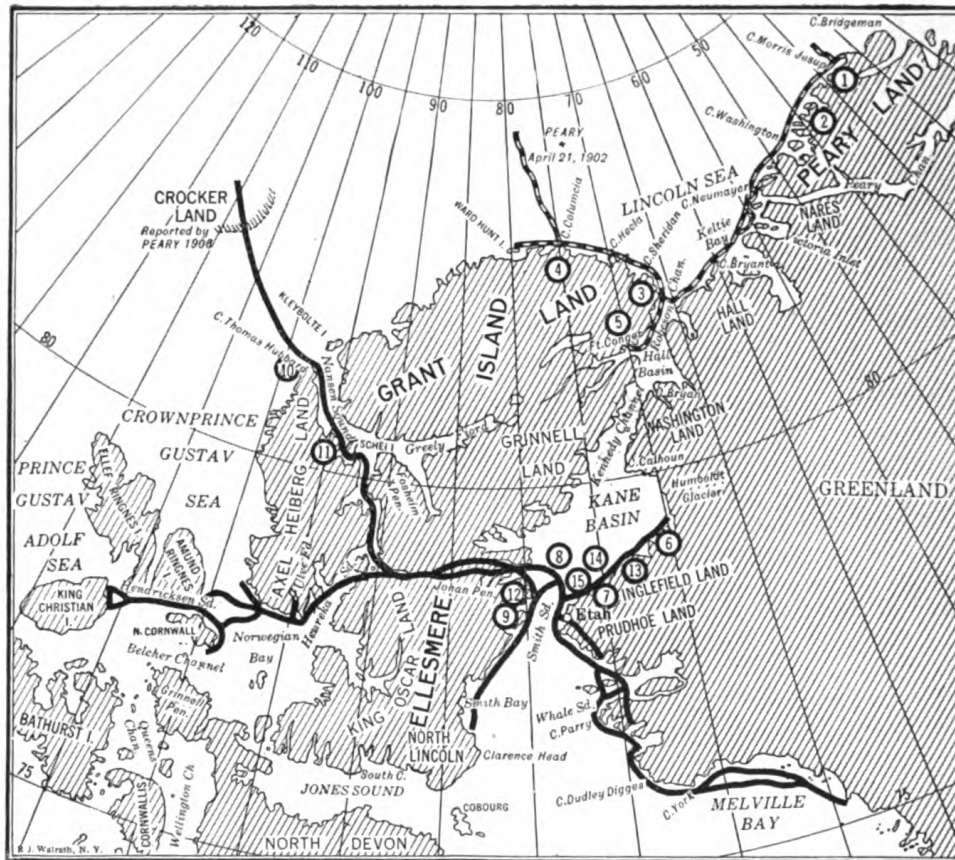
The little *Fox* sturdily bucked the ice of Melville Bay, and, when about to emerge into the North water in the vicinity of Cape York, was nipped, frozen in, and slowly drifted toward the south, to be released the next spring. Back she steamed again in 1858, succeeded in penetrating the Melville Bay pack, steamed west into Lancaster Sound, and proceeded south to winter quarters in Bellot Strait. Preparations for spring sledge-work were immediately begun under the command of McClintock, Young, Walker, and Hobson. Every foot of the shores was carefully scanned, and their labor rewarded. At Point Victory, on the northwest coast of King William's Land, the first and only record was found.

This note, tucked beneath the rocks eleven years before, speaks and tells us of the fate of the gallant Franklin and his crew:

28 of May, 1847, { H. M. ships *Erebus* and *Terror*
winted in the ice in lat.
70° 05' N.; long. 98° 23' W.

Having wintered in 1846-7 at Beechey Island in lat. 74° 43' 28" N., long. 91° 39' 15" W., after having ascended Wellington Channel to lat. 77°, and returned by the west side of Cornwall Island.

Sir John Franklin commanding the expedition.



MAP OF MACMILLAN'S EXPLORATIONS

The figures refer to the spots where the records were discovered

1. Where the Peary record and flag were found, May, 1909.—2. Third Peary record.—3. Cairn of Charles Francis Hall.—4. Fourth Peary record.—5. Headquarters of the Greely Expedition.—6. Cairn of the Kane Expedition.—7. Where Kane's Cap record was found.—8. Spot where survivors of Greely Expedition were rescued.—9. Records of Captain Nares, Sir Allen Young, Lieutenant Arbuthnot, and *Alert* mail.—10. Second Peary flag and records.—11. Cache left by Sverdrup of pemmican and milk.—12. Greely Camp.—13. Amos Bonsall record.—14. Kane arrow record.—15. "K" carved on rock.

All well.

Party consisting of two officers and six men left the ships on Monday, 24th May, 1847.

GM. GORE, Lieut.
CHAS. F. DES VOEUX, Mate.

From the cheerful "All well" of Gore we turn to the margin and read written there by another hand:

April 25, 1848.—H. M. ships *Terror* and *Erebus* were deserted on the 22nd April five leagues N.N.W. of this, having been beset since 12th September, 1846. The officers and crews, consisting of one hundred and five souls, under the command of Captain F. R. M. Crozier, landed here in lat. $69^{\circ} 37' 42''$ N., long. $98^{\circ} 41' W.$ Sir John Franklin died on the 11th June, 1847; and the total loss by

deaths in the expedition has been to this date nine officers and fifteen men.

[Signed] JAMES FITZJAMES,
Captain H. M. S. *Erebus*.

[Signed] F. R. M. CROZIER,
Captain and Senior Officer.
and start (on) to-morrow, 26th, for Back's Fish River.

Can you imagine that body of men, weakened by scurvy, plodding on with their faces turned toward home? A long, wavering, staggering line of emaciation! From the lips of an old Eskimo woman we hear the recital of the last chapter. "They fell forward on their faces and died as they walked." This record found by Hobson stands as the most interesting as well as the most

important ever found in the annals of Arctic exploration, with the possible exception of the one found by Scott and his men as they came staggering in with cracked and bleeding faces toward their goal. To me the most pathetic picture in all Arctic history is that of these men of grit standing at the South Pole, marked by every sign of hardship and suffering.

When America's first Arctic explorer, Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, of Philadelphia, sailed away in his little brig *Advance* in 1853, he realized how vastly important it was for a man directing his course through the ice-fields of the North, and on into the great unknown, to dot the headlands with cairns as aids to searching parties which would surely follow if he failed to return. He had himself searched minutely the cracks and crevices, the hills and headlands, of North Devon for traces of the lost Franklin and his men.

Who has not read those delightful volumes of Doctor Kane with interest? They were once in every home. The crashing of ice, the towering bergs, the cries of the men, the tracking of ships, the violent winds, the long, dark night, the long trail, starvation, sickness,

death—all are there! Many a boy has been utterly lost in the depths of this narrative; has been oblivious of school, home, and work; has dreamed of the time when he should strap on his snowshoes, crack out his dog-whip, and be off into the great unknown. That boyhood dream of mine was realized ten years ago, when I was called to the colors of Peary. Imagine my delight to find myself following in the spring of 1916 in the footsteps of Doctor Kane. The contour of every hill, the slope of every talus, outline of every point, was closely scrutinized for a possible cairn. A cairn (a conical pile of rocks) is built to attract the attention of one who follows. The record inclosed serves as a double purpose: as proof that the exploring party reached that spot, and as information concerning the physical condition and destination of the party. Although his cairns were built and records deposited more than sixty years ago, and other explorers had traversed these shores, I hoped that something had been overlooked and that one record at least might be left for me.

Driving along that magnificent ice-foot so characteristic of that stretch of coast from Etah to the Humboldt



THE FOX, WHICH
McCLINTOCK

LADY FRANKLIN UNDER
D AT DISCO, GREENLAND



A SMITH SOUND ESKIMO WITH RELICS OF THE U. S. *POLARIS*, WRECKED NEAR ETAH, 1872

Glacier, I noted a few hundred yards in advance a jutting headland of black trap-rock. "Prominent enough for a cairn," I thought to myself. "If I were Kane I should have marked that!" My own decision prompted a most careful survey of its outlines as I approached, without detecting any signs of man whatever. When about to pass, a last quick look over my shoulder at the vertical face sent a thrill from toe to head and brought unconsciously to my lips the cry of "Kane!" There clearly carved on the rock was a "K," my first record of the immortal Kane.

Rensselaer Harbor! How many, many times I have visualized that historic spot! Sylvia Headland, Observatory Island, Mary Minturn River! With snapping whips we encircled the bay. Fern Rock was easily recognized. I ran for the top. There were the graves of Shubert and Baker, who died on board the *Advance*, following the extreme hardship and exposure of a northern reconnaissance.

I knew the story and knew what to look for. How many times I had read in Kane's narrative, "On the highest point of the island . . . is a deeply chiseled arrow mark filled with lead." I looked down, and almost between my feet was the arrow! "In an enlarged crack five feet due west of above arrow is a glass jar containing documents." There was the crack! The jar was gone; undoubtedly the valuable prize of a Smith Sound native years before.

A few miles above Rensselaer Harbor my natives discerned a cairn on a hillside some fifty feet above the ice-foot. Beneath the rocks in under an iron pot was found a very interesting relic of the Kane Expedition. Referring again to Kane's narrative, we read upon his arrival at Cairn Point in 1853 the following:

I erected a small beacon-cairn on the point; and as I had neither paper, pencil, nor penant, I burnt a "K" with powder on the rock, and, scratching "O.K." with a pointed bullet on my cap-lining, hoisted it as the representative of a flag.

As I held that cap-lining in my hand, worn by Doctor Kane sixty-four years ago, I seemed to bridge the past and commune with the dead.

A few miles above the mouth of the Mary Minturn River, inclosed in a bottle, another record was found, but on heavy paper with the point of a knife:

All Well. KANE.

Aug. 29, '53.

Gone South.

78° 40'

This was undoubtedly left upon his reconnaissance north from his ship shortly after his arrival at Rensselaer Harbor in the hopes of finding a more suitable refuge for his ship, the *Advance*.

In a small cairn upon a low island my boys found a paper record in such a condition that, fearful lest the opening might lead to its destruction, it has remained as it was found. The name of Amos Bonsall, however, can be deciphered. Mr. Bonsall of Philadelphia, the last survivor of the Kane Expedition, died almost the very day this record was found, three thousand miles to the north!

Two miles south of our house at Etah

was Port Foulke, the site of the winter quarters of the Hayes Expedition of 1860-61. A solitary grave marks the spot, that of Sonntag, the astronomer. Standing there alone beside that rough mound of rocks, amid the deathlike silence of the great hills, a feeling of utter loneliness came over me, such as I had never experienced in all my wanderings. I wanted to take what there was left of this fine young man away from the savagery of the North, away from bitter cold, from sweeping winds, from rustling drift, back to his homeland in the South, back to a green grave and the honor of his country.

We have never known when or where or how he died. Doctor Hayes would not accept the report of Hans, the dog-driver. In that dim half-light of an Eskimo igloo I sat listening one night to the tales and traditions of the Smith Sound tribe. A very old woman was speaking:

"Yes, he was a man from the ship which was frozen in the ice near Etah. He was riding on Hans's sledge and was coming south to visit us. I was living then at Net-che-livik. The glacier back of Oog-look-suah (Cape Alexander) was very slippery and the wall at the ice-foot dangerous. Hans should have told the white man to get off the sledge and walk down. How foolish he was! The sledge shot down the bank, bounded across the ice-foot, and pitched into the sea! Yes, he pulled him out with a rope, but it was very cold and the wind was blowing. They drove rapidly south to an old igloo, but the white man died. He was left in the house at Sulwuddy, and then after a long time he was carried back to the ship."

On April 1, 1917, I arrived at Cape Isabella in my survey of the eastern shores of Ellesmere Land. Here the British North Pole Expedition of 1875-76 landed for a few hours on July 29, 1875. Quoting from the narrative of Sir George Nares:

(September 9, 1876):

At ten P.M. we arrived at Cape Isabella, and on Commander Markham climbing up to the depot he found the package of letters and newspapers left there by Sir Allen Young a few weeks previously; we gathered from them that a duplicate packet had been

carried on to Cape Sabine. . . . Owing to the thick coating of snow on the ground, we failed to find the notice Sir Allen Young had buried twenty feet magnetic north of our cairn, which would have informed me that he had considerably landed the principal mail at Littleton Island.

When building our snow house my thoughts dwelt continually upon the history of this expedition. "Where is that cairn?" "Are the records still there after all these years?" "And what about that whaleboat which they left?" were the inquiries which raced through my mind. Tea swallowed and pemmican eaten, I was off, with the "small bay on the south side of the extreme point of the cape" as my objective point.

Picking my way through a chaotic mass of broken ice forced high up the abraded face of the cape, I emerged to the level ice-foot and saw before me an indentation which I concluded must be the small bay referred to in the narrative of Nares . . . "a lower point about three hundred feet high." . . . That must be it beyond the bay! Gaining its summit, I first saw a demolished cairn. A few feet away a barrel-stave, next a barrel-head, and then in a jog between two big boulders the cask itself! Carved on the head which was lying a few feet away was *Alert*, the name of one of the British ships. The cask was on its side and partly filled with sand. I could hardly believe my good fortune. Protruding from the sand was a copper tube in which I could see records of some kind. They had evidently been wet and were now frozen to the tube. Realizing the value of the find, and that they must be handled carefully to preserve the contents, I returned to the igloo, where, with careful work over the Primus stove, both were extracted in very good condition.

One was the official printed record in six different languages of the British Expedition of 1875-76. The other was in the handwriting of Nares, and is the first announcement of the work of that expedition:

Arctic Expedition,
H. M. S. *Alert*,
Lat North. Long West.
Her Majesty's ships, *Alert* and *Discovery*
here on their way south to Port Foulke. The

Vol. CXXXVII.—No. 820.—70

Alert wintered in Lat. $82^{\circ} 27' N.$ Long. $61^{\circ} 22' W.$, inside grounded ice. The *Discovery* wintered in a sheltered harbor in Lat. $81^{\circ} 44' N.$ Long. $65^{\circ} 3' W.$

The sledge crews of the *Alert* after a severe journey over the ice succeeded in attaining Lat. $83^{\circ} 20' 30'' N.$, and the coast-line from the Winter Quarters of the *Alert* to the northward and westward was explored to Lat. $82^{\circ} 23' N.$ Long. $84^{\circ} 56' W.$, Cape Columbia, the northernmost cape, being in Lat. $83^{\circ} 7' N.$ Long. $70^{\circ} 30' W.$

Sledge parties from the *Discovery* explored the north coast of Greenland to Lat. $82^{\circ} 21'$

N. Long. $52^{\circ} W.$ (approximately), a distance of seventy miles beyond Repulse Harbor.

No land was sighted to the northward of the above explorations except a few small islands at the extreme of the Greenland coast explored.

Lady Franklin Sound was explored by the *Discovery* and was found to run S.W. sixty-five miles and terminated in two small bays, also Peterman's Fiord for nineteen miles, and was then found to be impassable(?) for sledges, owing to glacier ice.

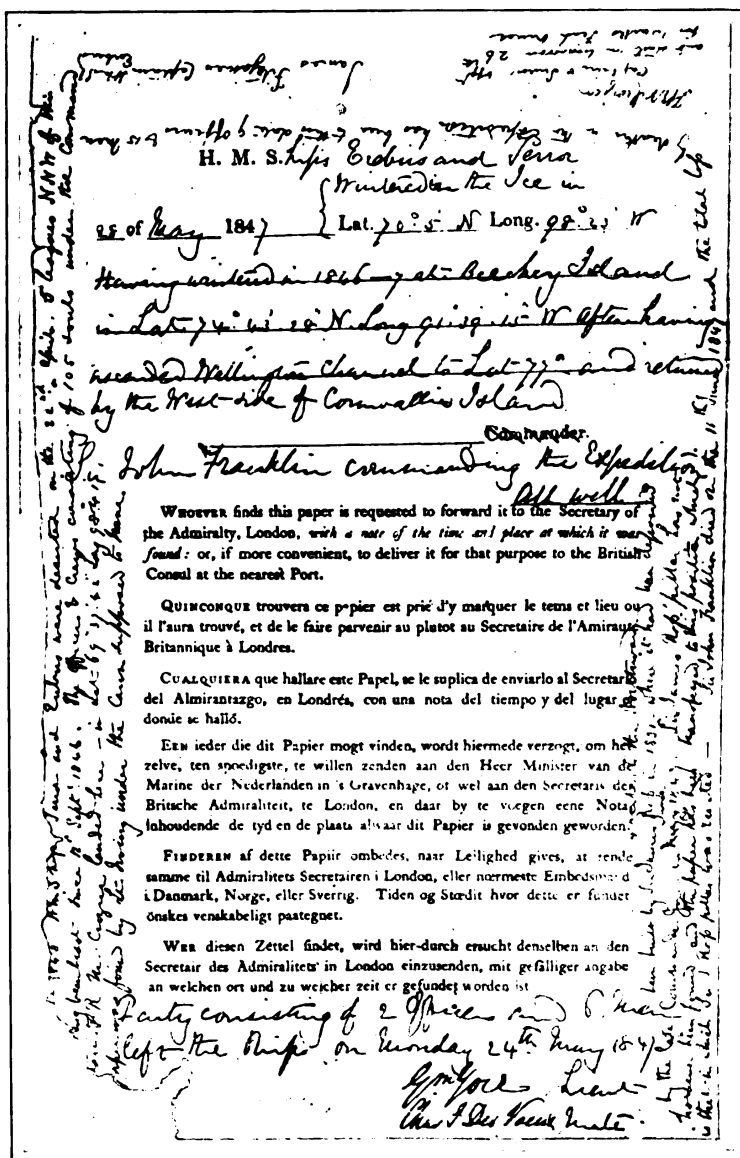
The ice in the Polar Sea broke up on the 20th of July, and on the 31st the *Alert* left her Winter Quarters, and on the 12th of August joined the *Discovery*. Both ships left "Discovery Bay" on the 20th of August and proceeded south.

All well.

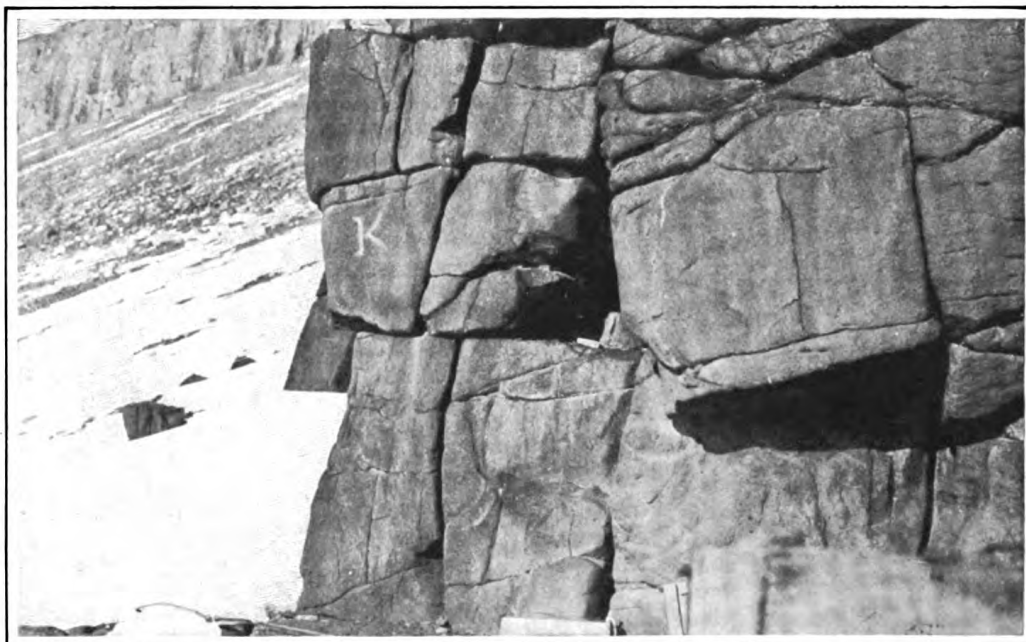
We are homeward bound, with very little ice in sight. We shall call at Disco, but not at Littleton Island or Port Foulke.

G. S. NARES,
Captain R. N.,
Commanding Arctic Expedition.

In the morning we all returned to the point to continue the search. Within a few minutes of our arrival the sharp eyes of E-took-a-shoo discovered a packet wrapped in sail cloth and bound with a piece of rawhide. Its weight denoted at once that the contents was a ball of ice. Sending the boys back to the snow house, I decided to essay the climb up the cliff to the summit in the hopes of finding the Nares cairn. There were moments when I concluded that I had attempted too much. The nearly vertical snow-covered slope was so compact



THE MOST INTERESTING AND THE MOST IMPORTANT ARCTIC RECORD EVER FOUND, IS THIS RECORD OF SIR. JOHN FRANKLIN'S EXPEDITION DISCOVERED BY LIEUT. HOBSON IN A CAIRN ON THE SHORES OF THE BOOTHIA FELIX PENINSULA



"K" CARVED IN 1853 ON THE FACE OF A ROCK BY DR. ELISHA KENT KANE

that it was only by repeated and painful hammering of my toes that I succeeded in gaining the merest foothold. A slip would result in a glorious slide the end of which I did not allow my mind to dwell upon. Eight years ago, far up on the northern shore of Grant Land at the edge of the Polar Sea, I shot down in the night into the blackness below me and landed not as fully clothed as when I started.

With interest I discerned on the crest of the cape a very large cairn, the interstices of which were filled with snow. With underclothes reeking with perspiration and the thermometer thirty below, I crouched in the lee of the cairn for shelter against the bitter wind sweeping over the top of the cape. Regaining my strength and breath, very carefully I picked the cairn to pieces rock by rock, sifting every particle of snow and scrutinizing every hole and cranny. To my keen disappointment not a trace of a record! To the next one who came the Fates would be more generous. With my back against a large boulder and with numb fingers I scribbled an account of my trip, placed it in a Powell's chocolate tin, and concealed it under the newly erected cairn.

With considerable difficulty, owing to the slippery condition of the snow, I regained the sea ice below and made my way back to the snow house, where I began at once to thaw out my newly found treasure. The sail cloth, stiff with frost, was carefully unrolled, revealing a tin cylinder, out of which, through a small hole, a stream of rusty water trickled, causing me to lose whatever hope I may have had for the preservation of these forty-year-old relics. In a few minutes I was enabled to remove the cover, and found within a red ball of ice and paper. "If I ever get anything out of that I shall be lucky," I thought; yet, with extremely careful work, letter after letter was picked out of the soggy mass and carefully dried, until I was rewarded with three, all most interesting and nearly every word of which can be plainly deciphered. Two were written by Sir Allen Young to Capt. George Nares, who commanded the British Expedition, and one by Lieutenant Arbuthnot to Captain Stephenson of *H. M. S. Discovery*.

*Pandora, CAPE ISABELLA,
Aug. 6, '76.*

DEAR CAPTAIN NARES:

Our record here will give you an outline of our proceedings, and you will see that I did

my best last year to land your letters in the desired position, but the weather was so bad on all these occasions of our visits to the Carey Islands that I was unable to remove them from their original position on the N.W. Island. Your depot on the S.E. Carey Island is all right.

If you are sailing homeward this year I think you may safely strike across from C. Yorke towards Upernavik, so evident is a broad water in that direction. I unfortunately took too northern a route with a S.E. gale and thick weather, and got beset and driven out of sight of water into the head of Melville Bay, but after a series of violent gales I fortunately escaped and came in here.

The best harbor I can recommend is at the head of McCormick Bight. We thoroughly(?) canvassed(?) Hartstene Bay and landed at(?) Foulke Fiord up to the fast ice just above Etah. I cannot recommend it. And if my opinion is asked as to the best harbor for the relief-ship of 77 and if she is to proceed to the East side of Sound I shall give it in favor of McCormick Bight, as the soundings are even, and bottom very good stiff mud. We anchored in six and a half fathoms and rode out a violent south gale.

We have experienced awful weather on this passage so far, and narrowly escaped leaving our party on Littleton Island, as I was driven out of the anchorage between it

out the cairn here. It is blowing hard from the north, with much loose ice under the shore, but I hope we shall be able to reach the cairn, which, however, looks an awful way up the hill.

Wishing to find some news of you here, I write this in frantic haste with of everybody of your gallant expedition and with the assurance of my deep sympathy and interest in your undertaking.

Yours very sincerely,

ALLEN YOUNG.

I shall land here part of the letters, and it will depend upon the information found as to what I shall do with the remainder and the despatches. Lieut. Charles Arbuthnot will land and be guided by the information found.

Pandora,

Aug. 24, midnight, 1876.

DEAR CAPT. NARES:

On our previous visit here, Aug. 6th, 1876, we were blown off by a gale and drift ice, and have ever since that date been attempting to regain the cape. A solid pack of drift ice extending from Cape Dunsterville on the west shore round to Cairn Point on the east shore, preventing our reaching ten miles of Cape Isabella.

Failing in our repeated attempts to regain the cape and seeing no prospect of our doing so this season, I landed the bulk of your letters and despatches on the lower point, N.E.E. (Mag.) from your cairn on Littleton Island, and where I hope they will be even more accessible to you than on this cape.

After a heavy southerly gale yesterday we have succeeded in getting through the S.W. pack, and if I succeed in getting back into clear water I proceed homewards at the end of this month, having cruised here all the navigable season in the event of your sending a boat party to Littleton Island.

Trusting that you are all well and have succeeded in your arduous work. Yours truly,

ALLEN YOUNG.

Landed at one A.M. Aug. 25th and on examination found the cache to be empty and the cases to contain preserved meat. They will be left as they were found.

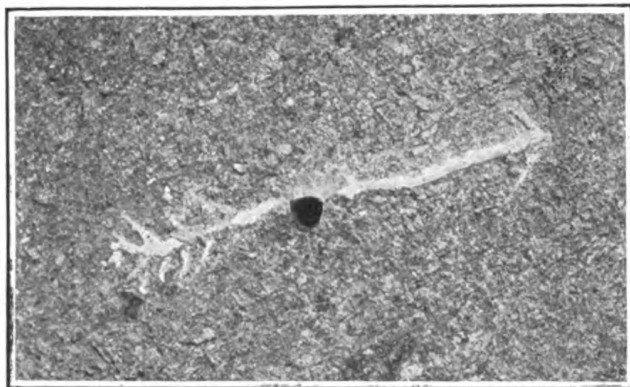
CHARLES ARBUTHNOT.

Pandora OFF CAPE ISABELLA,

Aug. 5, '76.

DEAR CAPTAIN STEPHENSON:

Captain Young is putting a private note in



ARROW CHISELLED IN TOP OF FERN ROCK AT RENNELAER HARBOR BY DR. ELISHA KENT KANE

and McGary's Island by ice which soon surrounded the neighborhood during the stay of our landing-party on shore. This anchorage between Littleton and McGary's Island is quite unsafe and far too small, but as we were obliged by the ice to go between Littleton Island and the Main, I had no other alternative to the island. . . .

We came across last night in a thick fog through streams of ice, and I have just made



CAIRN BUILT BY DR. KANE A FEW MILES ABOVE THE MOUTH OF THE MARY MINTURN RIVER

this record tin for Captain Nares, so I will just put in a line to you.

We are landing a cache containing a lot of letters and papers for both ships, that came on board loose at Portsmouth, also two wooden cases of periodicals and Naval Chronicles of which there are duplicates on board for the other ship. The letter-bags which came on board at Portsmouth, besides sundry boxes of periodicals, etc., we will take on, if possible, to Cape Sabine or one of the other depots named by Capt. Nares further north. The Admiralty despatches I am going to take on shore with me, and it will depend upon what news I find at the cairn whether I put it in the cache here or take it on, but I will leave information what I have done at the cairn. The weather just now looks promising, and I see no reason why we should not at least reach Cape Sabine; three days ago there was a lot of ice about, but it has all been driven north by a strong southerly gale. I am afraid if you are trying to come south again this year it will rather impede your progress, and as we have had strong southerly winds almost continually since leaving Upernavik I expect a great deal of ice has been driven north. We found rather a good harbor at the head of McCormick Bight in Hartstene Bay and took a rough survey of it. It seems the best place about here.

Hoping that you have done well so far, and wishing you all success for the future,

I remain, yours sincerely,
CHARLES ARBUTHNOT.

Following my return to New York, I received a note from Mr. Chas. E. Hodson of Eagle Pass, Texas, inquiring if I had found any mail for him in this Arctic post-office. He was one of the crew of the *Discovery* on that famous trip.

One other record of this expedition was found during our four years in the north. Oo-bloo-yah, one of my Eskimos, upon his return from Cape Sabine in 1915, brought to me a tiny record inclosed in a one-inch bottle! With curiosity and great interest I read:

Aug. 1, 1875.

All well.—FEILDEN.

The writer was the naturalist of the expedition.

The Greely Expedition, consisting of twenty-five men, left this country in 1881, with Lady Franklin Bay as the objective point. The year 1881 was an open season. Baffin Bay, Smith Sound and Kennedy Channel, under the influence of prevailing northerly winds, were swept clear of the drifting pack ice and one season's growth. The S.S. *Proteus* under the command of Captain Pike, hardly encountering a check landed the Greely party at $81^{\circ} 44'$, the most northerly of all circumpolar stations. The ease with which this was done was most

unfortunate, tending to deceive and mislead the government as to the extreme dangers of Arctic work. Prior to the remarkably rapid trip of the *Proteus*, three ships only had ever penetrated the ice-infested waters of Kennedy and Robeson Channels, namely, the U. S. S. *Polaris*, under the command of Charles Francis Hall; and H. M. ships *Alert* and *Discovery*, commanded by Sir George Nares.

Our government planned to send a relief-ship each year.

In 1882 the *Nep-tune* was blocked by ice at Cape Sabine, where she landed a small depot of supplies and returned home. In 1883 the relief-ship *Proteus* was crushed between Cape Sabine and Victoria Head. Lieutenant Greeley's orders were, in case a ship failed to reach him in the summer of 1883, to abandon his

house and retreat south, following closely the eastern coast of Ellesmere Land.

He did so. Leaving Fort Conger on August 9th, the party arrived at Eskimo Point, Baird Inlet, two hundred miles to the south, on September 29th. Here three rock houses were partly constructed.

On October 9th Sergeant Rice, who had been sent to Cape Sabine, returned with the following record:

UNITED STATES RELIEF EXPEDITION,
CAPE SABINE, July 24, 1883.

The steamer *Proteus* was nipped midway between this point and Cape Albert, on the afternoon of the 23d instant, while attempting to reach Lady Franklin Bay. She stood the enormous pressure nobly for a time, but had to finally succumb to this measureless force. The time from her being "beset" to going down was so short that few provisions were saved. A depot was landed from the floe at a point about three miles from the point of Cape Sabine as you turn into Buchanan Strait. There were five hundred rations of bread, sleeping-bags, tea, and a lot of canned goods; no time to classify.

This cache is about thirty feet from the water-line, and twelve feet above it, on the west side of a little cove under a steep cliff. Rapidly closing ice prevented its being marked by a flag-staff or otherwise; have not been able to land there since. A cache of two hundred and fifty rations in same vicinity, left by the expedition of 1881; visited by me and found in good condition, except boat broken by bears. There is a cache of clothing on point of Cape Sabine, opposite Brevoort Island, in the "jamb" of the rock, and covered with rubber blankets. The

English depot on the small island near Brevoort Island in damaged condition; not visited by me. Cache on Littleton Island; boat at Cape Isabella. All saved from the *Proteus*. The U. S. steamer *Yantic* is on her way to Littleton Island, with orders not to enter the ice. A Swedish steamer will try to reach Cape York during this month. I will endeavor to communicate with these vessels at once, and

everything within the power of man will be done to rescue the brave men at Fort Conger from their perilous position.

The crew of the *Proteus* consisted of Captain Pike and twenty-one men; my own party of Lieutenant J. C. Colwell, U. S. N., Acting Assistant Surgeon J. S. Harrison, five enlisted men of the line of the army, two Signal Service men, three Newfoundlanders, and two Eskimos.

It is not within my power to express one tithe of my sorrow and regret at this fatal blow to my efforts to reach Lieutenant Greeley.

I will leave for the eastern shore just as soon as possible, and endeavor to open communication.

E. A. GARLINGTON,
First Lieutenant, Seventh Cavalry, A.S.O.,
Commanding.

It was decided to proceed at once to Cape Sabine, and there reconstruct camp within reach of the English depot, the Beebe cache, and the wrecked stores.

When Winfield Scott Schley, later Rear Admiral, reached this point at midnight of June 22, 1884, one man stag-



THE HEAD OF THE MAIL BARREL OF H. M. S. *ALERT*, LEFT AT CAPE ISABELLA IN AUGUST, 1875, BY SIR GEORGE NARES, IN COMMAND OF BRITISH NORTH POLE EXPEDITION

gered down to the shore. Lieutenant Colwell hailed him from the bow of the launch:

"Who are there left?"

"Seven left."

"Where are they?"

"In the tent."

"Is Mr. Greely alive?"

"Yes, Greely's alive."

"Any other officer?"

"No."

"Who are you?"

"Long."

One by one they had died, watching and waiting for the ship to come which our country promised to send.

It has been my good fortune to visit all three of the camps of this ill-fated expedition: Fort Conger in Lady Franklin Bay, 81° 44' N., the headquarters of the expedition; the first retreat camp at Eskimo Point in Baird Inlet; the starvation camp on the northern shores of Bedford Pine Island, some four miles from the point of Cape Sabine.

Peary was the first to enter Fort

Conger following the departure of the expedition. Fifteen years later, in the darkness of the great Arctic night, he groped for the door. The years of death-like stillness were again broken by the sound of a human voice. The blackness of weeks was dispelled by the flare of a match. Everything was as it had been left on that August day in 1883—the remains of the last meal still on the table, the chairs pushed back as the men finished, clothing, books, beds, personal belongings, scientific equipment, food—everything. Through the end window, sighted and pointed toward home a telescope, a reminder of the many anxious hours of weary waiting and watching for the smoke of the coming ship.

Stepping into the remains of this house on June 10, 1909, a visiting-card on the floor caught my eye:

A. W. GREELY

806-21st St. N. W. Washington, D. C.
U. S. Army



E-TOOK-A-SHOO FINDING MAIL LEFT BY SIR ALLEN YOUNG IN 1876, AT CAPE ISABELLA



REMAINS OF THE GREELY STARVATION CAMP

A small note-book attracted my attention. Running my thumb over the leaves, I found the pages mainly blank, one of which, however, contained three lines:

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE

Dost thou remember long, long ago
Those school days that we loved so well?

Evidently the author had intended to write something of his past life, then his present, and then his future, far to the south in the homeland. Only two lines of his past!

I turned back the cover of a school-book and found there written:

To my dear father,
From his affectionate son, Harry Kislingbury.

May God be with you and return you safely to us.

When Lieutenant Kislingbury left home his little son wrote this on the first page of his school-book and gave it to his father to take with him. The little fellow's prayer was not answered. His father died of starvation.

Trunks, hand-bags, clothing, musical instruments, books, boots, photographic plates, food, Indian clubs, ice-skates,

stuffed bird-skins, records, rock collections—in short, nearly everything imaginable was strewn through the house and about the grounds. Two delightful weeks were spent here at this historic place, every day finding something of interest.

In May, 1917, in making a running survey of the Ellesmere Land coast, we built our snow house at Eskimo Point at the entrance of Baird Inlet. The three partially constructed rock huts of the retreating Greely party were readily found projecting above the snow. Excavating within the walls of one, my snow-knife struck a hard substance. To my surprise, it proved to be a section of the ivory horn of a narwhal, undoubtedly the very one mentioned by Greely in his notes of October 3d:

Many Eskimo caches and a number of relics have been found in and around these permanent houses. Among other articles was a toggle of walrus ivory for dog-traces, a narwhal horn, and large bones of the whale.

Further digging brought to light the stem of a large boat with ringbolt attached.

A few days later I stood on Cemetery Ridge on the bleak northern shores of

Cape Sabine. With what an overwhelming flood of memories I viewed the scene before me! Years of reading had made me familiar with every detail of that last camp. Here with numbed fingers the survivors endeavored to honor their dead with burial; there the ring of stones which held down the surging tent; on the flat in front of me the black outlines of the rock hut partly in the shadow of the hills; and to the west, rising out of the sea ice, Cocked Hat Island standing as a monument to the men who had done their best, and, when fast weakening had written their last letters, said good-by, and started out on the long trail one by one.

When returning from the Polar Sea in 1914, Cape Thomas Hubbard was easily recognized from the photograph in Admiral Peary's *Nearest the Pole*. There he claimed to have left two records, one on the summit fourteen hundred feet above the sea, and the other on the low foreshore. Although we had covered at least forty miles, I felt that a search must be made at once, fearing lest our good weather of the last three days might come to an end at any moment.

Laboriously, my companion Green and I trudged through a breaking crust, gaining successive summit after summit, to find still one higher. Finally the end was in sight, and crowning the very top we discerned a cairn, from the top of which protruded a stick. Upon digging to the base, a cocoa-tin was found. With interest I removed the cover and found within a small section of a silk American flag and a record:

Peary. June 28, 1906.

It was Peary's custom, upon reaching an important point, to build a cairn, inclose a record, and a section of the silk flag made for him by Mrs. Peary more than twenty years ago. Nos. 1 and 2 were left at the most northern point of all lands, Cape Morris Jesup, the northern end of Greenland. These I found in May, 1909, examined them, wrapped them up more securely, and placed the tube back under the rocks. No. 3 we found at Cape Thomas Hubbard, the northern end of Axel Heiberg Island, and it is now in the possession of the American Geographical

Society, No. 4 was left at Cape Columbia, the northern end of Grant Land; No. 5 on the sea ice at the world's record of 87° 6'; No. 6 at the North Pole. The latter two left on the ice will probably never be found. Nos. 1, 2, and 4 will be recovered and brought back within a very few years by airplanes.

From our camp on the ice, outlined against the sky-line, could be seen a cairn on a low projecting point to the southward which was without a doubt that which Peary referred to in his narrative. I instructed Green, upon his return northward from his survey of this unmapped coast, to examine it carefully and bring whatever he found.

The record read as follows:

June 30, 1906.

Arrived here this a.m. June 27th from the Peary Arctic Club's S.S. *Roosevelt* which wintered off C. Sheridan, Grant Land.

Killed 2 deer within half an hour of landing, and have secured eleven in all.

The 27th and 28th fine clear days giving good view of northern horizon, from the summit of the cape. The 29th and 30th south-westerly gale with rain and snow.

Have with me 2 Eskimos and 12 dogs. Expect to start back to-night.

R. PEARY, U. S. N.

For a hundred years many men of many nations have been plodding wearily through deep snows, across treacherous thin ice, over pressure ridges, over the top of glaciers, and, looking out upon new lands and new seas, have planted their flags at farthest north.

Side by side at the South Pole, at an altitude of eleven thousand feet, there are two records, the English and Norwegian, silent testimonials of the energy, the persistence, and the courage of man. Left at the North Pole, at the central point of that great, restless sea of ice, the American record of Peary started on its long drift toward the northern shores of Spitzbergen and Franz Joseph Land. Scattered throughout the white North, written and left by the hands of men long dead, there still remain many records of northern work, records of work successfully done, of hope, of cheer, of the safe return; records of bitter failure, of starvation, death.

But the perils of Arctic explora-

tion—the slow, arduous advance twenty miles a day, promise soon to live only in our memory. The faithful Eskimo-dog will never again be called upon for the one-thousand-five-hundred-mile trip. Within the near future the blue of those northern summer skies will be dotted with airplanes. the possibilities of which are almost beyond one's imagination. Five miles an hour with dog-team, one hundred and fifty with airplane! In one day the ingenuity of man bridges what we with numb fingers, frost-bitten faces, and dropping dogs did in a year! Temperature? Not to be

considered. Plus fifty-eight when Capt. Bob Bartlett steamed into Etah to our rescue. The birds were back, the islands covered with eggs, the grass long and green, the land bright with flowers. The bitter winds of February and March, treacherous thin ice, deep snows, pressure ridges, glaciers, will no longer antagonize man. The warm summer months of June, July, and August, ideal for exploration, will welcome the aviator. Unknown coast lines will be mapped, altitudes of mountain peaks and ice caps measured, all records of former explorers found and their work verified.

The Knights

BY *ABBIE FARWELL BROWN*

NOT dust! Not dust the chivalry,
The knightly heart of high romance
Enshrined in ancient poetry.
Behold, the battle-fields of France!

Gone plume and crest and jeweled sword,
Gone pomp and picturesque array.
War is a grim and hideous word!
Yet heroes walk the world to-day.

A Launcelot or Lion Heart?
A Roland or a Godfrey bold?
Nay, simple lads who bear their part
As gallantly as knights of old.

Our lithe brown legions swinging by,
Our bonny sailors proudly free;
The dauntless champions of the sky,
The dragon-chasers on the sea!

A thousand Sidneys pass the cup
Of blessedness on fields of blood;
And countless Bayards offer up
Their joyous hope for others' good.

Never were hearts so nobly bold,
Nor bodies built so strongly fair.
The tree of life has not grown old,
But blooms to-day beyond compare!

No more we glory in the past
And yearn to see those kings of men.
The peerless knights arise at last,
And epic deeds are done again!

"Frightfulness" Against the Saloon

BY BURTON J. HENDRICK



ABOUT five years ago the prohibition forces, assembled in convention at Columbus, Ohio, launched their campaign for a "saloonless nation by 1920." At that time the general public paid little attention to this ambitious enterprise; so far as it manifested any interest at all, the feeling was one of amusement or contempt. There were then only nine prohibition states, the larger number of them in the South; the liquor interest seemed still impregnably entrenched in politics; and by no means all the most intelligent public sentiment supported the anti-alcohol crusade.

That was only five years ago; yet in that brief period the situation has completely changed. There are now twenty-eight states, besides Alaska and the District of Columbia, that have adopted prohibitory laws. Canada is now practically dry from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. Throughout the breadth of this continent the public drinking-place is no longer the rule; it is the exception. Nearly seventy-five per cent. of our population now live in territory where the legalized saloon does not exist. If we go back twenty years the transformation is even more striking. The thousands of temperance advocates, now campaigning throughout the United States, present an exhibit which is fairly sensational in its revelation of a great social change. At critical moments in their speeches they unroll two maps, one picturing the temperance situation in 1893 and the other in 1918. "Dry" territory appears in white, "wet" territory in black. The impression instantly created is that, whereas nearly all parts of the United States gave free scope to the saloon in 1893, now nearly all sections have outlawed it. Commonwealths representing such varied areas as the Pacific coast, the Rocky Moun-

tain region, Alaska, Hawaii, the arid section in the Southwest, the Mississippi Valley, the Central States, the South, and New England, have all taken their stand against the saloon. Even the larger part of New York and Pennsylvania is "dry"; the only communities that present an almost unrelieved area of blackness are Nevada and New Jersey. Formerly we regarded prohibitory laws as vagaries of the rural districts; now such large and sophisticated cities as Denver, Seattle, Portland (Oregon as well as Maine), Detroit, and Indianapolis are thriving without the saloon. Meanwhile Congress has adopted an amendment to the Federal Constitution abolishing the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages; and there seems little doubt that thirty-six states will give the necessary indorsement.

A "saloonless nation by 1920" is therefore by no means a crazy dream of crack-brained enthusiasts, as too many regarded it a few years ago. The success of this movement is perhaps the most remarkable social and political development of the time. All through the nineteenth century temperance wave after temperance wave swept over this country, only to recede. Why has this movement succeeded to such a greater degree than the preceding ones?

The forces advocating a totally "dry" United States by 1920 point out that that year marks the three-hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. Whether they intend it or not, this suggestive date indicates the whole symbolism of their cause. We are inclined to regard our present age as marking a weakening of religious faith and a decreasing influence of the church. Yet this prohibition movement is the direct product of evangelical activity. The men who have furnished the driving power have been Methodist, Presbyterian, and Baptist clergymen, and the

rank and file have been the members of their congregations.

I cannot better describe the mentality and moral forces that have produced this change in our national habits than by describing briefly the career of the man who is mainly responsible for it. Like all great temperance leaders, the Rev. Howard H. Russell had personal reasons for abhorring the saloon. He had had no such lurid past as John B. Gough, who had spent his early life as an apparently hopeless drunkard, or Francis Murphy, who had been a saloon-keeper, and as such had done time for illegal selling; yet Mr. Russell, in his platform speeches, has frequently described his early difficulties with the drink habit, and has made no secret of the ravages which it had worked among his relatives and antecedents. When he first appeared as a prohibition advocate, however, Mr. Russell showed no traces of these struggles; in 1893 he was a neatly accoutered clergyman of thirty-eight, a graduate of Oberlin, and a man of more than local fame as a revivalist and temperance exhorter. His previous existence had been somewhat varied; he had been a farmer, a clerk in a country store, a school-teacher, a cattle-herder, a newspaper editor, a lawyer, a politician, a preacher, and a city missionary. He had drawn from all these divergent experiences the one controlling passion of his life—a hatred of the saloon. In all his occupations this institution had been the big fact that had constantly faced him.

As a lawyer he had spent a large part of his time fighting illegal sellers; as a newspaper editor and politician he had gained much information, which he afterward put to practical use, concerning the relation that had always existed between the whisky interest and politics. The event that determined his life-work came in Mr. Russell's twenty-seventh year, when he underwent a sudden religious conversion. Mr. Russell had never done anything half-way, and now, from an easy-going, easy-living, careless "good fellow," having little interest in his religious welfare and a not infrequent visitor to the saloon, he immediately became what most people would probably describe as a "fanatic." A course

at Oberlin fitted Mr. Russell for the ministry. Even before his graduation he traveled through small Ohio towns, holding revival meetings. Afterward, in Kansas City, he held evangelistic services in a huge circus tent, and he used to go from house to house, like a book agent, canvassing for converts. Mr. Russell represented precisely that type of religious leader that was plentiful in the Middle West at that period. The man of the world probably regarded him as an extremely commonplace, inexperienced, even a ridiculous figure. Practically every city in the United States had Mr. Russell's counterpart, working as "city missionary," holding itinerant revival meetings, here and there picking a drunkard out of the gutter, now and then placing a degraded family on its feet. Such an occupation naturally develops temperance "cranks," superintendents of "law and order leagues," and other so-called "busybodies," who lead raids against Sunday liquor-sellers, hang around legislative halls in the interest of temperance legislation, make frequent appearances before Sunday-schools and churches, organize white-ribbon brigades, and inaugurate mammoth pledging campaigns.

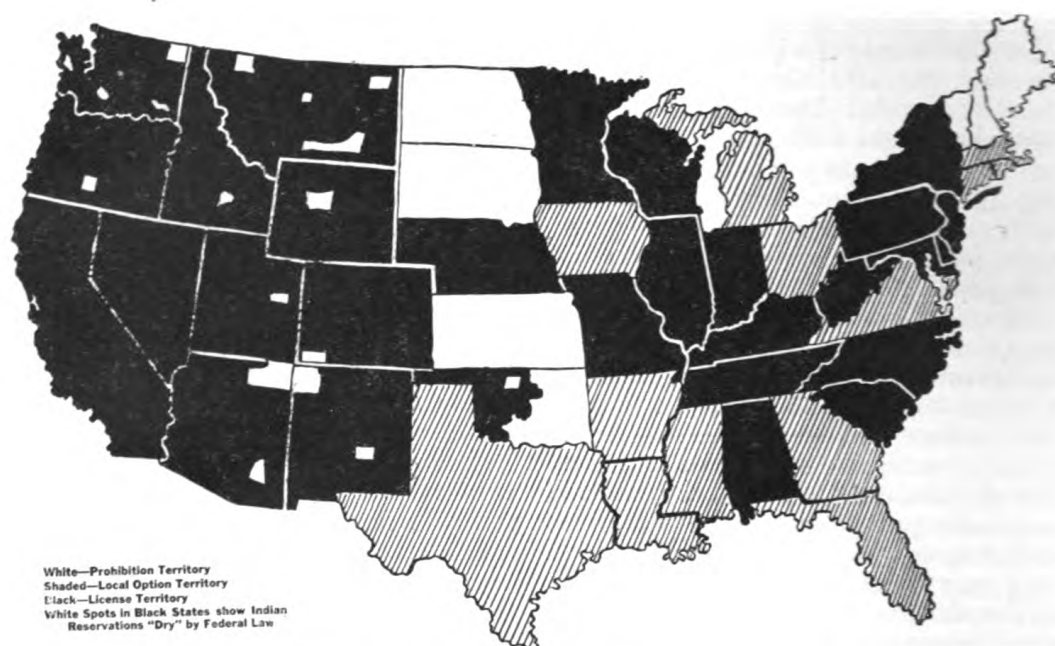
But Mr. Russell has certain characteristics that lift him above the commonplace. Above all, he had one definite idea. His success consisted in the fact that he discovered an entirely new and practical way of fighting the saloon. When he organized the Ohio Anti-Saloon League in 1893, the liquor interest had reached the full tide of its power. Drinking-places in the United States were growing three times as fast as the population. The American people were paying \$1,500,000,000 a year for various forms of alcohol. For more than one hundred and fifty years many agencies, local and national, had been fighting this great social evil; yet it was increasing at a really frightful rate. The churches, Protestant and Catholic, had had their temperance societies and total-abstinence leagues, but the temperance cause was generally in disrepute. The several agencies for fighting alcohol had reached such a stage of pitiful inefficiency that they spent far more time fighting one another than the common enemy. The

attempt to enlist all foes of the saloon under the banner of a political organization had failed. Good church-going Republicans and Democrats, however much they might detest the saloon, could not surrender their traditional party allegiance in the interest of the Prohibition candidates. Probably the United States never had a political organization so unpopular as this one. Both Republicans and Democrats asserted that the Prohibition party really strengthened the liquor interest; in certain districts it deprived the Republicans of enough votes to elect Democrats, in others it sufficiently weakened the Democrats to elect Republicans, and in both cases it commonly put in office men who were not antagonistic to the saloon. The one thing that loomed conspicuously in these days was the tremendous political power of the liquor trade. Its advocates filled every aldermanic chamber and practically every state Capitol. Saloon-keepers almost exclusively officered such organizations as Tammany Hall in New York. The biography of at least a majority of the men they promoted to office modestly catalogued their occupation as "liquors." The corner saloon was the great recruiting-ground for political activity; the white-aproned bar-keeper was the grand dispenser of political wisdom; and from this political forum sallied, on election day, the leaders who all too frequently swept their hosts to victory. Saloon-keepers and brewers furnished the larger part of the funds that carried elections and frequently corrupted legislatures. In those days a famous editor wrote an article on American municipal conditions which he called "criminal politics"; this was the term which he used to describe that form of political activity which had its headquarters in the saloon.

Such was the discouraging prospect that faced the Rev. Mr. Russell and his associates in 1893. Such were the intrenchments against which the Prohibition party had been making its unavailing frontal attacks for twenty-five years. A considerable experience with the influence of the saloon opened the Rev. Mr. Russell's mind to a fact which many other equally zealous but less discriminating men had overlooked.

Why had the Prohibition party so dismally failed? Why had the liquor interest so splendidly succeeded? Mr. Russell refused to believe that innate human depravity explained this triumph of the more evil cause; he insisted that there were far more voters opposed to the saloon than favorable to it. "How did I learn how to fight the saloon?" he once said to me. "Oh, I had the best of teachers—the saloon itself. I discovered that, infinitely evil as the grog-shop was, it had one thing that was supremely good, and I took it over bodily to the prohibition cause."

The great trouble with the Prohibition party was not prohibition; it was the fact that it was a party. Mr. Russell studied the activities of the liquor interest in many states and communities and could not discover that in a single instance it had committed this supreme error. Everywhere there was a Prohibition party; nowhere was there such a thing as a Liquor party. The distillers and the brewers wielded an enormous political power, but they did this, not by creating a new political organization, but by utilizing those which already existed. How many votes would a frankly constituted saloon party have obtained? The mere conception, of course, is ridiculous. The liquor interest, however, could control a minority of political votes. Such a minority was commonly made up of the social sweepings of the city, though certain rural contingents could also be enrolled. Acting as an independent political unit, this minority could accomplish nothing. Thrown as a body to one or other of the existing political parties, however, it could frequently determine an election. There were many states, and even more cities and counties, where out-and-out Republicans and Democrats were almost evenly divided. A particular interest that could guarantee either side a few thousand votes could guarantee them victory. The liquor dealers, wholesale and retail, by manipulating their followers as such an "army of maneuver," could thus control political bosses and dictate candidates and policies. They had no political prejudices of their own; in certain sections they were Republicans, and in others they were



"WET" AND "DRY" MAP OF THE UNITED STATES, JANUARY 1, 1893

Democrats; the existing political situation always determined their political strategy. This political phenomenon was simply the old one of the balance of power. If I enter a political situation where the Democrats control about ten thousand votes and the Republicans about ten thousand, and if I can guarantee to deliver one or two thousand men on election day, I can determine the result of the election. I immediately become a person of vast political consequence—though representing only a minute minority of the voters; political bosses will cultivate me and offer practically any inducement to throw my support on their side. This was the secret of the great political influence wielded by the liquor trade.

It now occurred to Mr. Russell that this method could be used to serve the Lord quite as successfully as it had for several years been serving the devil. Why not assemble in one organization all the enemies of the saloon, irrespective of their ordinary political affiliations, and use them as a solid *bloc* of voters at elections? In creating such a balance of power the temperance forces had a much greater field than their opponents. Corrupt municipal machines had to go out and corral their forces; frequently

Tammany had to import their floaters from Philadelphia or other near-by towns; such a campaign, while commonly successful, involved practical difficulties and great expense. But Mr. Russell found his army ready to his hand, waiting only to be organized. Probably no such extensive opportunity for political propaganda had ever lain fallow for so many years. Every community in the United States, even the smallest, contained its church, with a membership ranging from a few hundred to several thousand. This membership, almost to a man, hated the saloon, and would welcome any reasonable attempt to strike it down. Hitherto these church members had wandered in space like so many aimless atoms; they could not vote against the liquor interest except by leaving their party and becoming prohibitionists—and experience had shown that this was a sacrifice which they would not make. While these men would not vote a straight Prohibitionist ticket, they might be persuaded to "scratch" in the interest of particular candidates. If a hidebound Republican could vote for his party candidate for the Presidency or the Governorship, it was not inconceivable that he might easily bring himself to repudiate a Re-

A few earnest spirits, gathered in the Spear Library at Oberlin on May 24, 1893, after hearing Russell's plans, instituted the Ohio Anti-Saloon League, the parent of the present extensive national organization. The birthplace was not an inappropriate one; in anti-slavery days Oberlin had given inspiration to the most implacable form of abolitionism, and for years it had taken a leading part in evangelistic crusading. This part of Ohio, the Western Reserve, is really a section of New England transplanted; and the whole atmosphere of this new anti-liquor agitation, as well as its whole imagery and speech, was Puritanical, theological, revivalistic. Russell himself and his followers have always insisted that they were acting under divine inspiration. They always describe the Anti-Saloon League as "God's plan," and they hail national prohibition as a "Patmos vision." A distinguished Governor, who once persecuted the prohibitionists and subsequently became a convert to the cause, is described as a "Saul of Tarsus become Paul the Apostle." Anti-Saloon Leaguers commonly refer to Mr. Russell as a "man sent from God."

These twentieth-century reformers, when describing their attempt to regenerate mankind, fall as naturally into the language of the Old Testament as one of Cromwell's Ironsides. And Mr. Russell's early struggles had all the discouragements and difficulties of the missionary existence. Many churches, at first regarding the League as another Prohibition party, refused this new evangelist access to their pulpits. The fierce antagonism aroused among saloon-keepers culminated in a violent assault upon Mr. Russell's person. For a considerable time Mr. Russell carried around his office in his valise; his home was a ten-dollar-a-month house in a back street of Columbus; here his wife did her own housework and his children went roughshod and ill-clothed. Though now the Anti-Saloon forces have an income of \$1,500,000 a year, Mr. Russell financed the organization in the early days by periodically depositing his watch in the pawnshop. All this time, however, Russell was pursuing his purpose with all the religious fervor of an Ignatius Loyola;

yet, with all this religious exaltation, he always had his feet firmly upon the ground. No Tammany district leader ever possessed more directness of action, greater skill in marshaling his hosts, or a more intimate sense of political psychology.

The mere fact that Russell himself invented one of the most effective popular political devices of the time illustrates his keenness as a practical politician. In one of his early Ohio fights for a local-option law the vote of a certain Senator Crook became essential to success. The brewers and distillers of Dayton, however, brought pressure to bear upon this lawmaker, who finally announced that he should have to vote against the bill. For several days after making this announcement Senator Crook was amazed at the increase in the size of his mail. His box could not hold the letters that poured in upon him. All day long telegraph-boys sought his desk, gradually heaping up a pile of yellow slips several inches high. All these communications told the same story: voters in Senator Crook's district, including scores of delegates to the convention which had nominated him, expressed their chagrin that their political confidence had been misplaced, and suggested that, before it was too late, he should reverse his decision and take his stand on the side of righteousness. After reading a batch of these letters and telegrams, Senator Crook usually walked up and down the aisle, his hands behind his back and his face furrowed with thought and anxiety; it was quite evident that his mind was turning to the next election. When roll-call came Senator Crook abandoned the Dayton brewers and voted as his correspondents had suggested.

This incident is an actual one; it marked the first use of a method of influencing legislators which has since become almost a part of our political system. Though this practice seems somewhat stale and discredited now, the personal letter and telegram have an effect that ordinary vehicles of persuasion do not possess. A Congressman or legislator cares nothing for a petition—any one, they say, will sign a petition; but an appeal by letter or telegram gives the whole transaction an intimate personal

character. After taking all this trouble, the writer watches closely the effect; is likely to feel resentful if his request is ignored, and to express his resentment at the next election. The average politician understands this twist in the human mind and is inclined to pay it proper respect. "A single telegram will scare a Congressman to death," a member of the Lower House at Washington once told me. Upon this weakness the Anti-Saloon League has played day in and day out. Certainly this one discovery helps explain the fact that so much of the United States is now dry territory.

A year after its organization the Ohio League demonstrated the political efficacy of the new idea. It had drawn and introduced the so-called Haskell local-option law. At first this measure made little headway with the lawmakers, most of them experienced politicians, who looked upon Mr. Russell and his associates as prohibitionists of the old familiar type. In the hearing on this bill Mr. Russell promised the support of his organization at the polls to all the lawmakers who voted in its favor. Thirty-six men followed this advice. At the next election the representatives of the League openly entered the campaign in favor of these men; they went into the churches on Sunday, detailed the good acts of the local representatives, and called upon the church members to re-elect them. Every one of the thirty-six who sought re-election went back to the Legislature by increased majorities. In the same crisis one of the political leaders of Ohio, John Locke, had risen in the Legislature and made a powerful and witty speech against the Haskell bill. "If you wish to dig your political grave," he said, "vote for the Haskell bill." At the next election Mr. Locke sought a nomination to the state Senate; the Anti-Saloon League picked out a candidate of its own—and nominated and elected him. Another conspicuous member who had made a speech against the measure attempted to run for Congress—but failed in his ambition. About the same time a prominent Ohio Republican who had refused to support the League's measures, and had suffered politically in consequence, visited the Rev. Purley Baker—now national superintendent—

for the purpose of making peace. It early became a fixed policy never to support a man who had once "betrayed" the anti-saloon cause. This particular legislator had frequently sought political office, but always found the Anti-Saloon League barring the road. Now he promised to mend his ways—to support all the League's measures. Mr. Baker, however, refused to make peace on any such terms.

"Can't you let me alone?" pleaded this former enemy. "Don't you see that I am all right now? Why do you still follow me? Don't you know that I am politically dead?"

"Yes, we know it," answered this inexorable "Joshua" of the prohibition cause. "But we want the people to see that there is a judgment after death."

The first ten years represented the period of preparedness. Mr. Russell traveled over the United States, organizing state leagues, modeled after the Ohio organization. There was nothing sensational about the work; the business of building up this tremendous political power went on so quietly that the general public knew little about it, and even the liquor interest refused to take it seriously. In ten years more than forty states had their Anti-Saloon Leagues, and every state had its Messianic leader, usually a clergyman, though occasionally lawyers entered the service. In all their details these leagues were marvels of organization. The National Anti-Saloon League, started in Washington in 1895, first with Hon. Hiram Price and later with Bishop Luther B. Wilson of the Methodist Episcopal Church as president, federated all these state leagues in a central body for use on the broadest national lines. Each state league had its subdivisions, for work in cities, counties, and other communities. In all cases the unit of organization was the individual church, and thousands of pastors were constantly co-operating in the work. There was a national superintendent—a position which Mr. Russell took in the establishment of the national organization—state superintendents, and district superintendents. This work of fighting the saloon really created a new profession; young men at the colleges trained for positions as anti-saloon

workers precisely as others trained for law, medicine, and the ministry. Practically every church had its committee, the men's Bible classes frequently transforming themselves into campaign workers at elections. Church members financed the leagues by monthly contributions, which, though not large individually, made a considerable amount in the aggregate. Thus thousands of pastors and hundreds of thousands of church members formed a compact mass, always eagerly alert to the progress of the cause, always ready to assist it in the way that most tangibly promoted its success—by casting their votes at elections. As time went on, the League developed its own agencies for spreading information and communicating with its followers. At the present time it publishes a national weekly newspaper, the *American Issue*, which is regularly mailed to every person who contributes six dollars a year to the cause. Many state leagues have their own edition of this paper, which goes to every subscriber who manifests his enthusiasm to the extent of three dollars per annum. Thousands of church members receive these papers every week, and they form the medium through which clergymen in particular keep constantly in touch with the movement.

I have before me two copies of the New York edition of the *American Issue*. These papers disclose completely the campaign methods that have developed such amazing strength. The first number was printed just before the primaries were held to nominate candidates for the Legislature. It contains a letter which had been sent to every candidate, requesting that he state his attitude on certain prohibition bills that would come up in the next session. Then follow the names of all the candidates, with a notation summarizing their replies. If the candidate has ignored this request for information, "no reply" is placed against his name, and his legislative record on the points involved, if he has already served in the Legislature, is given. Entries such as "favorable," "fair," "yes," "evasive," "defiantly evasive," "voted wrong," "voted right," inform each district precisely where its candidate stands on this

great issue. A few days before election another broadside prints the names of all candidates, with similarly detailed information concerning their attitude on temperance matters. The publications commonly form the temperance text of the pastors for the Sundays preceding elections. They read out to the assembled congregations the names of their local candidates and the data thus assembled on their legislative records. The parishioner mentally notes that a particular assemblyman voted "right" at the last session and that another candidate voted "wrong." The matter is passed from mouth to mouth at prayer-meetings, and frequently volunteers make house-to-house visits, conveying this essential information. The Anti-Saloon League's publications never attack a candidate or even suggest that their followers vote against him. All they do is to present this record in the fewest possible words, without any adjectives or any exhortations. When it comes to getting particular measures, though, the telegram and letter system, already described, has been found to work miraculously.

It was not until 1905 that the politicians and the public really understood the proportions which this movement had reached. The League had scored many minor victories in the preceding ten years; but it was the state campaign in Ohio that year which really informed the nation that a new and powerful political force had arrived. Governor Myron Herrick then came up for re-election. In 1903 Herrick had carried Ohio by a majority of 113,000; the next year Roosevelt had received 255,000 more votes than his competitor; Ohio had been a stronghold of the Republican party for fifty years, and the idea that any one except a Republican could fill the Governor's chair could not be entertained. In his first term Governor Herrick had offended the Anti-Saloon forces by throttling the so-called residence-district local-option bill. These forces had appealed to the Republican leaders not to renominate Mr. Herrick, but without success. Failing in their attempt to forestall this renomination, these preacher politicians resorted to a scheme that seemed absurdly audacious

—the selection of a Democratic candidate who would support their cause. Mr. John M. Pattison, president of the Union Central Life Insurance Company, a man who had never figured in politics, and whose chief qualifications for the post were that he was a prominent Methodist and a bitter hater of the saloon, was selected as the standard-bearer of teetotalism. Mark Hanna and other Republican leaders smiled at first, but the liveliness of the campaign immediately disclosed that they had no ordinary antagonist. Ohio had never known such a fiercely fought contest; the Republican war horses and their partisan workers on one side and the Anti-Saloon agitators, clergymen, and church members on the other. When Mr. Herrick was defeated by 44,000 votes—all other candidates on the Republican ticket having been elected—even the most experienced campaigners understood that the Anti-Saloon League was a real political force.

And the same methods that have given the Anti-Saloon forces so strong a hold upon state legislatures have extended this influence to Congress also. When the national legislature, in 1912, passed the Webb-Kenyon law over President Taft's veto—a law which made it illegal to ship alcoholic beverages

from a wet state into a dry one—the nation perceived that the "church in action against the saloon" had become a national power. The recent passage of the amendment to the Federal Constitution emphasized this to an even greater degree. All over the country the League is now working to secure the election of legislatures that will ratify this amendment. Every candidate is queried concerning his attitude, and his replies are submitted to church members and others in the way already described. And nothing can apparently stop the triumph of the cause. The liquor interest has already virtually given up the fight. The great American drinking-saloon is doomed. The present generation of American babies will probably reach manhood with only the vaguest recollections of this long-established institution. Precisely what the social effects will be cannot now be foretold; what can be safely predicted, however, is that twenty years from now the saloon will be only a memory of the older generation. The unique political idea conceived by Parson Russell thirty years ago and in 1893 adopted as a rule of action by the zealous little group in the Spear Library at Oberlin has achieved a practical success almost without parallel in our annals.

EDITOR'S NOTE

The Editor of HARPER'S MAGAZINE is requested by Dr. David Jayne Hill to state his regret that, owing to the impossibility of encumbering the text with biographical references in his articles on "Impressions of the Kaiser," these have been omitted. The articles are primarily chapters of a forthcoming book, shortly to be published by Harper & Brothers, in which all authorities cited are specifically named. It is, however, but just that the readers of the MAGAZINE should know that certain quotations from Bismarck and Holstein, for example, were made on the authority of *Germany under Three Emperors*, by Princess Catherine Radziwill, and that the authority for every statement beyond the writer's personal knowledge will be found in the forthcoming book.

The Gifts On the Altar

BY MARY ESTHER MITCHELL



MAN made his way up the slope which led to Turkey Hill Center. His long, heavy figure was slow and shambling; his clothes were unkempt and shabby. At the crest of the hill he halted to catch the breath which even his deliberate pace had managed to disturb. He pushed back his battered hat and wiped his brow with a grimy hand. The noon-tide sun was warm, though the spring had little to show of progress, save a few green shoots pricking through the brown earth.

"Gosh! that pull takes the starch out yer!" muttered the man, staring about him as he stood on the threshold of the little village. "Ain't much change as I can make out," he went on, to himself, marking one familiar object after another. "Takes more 'n three year fur Turkey Hill to move so 's you'd notice it!"

The one main street of the community lay broad, elm-shaded, and deserted, the Center being occupied with its twelve-o'clock meal. Only the distant rattle of wheels broke the silence. The man paused, hesitant, then turned away from the two or three stores, the hay-scales, and the row of hitching-posts which constituted the business district, and sauntered on to the opposite end of the highway. Pushing the gate of a neat and comfortable-looking house, he went up to the side porch and entered without the ceremony of knocking. The door opened directly into the kitchen where the assembled family were at their dinner. At the abrupt entrance they turned and stared. The man at the head of the table paused, his knife arrested half-way to his mouth.

"What you doin' here?" he growled, resentful at the intrusion.

There was a moment's pause; then the woman, fat, pale, with restless black eyes, ponderously got to her feet.

"Fur Heaven's sake!" she cried. "Wherever did you come from, Luther Butts? William, it's Luther!"

Joy, apparently, did not enter into the heart of Deacon Leavitt at the sight of his brother-in-law, but he managed to utter some sort of greeting.

"Set down, set down!" he commanded, getting over his duties of hospitality with all haste. "Willie, fetch your uncle a plate!"

The bullet-headed boy, like his mother in sharp black glance and pasty complexion, slipped from his seat with alacrity. Providence was playing into his hand with unexpected indulgence. Ever since he had seen a crock of freshly baked cookies taken into the pantry he had been speculating how he could elude his mother's eye.

"Wherever did you come from?" repeated Mrs. Leavitt.

"Over Buck Range way," returned the man, awkwardly taking the offered chair. "Bin lumberin', off 'n' on."

"Mostly off, if I know yer," returned his sister. "'Ain't hurt your health none, workin', hev yer?"

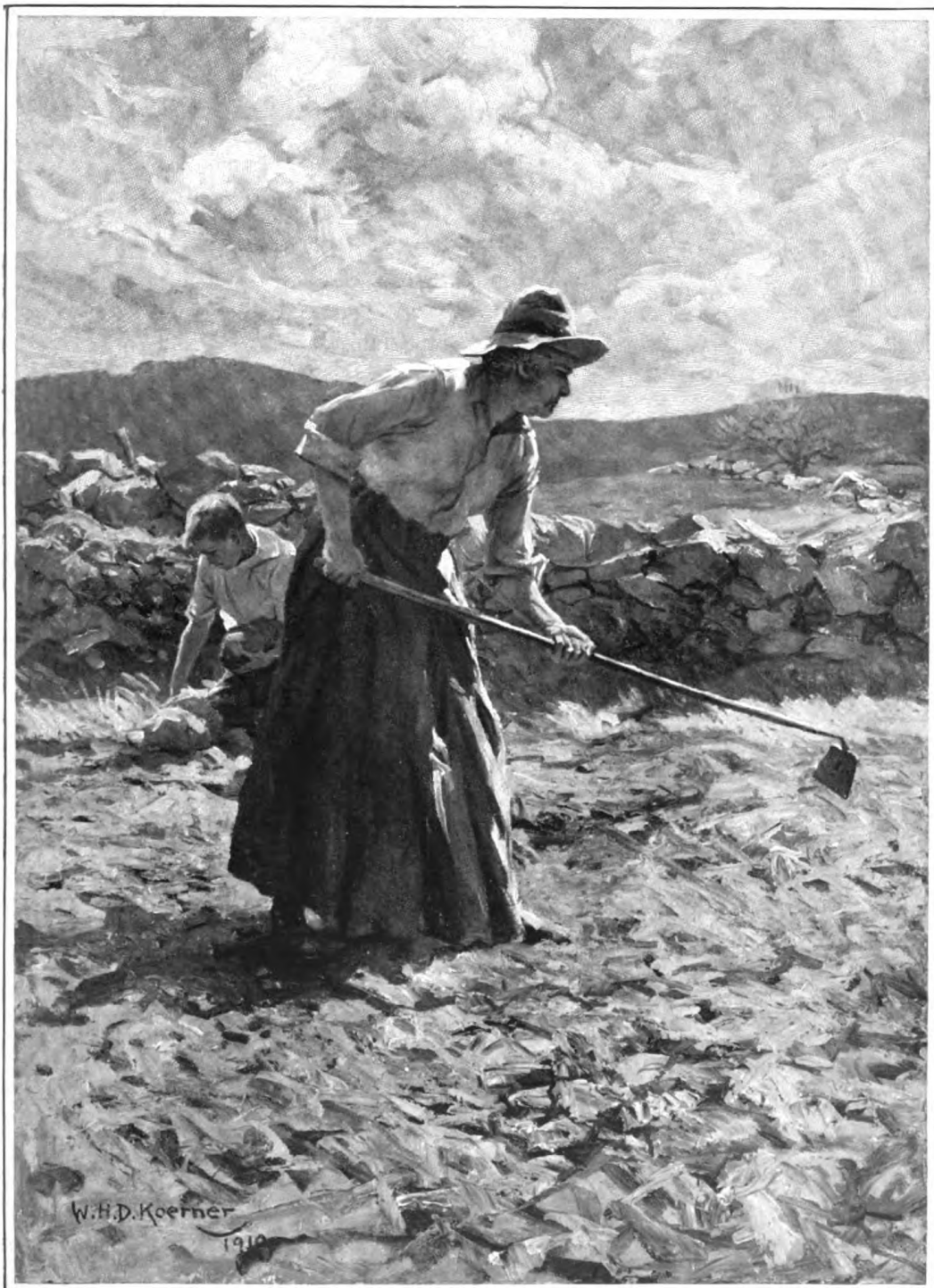
Mr. Butts grinned reluctantly. He had never appreciated his sister's pleasantries, but he said only, "Well, none to speak on." He then applied himself to the contents of his plate as one who has been long hungry. While waiting for his second helping he looked about the table.

"Where's Little Luther?" he asked.

Mrs. Leavitt's cup went down so hard that it nearly cracked the saucer. "Don't tell me you didn't git my letter, Luther!" she cried. "I sent it to Lincoln post-office like you told me to."

Mr. Butts looked embarrassed. "I didn't git none," he acknowledged. "'Tain't to be wondered at, I've bin shiftn' round so. 'Ain't nothin' happened to him, has there?"

Mrs. Leavitt's thin lips tightened to a thin line. "Oh, nothin'," she answered. "Nothin', only he run off."



Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner

Engraved by H. Leinroth

"QUEER HOW CHOCK FULL A GARDEN IS OF STUN!"

Mr. Butts emitted a grunt of surprise. "Run off, did he? Didn't know he had the gumption. I'll trounce the little varmint when I git holt of him. He's big 'nough to git a little sense put inter him. Myra allers was fur spilin' him."

"He's spiled, all right, if you can spile a bad egg," returned Mrs. Leavitt. "Seems we warn't good 'nough fur him, so he up an' runs to Barcelona McAllister an' works on her feelin's. I warn't sorry to git shet o' him, land knows! but I didn't fancy his actin' so arter all I done fur him. It's the dog you feed that bites your hand! I 'ain't got nothin' ag'in' Barcelona McAllister, but Nater never made old maids to bring up young uns, an' she coddles him up to the nines. You'd think he'd ruther stay with his own flesh an' blood; but there, you can't look fur gratitude in this world!"

"Guess he'd ruther stay where he ain't licked," put in the interested Willie. "Miss Barcy don't take so much as a switch to him. He says so."

"You hold your tongue an' eat your victuals, Willie Leavitt!" Mrs. Leavitt's tone of command was one which her son dared not ignore.

Mr. Butts stared stupidly. "Miss Barcy," he muttered. "*Miss Barcy!*"

"You 'ain't lost yer wits, have yer, Luther Butts? You remember Barcelona McAllister, over on the Ridge. The old cap'n's daughter."

"I ain't a fool!" retorted Mr. Butts. "'Course I remember the peddlin' woman; many a dime she's got outer me. What she got to do with Little Luther?"

"'Ain't I told yer the boy run off to her? She took a fancy to him, mercy knows why, an' now he rides round with her, dressed up in the brand-new clothes she gits him. I'm willin'. Lord knows I've got my hands full without that half-witted young un taggin' onter me!"

Mr. Butts's nature was not over-sensitive, nor yet parental, but, after all, he was responsible for Little Luther and refused to agree to his entire disparagement. "He warn't no half-wit," he asserted. "Myra uster hold he was the best o' the lot."

"Myra was soft as soap!" and with this amiable comment the discussion ceased. Luther Butts had no match for

his sister's speech, and his refuge was silence.

Little Luther Butts, shy, sensitive, fanciful, the youngest of the children who had filled a little bare house on a lonely road, had been cast upon an unsympathetic world by the death of his mother—the only being who sheltered his small soul from the stings and arrows which made him a ready mark. Mrs. Butts had not in the least understood the little mind, so busy with its golden voyaging, nor was she capable of even sighting the enchanted shores which lay across its sea of dream; but she loved her son, and the arm of her protection was steady and sure. Bereft of it, the boy was forlorn indeed. The humble home was broken up and Mr. Butts took himself off to the aimless pursuit of the odd job. Apparently he had shaken the dust of family life from his feet; he had dropped from the interest of Turkey Hill and no one looked to hear from him again, least of all his sister, who had taken reluctant charge of her youngest nephew. Without intentional cruelty, she had made the boy miserable. Armed with the courage granted to the shrinking soul at the moment of crisis, Little Luther threw himself on the mercy of Miss Barcy, who sold small wares about the countryside. For three years the practical, elderly woman and the little visionary boy had been mates, joyously sailing their ship in the fair breezes and friendly sun.

When Mr. Butts had satisfied his hunger he returned to the subject of Little Luther. "I reckon Miss Barcy won't make no fuss over my takin' the boy," he ventured, tentatively.

Mrs. Leavitt gave her brother a quick glance. "You thinkin' o' takin' him?" she asked.

Mr. Butts pushed his plate from him and stretched back in his chair. "Well, I b'en turnin' it over. I'm kinder tired knockin' 'bout. There's a stiddy job over to Greenhill that I can git. Nellie she's thirteen an' old 'nough to manage. I guess Little Luther could more 'n pay his way."

Mrs. Leavitt bore Miss Barcy no grudge, wished her no trouble, but she still harbored the mortification of Little Luther's deliberate desertion; more-

over, her petty soul ever clamored for the last word.

"I dunno why she should make a fuss. There warn't no law 'bout it. You never even give your word. I'd stan' on my rights if I was you."

"I never hearn of it till this minute," declared Mr. Butts, with slow-growing indignation. "I guess a man's childern can't be took away like that." He rose, putting on his hat. "I'm goin' round that way," he announced.

His sister watched his leisurely progress down the street. "I dunno how Luther Butts ever gits to any place," she thought. "Must sorter surprise him when he turns up somewheres. Guess the boy's in fur a come-upance, sassy young un! Needs a man's hand on him." Then she shook her head. "Shouldn't wonder a mite if Miss Barcy got round him; he allers was stupid as a cow."

She spoke the truth. Luther Butts's stupidity held him to his low estate. He was lazy, shiftless, selfish, coarse. He cherished a theory, common to his type, that the world was "ag'in' him" and he sullenly resented it. A sense of injury, once planted in his dull understanding, was not easily uprooted. It gained strength now as he scuffed along the road. His parental interest was small, but lately he had cherished a vague idea that a son might be profitable.

"He belongs to me, anyways!" he muttered. "I ain't goin' to be put on!"

Miss Barcy's house stood on the brow of the hill, just where the road took its first drop to the valley. Mr. Butts looked in at the open door; no one was in sight. He peered into the deserted kitchen. "Pretty snug fixed," he commented. Hearing voices in the direction of the shed, he followed the little path to a sunny spot on the slope where two figures were at work. One, a woman, short, square, sturdy, clad in a serviceable skirt and blouse, heavy boots, and a man's felt hat, was wielding a hoe with forceful strokes, quick, clean, and direct. A white-headed boy, whose bare legs and feet were covered with the freshly turned soil, was gathering up the many stones of the winter's crop, piling them in a heap by the fence.

"Queer how chock full a garden is of stuns!" remarked the woman. "There

ain't a year but I clean 'em out, an' next spring there's jest as many, if not more."

"They live 'way, 'way down," returned the boy, lifting a brown and eager little face to the kindly one above him, "but they want to live on top where they can see things, so they push an' push, an' byme-by they git through—pop right up! That's the way, Miss Barcy."

"Now I shouldn't wonder if it was, Little Luther," assented the woman, smiling down into the blue eyes. Then she caught sight of the stranger.

"Good artemnoon, Miss Barcy." Mr. Butts's tone was amiable; before the straight, quiet glance he somehow lost his accumulated bluster.

For a moment Miss Barcy looked puzzled; then she brushed her hands free from the loose earth and extended one in greeting. "Fur all the world!" she said. "Luther Butts!"

The man let his hand drop from the firm grip; he twisted his hat and shifted his feet. Finally he said, "That's the boy, I take it."

"That's the boy," repeated Miss Barcy, cheerfully. "Little Luther, here's your pa."

Little Luther dropped his stones and stood agape. Back in his busy, happy little brain something unpleasant stirred, something which belonged to the by-gone days of mists and clouds. A shadow came into his clear eyes and his bare little feet wriggled uneasily. There is nothing more conservative than a child; the unexpected, unclassified happening throws out accepted routine and clogs the smooth running of content. Little Luther, suddenly set, as it were, in another world, slowly comprehended his parent, but he did not know what to do with him. A father had no place in the scheme of his universe and lay quite outside of any present need. He regarded the invader of his peace doubtfully, and found nothing to please. The man was repulsive, ugly, and, moreover, dirty. Everything about Miss Barcy bore the stamp of healthful cleanliness. The soil gained by contact with the wholesome earth was of the moment, a temporary capitulation to the necessities of labor, yielding readily to the brisk application of soap and water. Through habit,

Little Luther had unconsciously acquired certain standards. The untidiness of Mr. Butts was a matter of time and entire neglect. Little Luther was instinctively repelled. He shrank back, hanging his head.

"Don't you know your own father, boy?" demanded Mr. Butts, roughly. "They lettin' you furgit your own father?"

Dimly Little Luther caught the implication and resented it. "Tain't so!" he declared. "She's allers tellin' me to rem'ber, but I don't—much," he added.

Mr. Butts stared a moment, then laughed. "Ain't a liar, be ye! I guess I'll hev a word with yer, Miss Barcy," he added, suggestively.

"All right," responded Miss Barcy. "Little Luther, you git the stuns picked up nice an' clean. Then you can give Bolter his feed."

In the privacy of the kitchen Mr. Butts opened the conversation with a jerk of his grimy thumb toward the garden. The woman before him did not look like one to be easily intimidated and his words took conciliatory form.

"He's gittin' to be quite a boy. Uster be peaked an' kinder silly. I'm 'bleeged to yer."

"I ain't done nothin'," returned Miss Barcy. "He's as good a little feller as ever was."

"Warn't too glad to see me, now, was he? Guess he's bin havin' a pretty slick time 'long o' you."

"Childern hev to git ust ter things," said Miss Barcy, by way of apology.

Mr. Butts grunted. "He'll hev ter git ust ter me pretty quick. I've come ter take him offn your hands."

Miss Barcy laughed easily. "Land! you needn't fret about takin' him offn me! He's jest like my own boy, Little Luther is."

"He ain't yer own boy! He's mine, an' I'm goin' to take him! Guess I've got a right ter my own son!" The sense of being defrauded was once more at work.

The slow swaying of Miss Barcy's rocking-chair ceased. She had not dreamed the man was in earnest. "I guëss you give up some of that right when you left him, Luther Butts."

"I never left him. I jest 'lowed his aunt to take him till I could keep him."

Miss Barcy smiled over the gracious permission implied; Mr. Butts saw the look of amusement and was angered, he did not know why.

"I thought it was settled three year ago," went on Miss Barcy. "M's Leavitt sent you a letter sayin' I'd take the boy fur good an' all. When I didn't hear nothin' to the contrary, I took it fur granted you was willin'."

"Takin' things fur granted sometimes brings the law onter yer," returned Mr. Butts, virtuously. "I never got no letter. I had somethin' better to do 'n hangin' round the post-office. You can't git other people's childern that way."

Miss Barcy was silent for a moment. "No," she admitted, "you can't. S'pos'n' you give him over now. We can ride down to Lincoln and fix it up legal."

Mr. Butts's laugh was not pleasant. "Yer can't git round me that way. I'm goin' to hev the boy myself. He's old 'nough to work."

"He's too little to work stiddy; he ain't but ten. An' he ain't strong."

"You seem ter be gittin' somethin' outer him," retorted Mr. Butts, with a sneer. His assurance was on the increase. "Saves yer a man's hire, I reckon."

The blood mounted to Miss Barcy's cheeks, but she kept her voice steady and controlled. "I can do fur him what you can't, an' you know it, Luther Butts. You know what Myra'd want."

Mr. Butts was not to be softened by a voice from the past. "Myra's wantin' ain't in it. She allers was fur babyin' the boy. It's goin' to be diff'rent now. The Bible says childern oughter work fur their parents." This happy allusion to scriptural authority quite restored Mr. Butts's good-humor, giving him the sense of an unassailable position. "You can't go back on the Bible," he added, piously.

Miss Barcy made no response, and presently the man arose.

"I'm goin' over to Greenhill fur two or three days," he said. "When I come back I'll take the boy. I want him peaceable. An' I don't want no cryin' an' actin' from him."

At the supper-table Miss Barcy looked across at the little figure. "I won't tell him to-night," she concluded. "Like's not he wouldn't git a wink o' sleep. I

reckon there's some way out o' it. I'll ride round by Lincoln to-morrer an' hev a talk with Lawyer Beale."

So Little Luther went to sleep in peace. He did not notice that Miss Barcy's fingers were unsteady as she helped him out of his clothes.

"You're gittin' too big to be undressed," she told him. "You don't want to be a baby all your life, do you?"

Little Luther did not seem disturbed at such prospect. "It's the unbuttonin'," he remarked, with finality, pressing his warm little body close to Miss Barcy's knee.

Miss Barcy shook her head, but in her heart of hearts she knew it was her own need she served when she helped the little boy with those buttons.

The next day she drove the red peddler's cart to Lincoln. She came out of the lawyer's office with a very sober face. Instead of following her route of business, she turned onto a lonely road and let the old horse take his own way. It was a soft, heavenly morning; the light little clouds ran races with their own shadows and the sun-coaxed earth responded with hints of emerald. But Miss Barcy saw none of the awakening beauty.

There is a popular conception, brought forth for the comfort of mankind, that Nature, the universal healer, sympathizes with our grief and awaits to soothe our hurt. In truth, Nature never stirs from her splendid indifference; it is man who must adjust his mood to her manifestations. The wind makes no melody until it finds its string; the message is lost unless the receiver be tuned to certain vibrations. Miss Barcy, puzzled, sorrowful, found no help in the joyous day. Her whole universe was gathered up in one threatening fact which loomed on her horizon and darkened her sky. Her thoughts went back to the trembling child who had knocked at her door one hot day, literally falling into her arms, and she contrasted him with the happy, active little fellow who was her daily comrade. She thought of that delicately balanced mind and body subjected to dull, coarse, perhaps cruel domination—the mind thrown back on itself with no outlet of understanding—the small body

ill fed, worn with work too heavy for its puny strength. She saw the small craft tossed on the waves, while she, strong, capable, must cut the stout towing-rope and watch the boat drift into strange waters. She saw the little house on the Ridge lonely and silent for the lack of a child. The quiet, unsentimental woman of business groaned.

"I didn't think I *could* git so taken up with a young un!" she said, aloud.

That afternoon Miss Barcy told Little Luther. At first, in the warm shelter of her kindly arm, he could not understand. When he did comprehend he turned so white that Miss Barcy tightened her hold. The boy drew away and presently went off by himself. The subject was too vast for immediate dealing; it had to be met gradually and alone. He said nothing until that night when he was in bed.

"Do I *hev* to go?" he said, suddenly.

"Looks 's if you might," answered Miss Barcy.

"Why can't you keep me? I'd ruther stay here."

"You b'long to yer pa, Little Luther."

"You 'dopted me."

"Tain't down in writin'. Yer pa never signed yer away."

"If it had bin down in writin' could you keep me?"

"I reckon I could, Little Luther."

There was silence for a moment. When the boy spoke again his voice was low and determined. "I won't go!"

"Little Luther, there's times when you've got jest to stan' up an' take what comes. You'll never be a man an' sail a ship till you learn to do that. An' the harder it is the more you've got to do it."

There was no response.

"I've got to stan' up to it myself," continued Miss Barcy.

But Little Luther's consciousness was not ready to grasp the sense of another's need. His trouble began and ended in himself. He rolled over to the wall. Miss Barcy turned out the light and went to the kitchen.

"I'd ruther hear him holler!" she said to herself. "There ain't nothin' more pitiful than a child's dumbness."

Miss Barcy, while preparing Little Luther for the change, still clung to hope. She appealed to Mr. Butts, but

her words set him more firmly in his purpose.

"Guess if he's wuth so much ter her it 'll pay me to hold onter him," he thought, chuckling at his astuteness, his values being based on pecuniary benefit.

Miss Barcy went to the minister, and he gladly took up the cause.

"Think of the boy's advantage," argued Mr. Patten.

"I guess a young un's place is with his own folks, an' there's the Scriptor to prove it. 'Honor yer father,' ain't that what it says?" returned Mr. Butts, and, strong in his biblical backing, he departed to Greenhill to make sure of his job.

Miss Barcy even went to Mrs. Leavitt.

"I ain't one to come between families," declared that woman, coldly. "My brother's gittin' 'long in years an' feels to hev a home." She watched Miss Barcy retreat down the path. "I never thought to hev Barcelona McAllister on her knees to me," she said to herself, with unconcealed triumph.

"When Luther Butts comes back I'll make one more try," thought Miss Barcy.

In the mean time she endeavored to rally Little Luther's spirit, but the boy eluded her. He said little, but he brooded and lost his appetite. The situation was too great for him to grasp and his forces fell helpless before it. Dimly he felt that his happiness was cut off. An ordinary, happy-go-lucky boy would have lost his trouble in the pleasure of the moment, but the past had wounded Little Luther too deeply to allow him to forget. His life with his aunt had given him data for fear, and instinctively he knew that his father's hand would be heavy. The old black shadow fell once more over him, cold and terrifying. He wandered about, listless, oppressed.

At school, also, he had his difficulties. Willie Leavitt was not reticent in regard to his uncle, his habits, his plans for the future. Freely he shared with his mates the pleasant news that Little Luther had at last "got to toe the mark," a prophecy borrowed from his mother. Little Luther, inured to the epithets of "Miss Barcy's baby" and "teacher's pet," grew hot and ashamed at the mocking "pa's boy," accompanied by

suggestive pantomime. When the ridicule was turned on Pa himself, the boy grew dizzy with anger, all the more potent that he recognized the truth of the criticisms. Latent loyalty of kinship was roused and he was forced into a championship he loathed.

"How'd you git that cut on yer lip, Little Luther?" asked Miss Barcy.

"Oh—I jest—got it," was the reply. Miss Barcy, ever respecting reserves, said no more.

On one of these strange, dreary days Little Luther went to his room in search of some possession. It was a pleasant, comfortable room, with its big four-poster and its quaint furniture; it had been Captain McAllister's—the old sailing-master who had given up the sea for the hills, and the deck of his schooner for the seat of the "Rolling Jenny," its namesake, the red cart.

Little Luther, coming to the door, halted in amazement. Miss Barcy was sitting before the open drawers of the high chest, sorting a pile of small under-clothing. Little Luther's eyes grew round with dismay. Miss Barcy was crying! Abashed, he turned and slipped noiselessly away. He had a child's shrinking from an elder's emotion; moreover, such possibility had never occurred to him. Miss Barcy crying! His foundations were shaken. He went to the shed and sat down on a pile of boards. He knew what troubled her! There was only one thing to cry about. He had cried, himself, out there in the shed, alone. He did not feel like crying now. He was stirred to do something big. He could not have Miss Barcy cry! Suddenly there was born in the boy's soul the sense of another's sorrow. He had only thought of himself before; he had pitied himself. Now he pitied Miss Barcy. *He could not have Miss Barcy cry!* A spark of protectorship quickened. *He must do something!*

A little later Miss Barcy came out to the shed. The boy was still sitting on the pile of boards. He glanced timidly at Miss Barcy, ready to withdraw his eyes if necessary; but she was her usual brisk self. She harnessed Bolter to the cart and drove off, bidding Little Luther a cheery good-by. She did not ask the boy to join her, and he made no request.

When she was well off of the Ridge she urged the reluctant horse to a semblance of speed.

"We've got to git to Lincoln 'fore the office closes," she explained to him.

"I dunno what Pa'd say to puttin' a mortgage on the house," she continued, aloud, as was her wont when alone with Bolter. "Pa allers uster say that a sloop fair earnt was better than a four-master in debt." She looked up to the clear sky as if seeking inspiration. Then she gave a little laugh of confidence. "I bet if he's sightin' me now he's sayin', 'Go ahead, Barcy girl!' He allers had a heart fur childern."

She considered for a while, then went on. "If Luther Butts 'll take somethin' regglar a week an' let me keep the boy, I'll do it, though it will be close sailin'. But there, there's lots o' things I don't need, only jest think I do. If he won't do that I'll offer him a lump sum an' mortgage the place. Land! What's a mortgage, ag'in' Little Luther!"

When the "Rolling Jenny" had disappeared down the road, Little Luther rose from the boards and went slowly to his room. He spread an old newspaper flat on the bed and looked about him. A nickel watch ticked with cheerful insistence on the stand. It was a birthday present from Miss Barcy, and the pride of his heart. He took it up now, felt of its smooth case, wound it with fingers which lingered lovingly on the stem; then with a long-drawn breath he laid it on the newspaper. He opened the top drawer and gazed judicially at the contents. Finally he selected a pair of silver cuff-buttons, an old steel buckle treasured for some mysterious reason, a couple of bright new neckties, and a little pile of clean handkerchiefs. All of these he placed beside the watch; diving into his pocket, he added a knife to the collection. Stretching on his tiptoes, he reached his bank from the mantel-shelf, pried open the door, and emptied the contents on the paper. He had no need to count it, having mental record of every penny deposited. "There's six dollars and twenty cents," he whispered to himself. His inward vision pictured swift wheels, shining handle-bars, mysterious and delightful mechanism of brakes and chains and tinkly bell, all

rolling away from his grasp; but he did not hesitate as he did up the little parcel and tied it with a shoe-string in lieu of twine. He was making haste now, his hands trembling, his cheeks flushed. When all was secure he tucked the bundle under his arm and ran out and down the street.

Luther Butts was sitting on the step of the Leavitts' barn. As far as securing a job went, his trip to Greenhill had not been satisfactory, the work offered involving too much labor with too little pay. Nellie had not proved amenable to the idea of living with her father. These facts were not depressing to Mr. Butts; indeed, he welcomed them as solutions to the coil in which he had managed to entangle himself. Why had he not left well-enough alone? When he once realized the slight working capacity of Little Luther, the idea of regular labor had ridden him sore. There was nothing to do but to wait until the boy was bigger. He couldn't saddle himself with a baby! It was his sister who had worked him up to it! He turned over the possibility of making a profitable bargain with Miss Barcy, but he gave it up. Miss Barcy might be a woman, but she was a shrewd one; she'd never pay out a cent for that young one! Least said the better! Best thing for him to do was to light out! Deacon Leavitt did not seem anxious for his company and he better go before there was any fuss!

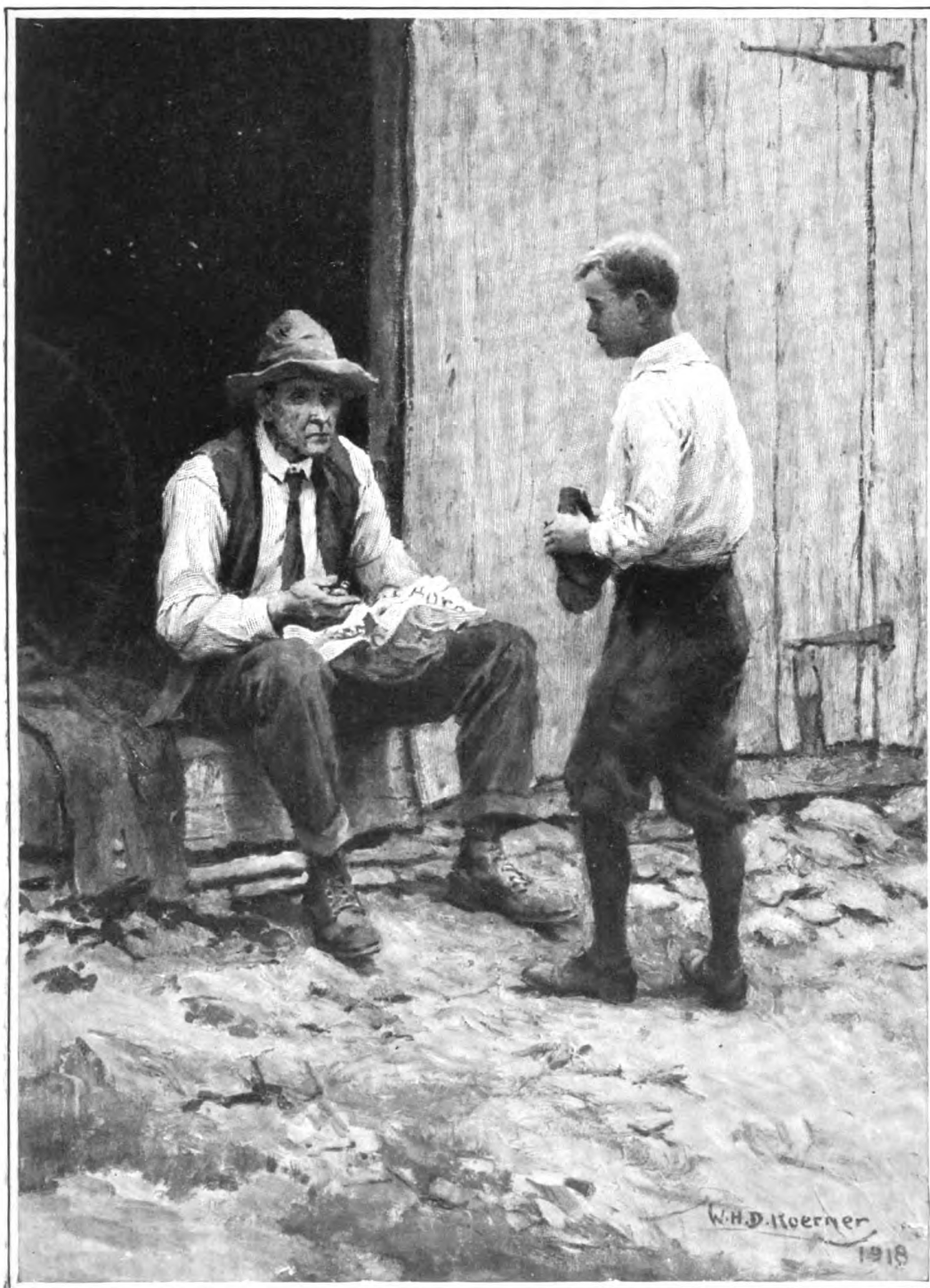
Mr. Butts's brain, quite worn out with close reasoning, had nearly refused service and was on the threshold of a nap when it was roused to consciousness by a small figure which suddenly appeared around the corner of the barn. Mr. Butts stared at the new-comer stupidly, then woke to the fact that his son stood before him.

"Well," he muttered, "come to yer pa, hev yer? That Barcy woman turned yer off?"

"No," said Little Luther. "I come myself." He looked around half fearfully; it had taken much courage to come to that door.

"Brung yer duds, did yer?" growled Mr. Butts, eying the bundle under the boy's arm. "Couldn't yer git off with more 'n that?"

Little Luther came a step nearer. "I



Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner

Engraved by S. G. Putnam

"WHERE DID YOU GET ALL THIS CASH?" DEMANDED MR. BUTTS, SUSPICIOUSLY

—I want you to let me stay with Miss Barcy," he said. "She—wants me."

Mr. Butts gave a coarse laugh. "Bet she does! Guess you save her a pretty penny that oughter go ter yer own father. Sent yer here ter whine me round, did she?"

Little Luther shook his head. "She don't know I come. Miss Barcy don't make no money offn me. She gives me money. I'll give it to you if you'll let me stay."

He held out the newspaper bundle, and watched anxiously while his father fumbled at the knotted string.

"Don't spill it out!" he cautioned.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Mr. Butts, staring at the little heap. "What's all this?"

"It's all I've got," explained Little Luther.

"Where'd you git all that cash?" demanded Mr. Butts, suspiciously. "'Ain't bin layin' hands on nothin', hev yer? Yer'll hev the p'lice arter yer."

"It's mine. Some I earnt an' some Miss Barcy give me. I've been savin' it fur—fur a bicycle." His voice faltered a bit, but he went pluckily ahead. He must not break down before his father; it was man to man now. "I got half er dollar fur a prize to school," he added.

"So yer want ter buy me off," said his father.

"Yes," returned Little Luther, simply.

Mr. Butts looked down at the price of freedom. Something was coming round his way, after all! He could take himself off with a few dollars to the good! He took up the little watch, listened to see if it were running, and slipped it into his pocket. Little Luther gave a quick breath as he saw it disappear, but he made no sign. Mr. Butts stuffed the money into the same ragged receptacle. Then he handed the rest of the offering back to Little Luther.

"I don't want yer truck," he said.

"Can—can I stay?" The question was breathless.

"Lord, yes! Yer old father won't stan' in yer way. Run 'long an' let that Barcy woman rock yer ter sleep."

Little Luther did not stir. "I want it in writin'," he said.

"What?"

Little Luther held his ground. "I want yer ter write it down on a piece o' paper. I got a pencil." He handed out a much-chewed stub.

Mr. Butts had quite regained what good-humor he possessed. "If you ain't a small Jew!" he growled, with a grin. With much labor he scrawled something on the margin of the newspaper. The words were few and ill-spelled, but they passed the censor.

"All right," said Little Luther, and turned to go. He looked very small as he trudged down the path. It may be that there remained to Luther Butts a scrap of soul which had, somehow, escaped utter atrophy; or it may be that the six dollars had gone to his head, making him slightly maudlin. However it was, he called out to the retreating figure:

"Hi! Come back here!"

Little Luther turned, fear in his eyes.

"Yer can take yer watch." Mr. Butts held it out.

Little Luther shook his head. "It's a trade," he said, "an' you can't go back on a trade!"

Little Luther plodded over the long road of the Ridge. He walked soberly and manfully, ignoring the patches of deliciously soft mud and the stretches of inviting dust. His heart was light, but his years seemed to have increased fourfold. He had ventured and won; he had traded, and stayed by his bargain; he had offered his first fruits, and his sacrifice had been acceptable. A gulf of experience separated him from the past. No more would he be a silent partner in the little firm. He had proved his papers; he had handled the ropes; he had taken his trick at the wheel, and to his touch the vessel had changed its course.

As soon as Little Luther was out of sight Mr. Butts took his departure from the house of Leavitt; he went without the ceremony of farewell. Had he known that Miss Barcy, with the details for ransom in her mind, was driving toward the Center, he might not have fingered so complacently the little sum which rattled and chinked comfortably in his pocket. As it was, he shuffled out of Turkey Hill as he had shuffled in, and the place knew him no more.

A Writer's Recollections

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

PART VIII



HE coming out of *Marcella* in April, 1894, will always mark for me perhaps the happiest date in my writing life. The book, for all the hard work that had gone to it, had none the less been a pleasure to write; and the good will that greeted it made the holiday I had earned—which again was largely spent in Rome—a golden time. Not long after we left England, Piccadilly, my sister wrote me, was “placarded with *Marcella*,” the name appearing on the notice-boards of most of the evening papers—a thing which never happened to me before or since; and when we arrived in Rome, the content-bills of the London newspapers, displayed in the Piazza di Spagna, announced her no less flamingly. The proof-sheets of the book had been tried on various friends, as usual, with some amusing results. Bishop Creighton, with only the first two-thirds of the book before him, wrote me denunciations of the heroine:

I am greatly interested in the book and pine for the *dénouement*. So far *Marcella*, though I know her quite well, does not in the least awaken my sympathy. She is an intolerable girl—but there are many of them. . . . I only hope that she may be made to pay for it. Mr. and Mrs. Boyce are good and original, so is Wharton. I hope that con-dign vengeance awaits him. He is the modern politician entirely. . . . I really hope *Marcella* may be converted. It would serve her right to marry her to Wharton; he would beat her.

Another old friend, one of the industrial leaders of the North, carried off half the proofs to read on his journey to Yorkshire.

I so ravened on them that I sat still at Blisworth instead of getting out! The consequence is that all my plans are disarranged.

I shall not get to M—in time for my meeting, and for all this *Marcella* is to blame. . . . The station-master assured me he called out “change for Northampton,” but I was much too deep in the scene between *Marcella*, Lord Maxwell and Raeburn, to heed anything belonging to the outer world.

Mr. Goschen wrote:

I don't know how long it is since I have enjoyed reading anything so much. I can't satisfy myself as to the physical appearance of Wharton. . . . I do know some men of a character not quite unlike him, but they haven't the boyish face with curls. *Marcella* I see before me, Mrs. Boyce and Lord Maxwell both interested me very much. . . . Alack, I must turn from *Marcella*'s enthusiasm and aspirations to Sir W. Harcourt's speech—a great transition.

And dear Alfred Lyttelton wrote:

I feel a ridiculous pride in her triumphs which I have had the joy of witnessing on every side. . . . At least permit an expert to tell you that his heart beat over the ferrets (in the poaching scene) and at the intense vividness and truth of the legal episodes.

But there is one letter in this old packet which moves me specially. It was on the 1st of March, 1894, that Mr. Gladstone said good-by to his Cabinet in the Cabinet room at Downing Street, and a little later in the afternoon walked away for the last time from the House of Commons. No one who has read it will forget the telling of that episode in Mr. Morley's biography, with what concentration, what dignity, worthy alike of the subject, and of the admirable man of letters—himself an eye-witness—who records it.

While Lord Kimberley and Sir William Harcourt, on behalf of the rest of their colleagues, were bidding their great chief farewell, “Mr. Gladstone sat composed and still as marble, and the emotion of the Cabinet did not gain him for an instant.” When the spokesmen

ceased, he made his own little speech of four or five minutes in reply: "then hardly above a breath, but every accent heard, he said 'God bless you all.' He rose slowly and went out of one door, while his colleagues with minds oppressed filed out by the other."

On this moving scene there followed what Mr. Gladstone himself described as the first period of comparative leisure he had ever known, extending to four and a half months. They were marked first by increasing blindness, then by an operation for cataract, and finally by a moderate return of sight. In July he notes that "during the last months of partial incapacity I have not written with my own hand probably so much as one letter a day." In this faded packet of mine lies one of these rare letters, written with his own hand—a full sheet—from Dollis Hill, on April 27th.

When *Marcella* arrived my thankfulness was alloyed with a feeling that the state of my eyesight made your kindness for the time a waste. But Mr. Nettleship has since then by an infusion supplied a temporary stimulus to the organ, such that I have been enabled to begin, and am reading the work with great pleasure and an agreeable sense of congeniality which I do not doubt I shall retain to the close.

Then he describes a book—a novel—dealing with religious controversy, which he had lately been reading, in which every character embodying views opposed to those of the author "is exhibited as odious." With this he warmly contrasts the method and spirit of *David Grieve*, and then continues:

Well, I have by my resignation passed into a new state of existence. And in that state I shall be very glad when our respective stars may cause our paths to meet. I am full of prospective work; but for the present a tenacious influenza greatly cripples me and prevents my making any definitive arrangement for an expected operation on my eye.

Eighty-five!—greatly crippled by influenza and blindness—yet "full of prospective work"! The following year, remembering *Robert Elsmere* days, and *à propos* of certain passages in his review of that book, I ventured to send him an Introduction I had contributed to my brother-in-law Leonard Huxley's trans-

lation of Hausrath's *New Testament Times*. This time the well-known handwriting is feebler, and the old "fighter" is not roused. He puts discussion by, and turns instead to kind words about a near relative of my own who had been winning distinctions at Oxford.

It is one of the most legitimate interests of the old to watch with hope and joy these opening lives, and it has the secondary effect of whispering to them that they are not yet wholly frozen up. . . . I am busy as far as my limited powers of exertion allow upon a new edition of Bishop Butler's Works, which costs me a good deal of labor, and leaves me after a few hours upon it, good for very little else. And my perspective, dubious as it is, is filled with other work, in the Homeric region lying beyond. I hope it will be very long before you know anything of compulsory limitations on the exercise of your powers. Believe me always

Sincerely yours

W. E. GLADSTONE.

But it was not till 1897, as he himself records, that the indomitable spirit so far yielded to these limitations as to resign—or rather contemplate resigning—the second great task of which he had spoken to me at Oxford, nine years before.

I have begun seriously to ask myself whether I shall ever be able to face "*The Olympian Religion*." Alack! "*Quittez les longs espoirs, et les vastes pensées*."

Strange that it should have fallen to La Fontaine to supply this motto for the last renunciations of an heroic man.

It was, I think, in the winter of 1895 that I saw him for the last time at our neighbors, the Rothschilds, at Tring Park. He was then full of animation and talk, mainly of things political, and indeed not long before he had addressed a meeting at Chester on the Turkish massacres in Armenia, and was still to address a large audience at Liverpool on the same subject—his last public appearance—a year later. When *George Tressady* appeared, he sent me a message through Mrs. Drew that he feared *George Tressady's* Parliamentary conduct "was inconceivable in a man of honor"; and I was only comforted by the emphatic and laughing dissent of Lord Peel, to whom I repeated the verdict. "Nothing of the kind! But of

course he was thinking of *us*—the Liberal Unionists."

Then came the last months, when, amid a world's sympathy and reverence, the great life, in weariness and pain, wore to its end. The "lying in state" in Westminster Hall, though fine in conception, seemed to me ill-arranged. But the burying remains with me as one of those perfect things, which only the Anglican Church at its best, in combination with the immemorial associations of English history, can achieve. After it, I wrote to my son:

I have now seen four great funerals in the Abbey—Darwin, Browning, Tennyson, and the funeral service for Uncle Forster, which was very striking too. But no one of those in the Abbey yesterday, above forty years of age, will ever see the like again. It was as beautiful and noble as the "lying-in-state" was disappointing and ugly. The music was exquisite, and fitting in every respect; and when the high sentence rang out—"and their name liveth for evermore," the effect was marvelous. One seemed to hear the voice of the future already pealing through the Abbey—as though the verdict were secured, the judgment given.

We saw it all, admirably, from the Munitment Room which is a sort of lower Triforium above the south Transept. To me perhaps the most thrilling moment was when, bending forward, one could watch the white-covered coffin disappear amid the black crowd round it, and knew that it had sunk for ever into its deep grave, amid that same primeval clay of Thorny Island on which Edward's Minster was first reared and the Red King built his hall of judgment and Council. The statue of "Dizzy" looked down on him as though to say—"So you have come at last!"—and all the other statues on either side seemed to welcome and receive him. . . . The sloping seats for Lords and Commons filled the transepts, a great black mass against the jeweled windows, the Lords on one side, the Commons on the other; in front of each black multitude was the glitter of a mace, and in the hollow between, the whiteness of the pall—perhaps you can fancy it so.

But the impetus of memory has carried me on too fast. There are some other figures and scenes to be gathered from these years—'93-'98—that may still interest this present day. Of the most varied kind! For as I turn over letters and memoranda a jumble of recollections passes through my mind. Baron

Ferdinand de Rothschild on the one hand, a melancholy, kindly man, amid the splendors of Waddesden; next, a meeting of the Social Democratic Federation in a cellar in Lisson Grove; days of absorbing interest spent in the Jewish East End, and in sweaters' work-shops, while *George Tressady* was in writing; a first visit to Menmore, while Lady Rosebery was alive; a talk with Lord Rosebery some time after her death, in a corner of a local ball-room, while *Helbeck* was shaping itself, about the old Catholic families of England, which revealed to me yet another and astonishing vein of knowledge in one of the best furnished of minds; the Asquith marriage in 1894; new acquaintances and experiences in Lancashire towns, again connected with *George Tressady*, in which I was kindly helped by that brilliant writer, worker, and fighter, Mrs. Sidney Webb; a nascent friendship with Sir William Harcourt, in whom I had early recognized the most racy of political gossips; happy evenings in famous studios with music and good talk; occasional meetings with and letters from "Pater," the dear and famous Professor, who, like my uncle, fought half the world, and scarcely made an enemy; visits to Oxford and old friends:—such are the scenes and persons that come back to me as I read old letters, and running all through, the continual strain of hard literary work, mingled with the new social and religious interests which the foundation of the Passmore Edwards Settlement had brought me.

We have been at Margot Tennant's wedding to-day [I wrote to my son—on May 10, 1894]—a great function, very tiring, but very brilliant and amusing—occasionally dramatic too, as when after the service had begun, the sound of cheering in the street outside drowned the voice of the Bishop of Rochester, and warned us that Mr. Gladstone was arriving. Afterwards at the house, we shook hands with three Cabinet Ministers on the doorstep, and there were all the rest of them inside! The bride carried herself beautifully and was as composed and fresh as though it were any ordinary party. From our seat in the church one saw the interior of the vestry—Mr. Gladstone's white head against the window as he sat to sign the register, and the greeting between him and Mr. Balfour when he had done.

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This was written while Lord Rosebery was Prime Minister and Mr. Balfour, still free—until the following year—from the trammels of office, was finishing his brilliant *Foundations of Belief*, which came out in 1895. In acknowledging the copy which he kindly sent me, I ventured to write some pages of argument on behalf of the German critical theologians, who seemed to me to deserve a fuller treatment than Mr. Balfour had been willing to give them, in defense, also, of our English idealist opponents of—or substitutes for—orthodoxy. But I find that a year or two earlier I had been breaking a lance on behalf of the same school of writers with a very different opponent. In the controversy between Professor Huxley and Doctor Wace in 1889, which opened with the famous article on "The Gadarene Swine," the Professor had welcomed me as an ally, because of "The New Reformation," which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* much about the same time; and the word of praise in which he compared my reply to Mr. Gladstone, to the work of a strong housemaid brushing away cobwebs, gave me a fearful joy! I well remember an anxious moment in the Russell Square drawing-room in '89, when "Pater" and I were in full talk, he in his raciest and most amusing form, and suddenly the door opened and Doctor Wace was announced—the adversary with whom at that moment he was grappling his hardest in the *Nineteenth Century*. Huxley gave me a merry look—and then, how perfectly they both behaved! I really think the meeting was a pleasure to both of them; and when my old chief in the *Dictionary of Christian Biography* took his departure, Huxley found all kinds of pleasant personal things to say about him.

But the Professor and I were not always at one. Caird and Green—and, for somewhat different reasons, Martineau—were to me, as I have shown, names "of great pith and moment," and Christian Theism was a reasonable faith. And Huxley, in controversy, was no more kind to my "sacra" than to other people's. Once I dared a mild remonstrance—in 1892—only to provoke one of his most vigorous replies:

MY DEAR M.,—Thanks for your very pleasant letter. I do not know whether I like the praise or the scolding better. They, like pastry, need to be done with a light hand—especially praise—and I have swallowed all yours, and feel it thoroughly agrees with me.

As to the scolding I am going to defend myself tooth and nail.

In the first place, by all my Gods and No Gods, neither Green, nor Martineau, nor the Cairds were in my mind when I talked of *Sentimental Deism*, but the *Vicaire Savoyard*, and Channing, and such as Voysey. There are two chapters of "Rousseauism," I have not touched yet—Rousseauism in Theology, and Rousseauism in Education. When I write the former I shall try to show that the people of whom I speak as "sentimental deists" are the lineal descendants of the *Vicaire Savoyard*. I was a great reader of Channing in my boyhood, and was much taken in by his theosophic confectionery. At present I have as much (intellectual) antipathy to him as St. John had to the Nicolaitanes.

... Green I know only from his *Introduction to Hume*—which reminds me of nothing so much as a man with a hammer and chisel knocking out bits of bad stone in the Great Pyramid, with the view of bringing it down. ... As to Caird's *Introduction to the Philosophy of Religion*, I will get it and study it. But as a rule "Philosophies of Religion" in my experience, turn out to be only "Religions of Philosophers"—quite another business, as you will admit.

And if you please, Ma'am, I wish to add that I think I am *not* without sympathy for Christian feeling—or rather for what you mean by it. Beneath the cooled logical upper strata of my microcosm, there is a fused mass of prophetism and mysticism, and the Lord knows what might happen to me, in case a moral earthquake cracked the superincumbent deposit, and permitted an eruption of the demonic element below. ... Luckily I am near 70, and not a G. O. M.—so the danger is slight.

One must stick to one's trade. It is my business to the best of my ability to fight for scientific clearness—that is what the world lacks. Feeling, Christian or other, is superabundant. ...

Ever yours affectionately
T. H. HUXLEY.

A few more letters from him—racy, and living as himself—and then in '95, just after his first article on the *Foundations of Belief*, we heard with dismay of the illness which killed him. There was never a man more beloved—more deeply mourned.

The autumn of 1896 brought me a great loss in the death of another intimate friend, Lady Wemyss, as marked a personality in her own circle as was her indomitable husband, the famous Lord Elcho, of the Volunteer movement, on the bigger stage of politics and the Army. It was at Balliol, at the Master's table, and in the early Oxford days, while we were still living there, that we first made friends with Lord and Lady Wemyss, who were staying with the Master for the Sunday. I was sitting next to Lord Wemyss, and he soon discovered that I was absent-minded. And I found him so attractive and so human that I soon told him why. I had left a sick child at home, with a high temperature, and was fidgeting to get back to him.

"What is the matter? Fever? Throat? Aconite, of course! You're a homeopath, aren't you? All sensible people are. Look here—I've got a servant here. I'll send him with some aconite at once. Where do you live?—in the Parks? All right. Give me your address."

Out came an envelope and a pencil. A message was sent round the dinner-table to Lady Wemyss, whose powerful, dreamy face, beside the Master, lit up at once. The aconite was sent—the child's temperature went down—and, if I remember right, either one or both of his new medical advisers walked up to the Parks the next day to inquire for him. So began a friendship which for just twenty years, especially from about '85 to '96, meant a great deal to me.

How shall I describe Lady Wemyss? I see that a recent critic of my work has graciously allowed me the power of "interesting fashionable ladies in things of the mind." Was Lady Wemyss a "fashionable lady"? She was the wife, certainly, of a man of high rank and great possessions; but I met her first as a friend—a dear and intimate friend, as may be seen from his correspondence—of Mr. Jowett's; and Mr. Jowett was not very tolerant of "fashionable ladies." She was in reality a strong and very simple person, with a natural charm working through a reserved and often harsh manner, like the charm of moun-

tain places in spring. She was a Conservative, and I suppose an aristocrat, whatever that word may mean. She thought the Harcourt death duties "terrible," because they broke up old families and old estates, and she had been brought up to think that both were useful. Yet I never knew anybody with a more instinctive passion for equality. This means that she was sincerely and deeply interested in all sorts of human beings, and all sorts of human lots; and although she was often self-conscious it reminded me of the self-consciousness one sees in thoughtful and richly natured young people, whose growth in mind or character has outrun their means of expression. It was never mean nor egotistical. Her deep voice; her fine, marked features; and the sudden play of humor, silent, controlled, yet most infectious to the bystander, that would lighten through them; her stately ways; and yet, withal, her child-like love of loving and being loved by the few to whom she gave her deepest affection—in some such phrases one tries to describe her, but they go a very little way!

I can see her now, at the dinner-table at Gosford, sardonically watching a real "fashionable lady" who had arrived in the afternoon, and was sitting next Lord Wemyss at the further end; a lady with a wonderful frizzled head, an infinitesimal waist, sheathed in white muslin and blue ribbons, rouged cheeks, a marvelous concatenation of jewels, and a caressing, gesticulating manner, meant, at fifty, to suggest the ways of "sweet-and-twenty." The frizzled head drew nearer and nearer to Lord Wemyss, the fingers flourished and pointed; and suddenly I heard Lady Wemyss's deep voice, meditatively amused, beside me:

"Her fingers will be in Frank's eyes soon!"

Or again I see her, stalled beneath the drawing-room table, on all fours, by her imperious grandchildren, patiently playing "horse" or "cow," till her scandalized daughter-in-law discovered her and ran to her release. Or in her last illness, turning her noble head and faint, welcoming smile to the few friends that were admitted; and, finally, in the splendid rest after death, when those of us who had not known her in youth

could guess what the beauty of her youth had been.

She was an omnivorous and most intelligent reader, and a friend that never failed. Matthew Arnold was very fond of her, and she of him; Laura Lyttelton, who was nearly forty years her junior, loved her dearly, and never felt the bar of years; the Master owed much to her affection, and gratefully acknowledged it. And the *Commonplace Book*, privately printed after her death, showed the wide range of interests which had played upon her fresh and energetic mind. It was untrained, I suppose, compared to the woman graduate of to-day. But it was far less tired, and all its adventures were of its own seeking.

It was in 1896, not long after the appearance of *George Tressady*, that a conversation in a house on the outskirts of the Lakes suggested to me the main plot of *Helbeck of Bannisdale*. The talk turned on the fortunes of that interesting old place, Sizergh Castle, near Kendal, and of the old Catholic family to whom it then still belonged, though mortgages and lack of pence were threatening imminently to submerge the ancient stock that had held it unbrokenly from father to son through many generations.

The relation between such a family, pinched and obscure, yet with its own proud record and inherited consciousness of an unbroken loyalty to a once persecuted faith—and this modern world of ours, struck me as an admirable subject for a novel. I thought about it next day, all through a long railway journey from Kendal to London, and by the time I reached Euston the plot of *Helbeck of Bannisdale* was more or less clear to me.

I confided it to Lord Acton a little while afterwards. We discussed it, and he cordially encouraged me to work it out. Then I consulted my father, my Catholic father, without whose assent I should never have written the book at all, and he raised no difficulty. So I only had to begin. But I wanted a setting—somewhere in the border country between the Lakes mountains and Morecambe Bay. And here another piece of good luck befell—almost equal to that

which had carried us to Hampden for the summer of 1889. Levens Hall, it appeared, was to be let for the spring—the famous Elizabethan house, five miles from Kendal and about a mile from Sizergh. I had already seen Levens; and we took the chance at once.

Bannisdale, in the novel, is a combination, I suppose, of Sizergh and Levens. The two houses—though of much the same date—are really very different, and suggest phases of life quite distinct from each other. Levens compared to Sizergh is—or was then, before the modern restoration of Sizergh—the spoiled beauty beside the shabby ascetic. Levens has always been cared for and lived in by people who had money to spend upon the house and garden they loved, and the result is a wonderful example of Elizabethan and Jacobean decoration, mellowed by time into a perfect whole. Yet, for my purposes, there was always Sizergh close by with its austere suggestions of sacrifice and suffering, under the penal laws, borne without flinching by a long succession of quiet, simple, undistinguished people.

We arrived there in March, 1897. It was another haunted vision like that of Hampden—not so romantic, but perhaps more perfect. The house greeted us on the March evening by the mingled light of a cold sunset and the wood fires which had been lit everywhere to warm its new guests.

At last we arrived—saw the wonderful grey house rising above the river in the evening light, found G— waiting at the open door for us, and plunged into the hall, the sitting-rooms, and all the intricacies of the upper passages and turrets with the delight and curiosity of a pack of children. Wood and peat fires were burning everywhere; the great chimney-pieces in the drawing-room, the arms of Elizabeth over the hall fire, the stucco birds and beasts running round the Hall, showed dimly in the scanty lamp-light (we shall want about six more lamps!)—and the beauty of the marvelous old place took us all by storm. Then through endless passages and kitchens, bright with long rows of copper pans and molds, we made our way out into the gardens among the clipped yews and cedars, and had just light enough to see that Levens apparently is like nothing else but itself. . . . The drawback of the house at present is certainly *the cold!*

Thus began a happy and fruitful time. We managed to get warm in spite of a tardy spring. Guests came to stay with us—Henry James, above all; the Creigh-ton, he then in the first months of that remarkable London episcopate which in four short years did so much to raise the name and fame of the Anglican Church in London, at least for the lay mind; the Neville Lytteltons, who had been since '93 our summer neighbors at Stocks; Lord Lytton, fresh from Cambridge; the Sydney Buxtons; some old Oxford friends, and many kinsfolk. The damson blossom along the hedgerows, that makes of these northern vales in April a glistening network of white and green, the daffodils and violets, the lillies of the valley, in the Brigsteer woods, came and went, and *Helbeck* made steady progress.

But we left Levens in May, and it took me another year to finish the book. Except perhaps in the case of *Bessie Costrell*, I was never more possessed by a subject, more shut in by it from the outer world. And, though its popular success was nothing like so great as that of most of my other books, the response it evoked, as my letters show, in those to whom the book appealed, was deep and even passionate.

My first anxiety was as to my father; and after we had left England for abroad I was seized with misgivings lest certain passages in the talk of Doctor Friedland, who, it will perhaps be remembered, is made the spokesman in the book of certain points in the *intellectual* case against Catholicism, should wound or distress him. I therefore no sooner reached Italy than I sent for the proofs again and worked at them as much as fatigue would let me, softening them, and, I think, improving them, too. Then we went on to Florence, and rest; coming home for the book's publication in June.

The joy and emotion of it were great. George Meredith, J. M. Barrie, Paul Bourget, and Henry James—the men who at that time stood at the head of my own art, gave the book a welcome that I can never forget. George Meredith wrote:

Your *Helbeck of Bannisdale* held me firmly in the reading and remains with me. . . . If I felt a monotony during the struggle, it

came of your being faithful to your theme—rapt—or you would not have had such power over your reader. I know not another book that shows the classic fate so distinctly to view. . . . Yet a word of thanks for Dr. Friedland. He is the voice of spring in the book.

J. M. Barrie's generous, enthusiastic note delights and inspires me again as I read it over. Mr. Morley, my old editor and critic, wrote, "I find it intensely interesting, and with all the elements of beauty, power, and pathos." For Leslie Stephen, with whom I had only lately made warm and close friends, I had a copy bound, without the final chapter, that the book might not by its tragic close depress one who had known so much sorrow. Sir Alfred Lyall thought, "the story reaches a higher pitch of vigor and dramatic presentation than is to be found even in your later books, . . . and I delight in feeling, as I read, your fine mastery of the English language, which gives under your hand precisely the phrase needed to fit the thought or the picture."

I see myself, also, opening a letter from Lord Halifax, and hardly able to read it because of the feeling it stirred; and others from Lord Dufferin, Mr. Godkin of the *New York Nation*, Frederic Harrison, and Lord Crewe—from that dear saint and old friend of my youth—Felicia Skene, Lord Goschen, and many, many more. One letter not written to myself, from Mr. George Wyndham—the brilliant Irish Secretary of Mr. Balfour's Cabinet, and man of letters besides—to Mr. Wilfrid Ward, I have asked leave to print as an interesting bit of criticism:

On Sunday [wrote Mr. Wyndham] I read *Helbeck of Bannisdale*, and I confess that the book moved me a great deal. It is her best book. It is a true tragedy because the crash is inevitable. This is not so easy to effect in Art as many suppose. There are very few characters and situations which lead to inevitable crashes. It is a thousand to one that a woman who thinks she ought not to marry a man but who loves him passionately, will, in fact, marry him. She will either discover an ingenious way out of her wood, or else, just shut her eyes and "go it blind," relying on his strength and feeling that it is really right to relinquish to him her sense of responsibility. In choosing a girl with nothing

left her in the world but loyalty to a dead father and memory of his attitude towards Religion without knowledge of his arguments for that attitude, I think that Mrs. Ward has hit on the only possible "persona." Had Laura, herself, been a convinced rationalist or had her Father been still alive, she would have merged herself and her attitude in Helbeck's strength of character. Being a work of art, self-consistent and inevitable, the book becomes symbolic. It is a picture of incompatibility but, being a true picture, it is a symbolic index to the incompatible which plays so large a part in the experience of man.

For the rest, I remember well the happy holiday of that summer at Stocks—the sense of having come through a great wrestle, and finding everything—my children, the garden, my little Huxley nephews, books and talk, the Settlement where we were just about to open our Cripple School, and all else in life—steeped somehow in a special glamour. It faded soon, no doubt, "into the light of common day"—but if I shut my thoughts and eyes against the troubles of these dark hours of war, I can feel my way back into that "wind-warm space" and see through mists the faces that earth knows no more—my father, Leslie Stephen, Alfred Lyall, Lord Goschen, Henry James, Stopford Brooke, my sister, Julia Huxley, my eldest brother—a crowded company!

And in the following year, to complete the story, I owed to *Helbeck* a striking and unexpected hour. A message reached me in November, 1898, to the effect that the Empress Frederick who had just arrived at Windsor admired the book and would like to see the writer of it.

A tragic figure at that moment—the Empress Frederick! That splendid Crown Prince, in his white uniform, whom we had seen at Schwalbach in 1872, had finished early in 1888 with his phantom reign and tortured life; and his son reigned in his stead. Bismarck, "the Englishwoman's" implacable enemy, had died some four months before I saw the Empress, after eight years' exclusion from power. The Empress herself was on the verge of the terrible illness which killed her two years later. To me her life and personality—or, rather, the little I knew of them—had always been

interesting. She had, of course, the reputation of being the ablest of her family, and the bitterness of her sudden and irreparable defeat at the hands of Fate and her son, in 1889–90, had often struck me as one of the grimmest stories in history. One incident in it—not, I think, very generally known, at least in this country—I happened to have heard from an eye-witness of the scene, before 1898, and I may as well set it down here. It was as follows:

The Empress Frederick in the midst of the Bismarck crisis of March, 1890, when it was evident that the young Emperor, William II, was bent on getting rid of his Chancellor, and so "dropping the pilot" of his House, was sitting at home one afternoon with the companion from whom I heard the story, when a servant, looking a good deal scared, announced that Prince Bismarck had called, and wished to know whether her Majesty would receive him.

"*Prince Bismarck!*" said the Empress in amazement. She had probably not seen him since the death of her husband, and relations between herself and him had been no more than official for years. Turning to her companion, she said, "What can he possibly want with me?"

She consented, however, to receive him, and the old Prince, agitated and hollow-eyed, made his appearance. He had come, as a last hope of placating the new Kaiser, to ask the Empress to use what influence she could on his behalf with her son. The Empress listened in growing astonishment. At the end there was a short silence. Then she said, with emotion: "I am sorry! You, yourself, Prince Bismarck, have destroyed all my influence with my son. I can do nothing!"

In a sense, it must have been a moment of triumph. But how tragic are all the implications of the story! It was in my mind as I traveled to Windsor on November 15, 1898. The following letter was written next day to one of my children:

D— and I met at Windsor, and we mounted into the quadrangle, stopped at the third door on the right as Mrs. M— had directed us, interviewed various gorgeous footmen, and were soon in Mrs. M—'s little sitting-room. Then we found we should

have some little time to wait, as the Empress was just going out with the Queen, and would see me at a quarter to 1. So we waited, much amused by the chatter of the various ladies in waiting. (It turned, if I remember right, on a certain German Princess who had arrived a day or two before as the old Queen's guest, and had been taken since her arrival on such a strenuous round of tombs and mausoleums, that hearing on this particular morning that the Queen proposed to take her in the afternoon to see yet another Mausoleum, she had stubbornly refused to get up. She had a headache, she said, and would stay in bed. But the ladies-in-waiting, with fits of laughter, described how the Queen had at once sent her a dose of phenacetine, and how there was really no chance at all for the poor lady. The Queen would certainly get her way, and the departed would be duly honored—headache or no headache. As indeed it turned out!)

Presently we saw the Queen's little pony-carriage pass along beyond the windows with the Empress Frederick, and the Grand Duke and Duchess Serge walking beside it, and the Indians behind. Then in a little while the Empress Frederick came hurrying back alone, and almost directly came my summons. Countess Perponcher, her lady in waiting, took me up through the Long Corridor, past the entrance to the Queen's rooms on one side, and Gordon's Bible, in its glass case, on the other, till we turned to the left, and I was in a small sitting-room, where a lady grey-haired and in black, came forward to meet me. . . . We talked for about 50 minutes:—of German books and Universities—Harnack—Renan, for whom she had the greatest admiration—Strauss, of whom she told me various interesting things—German colonies, that she thought were "all nonsense"—Dreyfus, who in her eyes is certainly innocent—reaction in France—the difference between the Greek Church in Russia, and the Greek Church in Greece, the hopes of Greece, and the freeing of Crete. It is evident that her whole heart is with Greece and her daughter there—(the

young Queen Sophie, on whose character, recently deciphered documents have thrown so strong a light)—and she spoke bitterly, as she always does, about the English hanging-back, and the dawdling of the European Concert. Then she described how she read *George Tressady* aloud to her invalid daughter till the daughter begged her to stop, lest she should cry over it all night—she said charming things of *Helbeck*, talked of Italy, D'Annunzio, quoted "my dear old friend Minghetti," as to the fundamental paganism in the Italian mind, asked me to write my name in her book, and to come and see her in Berlin—and it was time to go. . . . She is a very attractive, sensitive, impulsive woman, more charming than I had imagined, and, perhaps, less intellectual—altogether the very woman to set up the backs of Bismarck and his like. Never was there a more thorough Englishwoman! I found myself constantly getting her out of focus, by that confusion of mind which made one think of her as German.

And to my father I wrote:

The Empress began by asking after Uncle Matt, and nothing could have been kinder and more sympathetic than her whole manner. But of course Bismarck hated her! She is absolutely English, parliamentary, and anti-despotic. . . . When I ventured to say in bidding her good-bye, that I had often felt great admiration and deep sympathy for her, which is true—she threw up her hands with a little sad or bitter gesture—"Oh!—admiration!—for *me*!"—as if she knew very well what it was to be conscious of the reverse. A touching, intelligent, warm-hearted woman, she seemed to me—no doubt often not a wise one—but very attractive!

Nineteen years ago! And two years after this, after long suffering, like her husband, the last silence fell on this brave and stormy nature. Let us thank God for it, as we look out upon Europe, and see what her son has made of it!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

IT will be remembered that in the beginning of the long war between the republic of Altruria and the autocracy of Egoria, the commonwealth was obliged to adopt the system of the empire in recruiting her armies. The Altrurian theory had been that the youth of all classes (for there were still classes in Altruria at that time) would throng to the colors, but it proved that it was only the more ardent and generous who volunteered, or at first volunteered. The mass of the ultimately courageous and unselfish responded to the need of the country only in extremity. The exigency was dire, was apparently desperate, beyond any former emergency; but the moral impulse was too weak, the pressure upon the latent patriotism was insufficient; and only when the democratic Republic followed the imperial example of conscription were the ranks filled and kept full. The method was at first repugnant to the Republican spirit, but it was not essentially alien and it eventually met with no resistance. Its fairness was evident, its exterior equality was recognized, and in the event it enabled the democracy to prevail against the autocracy.

It was found to be of the nature and effect of taxation, and taxation had been accepted in Altruria as the most vital and equitable constituent of the national polity. Without taxation and its principle of universal responsibility the state could not hold together, and the citizens, instead of shirking or shunning it, had become not only its willing, but its eager subjects. The only question with them was how perfectly and justly to tax themselves; tax-dodging ceased to be the joke or venial offense it had once been; it became the most contemptible and abominable crime in the public estimation, for it at once de-

frauded the state and injured every citizen.

The only question concerning taxation was how to vitalize its beneficent principle in response to every need of the Republic. In the years of the imperfect communization of Altruria there was a degree of the poverty universal in the world, and there was the recurrent question of its treatment. With inveterate cases when the pauper could not, or would not, work for his own support, the almshouse crudely supplied his needs, but almsgiving which alone saved him from the almshouse was as common as poverty. This almsgiving was regarded as an evil, and various organized charities intervened to save the pauper from his destitution and the public from the infection of his preservation. These offered themselves to the use of the indolent who would not take the trouble to study the cases of need which found them out, and to the indifferent who would not pity the deserving poor, but would listen to the call of an organization proposing to help them help the meritoriously needy. The hard-hearted might not yield to the prayers of uninvestigated suffering, but they could not resist the typewritten circulars of self-constituted almoners who usually addressed them from high places in society.

The activities of such almoners embraced nearly every sort of suffering; the indifferent found themselves pursued by circulars pleading for the old and sick, the halt, the blind, the deaf and dumb; and from a like pressure many other good works were done at second hand. The arrangement was supposed to safeguard the principle of personality in benefaction, though this was practically abrogated by the societies through their intervention between the asker and the giver, while they did not inflict that dis-

grace of first-hand charity which no after independence in the beneficiary could purge. While the individual refrained from direct good works, the land was filled with charitable institutions which were not felt to carry this sort of stain. There were dispensaries, hospitals, colleges, libraries, and homes for the decrepit, given by penitent millionaires, where one might spend one's otherwise unfriended age, or have a prescription filled, or undergo an operation, or get a liberal education, or borrow a book, without shame. To be sure these institutions were not quite self-supporting; the community was somehow mulcted in the end, or even short of it; and this partially preserved the personal relation supposed sacred between the asker and the giver. The affair remained scriptural; an odor of primitive Christianity clung to it; though at the same time nobody entirely liked it, or felt that it was quite right or fair. Neither the asker nor the giver was entirely happy in it; the giver was even the less happy of the two, no matter how largely he gave, with the understanding that the public would give as much, and would defray the current expenses. People who had once felt an agreeable glow of self-righteousness or consoling atonement in doing an act of mercy by the bestowal of largesse in any shape or size, experienced a sense of shame for what they feared the insufficiency of their deed. They began to ask themselves whether it had been blessed to them as they had once fancied, and their skepticism infected those who had never done charity at all. When it came to this the state felt it a duty to inquire into the matter, and if possible to prevent the spread of the evil.

Such an end must have been reached sooner or later, in the nature of the Altrurian polity, but it was reached sooner in the sort of personal experience of the state which followed an attempt to preserve the personal relation in almsgiving on the national scale. In the course of the war with Egoria, which was waged by that autocracy with the greatest barbarity, it became imperative to provide for the sufferers who survived beyond the measure of any former war. The Altrurian heart, the Altrurian conscience was moved as never before, and

the event was such as no other people had yet imagined. It was realized that those who had risked everything, not only life, but every form of suffering in their devotion to their country, had a claim to commensurate devotion from their compatriots. It would not be possible to spend in the care of the sick and wounded the sums lavished in the hostilities, but the expense must be equally unsparing, and it must be on a scale as fully national. The Republic was swept by an impulse of giving as comprehensive as the patriotism which had characterized its entry upon the war. Meetings were everywhere held; impassioned advocates of the sacred cause passed from city to city throughout the country; the press teemed with appeals to the people to contribute as unsparingly as they spent in their luxuries or necessities, and every form of publicity was used to rouse and hold the givers to the duty which they were made to feel a sacred privilege. The effect was an outpouring of resources which the givers had never imagined from themselves, whether they had imagined themselves rich or poor. In a week, a day, as it were an hour, a national hospital was placed beyond present need, and the event was celebrated throughout the commonwealth with every circumstance of rejoicing. It was regarded as a far more solemn triumph than any victory over Egoria, for it not only reinforced the Republic in the trust and love of its defenders, but it strengthened its citizens with a faith in themselves which they now believed could never fail them.

They had been tried and not found wanting in an event which was one of the greatest of human events. They had been asked to give and they had collectively given without stint. Whether each had given without stint, or in the full measure of his means, was a question which lost itself in the sum of the general exultation. It would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to ascertain the moment when the poor began to ask themselves whether the rich had given all they ought from their riches, or the rich to ask themselves whether the poor had given all they might from their poverty. The question occurred with the first misgivings of the vast

middle class in moderate circumstances who felt that the most necessitous should have tried to give something to the cause which came nearer to them than any others. The middle class held that every citizen of the commonwealth should have given according to his means, even the richest, though they owned to themselves that there would have been something rather grotesque and at the same time vainglorious in any one multimillionaire giving, say, a million, or two or three millions. With regard to themselves the people of moderate means had kindred misgivings. More than one of them doubted whether he had given quite as much as he could spare; he wondered whether his neighbor whose income he knew to be the same as his own had given more or less; he had moments of wishing the subscriptions had been public so that he could have ascertained the fact; but this would have exposed himself as well as his neighbor to the general knowledge.

There remained the time-honored belief that the givers derived a righteous joy from the personal experience of giving, but the givers could not always make sure that they had this, and when they were sure of it they were not sure that they ought to have had it. They were promised a blessing upon it; but what would this blessing have been? Would it have been the crude happiness which a child feels in the praise of a good action; or would it have been a growth in the power of well-doing which they would not be aware of until the future made its demand upon them? They shrank from the possibility of this demand the more as it became more a probability. They became aware of the want of that finality in the good they had done which seemed a property of all beneficence. If one did wrong there was an end; one suffered, one paid some sort of penalty; there was no pledge to future evil; but if one did right one was bound to keep on doing right; one had given a hostage to the divine goodness, which one must go on ransoming forever, by helping the divine goodness in the claims of the created life upon it. The personal satisfaction went out of the charity each had done; doubts of its own nature, of its verity infested it; above

all, the fear of its injustice gathered upon it, the fear of inequality; and equality was the soul of the Altrurian civic life, it was the ethical essence of its being; if the people of that state did not share as equally in giving as in receiving there was a negation of their whole polity.

In the rapid course of events the necessity of another effort of national charity loomed larger and nearer; it took the form of national self-reproach, not because there was any apprehension of failure to meet the renewed demand, but because the national consciousness was possessed with a sense of defects inherent in the means so triumphantly employed before. The very triumph of the means had pledged them to its employment a second time, and yet every thoughtful citizen was afraid that the givers in the first giving had not given justly, perfectly. The rich were often guiltily aware that they had not given proportionately, the poor were sometimes aware that from shame they had given excessively, imprudently, wronging themselves and those dependent on them, and from the wish to shine in alms beyond their means; the pure good of their intention was alloyed. The large middle class for like reasons suffered most because it was the largest; the beauty of the glad eagerness of the first giving was blotted by the exposure of its inherent defects. Yet the good must be done, no matter how imperfectly, no matter how unequally, how unjustly it should be done. The nation must not be frightened from its propriety by the scruples of people whose very generosity was at fault in the self-question which could not be called hesitation, far less reluctance. The problem must be somewhere definitely, ultimately solved, for the need must be met not only this second time, but if the war continued it must be met a third time and repeatedly to the unimaginable end.

The question of men had been inexorably met by the adoption of the Egorian system of conscription, which had been redeemed from all taint of its origin by the spirit of its application. As soon as the conscription was adopted in Altruria it was apparent that it excelled not only in the power which it

imparted, but in the justice which inhered in it. At first it seemed oppressive, and it was really unsparing, but it was unsparing only toward those who would have spared themselves at the cost of the self-sacrificing. When even the profiteering, the greedy, the huckstering submitted to the justice of the universal rule it became the favorite form of devotion to the general welfare; and now its application to the charity which appealed for the second time to the hearts of all was hailed as the best, the only means of satisfying the instinct of benevolence without the taint of reluctance or vainglory.

In Altruria any law which had become an embodiment of justice, a supreme expression of equality, was obeyed with impassioned eagerness, and as soon as the right had in any sort possessed the popular heart the desire to have it embodied in law became universal. The military conscription had come to stand for justice, for equality, and the Altrurian imagination could grasp no higher, no other, form for the embodiment of national charity. One of the earliest statutes, a statute which even anticipated the condition of war and which demanded a change in the constitution itself, was the law taxing the income of the citizens; and now the Altrurians could conceive of nothing finer or nobler than the notion of a surtax beyond the utmost reach of the primary statute for the embodiment of their willingness, their eagerness to join in the charity which called to them nationally, a philanthropy which knew no limit or error in its humanity. In their enthusiasm they called this tax the Altrurian Conscription, and they exulted in its application to every one beyond even the sacrifice demanded by the military conscription. There was no citizen whom it spared, old or young, and the only difference it made was in allowing the rich to give in the measure of their riches without compelling them to this proportionate largesse. There was at first a

suggestion that they should be obliged to contribute in the degree of their income tax; but this notion was abandoned and even the notion of pressure through any publicity given their tax was relinquished as vulgar. Nothing should be allowed to taint the purity of the giving, or to hamper the play of perfect freedom in it. The law was the statutory will of the people to place the charity beyond the danger of a minimum donative, which was fixed at the sum of the first giving.

There proved to be no compulsion; the compliance with the law had the eagerness of the observance of social etiquette; people were ashamed not to have been aware of it, to have shown their ignorance of it; their failure to obey it was a species of *gaucherie*, which stamped them as rustics unused to the customs of good society. There was a proportionate maximum which the richest could not rise above, and a minimum which the poorest could not fall below. The operation of the law was the source of such entire happiness that it superseded all other forms of charity. The innumerable organizations that had attempted to succor want or suffering by urging others to share with them in the work of relief were summarized under the statute of national aid; and this gave the last blow to mendicancy, with the giver's very questionable personal satisfaction of seeing the beneficiary dramatize a gratitude which few of the sufferers ever really felt. Under the law of national relief, of the great Altrurian Conscription, every sufferer whom it reached could feel the affectionate pride in it which the universal brotherliness was meant to awaken. When the war with Egoria reached a victorious close and the rulers of that empire in resigning their autocratic supremacy sank themselves in the mass of its people, every danger of future war was averted, and the law of conscriptional relief remained the memory of a sublime intuition lastingly fulfilled.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

Reforming Verny

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

YOU know Percy, of course—Percy of the evening paper—that harmless, happy-hearted bounder and bluffer, that “big washing and small hang-out” who with his friend Ferdie is always trying to “put something over” in the way of a large impression, and so rarely (too rarely for our happiness) escapes disaster. Our sympathy is with Percy and his friend—wrongly, perhaps, but it is there. They are such cheerful pikers and, in the long run, so square.

I am personally acquainted with Percy—not the identical Percy, but a member of his family, I am sure. He has the same light-some nature, the same longing to be known as among the elect, the same quick rebound and recovery. There is a difference, however. Our Percy, whose real name is Mr. Vernon Disbrow, is not in “gents’ furnishing,” but hardware, and his great side specialty is high finance. Verny has been a boarder with us at the old London Terrace place on West Twenty-third Street for about five years now, and few months have passed that he has not done “something handsome in the Street.” His old friend and schoolmate, “Reggie Keene,” who fairly wallows in wealth, with a seat on the Stock Exchange, is always letting him in on something very choice, with the result that every little while Percy—Verny, I mean—comes home with his chest out and a roll that would choke a horse, which he manages to exhibit in the course of the evening, jerks it out quite accidentally, asks the company’s pardon, and passes it off with a wave of the hand and some airy persiflage about “a little flurry in Tonopah” or something—“just a minor deal with Reggie Keene—nothing much, a few hundred, too late for the bank to-night.”

That always impressed us. We were impetuous, credulous lambs; the sight of much money awed us. Also, when Verny arrayed himself in glad splendor, and told us that he was going out to dine with Reggie Keene and his set, we believed him. Certainly he looked the part.

But then we learned doubt. A newspaper chap came to London Terrace, and nothing

seemed hidden from his X-ray vision. He had been there about a week when Verny came into the parlor one night just before dinner, clad in radiant evening garments.

“Well, well!” we said. “What’s on to-night?”

Verny smiled blandly, waved his hands lightly, and brought them together with a mellifluous little smack.

“Oh, not much—just a bit of evening gaiety with Reggie Keene, my old schoolmate, you know; sort of a quiet celebration—dinner, opera, and that sort.”

His handkerchief came out with a flourish and a fat bundle with a hundred-dollar wrapper tumbled on the floor. Miss Pankers, who



“JUST A MINOR DEAL WITH REGGIE KEENE—
NOTHING MUCH. A FEW HUNDRED”

does library work, said, "Oh!" and handed it reverently to its owner.

"Ah, thanks, Miss Pankers. No great matter, I assure you. Result of a little quick turn this morning in Axle Preferred—one of those war babies, you know. 'Phone tip from Reggie. Too late to bank, unfortunately. Probably most of it will go to-night. On me, this time, you see. So—so. Pleasant evening, everybody."

The door closed and Miss Mittens, who does something in publicity and is a pretty live person herself, said, thoughtfully:

"I wonder if it's always really as he says. But he is amusing."

Nobody ventured anything for a minute or two, then O'Shay of the *Star* said, "Does it happen like this often?"

"Well, quite often; say once a month."

"Always the same way?"

"Oh no! It isn't always when he's going out. Sometimes it's when he's playing cards and is hunting in his pocket for a paper to keep score on. Sometimes it happens when he pulls out his gloves."

"Is it always in the evening?"

"Well, it's been known to occur in the morning when he was starting to business."

"Did you ever check up the stocks to see if they had really gone up, as he said?"

"Oh yes! He frequently shows us that himself."

"Well," said O'Shay, "you're an easy bunch. What he does is to look over the Wall Street edition before he comes home and pick out some stock that has had a boost during the day. Then he gets his bundle of hard-earned savings from the office safe to throw his bluff with. No stock deal is closed with cash. In a thousand transactions he'd have no excuse for handling any real money. Does that mazuma of his always look about the same?"

We admitted that it generally did have a pretty familiar look. There was always a large bill in view.

"Same old wad every time," laughed O'Shay. "Brown paper and dollar bills inside. He's a merry bluffer, that friend of yours. We ought to have some fun with him. Vernon Disbrow—huh! Probably started as plain Jim Smith."

We felt that we were going to doubt Verny after that. O'Shay had shaken our faith in his high finance. Very likely even Reggie Keene was a myth. O'Shay said there was no such member of the Stock Exchange—that if he had a seat anywhere it was on the Curb. Of course he might be a member of an Exchange firm, O'Shay said, but we agreed that even this was most unlikely. Once started on the road to doubt, we had taken a through ticket. . . .

"I hope, Mr. Disbrow, you and Reggie Keene didn't spend all that Axle Preferred last night," said Miss Mittens, next morning at breakfast.

"Just about, Miss Mittens. A box with the Misses Van Beekman, refreshments with vintage ninety-eight, then bridge at Reggie's club later are rather expensive diversions. Nothing in the long run, of course, but a neat little sum for one evening."

"I suppose that, after all, you couldn't spare me a dollar for the Red Cross drive? I'm one of the collectors, you know."

Verny barely hesitated, then pulled a single mussy dollar from his vest pocket and handed it over with quite a grand sweep. This was disappointing. We had hoped it would be necessary for him either to decline or produce the main package.

"Too bad," he said, "you didn't remind me of it last night. Could have made it fifty then just as easy as one."

"Oh, but you might give us a check, you know!" said Miss Mittens.

"Why—why, yes—yes indeed! Only you see"—feeling in one breast pocket and another—"I haven't my check-book here. I might do it to-night if I don't have to use all my ready funds in a deal that Reggie has planned for this week. Something big next time."

"Oh, Mr. Disbrow, you are in so many big things! It must be wonderful to be a man and in great financial deals. By the way, what is your bank?"

"Ah—eh—why, the City National!"

"How splendid to be in a bank like that! Oh, I wonder if you wouldn't give me a letter of introduction! I want to open an account, and I'd just love to be in a really big bank."

Mr. Disbrow repressed a tendency to cough, holding his napkin to his lips.

"De-delighted, Miss Mittens, delighted, I assure you. Only, you see, the president himself told me only last week that they were not taking any new accounts—personal accounts—they are so overwhelmed. I thought they might be asking me to go next, but he put his arm over my shoulder. 'Verny, my boy,' he said, 'we mean to keep the members of our home family.'"

Mr. Disbrow rose and, waving us a gay good-by, departed to his daily task. Miss Mittens said, as she folded the mussy dollar:

"The very next time he exhibits that package of money I'm going to get hold of it. I want to see what it's stuffed with."

But perhaps Verny was a mind-reader. Perhaps he had sensed the astuteness of O'Shay. The next time the market got excited he did not do the handkerchief-and-bundle trick.

"Quite a killing on the Street to-day," he said. "It's pretty nice to be on the inside



"OH, BUT YOU MIGHT GIVE US A CHECK, YOU KNOW!" SAID MISS MITTENS

when that sort of thing is pulled off. Baldwin ten points to the good to-night. It will do better, but I decided to sell, and advised Reggie Keene to. 'Reggie, old man,' I said, 'let's give the next man a chance.' 'Right you are,' he said, and let his holdings go with mine."

"Oh, Mr. Disbrow, won't you show us all that money?" Miss Mittens asked, sweetly.

"Not to-night, fair one. The transaction was late. Settlement to-morrow."

"Let us all in, next time, won't you?" said O'Shay. "Your friend Reggie won't mind your passing a good thing along—just to a few indigent friends."

Verny put up his finger.

"Reggie Keene," he said, "wouldn't give a hint to his own brother a day in advance. I never know until the very day—sometimes not till the hour. No—no, not Reggie."

But the next evening Mr. Disbrow came in rather late and with impressive importance. He was literally on tiptoe—his finger at his lips.

"What is it this time, Verny?" called Miss Mittens, with lively familiarity.

Verny extended his hands as if pronouncing a benediction.

"Sh!" he said, solemnly. "You folks wanted a tip—I'll give you one. Listen!" his voice falling to a hoarse whisper. "It's oil! Buy—Big—Punch! They haven't struck it yet, but they've got the ground

and are boring, and when they hit it the stock will jump to ten, fifty, a hundred dollars a share—stock that can be had to-day for a dollar. There was a fellow in the store, in the paint department, named Billy Barker. He went to Texas last year and got into oil. He's here now looking after machinery and told me to-day about Big Punch. He says they've got the location for a gusher. He says they're likely to strike it any time. It looks good to me. Think of it! A thousand shares at a dollar a share, on a twenty-percent. margin. Two-hundred-dollar gamble with the chance to win a hundred thousand. Now if you want a *real* tip, there *is* one, and don't say I didn't tell you! Easy money, eh?"

If Verny expected a sensation he was disappointed. The wave of excitement that followed his revelation was quite feeble.

Miss Pankers said, "How wonderful!"

Miss Mittens said, "Oh, boy!"

O'Shay said, "Sure, Verny, we'll all be rich in a week." The rest of us went on with the game, and most of us forgot it before morning. We were *on* to Verny. As for Big Punch, we had never heard of it and didn't believe anybody else had. Verny's mania was taking a new form.

Perhaps our gay friend seemed a little silent, a little less buoyant, for a few days after that, but war news was not very good just then and we were all rather depressed.

O'Shay did prod him a little one night with:

"Well, how's Big Punch to-day, Mr. Mag-nate? Stock soaring yet? I've been expect-ing any night to see you come pushing a wheelbarrow-load of money. By the way, where is that old wad you used to sling around here? It's been rather scarce since I came."

Verny was clearly intimidated by the so-phisticated O'Shay. Nevertheless, he could answer. "It hasn't seemed safe to have money around since then," he said, dryly, which rather left the laugh on O'Shay.

The reporter took it good-naturedly enough, but it may have rankled the least bit, for by and by, when Verny was called to the telephone, he said: "The next time that young man tries to put over one of his big deals I'm going to give him a nice im-proving talk."

"Oh," protested Miss Mittens, "please don't spoil him for us! He's such good fun as he is. Don't you all think so?"

We all confessed a weakness for Verny, though admitting that modified reform might be a good thing. O'Shay said:

"He's a good fellow, all right—too good to be working that bluff game. I'm going to save him."

Verny came back just then from telephon-ing. Miss Mittens said:

"I suppose you've been talking to Reggie Keene. Something big in finance for to-morrow, of course; or is it to-morrow night at the Van Beekmans'?"

Verny seemed a trifle flushed and I thought his chest had a tendency to prominence, but he only smiled blandly.

"Oh no! You are quite wrong—quite wrong," he protested, as he picked up his hand. "Just an old friend—not quite of the social set, you know."

"Latest news from Big Punch," grunted O'Shay, to nobody in particular, as he played second hand low, while Miss Mittens, who was his partner, giggled. Verny did not notice the remark openly, but he played the wrong card.

He was late coming home the next evening. Most of us had finished dinner and were in the parlor when he arrived.

"Hey, old man," called O'Shay, "we're waiting on you, to begin the game! What have you been up to? Cornering the market again, I suppose, though I didn't hear any extras called."

Mr. Disbrow smiled benignly on the com-pany. "I judge you are all pretty comfort-ably off to-night," he said, twirling his mus-tache—a trifle nervously, I thought.

"Sure," said O'Shay. "We've had our dinner, if that's what you mean."

"Not entirely, Mr. O'Shay. I mean the news from the Big Punch—though possibly

you haven't heard it. The evening papers, like yours, O'Shay, don't think it worth while in the press of war news to mention the striking of a mere gusher in Texas, im-portant as the event may be to us sharehold-ers. It gives me pleasure, therefore, to in-form those who followed my advice and purchased stock in the Big Punch prospect that the Big Punch drill last evening struck a giant gusher—the largest in that region. Billy Barker telephoned me his first report last night. Stock to-day sold up to a hun-dred and ten. It will sell higher, of course, but I decided to let mine go. Quite a neat little killing—a hundred thousand or so. I've about decided to take a permanent vaca-tion on it."

O'Shay laid down the cards he'd been shuffling and there was a resolute look in his face. A few perfunctory exclamations came from some of the others, such as: "How wonderful!" "See what we've missed!" "Oh, take us along, Verny!" and the like. O'Shay said:

"Verny, my son, sit down here. I'm go-ing to talk to you like a father."

Verny dropped into his regular place at the card-table obediently—almost timidly.

"I haven't known you as long as the rest have," O'Shay went on, "but you're a good sport, all right, and I like you—everybody does. Don't we?" turning to the rest of us.

There was a prompt and generous assent. "Of course! of course! Oh, yes indeed, we all just love him! He's so kind-hearted!"—the last from Miss Mittens.

"Sure—*that's* the way we feel," proceeded O'Shay, "but you've got one fault, and it's easily remedied. You want to cut out this financial and society stuff. It's harmless enough—you don't borrow any money on it—but it's vanity, and in time will lose you friends. You don't fool anybody by exposing a bunch of dough to the gang here and play-ing it as a stock winning, or with that talk about Reggie Keene and the Van Beekman girls. That was a good enough spiel while the folks fell for it, but they're on now, and they'd like you better without it. Come now, we're at the mourners' bench. Con-fess that there isn't any Reggie Keene or Van Beekman girls—not in your set."

I think all our hearts ached for Verny. Miss Pankers murmured:

"Oh, Mr. O'Shay!"

Verny himself did not immediately reply. He shifted a little in his chair and had a helpless, hunted look. Then he smiled rather feebly and seemed to enter into the spirit of the occasion.

"Oh, all right," he said. "I don't mind confessing, now that you're all on to it. That was just a little joke—*jeu d'esprit*, as the French say—also camouflage, you know."



"VERNY, MY SON, I'M GOING TO TALK TO YOU LIKE A FATHER"

"Of course," said O'Shay, benevolently. "And that wad of money, it was the same old roll, wasn't it, right along? Money that you'd worked hard and honestly for and saved, a little at a time, and that never saw Wall Street—isn't that so?"

"That's what it was," acknowledged Verny. "There was two hundred dollars of it. A hundred in ones and a one-hundred-dollar bill, or sometimes two fifties. Confession is certainly good for the soul, O'Shay; I'm feeling better every minute."

"Of course you are. And now this Big Punch business, with Billy Barker from Texas—this dollar a share last week and your giant gusher at a hundred and ten today; sift that out of your soul and we'll start fresh from to-night, pure in heart and white as the driven snow. Give us the last dregs of truth, Verny, and see how we'll all love you."

Verny looked about on the assembled company as if for support. We had all drawn about the table of inquisition, our hearts full of sympathy and friendship. He smiled a little—a smile that gradually became bland and expansive.

"Yes, indeed," he said, "in this great

moment let us make the confession full and complete. The same truth that compelled me to give up Reggie Keene and the Van Beekman girls prompts me to declare that there was indeed a Billy Barker who left our paint department last year for the Texas oil-fields. Also, that he did come back last week with some dope about the Big Punch, which I passed along to you. Also, that I was a good deal worried later, for oil is slippery stuff and I was afraid you'd get in wrong. I did take a chance myself and put in the two hundred—all I had—margin on a thousand shares. I've been on the verge of heart-failure for a week over it. But Billy telephoned me last night that he guessed maybe they'd struck something, and to-day I did manage to get rid of the stuff without loss, as you see."

He drew from his breast pocket an envelope and took out some papers which he spread on the table before us. We politely bent forward to look. It was a broker's memorandum of sale, and pinned to it was a check.

Talk about heart-failure! Our eyes fairly popped. The amount of it was just short of a hundred and ten thousand dollars.



"Going Over the Top"

From His Angle

"DON'T they look sweet?" said the lady Sunday-school superintendent, with a wave of her hand toward the infant class. "There are twenty-seven of them and you will notice they are all about the same size."

"Yes," said one of the visitors, a poultry man, "they look as if they might have been hatched in an incubator."

No Lack of Opportunity

"MAMMY, she'll sure be pleased," wrote Caroline Jess. "She done said when I came No'th: 'Chile, yo'll nebber git no place in New Yawk—an' here I's done had seben places de fust month!'"

Too Sensitive for Science

THE teacher of the class in physiology put to Tommy this question:

"How many ribs have you?"

"I don't know, ma'am," said Tommy, squirming at the very thought. "I am so awful ticklish I never could count 'em."

Deferred Payment

A LITTLE girl of eight entered a store in a small town and said:

"I want some cloth to make my dolly a dress." The merchant selected some and handed the child the package.

"How much is it?" she asked.

"Just one kiss," was the reply.

"All right," said the child, as she turned to go, "grandma said to tell you she would pay you when she came in to-morrow."

Dangerous Beasts

THE teacher had been telling her class about the rhinoceros family. "Now name some things," she said, "that are very dangerous to get near to, and that have horns."

"Automobiles!" promptly answered Johnny.



In Curb-Stone Society

"She just found dat hat in de ash-barrel"

"What good is it to her? It's last year's shape!"



"They say she has taken up new thought"
 "Well, any thought with her would be a new thought"

The Effect of Environment

A SPINSTER in a certain city was a most notable housekeeper, and the immaculate neatness and order pervading every room had made a deep impression upon her small but observant niece.

One day the little girl returned home after a tea party at Auntie's and in an awed tone said:

"Mother, I saw a fly in Auntie's house, but," after a second's thought, "it was washing itself."

A Just Censure

BILLIE is just turned four years. The other evening at bedtime his mother was trying to explain some things about the recent U-boat raids along our eastern seaboard. Naturally it was a simple but truthful picture of the ruthless practises of the Germans during the present war. Billie, listening attentively and deeply impressed, finally demanded:

"Why don't the white folks make 'em behave?"

Nothing Left

"WHAT did your father say when he broke his pipe, Walter?"

"Shall I leave out the wicked words, mother?"

"Why, certainly, dear."

"Then I don't believe there is anything to tell you, mother."

His Mother's Accomplishment

THEODORE, aged four, was visiting relatives in the country. He stood watching his aunt preparing to light the kitchen fire, and observing his interest, she inquired if his mother too burned wood.

"No," he answered, dejectedly, "she don't burn wood." Then his eyes lighted up and he added, triumphantly, "But she burns the dinner sometimes!"

Still Ahead

FIRST CLERGYMAN (*who is beating the other badly at golf*): "Never mind, Martin. You wait till you are saying the burial service over my grave."

SECOND CLERGYMAN: "But, my good fellow, even then it will be your hole!"

Precept and Practice

PROFESSOR JONES, in our high school, Lays down, with stress, an urgent rule. We thrill to him, as he declaims:

"Be candid. Don't evade.
 Give all things plain, unvarnished names,
 And call a spade a spade."

Professor Jones, in his back lot,
 Lays out, with sweat, a garden plot.
 We pause to watch his laborings,
 And listen, half afraid,
 To hear the strange unnatural things
 He calls his rusty spade!

C. E. VAN NICE.

No Trusting a Hun

LITTLE Eleanor vehemently announced her intention of giving up her German lessons with Fräulein. Her father, however, was very anxious that the child should study German, and did not intend to humor her in this direction.

"She hugs and kisses me all the time I'm at lessons, and—ugh!—I do hate Dutch!" cried the little girl.

"See here, my dear," returned her father in a reasoning, diplomatic way, "I have read German and French with Fräulein ever since I was your age, and she has never tried to hug and kiss me."

"Father," observed the child, gravely, "you'd better knock wood."

Too Much for the Stork

THE head of the family glanced up from his paper and remarked:

"I see there's a new hippopotamus at the zoo." Glancing at his son a moment later, he asked, "What are you laughing at, Harry?"

"I was jus' laughin' to think of the stork carryin' a hipperpotamus!" returned Harry.

The Way of the Dramatist is Hard

"MIGHT I ask how my three-act drama is coming on, sir? Has it been accepted?" questioned the young dramatist, eagerly.

"The three members of the reading committee have read it," replied the manager, "and think it will do with one act cut out."

"I am glad to hear it is no worse, sir," said its author, breathing a sigh of relief.

"But," continued the manager, "unfortunately, each one wants to strike out a different act."

An Angler's Paradise

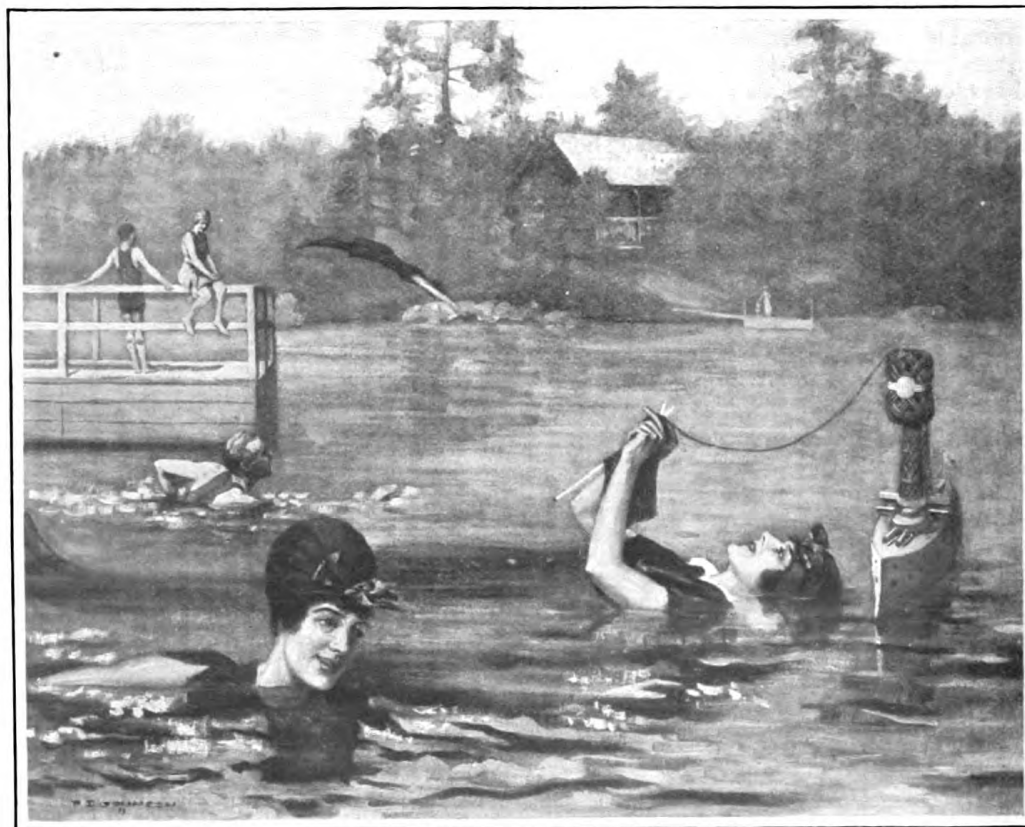
WINDSOR was talking to some friends of a fishing trip he was contemplating on a certain lake.

"Are there any trout up there?" questioned one of the friends.

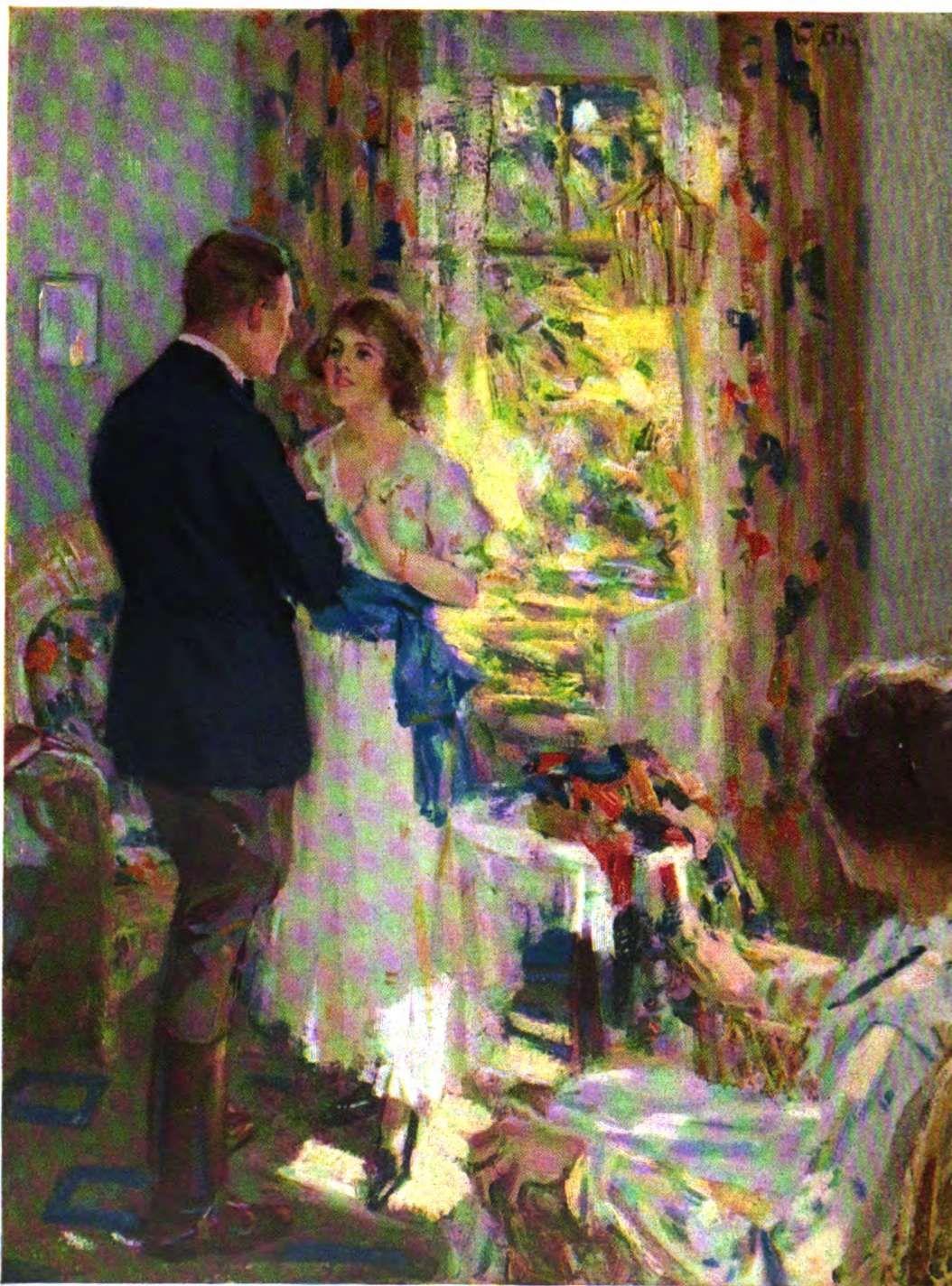
"Trout? Thousands of 'em," replied the other, enthusiastically.

"Will they bite easily?"

"Will they?" reiterated Windsor. "Why, they're absolutely vicious. A man has to hide behind a tree to bait a hook."



"Don't be a Slacker"



Painting by Walter Biggs

Illustration for "The River Road"

"LET'S CELEBRATE BY GOING FOR A RIDE," ALLAN SUGGESTED

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Great Britain's Eastern Ventures

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR FREDERICK MAURICE



At a time when Paris and Calais are not wholly out of danger and the eyes of the world are fixed upon the bloody struggle on the western front, it is very natural that it should be asked why British troops are holding Bagdad and Jerusalem. After the German victories which opened the campaign of 1918 in France, Great Britain appealed to America to send more men and to send them quickly, an appeal which met with a prompt and generous response, and to-day American troops are actually filling the gaps in some of the depleted British divisions. This has been too good an opportunity for the mischief-maker, whose activities have been stimulated by German gold, to let pass, and hints and innuendoes that selfish Britain is, as usual, using her allies to save her at the point of danger, while she reaps a rich harvest in more distant and less perilous fields, have been frequent.

Now Britain entered this war inspired only by the thought of helping France and avenging the outrage upon little Belgium, and with no idea either of territorial aggrandizement or of advantage to herself. That she alone of the Allies has conquered large stretches of enemy territory has resulted directly from German policy and the unprincipled methods by which Germany has endeavored to take advantage of the fact that our Empire is world-wide and peopled to a large extent by subject races. Our chief enemy in 1914 believed firmly that the British were a decadent

race, given to pleasure and money-making, and that the British Empire, resting on a rotten foundation, would topple at the first storm.

It was generally held at Berlin that the Boers were only waiting for an opportunity to throw off the British yoke, and that the native populations of India, of Egypt, and of our African possessions, groaning under British oppression, would, with a little encouragement, rise against their masters. On the outbreak of war and even earlier, German agents were busy wherever they could obtain a footing. Working from German Southwest Africa, they attempted to organize and actually started a Boer rebellion, which was suppressed by the prompt and loyal action of the South African Dominion, while agents from German East Africa began to tamper with the native populations of Rhodesia and Uganda. To any one who has lived among or visited a colony of white settlers scattered over a vast area, populated by childish, ignorant, and easily roused black races, the danger of allowing these methods of raising trouble against us to go unchecked, and the criminal lack of principle which inspired them, will be apparent. The evil had to be scotched and scotched promptly, and the government of South Africa took the matter firmly in hand. Botha himself planned and conducted the campaign which forced the Germans to surrender their Southwest African colony, and Smuts, bringing with him his own South-Africans, and helped by British, Indian, and native African forces, initiated and all but completed the conquest of Ger-

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man East Africa. There will be no more dramatic page in the history of the British Empire than that which records the co-operation of the Boer leaders with the men who had fought against them fourteen years before, or which tells how General Smuts, after occupying the capital of German East Africa, handed over the command to another Boer general, Vandeventer, and hurried home to sit at the same council-table with Lord Milner, the governor of Cape Colony, who threw down the challenge to the Boer republics in 1899.

It is, however, against our enterprises in Asia rather than in Africa that criticism has been directed; and though these have led to campaigns which at any other time would have been regarded as considerable, and we have carried the war far into the enemy's country, yet their story has been in the main one of essential and unavoidable counter-measures, forced upon us by German machinations. Germany brought Turkey into the war with the object of opening a road to the East and attacking the British Empire at what appeared to be her most vital and vulnerable points. Her prime objects were to block the Suez Canal, which the German press described as our jugular vein, destined to feel the Teuton stranglehold; to obtain access to the Persian Gulf, and to gain a road through Persia to the frontiers of India. It was against Egypt and the Suez Canal, as being both most accessible and most promising of results, that her first efforts were directed. German agents were at work among the tribes of Darfur, far to the south of Omdurman, and aroused the religious fanaticism of the Senoussi of the Eastern Sahara, while Turkey was urged into attacking Egypt by the promise of obtaining it as a province of the Ottoman Empire.

The risings in Darfur and the attacks of the Senoussi upon the western frontier of Egypt were checked without much difficulty by our local troops, and before Turkey could seriously threaten the Suez Canal she was called to defend Constantinople against the forces landed in the Dardanelles. That unfortunate and mismanaged enterprise was undertaken by us, with the approval and co-operation of the French, at the call of

Russia, who was hard pressed at the time by Turkey in the Caucasus, and its chief purpose was to open an ice-free passage to the Russian Empire. By the time when it had failed Serbia had been driven back and Germany had obtained control of the railway communication with Constantinople, where German munitions and German troops were arriving freely. The large army which Turkey had collected in the Dardanelles peninsula was set free and the danger to Egypt became very real. Our forces withdrawn from the Dardanelles were therefore first employed in defending the line of the Suez Canal; but, as this has a length of more than one hundred and thirty miles a very large number of troops was required to hold it against attack.

When the problem of the defense of Egypt came to be examined, it was found that the enemy could not cross the Sinai Desert except by certain routes, clearly defined by the position of the springs and wells, and that only along the northern route, which skirts the Mediterranean coast, was the water-supply sufficient to maintain any large body of troops. So a plan was formed to go out into the desert and secure control of the water, which could be done with far fewer troops than were necessary to defend the long line of the canal. The scheme succeeded. The Turks were slowly and steadily driven back from the water-bearing areas and a large force was freed from Egypt and sent to France. The conquest of the Sinai Desert, which was in the main a struggle against nature, has, unfortunately, been surrounded by that veil of secrecy which has, of necessity, concealed so much of what has been accomplished in this war; for it is a story of enterprise and organization, in pleasing contrast to our abortive effort in the Dardanelles.

Since the days of Moses the desert has stood as an almost impenetrable barrier between Egypt and the East, and it was after the failure of his Syrian campaign that Napoleon, who had crossed most of the frontiers of Europe, announced his opinion that a desert is the most effective defensive barrier against military aggression. Why, then, did we go into the Sinai Peninsula to

meet the Turks instead of leaving them to face the difficulties of the desert? The answer is that modern science has altered the problem of the fight of man against nature, as much as it has affected the conditions of the struggle of man against man. The Turks were building a railway from the frontier of Palestine, and if they had been allowed to extend it and to make at their leisure arrangement for storing water we should have had an attack upon Egypt in force which it was most undesirable to await passively. Further, it was of the highest importance to keep open the Suez Canal at all times, as through it passed large numbers of men and tons of foodstuffs and material, coming from India and Australasia, for the support both of our armies in France and of our population at home. Small raiding parties of the enemy, if he was left in control of the desert, could find their way to the canal and drop mines or fire at the passing steamers, enterprises which were, in fact, more than once attempted with some success.

We therefore moved eastward along the coast route into the Sinai Peninsula, building a broad-gauge railway as we went, and we were very soon brought up against a very serious difficulty. It was discovered that the brackish waters of the pools and wells, suited to the stomachs of the Arab and the Turk, had the effect upon European men and horses of a very strong aperient. Water for the army, then, had to be brought from Egypt, and a pipe-line with innumerable pumping stations and reservoirs was constructed across the . . . desert. . . . [Deletion by censor.] England, busy making up her arrears in the supply of munitions of war, could not at the time make pipes of the required size, and these were furnished by the United States and carried over four thousand miles to their destination. The considerable army which lay for months before Gaza was for the most part drinking water borne through these pipes from Egypt. But the provision of water was by no means the only difficulty to be overcome. The loose sand of the desert shifts under the influence of strong winds like snow in a winter storm, forming here high banks and there a wide

expanse of undulations which suggest a rough sea suddenly solidified at the touch of genii. The struggle against the sand was perpetual and arduous; it required great labor to keep the railway clear; no bottom could be found which would permit of the construction of solid roads, while the movement of guns, motor-vehicles, and other wheeled transport was a constant trouble until it was discovered that [deletion by censor] on the sand a good track could be formed which would stand ordinary wear and tear. But, even so, it was necessary to search such parts of the Eastern world as were open to us for camels in sufficient numbers to meet the needs of the army, for no modern expedient could altogether replace the traditional means of transport of the desert. At first the infantry suffered great hardships, sinking at each step into the loose sand up to the tops of their boots, and could make little progress until they were provided with a kind of small snow-shoe made of wire netting. But all difficulties were overcome and the force reached the frontier of the land of the Philistines, which the Turks were found to be defending in intrenched positions extending from the coast near Gaza toward Beersheba.

This was the position in April, 1917, by which time a dramatic change had come over the situation in Mesopotamia. The Turks had been defeated before Kut and had fled in confusion through Bagdad, which had been occupied by the British. These successes compelled the enemy to send considerable reinforcements from Syria to the East and to weaken his forces in Palestine, so the moment seemed opportune to strike a blow at Gaza. The attempt failed and there were no further developments till the autumn.

During the summer the Turks had been making considerable preparations for the recapture of Bagdad and had received much help from their German allies. General Falkenheyn, the former Chief of the German General Staff, arrived to superintend the operations, while large quantities of German munitions and some German troops were despatched to Syria, to join the Turkish army which was assembling about Aleppo for the attempt upon Mesopo-

tamia. It was decided that it would be more effective, and more economical of power, to break up this concentration by striking from the frontier of Palestine than to reinforce our troops in Mesopotamia, the most distant of our theaters of war, where our troops were already more than five hundred miles from the coast. Accordingly, preparations for attack upon the strongly intrenched positions which the enemy had constructed between Gaza and Beersheba were made as secretly as possible. As the Turks were provided with aeroplanes, and the absence of vegetation in the desert made camouflage much more difficult than in France, it was not possible to conceal the fact that an offensive was intended. Every step was therefore taken to make the enemy believe that a new attempt was to be made on the Gaza lines, whereas the blow was delivered by a swift turning movement carried out by mounted troops, mainly Australians, against the enemy's left at Beersheba, which was captured on October 31st. Water for men and animals continued to be the chief difficulty, but, luckily, it was found that the enemy had not had time to damage the wells at Beersheba, and a sufficient supply was obtained to enable the advance to be continued and the enemy's flank rolled up. None the less the hardships which the troops had to endure were severe, many of them having only one water-bottle full of water for forty-eight hours of great heat and choking dust. As soon as the flanking movements had made progress, the line at Gaza was assaulted and the Turks fell back in disorder. The pursuit was continued relentlessly as far north as Jaffa, the eager cavalry giving the enemy no time to rally, and bringing off a number of brilliant charges such as have been rare in this war, in which, as a general rule, the rifle and machine-gun have completely mastered the *arme blanche*.

The Turkish army was completely broken up and lost ten thousand prisoners and over eighty guns. Our troops, however, had outdistanced their supply columns, and a halt had perforce to be called to bring up food and munitions and stores before they could move into the hills of Judea toward Jerusalem.

This gave the Turks time to rally and to bring up reinforcements, and some sharp fighting ensued before Allenby's men were able to enter Jerusalem on December 10th, and on Christmas day, 1917, the representatives of a Christian army were, after the lapse of four centuries, able to celebrate the birth of their Saviour at Bethlehem.

The political effects of the capture of Jerusalem in the Eastern world have been of the highest importance. Of the cities sacred to Mohammedans Bagdad had been captured six months before; the Arabs had driven the Turks from Mecca, and, now that a Christian army was once again in occupation of Jerusalem, only Medina, to which Mohammed fled when Mecca would not hear his teaching, remained to the Turks, while the imagination of every Christian was stirred at the thought that Turkish misrule of their Holy Land was at an end. The military objects of the campaign were completely achieved, for Falkenhayn was forced to divert the troops collected at Aleppo for the Mesopotamian venture to bar the progress of Allenby's army, and they have been kept in Syria ever since. So by Allenby's successful advance to Jerusalem our position at Bagdad has been secured. With this we may leave Palestine and see why we went to the city of Harun-al-Rashid and what we are doing there now.

The Mesopotamian campaign began in quite a small way, with a little expedition from India, which started in the autumn of 1914, soon after Turkey had come into the war, to secure Basra, the port where the Euphrates flows into the Persian Gulf. The purpose of the enterprise was to safeguard the produce of the great Anglo-Persian oil-fields which run along the southeastern frontier of Persia and Mesopotamia, an assured supply of oil being of vital importance to the British navy, more especially as the oil-fields of Caucasia and Rumania had been closed to us by the war. The Turkish forces in the neighborhood of Basra, being ill equipped and ill disciplined, were easily defeated, but it was soon found that a sufficient area of country could not be controlled and the oil-fields protected without a further advance than had been originally con-

templated, both up the Euphrates and up the Tigris. The expedition was accordingly increased by reinforcements from India, and a series of very successful operations in the year 1915 gave us the control of the lower waters of both rivers. In the last of these General Townsend inflicted a very complete defeat near Kut-el-Amara upon what was at that time the last Turkish force between us and Bagdad.

Ere this the enemy agents who had penetrated into Persia from Bagdad had begun to be mischievous, some of them penetrating as far as Afghanistan, and there was danger that the fanatical tribes on the northwestern frontier of India might be induced to revolt. Further, the British government was much exercised at the failure of the Dardanelles expedition, and desired to secure Bagdad both to counteract the effect of this failure in the East and to close Persia to enemy enterprises. General Townsend was therefore authorized to continue his advance from Kut-el-Amara on Bagdad. He met the Turks again on November 22, 1915, at the ruins of Ctesiphon, twenty miles to the south of the city, and at first drove them from their positions, but was counter-attacked by very superior forces which the enemy had succeeded in bringing up in the nick of time. These consisted of troops from European Turkey, who had been hurried eastward to save the capital of Mesopotamia, and were of far better quality than any Turkish soldiers we had yet encountered in this theater of war. Townsend was forced to beat a hurried retreat to Kut-el-Amara, where he was overtaken and completely invested by December 7th.

The next stage in the campaign consists of the prolonged siege of Kut and the attempts at its relief. Townsend with his gallant little band held out for 143 days, until on April 28-29, 1916, he was forced by starvation to surrender with some eleven thousand British and native troops.

Although reinforcements had been sent at once to Mesopotamia to avert this disaster, no adequate provision had been made for the transport of the supplies required for the considerable force necessary for this purpose. The Tigris

is, as a line of communication, one of the most difficult rivers in the world. In the flood season it overflows its banks for miles, and a little rain converts such soil as is not under water into a peculiarly glutinous mud which makes progress on either side of the river almost impossible. In the dry season the river falls so low as to be navigable only by river steamers of a special construction and of very shallow draught. Though the Nile, the Irrawaddy, and the Hoogli were searched, steamers of the right type were not to be found in any numbers, and a special fleet of vessels had to be built, which was not only in itself a slow business, but the transport of the boats, when completed, to the Tigris involved very great difficulties. The best solution of the problem lay in the construction of a railway, but this, too, was slow and laborious, for in order to protect the line against floods the track had to be embanked for the greater part of its length. These arrangements for improving the communications could not be developed in time to save Kut, and the gallant efforts to break through the Turkish line made by the relieving force which could not, owing to supply difficulties, be made sufficiently strong to carry out its formidable task, were repulsed by the Turks.

The fall of Kut-el-Amara was a severe blow to British prestige, and there were gloomy forebodings as to its effect in Afghanistan, in India, and in the Mohammedan world generally. But the loyalty of the Emir of Afghanistan to the British Empire, and the influence of his strong personality on his turbulent subjects, kept them quiet; while the foundations of British rule in India, where our administration had established a reputation with the native population for justice, sympathy, and straight dealing, proved to be too strong to be shaken by an external catastrophe. Recruiting in India flourished, and our Indian army expanded steadily, while all classes of the population, from rajahs to ryots, willingly contributed their quota in one form or another to the prosecution of the war. Yet, in the spring of 1916 these results of the good work of British rule in the East could not be and were not foreseen, and it appeared necessary to wipe out the stain

on British arms left by the surrender of Kut. The remainder of the year was spent in carrying out those improvements to the communications which should have been taken in hand before the first advance on Bagdad was attempted. The port of Basra was developed, railways were laid, the channel of the Tigris was dredged and buoyed, a large fleet of river boats provided, and by the winter of 1916 General Maude was able to begin operations against the Turkish positions round Kut, with the assurance that he would not be hampered by such a breakdown of transportation as had prevented the relief of Townsend.

Then ensued a period of slow trench warfare upon both banks of the Tigris in which the Turks were gradually pressed back, and by February 23, 1917, Maude had reached the banks of the river to the north of Kut, and was able to effect a surprise crossing in the rear of the Turkish line. The enemy was forced to retreat on Bagdad and was followed up energetically and again defeated in a series of actions which completely broke up the Turkish army. Bagdad was entered on March the 10th, our troops capturing in these operations over four thousand prisoners and nearly one hundred guns, including all those we had lost at Kut-el-Amara.

The Turkish forces which had been opposing the Russians on the frontier of Persia, finding their communications threatened by Maude's advance, were compelled to fall back, and the Russians, following them up, were enabled to join hands with General Maude, so that at last a complete barrier was established from the Black Sea to the Persian Gulf to the enemy's Eastern ambitions. It is unnecessary to describe in any detail the operations which have followed upon our occupation of Bagdad. Broadly speaking, the principle on which we have acted has been to take advantage of our central position to strike at the enemy's scattered forces, and prevent him from making preparations for the reconquest of Mesopotamia. As in the case of Egypt, the enemy's possible lines of attack are confined to those upon which water can be found—that is to say, to the valleys of the Diala, the Tigris, and

the Euphrates, which converge upon the vicinity of Bagdad. By continuing to improve our communications and by establishing a network of railways we have been able to develop the advantages of our central position and are certain of being able to accumulate force at any threatened point more quickly than can the enemy. The Turks, having no railway nearer than one hundred and fifty miles from Bagdad, are compelled, in order to attack us, to establish depots of munitions and stores within striking distance of our forces, upon one or other of the river lines. These depots and the forces covering them we have, in succession, attacked and destroyed, and in this way have cleared a wide circle round the city.

There have been many discussions as to whether we should have gone to Bagdad at all, and there can be no question but that we made a gross mistake in doing so in the autumn of 1914, before our preparations were completed and the force was adequate for its task. But, as events have turned out, the gradual extension of the campaign which has been forced upon us by circumstances has in the end proved a blessing in disguise. For when the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk led to the withdrawal of the Russian forces from Asia Minor and from the Persian frontier, the road to the East was again open to the enemy, who has been doing his best to take advantage of the situation and raise trouble in Persia. At Bagdad we are much better placed to counter these enterprises than we would be had we remained at Kut-el-Amara.

Our campaigns in Mesopotamia and Palestine are, then, both primarily defensive in character. In Mesopotamia we are defending India; in Palestine we are defending Egypt; and so long as we employ for these purposes only such forces as are required for defense they are strategically justifiable. If we had remained passive in the East and allowed the enemy to hammer at the doors of India and of Egypt, our power in the West would have been greatly circumscribed and that of the enemy increased; for in these campaigns we have to a great extent exhausted the Ottoman armies and compelled the Turk to with-

draw all the forces he at one time had upon the Rumanian, Russian, and Macedonian fronts. For the campaign in Mesopotamia we have been able to rely almost wholly, and for the campaign of Palestine to a considerable extent, upon the resources in men and materials of India, resources which could not have been made available to anything approaching the same degree on the western front. In both theaters the developments which have been forced upon us by the necessities of war will be of permanent benefit in peace. Turkish misrule has been banished, and in its place just government is being gradually established, under which the oppressed populations are gaining confidence and returning to the ways of industry. In Mesopotamia, in particular, the developments of the harbor, the improvements of the waterways, the construction of railways, and the extension of irrigation upon scientific lines are steadily driving back the line which divides "the desert from the sown," and the traditional

wealth of the country, which had vanished under Ottoman misgovernment, is beginning to reappear.

The same process is at work in southern Palestine, upon the future of which the establishment of direct railway communication with Egypt cannot but have a far-reaching effect. The harbors on the coast of Syria are notoriously bad and this has greatly hampered the economic development of the Holy Land. In the future the pilgrims to Jerusalem will, instead of having to risk a precarious and uncomfortable landing at Jaffa, be carried luxuriously by train from Cairo or Alexandria.

Whatever the Peace Conference may decide as to the future fate of Palestine and Mesopotamia, it is certain that they must never be allowed to revert to the dark days of Turkish rule, from which they have been rescued by British arms, and it is equally certain that it was no lust of conquest, but the necessities of defense, which have taken our arms into these remote theaters of war.

The Healing of the World

BY EDWIN CURRAN

WHEN this wild butchery at last is through,
 God will heal up the battered breast of earth,
 Will bandage it with sunlight and with mirth,
 Will wash it with the rain and stars and dew.
 God, the sweet Doctor of the centuries,
 With medicine of trees and roses here
 And emerald sward, will bind the bleeding sphere,
 Efface the crimson cuts with herbs of peace.

Some day God's kiss, the springtime, will return
 To paint the ground with flowers where men die,
 To cool and heal and soothe each mangled place.
 Like pure white fire the cherry-trees will burn;
 God's birds will sing back sunshine through the sky,
 And God will bathe in flowers earth's scarrèd face.

The River Road

BY MARY HEATON VORSE



It has been years since they have spoken of the River Road in Wareham, for, since the spring freshet in '03, it has never been reconstructed. The Croftons themselves had the road closed by act of Legislature, but the road exists still, for roads are difficult to lose. At present it is only a green thread covered with old turf and blocked with blueberry-bushes. A tall sapling stands squarely across the middle, spreading out its branches to bar the way of the passer-by; on moonlight nights in the spring it looks like a gracious white ghost.

The road curves gently through the bit of wood and turns into a blueberry-pasture, and then it stops sheer and jumps into the river. The bank of the river is high in this spot, and the soil is stiff with the clay that makes the potteries of Huddelford, five miles farther down the river's course.

In the summer the river-bed becomes mottled with flat rocks sunning themselves like giant crocodiles. In the spring the high banks shrink before the onrushing freshet, and the river widens and spreads across the meadows until it looks more like a tawny lake than a stream.

At its highest, the river runs red. This has happened seldom and the people in the countryside believe it is because the river has stained itself with blood. Be that as it may, the whole wide expanse of turgid water becomes a deep red—mud and blood is what it looks like.

It is a strange sight, they say, and one that spells danger. Flood descends with the red water, then the river overflows the lowlands and tears down its banks in its fury, forging out new channels, as if its unnatural color were the reflection of its own ensanguined heart. For fifteen years the river ceased to run red, as though gluttled with its own disaster.

People will tell you why that road was closed and why even the name of Crofton's Bend fell into disuse, but they do not know the whole story.

That no one knows except Lucia Crofton. She knew it inside and out. She knew its every detail as a lawyer might know a case, for she stood at the bar of her own judgment, sometimes as judge, as prosecuting attorney, as lawyer for the defense, and as the prisoner at the bar; and she had been jury as well.

Her trial was the longest in history, continued as it was for fifteen years, for no sooner had the prisoner been judged guilty than she brought an appeal before the high tribunal of Heaven; and if she was not judged guilty the prosecuting attorney was not satisfied. There was never an end to this trial, and the strife of it showed in Lucia Crofton's face. Folks said that it was living alone with that old warped colored woman of hers that made her queer; but it was not this, it was of the trial eternally in progress before Heaven's bar, and which was never really finished, but which came to an end only with her death.

When the menacing red tide ran through the valley in the spring of '17, the people in the valley land said it was caused by the war. They never could accept the explanation of the wise men who declared that when the river rose so high it washed away certain deposits of red soil in the mountains, for to the people who live in the valley disaster comes when the river turns to blood. Certainly it was a strange sight when it ran red, especially on a bright day when the upper side of the swift, lapping waves mirrored the blue of the sky. It looked more like some devouring serpent than like a river.

Afterward Hugh Crofton moved away altogether, for he doesn't wish to see that crimson tide again, since twice it has taken those he loved. What he doesn't know is that it left him one dear thing—that

is peace of mind, and that to him was the most necessary thing in the world, for he is a proud man.

He would have known which side that silent jury of the spirit should have taken, but not every one would have agreed with him. Had it ever come to trial, many would have fought it back and forth. It is no wonder that the case for and against Lucia Crofton dragged on and on, and that in the molding stress of conflict her face became ravaged as though by some slow inner fire.

In the old days every one up and down the valley took pride in Lucia Crofton, as they took pride in the river, and in the valley's beauty, as if in some way her gallantry was their credit, as if, among them, they were responsible for her beauty. To get the full measure of her one had to remember how Abraham Crofton had been beloved. He was that rarest of all men, a lawyer without a legal mind, which meant that he was not only a just man, but a man who had depth to his kindness. He had more than this—he had a unique humor, and his judgments and sentences are still quoted, for he was judge at the county-seat for ten years.

It is high praise, but not too much for him—he belonged to the fellowship of Abraham Lincoln. He had the defects of his virtues, which, even had he lived, would have prevented him from becoming great. His heart was so soft that his hands were forever gutting his own pocket. He gave with such abundance that he was like a flower that blooms itself to death. He gave his time and his substance, which was not only his, but that of his wife and children as well. They say that in the end he gave his life, for he contracted pneumonia when driving on an errand of mercy—a ridiculous errand, too, no more than the getting of a nigger boy out of jail for stealing chickens.

But the most imperious of God's laws for him was the one which bade him respond to any call for help at whatever cost to himself. So when he died he left an imperishable memory, his affairs in deep disorder, his three farms which his father had left him mortgaged, and Lucia with three children—the

baby, Allan, Ruth eight, and Hugh ten.

People in the valley still talk of Abraham Crofton's funeral, for it seemed as if by one concerted thought the people arose and came to do him honor. There was a certain road down the mountain which looked all day long as though ants were crawling over it. This was the road that tapped all the hill-town hamlets, and every one who had a horse or sound legs came marching down that road to the valley. They brought with them their children that they might remember, as they grew up, they had gone to Judge Crofton's funeral. Lucia Crofton sat at her window and saw this trickle of black flowing down the mountain-side, and her heart was lifted up within her. She dedicated herself at that moment to the service of her husband's memory, and her first act was the putting of vain mourning from her. That was more than the valley had expected of her. It expected that she would be stricken to earth. How could she survive without his cherishing love about her, people wondered, for during her marriage she had been carried over the rough places as a mother would carry her child in her arms. Of course, there had been difficulties with money, pinching, small self-denials, but if Abraham Crofton spent money like rain, it flowed back to him like water. Only, now that he was dead, there was nothing but mortgages and disorder.

How many offers of help came to Lucia! How much kindness surrounded her! They said of her, "She has never had to raise her hand; she has never had to think about anything." At the first business meeting, however, it appeared that she had thought about things whether she had to or not. More than any one knew, she had been the partner of his extravagance. She knew where she stood surprisingly well; surprisingly, too, she knew the way out. Love had kept her soft and young in spite of her recent tears, for when Ballestier and Judge Holland and Sears, the president of the bank, came to advise with her, she looked no more than a girl, tall and slender in her black clothes, and as sweet and outgoing as a girl to their sympathy.

When they began to talk they found her instinct with what Sears called a "business imagination." When they asked what she wanted most—

"Time," she replied—"time and a free hand with my farms."

"If you will sell the lower farm, Lucia," Judge Holland began, with the privilege of an old friend, "we could clear off most of the mortgages."

"I will clear them off without selling anything," she flashed.

"Do you mean you can run the three farms single-handed?" Sears inquired. For the Crofton property was threefold—the home farm where Lucia lived, and down beyond the bend of the river—called Crofton's Bend—along the River Road, two other farms, each with its farm-houses, stables, and barns—an inherited patrimony of which the judge had been proud.

Lucia sat up eagerly on the edge of her chair, her black clothes trailing about her. Courage, they said, flamed out of her, and they sat and listened instead of advising. When they went away Judge Holland cleared his throat.

"Gentlemen," he said, "what we have witnessed to-day has been a fine, inspiring sight."

He was of the old school and loved to use sounding periods, yet this time there was no overstatement in his words, nor in those of Sears, who added:

"That is a beautiful, brave woman."

That was when the valley began being proud of Lucia Crofton, and it kept on through the years that she raised her children.

Before Ruth was twenty Merrill Clay came courting her. He was Hugh's senior by two years. A proper husband for Ruth, every one agreed, a blond man with a face as brown as if he had followed the sea, a hater of injustice, tender, hot-tempered, warm-hearted. She received one of the farms of Crofton's Bend as her portion. Hugh was to have the other when he married. But the thought of marriage seemed far from him. Both he and Ruth showed the effect of their early struggle with poverty.

Especially Hugh. He was a dark, proud man who had been stern with himself for his mother's sake and his

father's memory. Perhaps he went too far in the purgation of the flesh; perhaps he was too punctilious in his devotion to his father's memory. Nothing short of perfection could suit him, and it may be that he felt his father's heart flaming warm within him and that he feared encumbering human ties before he should have done what he believed to be his duty.

Allan, ten years younger, had no share in the early struggles. He was, perhaps, the dearest of all to Lucia, for while she worked with the others she played with Allan. He was the garden spot of her heart, and every day, with his hot generousities, he seemed more and more to reincarnate his father's spirit.

He was home on his summer vacation the year of Hugh's marriage, which happened this way. Allan and Lucia were in the flower-garden which surrounded the house. Ruth and Merrill had driven over and the tea-table, according to their custom, was set on the lawn under the big linden-tree. Canterbury-bells and foxgloves spired about them. Snapdragons made splashes of color against the green lawn. They saw Hugh hurrying toward them with the swift way of a bearer of good news.

The thought, "How like his father he looks to-day!" pierced through Lucia's mind. The gravity of his years had fallen from him, and yet there was exaltation in his gladness. It was as if his gravity had been the sheath of some flower, and now this flower had bloomed. Impulsively Lucia held out her arms to him, and he gathered her up and kissed her with a gesture which he had learned from his father.

Then he said, "I'm going to be married."

Lucia kissed and blessed him, and then she said, "She's very young, isn't she, dear?"

At this Merrill Clay smiled to himself because he had thought this also; there had been a note in Hugh's voice with which one never speaks of grown-up people. It was as if the shining loveliness of the youth of this unknown girl was reflected in his face.

"What can she see in me?" was the next thing Hugh said.

They had to smile at him. He called

forth from them the tenderness which a child evokes. He was unconscious of the smile of comprehension which Lucia and Allan exchanged, and yet Lucia felt that tears were not far from her eyes. He had always guarded his heart jealously; he gave it now completely.

"I'll tell you who she's like more than any one else—I don't know why I didn't think of it, but it's true—she's like Allan." He clapped Allan on the shoulder. "You know, mother, what I mean. You know all the things that make us all love Allan so! It really should be Allan instead of me," he added, with a lover's humility; and then, with exultation in his voice, "but it isn't Allan, it's me! I don't understand it, but it is."

"How long have you known her?" Lucia asked.

He peered into a remote past. "Three days," he said.

At this they all laughed. Who could have helped laughing? Hugh had been an advocate of marriages based upon community of tastes and a similar upbringing. He had maintained that all people should marry as Merrill and Ruth had done—the Clays and the Croftons were neighbors and Merrill had carried Ruth's school-books for her.

"And we're going to be married three days from now."

He looked at his mother challengingly, as he had looked when, as a little boy, he had meant to defy her. For answer, she swept back the dark hair from his forehead and kissed him.

It was one of those occasions when all practical considerations become impertinent. One may not argue with the rightness of the stars. No one had ever seen Hugh as he was that day. He seemed younger than Allan, as if he were pressing all the golden moments of boyhood into an hour. Lucia wondered what loveliness it was that could so evoke such hidden loveliness in him and could so release his spirit, burdened as it had been by the weight of early responsibility.

"I want to go around shouting, 'I love Judith!'" he said.

The name, Judith Marsden, awoke some echo of memory in Lucia. A vague feeling of disaster sped across her mind

like a passing cloud. She knew there was a recluse by that name living on the mountain, though before she had time to speculate further he poured out his story on them with amazing disregard for privacy. He included Allan as one felt he might have included the world. Boiled down, it was this: he had been up in the mountains on business; had been overtaken by a storm near the Marsdens' house. Marsden and he had liked each other. He had met Judith; he had loved her, and she had loved him. One gathered Marsden himself had been swept along on the rushing tide of their sudden love and its beauty, as Lucia had been. They were to be married at once, and coming with Bessarabia to live on the farm down Crofton's Bend which adjoined Ruth's. He spoke as if Lucia knew by intuition who this Bessarabia was—a colored woman, she turned out, a dwarfish little creature who had been Judith's nurse.

There was comment enough, up and down the valley, you may be sure. People tried to remember the history of the Marsdens. There was a vague sense as of some disaster, some cloud of calamity about them, from which no facts emerged.

Philip Marsden had been living in the mountains twenty years. His slender dealings with the people about him made him respected and even beloved.

While Hugh and Judith were away on their wedding trip Lucia got the house by Crofton's Bend in order, and on the day of their arrival Mr. Marsden drove down from the mountain, Bessarabia, hunched and watchful, beside him, and Judith's white riding-mare following them. Lucia always remembered that moment with the definiteness of outline of a steel engraving. Marsden's eyes held the memory of tragedy; he seemed starting out tentatively, and without trust, on some new adventure. Bessarabia, like some spry little animal who had been warped by a trap, sat beside him, and the piled, old-fashioned luggage about them and the white horse behind them gave to the lot of them a legendary aspect.

They were people who didn't belong within the ordered harmonies of Lucia's

life; still, they attracted her, both of them. It was a lovable oddity that they embodied, and yet one had no instinct to laugh at them; instead, one wondered

Lucia wondered a good deal; she wondered still more the first hour of Judith's return. For neither the old woman nor Marsden himself would take their eyes off Lucia; they held her with an oddly questioning gaze. What was it they expected to find, Lucia wondered. Did they imagine Hugh was an ogre? It aroused in her both impatience and foreboding, and then she forgot them in Judith's charm.

The girl swept her away as she had swept Hugh away by her loveliness. After all, it was only a dim reflection of Judith which Lucia had seen on Hugh's face. It was not only that Judith had beauty; she walked into their hearts with the directness of a child—a shy, good child that demands nothing, but who appeals to the love of every one.

Enchantment was Merrill Clay's word for her.

"He loves her too much," was Allan's comment as Lucia and they drove home.

Lucia could never put her finger on the moment when the serene intensities of love deserted Hugh and torture took its place. It came gradually, like daylight fading into a twilight peopled with dubious shadows.

He loved her too much. He loved her so much that his eyes ached for the sight of her when he was not with her. He loved her so much that life held no reality for him when she was away.

Judith was used to wide, cool spaces and the impersonal solitude of the woods. She was farther-ranging than the valley women. Often Lucia would see her on her white horse, her bronze head gleaming in the sun, making for the mountains and their quiet. Then Lucia would go down the valley road which skirted the river, on some pretext to visit Hugh, and find him raging up and down as though in anguish for his loss, waiting for her return. It was a love that consumed and scorched him and against which he was powerless.

Ruth's comfortable theory was that Hugh was crazy over the child and

would presently get over it. Merrill's sympathy was with Judith. She needed cooler places, more play—less tenseness, was his version.

What was wrong? Lucia couldn't tell. There was no one to blame. She watched Bessarabia, who, grotesque and watchful, was a barometer of their happiness.

Toward spring Lucia heard their various versions—a series of vague impressions—Bessarabia's first. Lucia went to the house on Crofton's Bend one day and found Bessarabia peering out of the window. As she had a dozen times, the colored woman opened her mouth as if to speak, and closed it again.

"What are you watching for?" asked Lucia, sharply. "What are you afraid of?"

"I ain't afraid o' nuthin'," she said, turning her head away.

"You are," Lucia insisted. "You are. You've always been afraid! Her father has been afraid, too. Mr. Marsden is afraid."

"I ain't afraid," Bessarabia repeated, "but I can't help watchin' my baby. It's like she was enchanted! It ain't her fault folks loves her like dey does!"

"Of course it isn't," said Lucia. "She's lovely, and we all love her."

"Oh, you-all's all right! It's Mist' Hugh. Sometimes he love her so dere's no air for her to breathe. Sometimes he's scared, he loves her so, and leaves her shiverin' in the cole. He love in an awful oneasy fashion, Mis' Crofton. When Mist' Hugh come up to us and I seen him so grand and grave, an' den I seen him melt like snow, I sez to Mist' Marsden: 'It's come. We can't help it. All we gotta do is pray.' Oh, if she was like other folks!"

"What do you mean?" asked Lucia.

"I dunno! I dunno!" Bessarabia cried. "I'm scared. I'm always scared. It's like her ma. They killed her between 'em, lovin' her."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Lucia said, impatiently.

"Some folks is born dat way," said Bessarabia. "Dey's born to be loved too much. Where dey come trouble fol-lers. 'Tain't deir fault. Dey can't help it. It's de stars!"

Lucia walked slowly home, trying to



Drawn by Waller Biggs

"I AIN'T AFRAID, BUT I CAN'T HELP WATCHIN' MY BABY"

unravel the old woman's chatter. Her mind traveled out down the years. She thought of the beautiful and fateful women of history who carried in their innocent hands life and death. She knew what Hugh felt, for, in a way, every mother has felt the touch of this destructive love when she has held her own children in her arms. Some mothers are haunted with it, and take no joy in their children because the shadow of loss forever darkens their lives. Lucia knew it was this shadow that was menacing Hugh and darkening the fair spaces of his life.

She found him at her home when she returned, walking up and down in his restless fashion.

"I've just come from your house," Lucia volunteered.

"Has Judith come back?" he asked.

"No," said Lucia.

She put her hand on his hot forehead. Hugh spoke first.

"It's absurd of me, isn't it?" he said.

"A little," she agreed. "You know she loves you."

"Oh," he cried, "how can I be sure? She's so much younger than I am. She's so much too good for me, and she seems forever—to be escaping me!"

"Come," said Lucia, with a touch of sternness in her compassion; "you've done this long enough."

They talked for a long time, their hands clasped together, while he reasoned with himself, and when he went away his heart was more at rest.

Shortly after he had gone Judith came in. Her face was pink with the air of early spring. She went up to Lucia and buried her head in her shoulder with a little gesture that always hurt Lucia's heart, it was so full of confidence and sweetness. Then she raised her eyes squarely.

"What do I do that's wrong?" she asked. "I don't make Hugh happy. I don't! I don't! And I love him so. He seems forever asking me for something I haven't given him. He seems forever tormented with fear. . . . I just like to be alone sometimes—I'm used to it."

She spoke as if pleading with Lucia to tell her what was wrong. That was the sum of Lucia's knowledge of the whole intangible business.

Late that spring Allan came home, convalescent after an illness. Lucia and he were standing together in the open doorway, looking over the valley, their arms about each other, when Judith came flying down the River Road. Lucia heard Allan draw his breath in sharply. The word, enchantment, rose to the surface of Lucia's mind. There was a lovely swiftness in the girl's approach—a flashing, breathless beauty. It was the beauty that men have followed blindly—for which they leave their homes and betray their country. The pitiless loveliness which obsesses the hearts of men who respond to it. Fragments of Bessarabia's talk echoed in Lucia's ears—"It's not her fault—she don't know—" Judith didn't know. She hadn't learned that men's hearts would turn to her; she hadn't learned caution. She knew only how to give, and she ran toward Allan, her hands outstretched. It was the enchantment of spring and of childhood, of a gracious, loving heart. She dazzled the boy with it. It was like coming out into too much sunlight after a long illness.

From that moment they were together continually. Judith bloomed. She had needed companionship and play, for Hugh did not know how to play. He himself seemed contented enough with their friendship.

"She needed companionship of some one near her own age," was how he put it. He threw himself into his work, and for a time life flowed as evenly as the river.

They had been riding one day, and Lucia stood at the window, watching for Allan. He rode up slowly, sitting slackly in his saddle. Slowly he dismounted and walked to the barn, the roan following him. He came in and sat down before the fire, gazing into it. Suddenly he got up and shook his shoulders impatiently, as if trying to shake loose some burden.

"I think I'll go to-morrow," he told Lucia, but he did not go. Instead, he flung himself on his horse and rode off across the mountain. He spent long hours brooding before the fire. He had not fully recovered his strength, and love had come to him like a freshet in spring, for some one for him unattainable; for some one, according to his code, that he

must not care for—since he was a good boy, full of idealism, never a squanderer of passion.

He tried to go—Lucia saw him as if tugging at anchor, and yet he stayed, hiding his tragic sense of dishonor behind his habitual gaiety. He stayed, but he stayed away from Judith. This for a week, and then she came for him.

She came into the room like a blossoming rose-bush, like a breath of spring. Enchantment, loveliness, enhanced by a hint of tears.

"Have I—have I done something you didn't like?" she began.

"Of course you haven't."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" she answered, and put both hands on his shoulders.

Lucia wanted to cry out to her. It seemed impossible that she should be so pitilessly innocent.

"Let's celebrate by going for a ride," Allan suggested. The shadow had fallen from him. He had forgotten everything except that he was to be with her. Lucia walked up and down, unconscious that her pity for her boy would not let her stand still. Suddenly she stopped and looked at her face in the glass. It was full of sternness. In some hidden depths of herself she judged Judith.

Yet Judith had come, Lucia had to admit, as though she were making peace with a dear brother whom she feared she had offended.

As she pondered, history grew real to Lucia. It was not for nothing that men had feared women. Not all the calm love of mothers for children, the devotion of good wives to husbands, could atone in the hearts of men for the destruction of the magic enchantment. Wasn't it more criminal to be such a God's fool than to be actually wicked? It was the beauty of her goodness that had won Hugh, that even gave her Merrill's pity—undeserved pity, Lucia decided. She had not suffered; only the others.

In Bessarabia's mind it was the stars—"Whar dey go, misfortune follows."

Then, as if in answer to her thought, Bessarabia came hobbling up the path.

"Whar's Mis' Judith?" she gasped.

"Whar Mis' Judith?"

"Why?" Lucia wanted to know.

"Kase Mist' Hugh is lookin' for her."
"There's nothing strange about that, is there?"

"He's speshu, lookin' for her!"

"She's gone up to her father's."

"Mist' Allan—he gone, too, with her?" asked Bessarabia.

"Yes, he's gone with her," Lucia answered.

Bessarabia sat down. Her attitude struck Lucia rigid, for there was in her pose an expression of surrender which said, "All is over—it's finished." She arose slowly, her head drooping, and without a word, without looking up, she went back home. Lucia watched her as she hobbled down the River Road. Hugh followed shortly after this.

"Do you know," he asked, "where Allan and Judith are?"

Lucia told him.

"I'll sit here and wait for them, if you don't mind."

They had spoken to each other too smoothly for honesty, and they knew it.

He sat waiting in unalterable quiet through the long afternoon. Lucia walked around and around the wall of his silence, trying to find some means of entry, but there was none. She could only guess what was behind it. The silence endured, lengthened, but never broke, and Hugh, buried in his thoughts, concentrated in his waiting, did not know that his eyes had not left the window which governed the road.

Then toward evening there was the beat of a horse's hoofs and Allan flashed into the yard. But still Hugh did not leave his unnatural silence; still he did not move. All he said was, when Allan came in:

"Where's Judith?"

A light as of some inner happiness was on Allan's face. "Why, I left her at home!" Then he stopped short at the sight of Hugh's face. "I left her at home. We had a wonderful ride."

"I dare say," said Hugh.

The light and color ebbed together from Allan's face. "What do you mean?" he asked. "What are you talking about, Hugh?"

"Don't let's waste words," said Hugh. "You know what I'm talking about. If she loves you, Allan, what is there for me to say? But if you only love *her*, you

might let us keep whatever happiness we have left!"

Then he went away without looking at Allan, without giving him a chance to answer. He had done a terrible thing, a cruel thing, for he had brought out Allan's secret into the light of day. Allan passed Lucia on his way to his room as though he did not see her. All night Lucia kept vigil with him as he walked up and down in his torment. He had sinned against his brother and against every code that made life worth living for him, and he had not been allowed even privacy in his suffering. Toward dawn he must have slept, for Lucia heard nothing more.

Next morning he came out and kissed her gently, and talked quite naturally about going away. She helped him pack while she gossiped about the small things of life. Then he went out for a walk. He didn't come back. She waited, a sense of disaster growing within her.

Evening came. The sky was a light primrose, the river was silver, the earth in shadow. A group of people, dark blots against the twilight fields, came up the River Road. They walked slowly, for they carried a burden between them.

As Lucia ran down the path, Merrill detached himself from the others and put his arms around her and his hand over her eyes.

"Allan?" she asked. "What's happened to him?"

"The river," Merrill answered. "The river's rising. His skiff was overturned. He wasn't strong enough; it—it—got him."

The travail of grief was stern with Lucia and Hugh. It tore at them; it would not let them rest. Afterward, during the long years of her trial, Lucia realized how little they thought of Judith in the days that followed and how they excluded her from the fellowship of grief. She remembered, too, how they blamed Judith wordlessly. During that time, too, it was as if Hugh's affection ebbed out on as compelling a tide as it had flowed to her.

No wonder she turned to Merrill, no wonder Merrill was touched by her loveliness. She had always lived in the

heart of love, and now love had cast her forth.

They had no proof, of course, that what had happened was anything but an accident. They had what was worse, their moral certainty.

Aloud Hugh blamed himself. He felt as if he had put a knife in Allan's heart when Allan was too weak to defend himself. But beneath his blame of himself he blamed Judith. One thing stood out clear and definite, that the boy had been following his conscience, keeping away from her, making ready to go, and she had come for him, winning the heart out of his body with her intolerable sweetness.

Why couldn't she have let him alone?

That was what all three of them asked one another with their questioning eyes—that was Judith's damnation. It was a shallow excuse with which she had sought him. There was no weakness in Allan; he was capable of walking up to her bravely and asking her to dispel whatever shadow might have fallen between them.

The three of them mourned Allan together in silence. The waste of it was what made it unbearable. His loveliness, his sweetness, and his beauty, snuffed out for nothing, while all about them bloomed spring.

Only the river rose and rose, more menacing each day, no longer blue, but a tawny yellow, on its surface uprooted trees, empty skiffs, rails of fences, and sometimes the smaller outbuildings—forerunners of great disaster.

At first Judith accepted her exclusion. Then a dark understanding of what was implied began to grow in her spirit. It was then that Merrill began to be kind to her. He had a hot dislike of injustice. He thought they were unjust to her, and Ruth and he quarreled. Ruth would not talk of what had happened, only that the peace of her house was rent in two. Finally, out of her pain, she cried:

"What has happened to us all? We are poisoned! All of us are poisoned! Merrill and I—quarrel—and Hugh—Hugh sees it, too."

"Sees what?" asked Lucia.

"Sees that Merrill—takes sides. He makes an excuse—Merrill—to go to Judith every day. Do you know what he calls her? 'That poor, stricken

child.' He thinks she should never have married a man like Hugh. He's always thought that."

"What sort of a man should she have married?" asked Lucia, bleakly.

"One like himself, I suppose," Ruth answered, with harsh bitterness.

Afterward, as Lucia thought it over, it seemed to her the truth—that they had been poisoned. By what? By their own jealousies, their own thwarted lives? Afterward, as she sorted the facts out, one by one, and turned them over and over in her mind, Lucia could not remember one ungracious act, one unlovely word, on Judith's part. She needed love and comfort and took it wherever she could find it. And yet, Allan was dead, Hugh was stricken to the heart, and peace had fled Ruth's house. Antagonism grew between the two men—old friends, good neighbors, kinsmen.

Merrill, the champion of Judith, showing them all recklessly what he felt, finally breaking all bounds of discretion by giving his thoughts the form of words. The conversation, as Ruth reported it, ran like this:

"Judith is not looking well," Merrill began.

"No?" Hugh answered. "That is strange."

"Not very strange," Merrill answered, with a level insistence. "Why don't you take her away?" he burst out. "Take her away from all this, Hugh, and straighten it out."

"Straighten out Allan's death, you mean?" Hugh suggested. "He would be just as dead wherever we were, wouldn't he?"

Hugh rested his questioning eyes on Merrill. They said, "What's all this to you?"

"Your *own* wife doesn't look any too well," he suggested. "What if each of us were to look after his own wife?"

He underscored it lightly and his accent was like the flick of a whip across Merrill's face, and for a moment, Ruth insisted, murder flamed in the eyes of both of them. For one moment they stood there, facing each other, tense and white and menacing. Then Merrill said, shortly, "Come, Ruth," and left the house.

"Since then he hasn't seen her," Ruth added. "He walks up and down. I hear him muttering in his sleep. He thinks of nothing else!" She stood before her mother, her gracious sweetness turned to tragedy.

"*I can't help hating her!*" she said. "*I wish I had never seen her! I wish she were dead!*"

"Hush!" said Lucia. "You mustn't say such things!" her words sounding trivial and inadequate in her ears.

"What have we got to look forward to?" Ruth cried. "When shall we find peace again?"

That Lucia could not answer. She put her arm around Ruth and together they walked down the road past the River Road.

"The river's running red again," said Ruth, her mind far off.

"Yes," said Lucia.

The red, menacing river denied the tenderness of spring. The red, onrushing river spread its tide toward the horizon. They talked of former floods and of how many times the River Road had changed, and as they talked their eyes questioned each other. They found no answer as to how peace or happiness was ever to find a dwelling-place among the five of them.

The next day was like sultry mid-summer. Dark clouds big with thunder rolled down the valley. As though driven before the storm, Lucia saw Judith on her white horse making for the mountain road. She was leaning over in her saddle, giving the horse his will. There was something about her that suggested flight and disaster.

A few minutes later came Merrill in pursuit of Judith. Again the sound of a rapidly driven horse brought Lucia to the window, and Hugh fled past. He had had just time to harness and follow in Merrill's pursuit. They had streamed down the road on a current of disaster. Murder was abroad that day. Lucia did not need Bessarabia's story of a quarrel—of Judith's flight. She came to Lucia, wailing:

"Help my baby! Dey's goin' to be murder! Dey's goin' to kill each other!" and Lucia sent her away.

The storm obliterated the landscape in a sheet of steely rain. It passed, and

a pale, treacherous sun came out, throwing the young green of the hills into relief against the clouds.

All day Lucia sat and watched. Few people used the River Road. Night and storm together darkened the world.

Suddenly Lucia thought, "The River Road!" Before now the red tide had eaten into it. She hurried down. The red had gone from the river and its current flowed black. Lucia could distinguish the dark shapes of things, of houses and of wreckage, on its surface. Then she stopped a dozen yards from the river. The splendid margin between the road and the river had been eaten away. The road ran squarely to the river, which swirled below the sheer bank. It had been cut off as though with a knife.

Darkness again descended on the land and the rain came in floods. Lucia ran to the house and lighted the lantern, and in the darkness and rain she tugged at rails to make a barricade across the road. Then the darkness lifted a little, the rain was lighter, and Lucia heard the sound of a horse. She stood still.

"Judith!" she thought. "I'm only just in time." A sudden thought pierced her and left her motionless. It was, "*What if I hadn't come!*" Now she was sure she heard the sound of a horse's hoofs above the rush of the rain, and still she stood motionless by the roadside. "*What if I didn't know the River Road was flooded—*"

She saw, as though drowning, the picture of their life, murder stalking, the happiness of their tranquil days destroyed. She saw the figure of Judith, flying as if hunted, and sudden pity gushed over her. The tears came to her eyes. What cure was there for her? She was flying before the storm of murder. A poor, whirling leaf in the stream of men's desire—ignorant and loving—lost through her own loveliness.

Through the blackness came an oncoming rush of white like the crest of a wave.

"If I hadn't come," Lucia thought. "Sorrow and—then peace—instead of murder and despair—" Without her will, it seemed that her hands hid the lantern in the black folds of her dress. She stood there, blotted in the darkness,

indistinguishable, hiding the light of her lantern, and as she stood there she heard her voice crying out into the storm, "*O God! let their sins be on me!*" She felt neither hate nor regret nor fear, but, instead, pity for all of them, for the men—for Allan and the hunted girl. She seemed held motionless in the grasp of a higher energy than her own.

The white horse and its rider passed by like a shadow. The mud of the horse's heels spattered Lucia, standing with the lantern hidden in her skirt. Now she tried to open her mouth, but still she was held as though in the grip of fear. She heard the horse's hoofs going on. It disappeared around the bend like a ghost—down the road which ended sheer in the brimming river.

Then she made a barricade in the road, and swung the lantern from the middle of it, talking without knowing what she said, talking as if arguing with her God.

"Better me than one of them," she said. "Better me! What happiness was there for them? Not for any of them! O God! not for any of them, and murder stalking!"


She had sinned their sin for them without anger, almost against her will. She had seen as though in a flash of lightning the future illuminated, the hearts of all of them purged by sudden grief.

That is the reason why the River Road is closed, why even Crofton's Bend has lost its name, and with the closing of the road it was as if they shut out from their minds the memory of the disaster. For the Croftons were like that. They have the tradition of Lucia's courage. But there was one person for whom only death could bring forgetfulness. Life proved her right, for Ruth and Merrill lived together in harmony as they had before, and after some years Hugh married again, and his children grew up about him. Life proved her right, and yet she never could prove herself right. The trial went on ceaselessly in her heart before the tribunal of Heaven. It may be that her prayer was answered and that she took the burden of their sins upon her.

Watching the Russian Army Die

BY RICHARD ORLAND ATKINSON

[The Kerensky Government requested the Root Commission to recommend that young men be sent to Russia from America, in a last effort to strengthen the morale of the troops on the eastern front. Mr. Atkinson was one of the first party of eleven which went, under the auspices of the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A., to undertake this work.]

S the engine jerked us slowly into the little station of Zalazea I was wakened by the bursting of shrapnel somewhere above my head. "Well, anyway, they're still at it!" I thought, and I walked out to the front of the car to look around. Suddenly the darkness was relieved by the dancing white light of a sky-rocket which emerged from the woods across the meadow to my left. As that flickered away and dropped to earth a machine-gun began to cough-cough-cough-cough-cough, trying to fill the blacker silence with its nervous rattle.

I had been in Petrograd on business, and was returning to take up my work again among the troops of the Tenth Army. The Russian front consisted of three sections: the northern, the middle or western, and the southern. The Tenth Army was stationed in the center of the western front, about four hundred miles west of Moscow.

That night I slept in the car, and the next morning made my way over to a large white house half hidden in a group of trees. The station and all the buildings around it had been shelled or struck by bombs from the enemy's aircraft. Occasional graves, numerous gaping holes, and stray ditches which seemed to lead nowhere combined to give the field the appearance of a hopeless jig-saw puzzle.

I found my old friend, Staff-Captain Zarov, working in his room.

"Good morning," I said. "I came

back to see if this part of the front was still here."

He welcomed me into his small quarters with a heartiness that left no doubt of its sincerity. He was nervously eager for any news that I might bring.

"How's Petrograd? And Moscow?" were the first of a half-dozen leading questions.

"Petrograd has practically gone over to the Bolsheviki," I said. "Kerensky is on his way there with troops from the northern front, but I'm afraid they will not fight against their old comrades in the capital garrison. The revolution has not started in Moscow yet. We all expected it in Petrograd Friday, but things were all right until this week."

"But they had a bad scare in Molodechno while I was there this afternoon," I added. "Bolshevik workmen came from Petrograd by the back line, and undertook to drive out the Kerensky Committee of the Tenth Army. The committee somehow got word of their approach in time to send for help. A squad of Cossacks from this district galloped over to the town and there was a nice little battle for a few minutes when that Petrograd train pulled in! Those fellows who got away will not bother this part of the country very soon again, I'll wager. . . . And your division—is everything quiet?"

"Things are much worse than when you were here before," the captain answered, shaking his head. "The regiments at the front would be all right if they were left alone, but the Staff regi-

ment is a bad lot. They've had this Bolshevik idea for a long while; and since word came of the outbreak in Petrograd there's no living with them. They have a leader here who once murdered a family of twelve down in Odessa. He was sent to Siberia for life, but was freed during the March revolution, claiming that he was a political prisoner. He landed here in the Staff, and the committee appointed him head telephone-operator. He has picked out a bunch of rascals for his assistants and they do a heap of mischief. They keep egging on those poor ignorant devils to become out-and-out Bolsheviks and go to Petrograd to join the mob there. Germany must be paying *him* a fat sum. But there's no way to have him arrested!"

I remembered that man. One evening, during my previous visit, he had come to ask Captain Zarov for a week's vacation. He wanted five companions to go with him, all of them to receive double pay while they were gone. He also wished to drive the Staff automobile one hundred miles over roads impassably muddy. Upon the captain's indignant refusal his face became livid with rage, and he shouted that the captain and all the officers of the Staff would be murdered that very night if he didn't get what he wanted. Captain Zarov was no coward, but he knew when

it was wise to yield. He granted the request in full.

"But, come," said Zarov, after a slight pause, "let's go to see the general."

General Affanassieff, Chief of Staff of the 134th Infantry Division, was from Siberia. He had fought in the Japanese War and later helped in the organization of the Chinese army. A dignified gentleman in his manner, his eyes shone with a mellow kindness and good-fellowship that made one feel at home with him at once.

For dinner that day, besides the Staff officers, there had been invited the general who was the head of the medical forces, and General Kasbeck, Chief of Staff of the Artillery Caucasus Brigade. The food, I noticed, was wholesome and sufficient, if not luxurious. We had excellent vegetable soup, meat and potatoes, tea and bread.

When the last diner had crossed himself before the icon in the corner, and had clicked his heels together in final salute, my host and I withdrew to a roofless summer-house in a corner of the grove. The estate was built by a Polish prince centuries ago. He and his descendants had cultivated it, planned beautiful gardens, and set out groves and driveways of elms and maples. Napoleon and his staff had occupied the house on the way to Moscow.



STAFF OFFICERS OF 134TH INFANTRY DIVISION, TENTH RUSSIAN ARMY

General Affanassieff, 2nd from left front—"Toreador," 2nd from right rear—Captain Zarov, 5th from left rear

"You saw how nervous and absent-minded our general was at the table, when some men rode by the window?" inquired the captain, as soon as we were seated. "He keeps that loaded revolver on his table all the time. He has received notices from the soldiers, every day for a week past, that they are going to arrest him. And he says they will never take him alive."

"I got my first warning to-day to beware how *I* acted, if I didn't want to be put out of the way. So, you see, you had better not sleep in my room, or you might be roughly disturbed some night!"

His laugh sounded a little forced, and I was glad when a messenger came to call him to council. He handed me over to his cousin, Vincelli, a volunteer from Moscow.

Vincelli roomed with a young officer whose frequent rendering of "Toreador" in a highly impassioned manner had given him the name of his opera hero. Toreador was in charge of the map-making of the enemy's territory from aeroplane photographs. He produced some fine specimens of his work, and then informed me that, since there was no present need of new drawings, he was spending his time copying paintings of American girls.

"I forgot to tell you," he added, with a sly grin, "that I am in charge of a company from the notorious Staff regiment. Most of them bunk in the big

room down-stairs. Would you like to go down to visit them?"

We found the place so foul and thick with tobacco smoke that it was hard to believe the inhabitants were really human beings. The bunks were filthy and fairly alive with vermin of a special Russian breed. The floor was hidden by litter of all kinds. The men harmonized perfectly with their surroundings. Their clothes were ragged, their hair was long and uncombed, and many of the high Russian boots exposed dirty toes to the smoky air. The only sign of any civilizing element was the collection of mandolins, *balalikas* (Russian guitars), and harmoniums (American accordions), strung against the walls. They had not a single book or magazine, only a few army newspapers. They knew no games; there had been no play in Russian villages. Drunken orgies had been the only recognized form of amusement. After liquor was abolished there was nothing to do but to smoke, eat, sleep, play a little music—and talk politics.

The crowd stared at us as we entered. They gave a lazy word of welcome to their leader and Vincelli. Then one man spat contemptuously on the floor and jerked his finger in my direction.

"*Bourgeois*," he sneered.

"*Americanitz*," corrected Toreador, politely.

Immediately there were signs of life. I was an object of curious interest to



HEADQUARTERS OF THE STAFF OFFICERS—ONCE OCCUPIED BY NAPOLEON

them. I saluted, and several stood up and awkwardly responded. But they were not very talkative that day, so we soon left them.

After supper the officers were busy in consultation with the president of the Soldiers' Division Committee. It was twelve o'clock when Captain Zarov returned, and we prepared to get some sleep. All was quiet, then we heard a furious racket outside. Our door was thrown open and three soldiers rushed in. They were muddy and breathless from furious riding, and they towered angrily above the slight young captain.

"What's the matter here?" they roared. "Why don't we get *all* the news? Operator tells us you're not being square with us. He swears you keep back all Lenine's stuff and let him forward only Kerensky's messages, saying everything's all right. We want Lenine's wires right now; and be quick about it!"

It took over an hour to convince them that no word had at any time come from Lenine. The delegation went out muttering threats of what would happen if they were deceived in the future.

"That's the work of our Odessa friend again!" exclaimed the disgusted Zarov, as soon as the door had slammed on the disgruntled trio.

"But I thought the soldiers out here idolized Kerensky," I remarked.

"They do when he's with them," he replied. "He spoke in front of this house in July, and the troops wanted to press on to Berlin at once. After he had been gone a couple of days, they forgot

all about him and his speeches. You see, German propaganda is so well organized that it counteracts every other influence. And now this Bolshevik agitation is working in partnership from this side. All we can hope to do is to keep the soldiers satisfied to remain here. I spend my time trying to get food enough for them to eat and to keep them from deserting.

"You know how much discipline we have had lately. Kerensky permitted the men in the ranks to stop saluting, and they naturally added a hundred privileges to the order. Our orders are never obeyed now without a meeting first being held to discuss them. The soldiers' committees have proved a failure, yet they will not let the officers have any final authority. Tonight the Division Committee is thoroughly frightened. The president says he didn't realize the Germans and Bolshe-

viki had influenced the soldiers so much."

The next morning I set out to visit the lines. The committee gave Emile permission to accompany me. Emile was a husky, laughing-eyed corporal from Siberia. He had served in the cavalry at one time and had been severely wounded in the Prussian drive. He was a general favorite with all classes. His brother works in a glue-factory in Boston, and Emile worshiped all Americans on that account. He hated Germans and severely disapproved of Bolshevism.

The railroad led us through thick woods to the reserve quarters and then stopped. It was the main line from Moscow to Vilna and was of the utmost



A POSTER ANNOUNCING KERENSKY'S
"LIBERTY LOAN"

strategical importance. On this account the troops selected to hold this position were from the best in the country.

I could observe little change in the two regiments in the reserve. They had just returned from their fortnight in the trenches, and were busy discussing political possibilities. Agitators and brazen spies were everywhere. Glaring posters on the doors of hut and dugout announced meetings to be held in the near future. These evening sessions used to be held in the large roundhouse up by the station, but most of them now were advertised to meet outdoors. Emile explained that hundreds were packed in there one evening in the early autumn, when an enemy aeroplane was so thoughtless as to drop two or three bombs on the building. About half of the audience was killed.

The soup-wagon came along while we were visiting the men, so we borrowed a couple of little pails and went to get our portion with the *tovarishchi*. It was not so well cooked as at the officers' mess, but it was hot and satisfying. That evening I attended a movie given for the Staff and committee. It was a unique, if not high-class, performance, and it served to take worried minds away from troublesome times.

But in the morning came definite news that Lenine and Trotzky were in control of Petrograd. Rumors flowed in for days afterward to the effect that the Cossacks had seized the power; that Kerensky was back; that Moscow resistance had killed the revolt. But the

spirits of those Staff officers never rose again. They foresaw the inevitable downfall when they heard of the treachery of the Petrograd garrison.

"We shall endeavor to keep up the army under the new régime, just as we did under the old. But no army can last under Lenine," Captain Zarov asserted

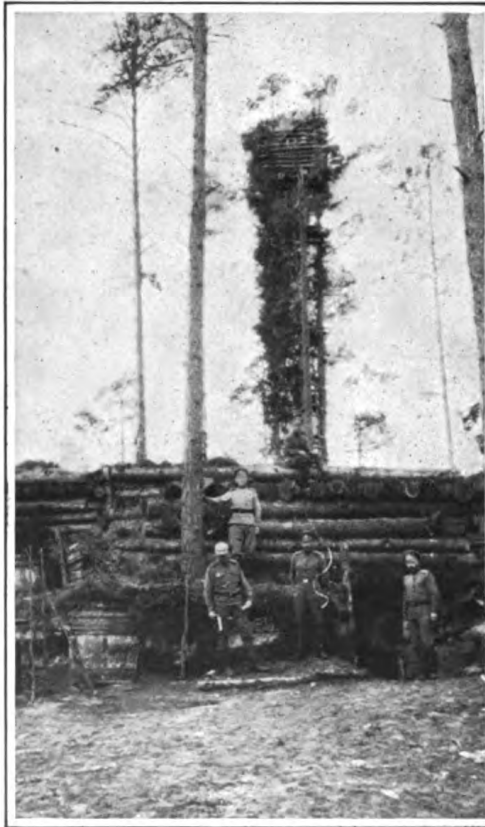
when we were alone. "Germany could move in on us now, if she wished. She is only waiting for Lenine to make it a little easier by taking our army away altogether.

"Our men are such dupes," he continued. "They will listen to anything that sounds pleasant. Thousands have already gone home because they were told that their land was being stolen. They choke the roads so that we can scarcely get our supplies through. Did you hear that the Staff regiment formally went Bolshevik last night? I guess they got an inkling of events in Petrograd. They

are probably the first along the front to take a definite stand. Now all will turn toward the new government, I suppose."

I was scarcely prepared for the excitement that I found in the reserves on my way to the batteries that morning. The agitators were celebrating. Kerensky still had many loyal followers, who were making as much noise as their rivals. They were all moving quickly. It was the first time I had seen real action among those thousands of men, except when they were dodging shells or running after the departing food-cart.

They were going in and out of their



AN ARTILLERY LOOK-OUT, CAMOUFLAGED

holes in the ground like so many swarms of rats. They were gesticulating and yelling. They stopped short of fighting; that would have been too energetic. But for the time being they did not chew sunflower seeds, the national peanuts of Russia. That abstention indicated deep feeling.

"Peace, bread, and land!" the followers of Lenine were shouting. "Hurrah! Peace, bread, and land!"

It sounded good, but I wondered how much most of them knew of the process necessary to secure those blessings. What poor misguided fools they seemed!

The artillery was having a busy day. The battery near our house had been shaking the building since early morning. The batteries of three-inch guns were also at work. They were endeavoring to chase away two aeroplanes that persisted in trying to destroy the only hospital left standing in the vicinity. Neither the bombs nor the guns succeeded in doing any damage while I watched them.

When the artillery commanders had heard the news from Petrograd they remained true to their reputation of using their brains. They settled down to make the enemy angry. Their plan bore success. While the heavy guns were exchanging deafening compliments the Germans turned their machine-guns

loose on the Russian trenches. The celebrating faction began to lose faith in a "friendly enemy" that would thoughtlessly disturb their season of joy with warnings of a hostile attack. They got their heads down under cover and once more prepared to resist.

I spent the afternoon with Captain Papengood, commanding the First Battery.

"The Germans don't like to be disturbed, do they?" he observed, smiling. "They sent over word of Kerensky's fall, the other day, before it had actually happened; and ever since they have tried to fraternize a little each day. They have been making all sorts of impossible promises to our troops.

"The Germans have met their match for fine lies when it comes to Trotzky and his gang. One of my soldiers was telling me of a speech he heard the other day, in which Germany was called the best friend of the Russian revolution, and America its worst enemy. It's getting to be a pretty hopeless game, but you can bet these guns will stay right here to the end!"

Our conversation was difficult under the constant firing. Once a great shell landed so near us that we were both covered with dirt. When the dead and wounded from the batteries were taken in that evening I felt sympathy for them, but I fear I did not waste much



"TOREADOR," WITH HIS COMPANY OF BOLSHEVIK SOLDIERS, WHO WERE AMONG THE FIRST TROOPS TO GO OVER TO THE BOLSHEVIKI

pity on the rattle-headed victims from the infantry that night.

At the elections held soon after the change in the administration all new committees chosen contained a majority of Bolsheviks. The minorities dared not protest. A rule of terror reigned in the army, much as in the cities. For a time the war still went on, while plans were being completed for a truce. Trotzky issued a promise to have the soldiers home by the new year.

One cold day in the late fall I walked over to a part of the line where some of my *tovarisch* friends were stationed. After wandering through the maze of communication trenches, I managed to find them. They were resting in their dugout in the first line. It was intended for two or three men at the most; but they managed to squeeze me in as a fifth, and closed the door. As we sat in the stuffy little cave, sipping tea, I asked them what they thought of the prospects of an early peace.

One boyish-looking fellow was eager to talk.

"*Tovarisch Americanitz*, you can't understand how anxious we are for peace—not a separate or dishonorable peace, but one of all the nations."

"Yes," I said, "I feel the same way; so do all of us. But there can be no just peace while Germany holds the whip-hand the way she does now."

"Oh, I know that's what Kerensky used to say," he replied, impatiently; "but I don't believe it. Germany is willing to make peace on fair terms; and if your *bourgeois* governments won't join us, then we'll have to make peace alone. We'll fight if we have to, but we're going to take the first decent way out. If your soldiers had been treated as we were, they'd have quit long ago."

"Why, we fought with only one gun for every third man. The other two of us waited for him to fall so that we could grab it next. Our pay was seventy-five copecks (thirty-seven and a half cents) a month, and it cost us five cents for a sheet of note-paper to write home. We were given one uniform and three cotton shirts a year. We have never had enough clothes to keep us warm. Now the food is getting scarcer and our clothing worse."

"We get some pleasure, these days," he continued, "from watching the officers get kicked around. They're too proud to desert; but, if they know what's good for them, they'll leave pretty soon!"

"But," I interrupted, "you soldiers are so unfair. You treat all the officers alike, and yet you acknowledge that there are some fine men among them. What have you got against your colonel whom you arrested the other evening? I know him to be a brave, big-hearted fellow. And the general—why are the Staff soldiers after him?"

"Oh, there is nothing very bad about either of them, I dare say," he replied, grudgingly, "but in a matter of this kind you can't bother to distinguish. They've all got to suffer. *They* didn't distinguish. Anyway, the general is said to have favored an advance last summer when Kerensky was here."

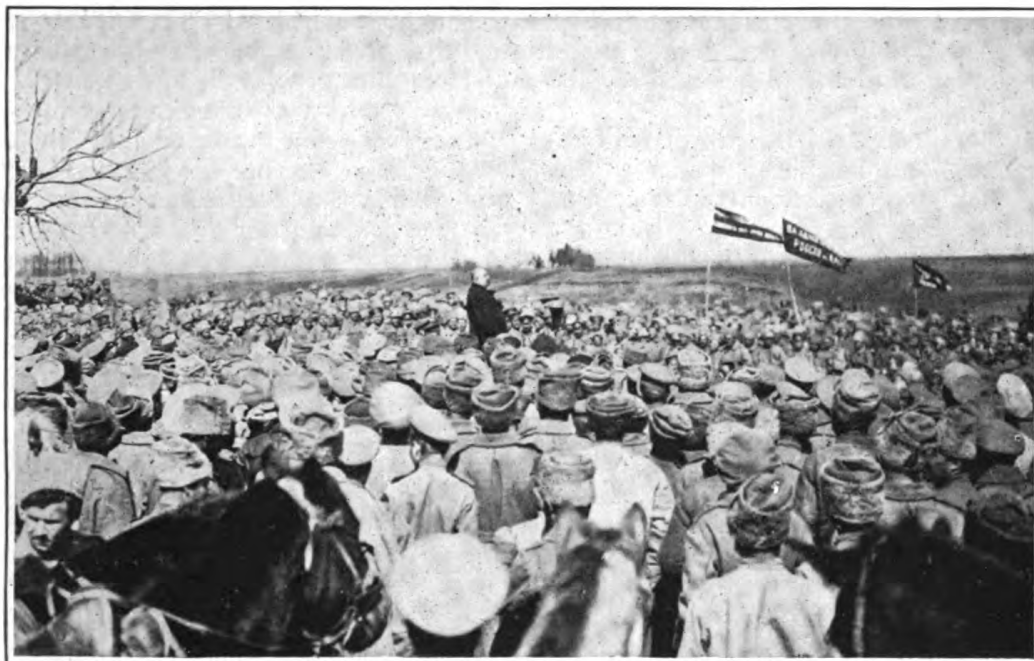
Meanwhile the storm was preparing to break against Captain Zarov, on account of his responsible position in the Staff. His wife was an American. She had received a hint that he was likely to be murdered at any time, and she was frantically urging him to come home. The general heard of her failing health and persuaded Zarov to leave for Moscow.

"It is only a matter of time," he said, "before the army will be gone. You are young, and it is wrong for you to throw away your own life and kill your wife with useless worry."

A few days after the captain's departure Emile warned me not to forget to take my gas-mask with me, as I had done once before.

"The Germans have threatened to gas us again," he explained, "if our artillery doesn't stop firing."

We didn't have to use them, however. At noon a score of soldiers from position visited the different batteries and arrested several officers. Then they ordered the others not to fire a shot until further leave, on pain of death. The officers shrugged their shoulders and strolled off for a holiday. That very afternoon I barely escaped a German shell which was seeking to silence the batteries permanently, but the infantry refused to notice this little inconsistency



ANNOUNCING THE DETHRONEMENT OF THE CZAR TO THE RUSSIAN SOLDIERS AT THE FRONT

They allowed the batteries to be used again after a few days, but little more firing was ever done.

Bolshevism gradually crept into the artillery ranks and the men shamefacedly joined in the cry for peace. Captain Papengood finally gave up in despair, and announced his intention of applying for service in the French or American forces.

General Kasbeck, the Chief of the Artillery Staff, was a striking figure during these times. Proud of his Georgian birth, and his home on old Mt. Kasbeck, he delighted to call on me and talk of the glories of his country's ancient literature.

"I am not a Russian, oh no!" he would scornfully protest, "even though I was educated in Petrograd. You must come to the Caucasus, to Georgia. There you will find a beautiful country and real men and women, patriotic and loyal."

And then the proud old hero of many wars would suddenly bow his head and his giant frame would shake with sobs.

"My God! my God! Who ever thought we should come to this? Our artillery useless; our soldiers traitors! And that fiend Germany laughing in our faces.

"What must you in America think? You must hate us. You gave us money and guns. And then we failed you when you needed us most. It is terrible!"

I did not add to his sorrow by trying to reassure him. And when it was over he always insisted that I should go to headquarters and tell him and "his boys" more about our country in the New World.

General Kasbeck got word one morning, by private courier, that his people needed him down south, in their fight against the Bolsheviki. He left by the first train. He had received from the Brigade Committee a pass to go "to see his sick wife." Later, I heard that it was his "mother" who was sick. But I do not think it mattered much which it was!

The truce came in December. German officers swarmed over our territory. Some of our batteries were ordered to the Ukraine to batter down the Cossacks' defenses. Two companies from the Staff regiment went with them.

Bobronickoff, a lieutenant from the Ukraine, stole away in the night to fight against these former comrades, in revenge for the greatest of personal losses. He told me of a telegram he had

received to the effect that his home on the Don had been burned in a street battle; his mother had been killed, and his little sister was missing.

General Affanassieff had worried himself sick and had been taken to the hospital. One afternoon the remaining Staff soldiers decided not to wait any longer. They took him out of bed and dragged him half a mile through the snow to the Staff quarters. There they proceeded slowly to prod him to death with their bayonets.

When I arrived home he was being rescued by the young *properschik* who had been made president of the new Bolshevik committee. He was a university man and a harmless sort of fellow, but the would-be murderers were afraid of his influence. I gave up my room to the wounded man, and he was placed on my bed of boards for the night. Under promise not to kill him, two sullen-looking villains stood guard while the doctor attended him. They told me they were going to take him to Minsk the next morning for confinement in an insane hospital.

I went up-stairs to live with the half-dozen officers there. Never have I seen a more terror-stricken group. They had been existing under nerve-racking conditions so long that they were nearly crazy. Their lives had been threatened several times, and they fully expected

this night to be their last. They sat huddled together in one room, silent and despairing, while below them their beloved leader was struggling for life.

Suddenly one captain reached for his *balalika*, and another for his mandolin, and soon a tiny orchestra was sending out into the night air the plaintive folk-songs of the river Volga. As the hours passed, the music grew more powerful and the instruments vibrated in accompaniment to their rich, deep voices, in celebration of glorious battles fought in ancient days. From that they slipped into the soft cadence of some sad love lyric of a forgotten Slavic poet.

It was nearly morning when we went to bed, and no arrests were made that night. But I shall never forget that music. The young *properschik* was made Chief of Staff in the general's place, and an honest little shoemaker became president of the Division Committee.

All attention was now directed to the humiliation of former officers. The following orders were issued from Mohileff: "No further officers' mess. Officers to fare as privates. Officers to receive seven and a half rubles per month; soldiers, the same amount. All epaulets and marks of rank to be abolished. Officers, other than Staff officers, to be elected. Present officers, not elected, compelled to serve in the trenches as privates."



GERMANS AND RUSSIANS IN FRONT OF GERMAN BARBED-WIRE IN NO MAN'S LAND

At the first elections privates became fully fledged officers overnight. And the stripping off of epaulets went on apace. Most of our officers wisely removed theirs at once, many of which were presented to me as "lucky ribbons."

But at the station I saw two generals attacked, their epaulets torn from their shoulders and thrown on the floor.

Then the ruffians spat in their faces and tore the swords from their sides. If the generals had made the slightest move they would have been killed instantly. I well remember the sheepish looks cast around by officers of high rank in the Head Army Staff when they first appeared in a restaurant in Minsk without their epaulets. Some others were indiscreet enough to persist in wearing theirs. After one of their number had been publicly treated to a like indignity as that suffered by the generals at Molodechno, no more epaulets were ever seen on the western front in Russia.

On my way back to Petrograd I noted some officers under arrest being taken to the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. One colonel had lost an eye in the great war. Another prisoner on our train was Kropunoff, president of the *Zemsky Sosa*, the largest and most helpful war-relief society in Russia. He was bound for the same prison. The great society fell to pieces.

Returning from Petrograd I came by Mohileff, the site of the Russian Staff. Commander-in-chief Dukhonin had been replaced by a private, "Comrade Krylenko." The day after I passed the city, soldiers and sailors seized Dukhonin

from his car platform and tossed him into the air. They caught him on their bayonets and then, pinning him on the ground, shot him.

This murder of the former commander was the final blow to officer prestige And yet thousands of officers stuck to their posts, either from a sense of honor

or because of a vague hope that the army would rally and fight again. Considerable faith was placed in Kaledin, of the Cossacks, until he ended his own life, broken-hearted, in February. Korniloff was in hiding in the south, and Mil-yukoff was a patient in a Moscow hospital.

In December I had left the Staff and gone down to live with the soldiers in the reserve. Our food was becoming scarcer and of a poorer quality. Down the line I found a Ukrainian division that was receiving plentiful supplies from home. But our bread allowance was at a

minimum. The meat got worse and worse, until we settled down to a steady diet of horse meat. The taste of this was not so bad after I ceased to remember what it was! But the winter storms made matters worse.

The artillery went to pieces first. The men refused to build winter quarters for their officers—old or new. When the officers went to work themselves, the soldiers said they were such fine carpenters they could provide *them* with warm houses, too. And they had to do it! The old officers slowly drifted away, by order of Krylenko or by desertion, and there was left only a mob of leaderless men with each remaining battery.

The Germans had opened up stores



CAPTAIN BAER AND THE AUTHOR
Mr. Atkinson is in the uniform of a Russian officer

in No Man's Land, and were doing a thriving business. The largest ones in the Tenth Army were near the ruined city of Smorgon. On one of my visits to the men in position I walked over to watch the trading. I was wearing a Russian uniform, so that I was safe from detection by the enemy. The merchants were German officers, supported by a number of privates. They had taken their stand just outside their own wire entanglements. Russian soldiers were buying tobacco, cigars, cigarettes, cigarette-cases, Dutch pipes, pocket-knives, razors, flash-lights, and playing-cards that had been intended for sale on the Hamburg-American line. Most conspicuous, however, was the selling of champagne to officers who, having obtained permission from the soldiers' committees, had swallowed their pride for the time and joined the line of buyers. The soldiers were purchasing an extremely low grade of whisky.

The price of everything was ridiculously cheap; the Germans were plainly selling below cost. The men borrowed and pawned and stole to get funds for marketing. On this particular day the Huns were urging that cheese, bread, and soap be brought, instead of money, as the medium of exchange. A few days later I caught one boy trying to get away to the stores with the only loaf of black bread we had in our shack, which had been secured in the rush on the first car-load of bread that had arrived for weeks.

The Germans were dispensing words of friendship with the whisky. They assured everybody that peace was certain within a month and were slapping "their brave comrades" heartily on the back.

When I was getting permission to photograph some of the little groups, an officer said in an aside:

"We recognize you officers by the way you carry yourselves and by the dark patches left by your epaulets. But, heavens! aren't your Russian soldiers swine!"

I smiled. A Hun is the same treacherous friend anywhere.

Another day I managed to get into the German trenches, although the venture nearly cost me my freedom. I

noted the effect that such visits were having on the Russians. Electric lights, luxurious surroundings, warm bedding out to air, all made an impression of superiority and comfort upon the broken-spirited Slav. *His* trenches were never cleared of snow, his rifles were rusting without attention, and his big guns had been taken away or abandoned. True, most of the Germans left on the line were young, or recovering from wounds received on the western front. But they were well-dressed and cheerful.

Occasionally regiments refused to go into position. Once, some miles below me, the officers were herded together and driven into the trenches to serve two weeks, in the place of soldiers. Our own four regiments grumbled, but never failed to take their position forward on the appointed day.

Their numbers were becoming smaller and smaller, not from desertion now, so much as from a regular system of demobilization that went into effect late in January. The older men went first, and then the very young. When the truce ended in February we still had from two to three thousand men in our division. A few members of the Battalion of Death also remained until the last. They talked of a possible reorganization of the army, should Germany refuse to make peace with Trotzky. I joined in the hope, though faintly, and stayed on.

Traveling at this time was a torture. The box-cars were packed with men, sitting on high boards or standing ankle-deep in mud and icy water. The stoves had been stolen from most of the cars, but not before the walls had been stripped of boards for fuel. The side doors generally refused to shut, and the thermometer had forgotten to keep score. I traveled in that way, along the front, for a whole day at a time, with nothing to eat but a bit of hard toast steeped in tea. This we shared as best we could. Whenever a political argument ended in a free-for-all shooting-match for those who had been allowed to keep their rifles, the engineer took me to ride with him in his cab. And many poor fellows were frozen, or shot, or killed by falling off the roofs of the



GERMANS AND RUSSIANS FRATERNIZING NEAR THE GERMAN TRENCHES

cars, on their way home from three and a half years of war.

It was only natural that many soldiers should turn robbers. When I was held up along the road at night I never knew whether I was going to be asked to show my pass; whether a friend from across the line was going to ask me if I could speak German; or whether I was going to be asked to hand over my pocket-book. Most of our men knew me and acted as personal body-guard whenever possible.

German prisoners from the Urals began to arrive in our midst, on their way home. One Sunday afternoon, near the end of January, a sentry permitted a dozen of them to cross the trenches "to buy some tobacco." Of course it was just a trick, and they were welcomed with open arms by their countrymen. The Russians considered this a breach of personal faith and ran after them. They were forced back by German rifles, and the stores were closed for the next few days as a punishment for the Russians' outrageous conduct!

Emile was teasing a good-natured soldier about the incident when I came into the room that evening. "You'd better be more careful, too," he warned me. "A German officer was in here this morning, and he was asking a lot of questions about you. I'm afraid they're after you again."

I laughed and promised to be on my guard. But a day or two afterward I took the shortest way across the fields on my way to the Staff to see Toreador. From a clump of bushes three shots were fired at me, two of which whistled neatly by my nose. Ignoring Emile's kind reminder, I had carelessly left my gun in the shack; so I could simply hurry on and trust to the poor aim of the party making the attack. After that I always went armed.

Toward the end we were in desperate straits. Food rations consisted only of a small junk of horse meat in thin cabbage soup. The new Bolshevik war against the Poles at Molodechno, fifteen miles back, threatened to cut off our entire transportation and communication and leave us to the mercy of the not too reliable enemy. Every day the big German guns were busy while the young gunners practised. Our soldiers had become so depraved that they were selling, for a hundred rubles, all the three- and six-inch guns that had not been removed. They were likewise selling to the German cavalry, for twenty or thirty rubles, all the horses that they could corral.

One or two aeroplanes were yet intact, and these were taken up without sufficient fuel, and dropped to destruction on the way to Minsk. The drunken element became stronger; and, while the

more sober-minded brotherhood sat up half the night and sang funeral dirges, the gay ones enlivened the camp with promiscuous gun-firing, howling and shrieking, and the setting off of dynamite caps and hand-grenades.

The regiment adjoining one of ours in position was three hundred years old, the oldest in Russia. It was boastfully proud of its colors, which had been presented to it by Czar Michael, and bore the inscription of each succeeding emperor. The violent Bolshevik coterie declared their intention of tearing the banner into shreds. The regiment swore to defend it with their lives. That whole division was in constant excitement over this affair.

A speaker from the Volga was heckled, in the midst of an harangue in our house, by a wild-eyed boy who had just come in from the trenches.

"Stop talking so much about America and England," he cried, "and tell us when we're going to have something to eat and an overcoat to keep us from freezing. Look at my clothes!"

When he was silenced the provocator proceeded to give details of the planned extermination of the American bourgeoisie.

"How about beginning on me?" I jokingly asked one of the audience, after the meeting.

"Well, you seem like a pretty decent chap," he replied, thoughtfully, scratching his head. "I think you must belong to the proletariat."

Every day I said good-by to scores of weary-eyed *tovarischi*, and watched them slouch along toward the station and home. No one would ever have known them for the picked men of the Russian armies who had been called the finest-looking soldiers in Europe.

On February 14th the little shoemaker president of the Division Committee called on me early in the day. His face was wreathed with smiles as he handed me a copy of the army paper. Peace had come! It was a notice that Trotzky had left Brest-Litovsk and the war was over.

All troops were to leave the front as speedily as possible. The leaders were confident that the Germans would not advance after the truce, for fear of their proletariat peoples. Instead, they would retire from their lines and would soon resume their old friendly relations with Russia. Whatever they did, however, the Russian army was not to lift a hand to smite them. "*Under no circumstances will we fight*," was the conclusion.

The committees believed in the sincerity and success of the scheme, and the men believed in everything that the paper told them. I asked the Staff



A TYPICAL SCENE—CARTS AND SUPPLIES ABANDONED BY THE RUSSIANS



RETREAT OF RUSSIAN ARTILLERY ON THE MOSCOW-VILNA ROAD, WHERE NAPOLEON LOST MOST OF HIS MEN

officers for their opinion. The new "general" was naturally much elated; but he was very young. The others, that were standing by the army so nobly, smiled wan smiles.

"It means immediate German advance and disgraceful German conquest," said Toreador. "Russia has been sold. But I'm glad, for one, that the suspense will soon be over.

"What else could have happened, anyway? All our artillery is gone. We have no organization. And there is no food. The new government has deliberately killed the whole army, and now says: 'We have no army, so we can't fight. Come on if you dare, Germany!' The whole affair is too preposterous to talk about."

The truce was to end Sunday, four days later. I made my last calls as soon as I could, for I felt certain the Germans were coming. They kept the stores open and pretended not to know of the Trotzky fiasco, but their artillery practice became more active, and continued at intervals during the night hours. And the infantry was openly preparing to move forward.

I spent one whole day riding along the roads parallel to the first line. I passed mile after mile of ammunition bearing the mark of American manufacture, waiting to fall into the hands of the enemy.

Saturday the secretary of the Division Committee quietly advised me to leave at once. "I don't think they'll come," he explained, "but if they should—well, they won't touch us, of course, but it might go hard with you. Good-by and good luck."

Sunday I lugged my belongings to the train and climbed aboard. The Germans advanced that very day and hanged or shot all the Bolshevik leaders they could find. The rest of the men, including the officers of the Staff, were taken prisoners. I got the particulars later from some soldiers who had escaped into the woods and slowly worked their way out.

On the way to Moscow I saw a telegram stating that the Germans were advancing rapidly on the entire front; no active resistance was being offered by Russia. The Russian army was no longer a military force.

The Migratory Moncktons

BY LAWRENCE PERRY



AS the little steamboat *General*, which meets New York passengers at Wickford Landing and carries them down Narragansett Bay to Newport, was making her way into Long Dock one serene afternoon in July, a huge touring-car, chastely decorated and monogrammed, purred its way to a standstill at the head of a long line of hacks and motor-vehicles.

When the passengers began finally to debouch from the little steamboat, a bespectacled young woman who sat in the tonneau leaned forward, eagerly glancing from one to another, until at length, as a sturdy gentleman of about fifty, in the garb of the Episcopal Church, came into range of her vision, her face lightened appreciably. The expression changed to one of slight annoyance as she noted at his side an attractive copper-haired girl with stone-gray eyes—evidently the clergyman's daughter, but none the less she opened the tonneau door and made her way swiftly toward the object of her interest.

"One moment, please." The clear, authoritative voice caused Judith Monckton to turn from a cabman to find her father staring into the face of an utterly strange young woman who was nodding and smiling.

"This is Doctor Morton, is it not?"

"Morton! No." The Rev. Dr. Lucius Monckton gazed upon the stranger with complacent eyes. "No, I am Doctor Monckton."

The young woman raised her hands in a half-humorous gesture. "Oh, of course! How absurd! You see," she went on, "Mrs. Ronald Tavish— Oh, I neglected to inform you that I am Miss Mackay, Mrs. Tavish's social secretary. At all events, Mrs. Ronald is so frightfully poor on names that I should have taken pains to confirm yours. . . . But

you must have received my letter since—"

Doctor Monckton raised one hand in the most approved High Church manner.

"My dear young woman," he said, "I seem unable to follow you with any degree of clarity. You mention names that are wholly unknown to me. May I say I did not receive a letter? May I say more? which is that I can by no possibility understand—if you will pardon my seeming stupidity—why I should have received, or, rather, why you should have written me, a letter."

Miss Mackay, pausing to digest the man's sonorous periods, finally spoke with some timidity.

"I sent it to New York. Mrs. Tavish told me to address you through *The High Churchman*, for which, I believe, you write."

"But Mrs. Tavish—?" An irritable expression was beginning to mar the complacent outlines of Doctor Monckton's countenance. "And *The High Churchman*! I do, indeed, write occasionally for that periodical—which is not, however, to say that it prints much of what I write. . . .

At this juncture Judith Monckton intervened.

"Miss Mackay," she said, "if you will permit me to ask you a question or two, I think we can straighten everything."

The clergyman gestured. "I most certainly wish you would do so, my child. In the mean time I will go and look up our trunk." The good man hurried away, while Judith turned to Mrs. Ronald Tavish's perplexed secretary with a reassuring smile.

"You speak of having sent a letter to my father. But my father is not acquainted with Mrs. Tavish."

The other started to speak and then checked herself. At length she said: "May I be perfectly frank, Miss Monckton? I am going to make a request of

you; but first I wish you to know the situation. Mrs. Tavish had arranged a company for the week-end which centered about Lord Silverton—of the British embassy, you know. He is rather a difficult guest, easily bored—unless he can be well entertained at cards. Mrs. Ronald and I were put to it to insure a crowd attuned to his—his somewhat exacting tastes.”

“Yes, I see.”

“Unfortunately, only last Monday Mrs. Tavish received word from Miss Selina Tavish, her husband’s sister, that she was coming to us from her place in Tuxedo and would arrive at The Crag on Friday—to-day.”

“Not asking whether or not it was convenient,” murmured Judith, sympathetically.

“Miss Tavish takes things for granted, always. Her means are enormous; she is practically the head of the family. But she can serve in no capacity other than a damper on this particular week-end. She detests card-playing above all things. She flavors her flesh-pots with the savor of strong ecclesiasticism; ritualism is her fetish and the calling of the cloth her dominant enthusiasm. She—”

“In other words,” exclaimed Judith, her radiant thoughts carrying her on ahead, “you wanted a clergyman to keep her occupied and out of mischief during the stay of Lord Silverton.”

Miss Mackay nodded vigorously. That was precisely the case. In a recent letter announcing her approaching advent at The Crag, Miss Tavish had mentioned the recent perusal of an extraordinary volume of religious thought which had lifted her to heights of religious serenity hitherto unattained. The author was given as a clergyman, Doctor Morton, who, among other literary pursuits, wrote for *The High Churchman*.

Mrs. Ronald Tavish, never unresponsive to inspiration of whatever sort, had taken cue from the letter and had instructed her secretary to employ the Tavishian disregard of conventional formula and to bid the luminous cleric thither.

“I directed my letter in the care of *The High Churchman*,” Miss Mackay

went on. “And I have never received a reply. Mrs. Tavish counts upon his company so deeply, and is so utterly frightful when her plans go astray, that I put off telling her about the lack of word from Doctor Morton day by day—until now it is too late. I dare not tell her. As a last hope I decided to meet the boat connecting with the train I had suggested in my letter, thinking it possible Doctor Morton’s acceptance had miscarried.” Miss Mackay smiled pathetically. “And you see how vain my hope was.”

“It’s too bad. You, of course, took my father for Doctor Morton?”

“For the moment, yes.”

“Curiously enough, my father wrote a book a year or two ago which didn’t make any money, but,” Judith smiled, “it did gain the rich reward of an approving letter from the bishop. And he had a short essay in *The High Churchman* a month or so ago, one success among many failures in that direction.” Judith, who had been studying the other closely as she spoke, came boldly to the point.

“Miss Mackay, you didn’t take me into your confidence merely for sympathy. Wasn’t there some more practical motive?”

The young woman laughed. “Why, yes,” she admitted. To be plain, why not one clergyman as well as another? Particularly why not one as well favored and cultured as your father appears to be? Will you come? You will do me an immense favor.” The woman hurried on. “I have had a chain of hideous failures lately, and this will be about the last straw with Mrs. Tavish. She has no faculty for names and won’t know that Monckton is not Morton, or *vice versa*. And Miss Tavish won’t realize that Morton, and not Monckton, was really the invited guest. It’s all so simple. So won’t you come, Miss Monckton?”

Judith visioned opportunity of which she had dreamed when she had induced her father, a scholarly recluse, to leave his church, St. Cyprian’s at East Annandale, for the first vacation trip since the death of his wife many years previously. As for herself, starving and thirsting for life in the little rural parish, the journey from the first had assumed the proportions of a great adventure, and now the

unexpected incident confronting her seemed God-given. Her eyes flamed gloriously; her cheeks were vivid as her father approached from the baggage-room.

"Well," he said, "I've found it and checked it to the Aquidneck."

"But, father," cried the girl, "we're not going to the Aquidneck; not at all. We are to be guests of Mrs. Ronald Tavish at The Crag."

"You see," Miss Mackay advanced, smiling deprecatingly, "Mrs. Tavish is lion-hunting in behalf of her sister-in-law, Miss Tavish, an eminent worker in your church, who admires your book immensely—"

"You mean his writings generally," interrupted Judith, seeing the mistake.

But Doctor Monckton, his long-unfed pride of authorship aroused, would not have it.

"Nonsense, Judith! The young woman refers, of course, to my *Modern Saints' Rest*. I shall be proud to discuss it with Miss—ahem—Miss Tavish and perhaps be able to elucidate—"

"Well, at all events," interpellated Miss Mackay, biting her lip in vexation, "if you would come to us for the weekend—"

The clergyman nodded—and beamed. Most obviously he was ready to go to a place where his neglected brain child had evidently found appreciative asylum. He was hardly less given to taking things for granted than was his prospective hostess. There was really no trouble with him at all.

Reclining luxuriously against the shining leather upholstery of the great motor-car as it threaded its way through the traffic of Thames Street, finally swinging into the broad thoroughfare at the mouth of the harbor with its myriad of yachts lying at anchor or flying gracefully under impeccable canvas, it seemed to Judith Monckton as though every phase of scenery reared itself behind her as a barrier against the return to the life she had previously known. There was a sense of intervening fate, whose hand, seeking new instruments, had caught her and her father up with something more serious than sportive design.

At length came a hill crowned with heavily embowered estates, topping

which the automobile dived into a road leading among the gray rocks and gorse-clad hills of a domain whose entrancing desolation was merely heightened by occasional glimpses of the roof of some villa, or the broad, blue sea, stretching on and on to a florid horizon—and then rounding Bateman's Point on the Ocean Drive, Judith leaned forward suddenly, nodding toward an expansive, low-lying villa whose architect had cleverly brought into his scheme the wave-washed rocks upon which it had been built.

"The Crag, of course," she said.

Miss Mackay nodded, smiling. "I think it is generally admired. Sometimes in a storm the spray dashes up on that side veranda."

"Wonderful!" But Judith's voice was faint; for now, for the first time, she was compelled to acknowledge an emotion of uncertainty, which increased as the car entered the hedged driveway and rolled up to the *porte-cochère*.

Perhaps Miss Mackay noticed it. "I am afraid," she observed, tactfully, "that we shall find no one but the butler to welcome us. Every one, no doubt, is still at the Casino." This surmise, greatly to Judith's relief, the butler confirmed when he met them in the hall.

Miss Mackay, with a *savoir faire* that Judith found wholly admirable, sent Doctor Monckton off to his room, and then, summoning the housekeeper, entered upon a discussion of an apartment for the daughter.

"The Colonial Room, of course," she decided, at length. "I think you'll find it quite comfortable, Miss Monckton. We dine at eight and people usually begin to drift into the music-room at any time from seven o'clock on. You may wish to rest before you dress. By the way, since you haven't a maid, you will find Céleste up-stairs, quite competent to do for you in any way you require. And now good luck, my dear. I've oceans to do."

Two hours later Judith Monckton was aroused from luxurious reverie by a knock.

Hastily throwing on her dressing-gown, she opened the door, expecting to meet Miss Mackay. But it was not



A STURDY GENTLEMAN, IN THE GARB OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH, CAME INTO RANGE OF HER VISION

Miss Mackay; Judith knew instinctively that it was Mrs. Ronald Tavish.

"You are Miss Monckton? I haven't disturbed you? I merely stopped in on my way by to be assured you were quite at home. I am so glad your father brought you. . . . Of course, had I known he *had* a daughter—"

"Thank you, Mrs. Tavish. I—"

The woman with a little gesture stepped by Judith into the room, closing the door. She was in her middle forties, but her graceful figure retained its youthful outline. It was the face that held Judith; a trifle lean, marked by several strong lines, the mouth firm and straight, the eyes a brilliant hazel, she suggested a woman likely to succeed in almost anything she undertook. Judith admired her so much that she felt the woman must approve of her. And, indeed, she was extremely gracious to the girl.

"Did any one ever tell you that you had stepped out of a Greuze canvas?" she asked. Then, hurrying on, "I wish to compliment you upon your father."

"Oh, you've met him, then?" Judith regarded her hostess, flushing.

"Met him! Most assuredly! We have all met him. You don't mind my saying I had no idea there were any of his sort left?"

"Oh—?" The girl's eyes were troubled.

"Why, that's a compliment, my dear, I assure you. He's come among us like a breath from the ecclesiastical font, pure and undefiled. When my sister-in-law suggested, a few moments ago, that Revelation had got into the Bible by a mere squeak, your father shattered her—"

"Oh dear—!" Judith stepped impulsively forward.

"Don't worry, my dear." Mrs. Tavish chuckled. "He could not have done better. Look!"

She moved to a window giving upon the sea-bordered lawn, and nodded downward. Judith, following her, peered over her shoulder and saw a strange spectacle.

For there on the turf at the very edge

of the crags, standing in statuesque dignity, the wind tugging at the gray hair, blowing a wisp of it over a Jovian forehead, coat flapping in the breeze, stood her father. His head was thrown back and he was conversing—as he loved to converse—with a woman in black, a majestic, double-chinned, wholesome woman, with a ruddy face and well-ordered fair hair. She was playing with a gold cross which hung from a chain around her neck. And she was engaged in listening—absorbedly, wholeheartedly, giving her attention to Doctor Monckton's utterance.

Judith stepped back, breathing quickly, struggling between relief and wonderment, Mrs. Ronald Tavish watching her in some amusement.

"Won't—won't he bore her?"

Mrs. Tavish started to speak and then broke into laughter, turning away to the door.

"When you are dressed," she said, "come down. I'll send Céleste in to help you."

"Please don't," said Judith. "I shouldn't know what to do with her if she came. I wish to be entirely frank. I'm a girl brought up in a country parish; such clothes as I have I have made myself; they're few and, indeed, all my things are few. I'm ashamed to have a maid see me. Honestly."

The woman, whose eyes were sparkling, paused, then turned upon the girl imperiously.

"You say you made your gowns. Let me see them. You needn't mind me. I made my clothes when a girl. . . . You didn't make this?" Mrs. Tavish picked up a dainty bit of lingerie from the bed.

"Yes, I did." Judith was livid and yet pleased that this woman, whose pleasure at most things of this world was hackneyed, was now finding some genuine diversion.

"It's stunning. Somehow there's a touch you can't buy. . . . Now let me see everything."

And so, as unaffectedly and with interest as great as one of her school friends would have displayed, the great Mrs. Ronald Tavish sat beside Judith while she displayed her simple assortment of gowns and other apparel with an ingenuous effort to please.

"Now," said the woman, rising at length and indicating a little old-fashioned dancing-frock of cream net over blue, with ruffled skirt and trimmed with little bunches of rosebuds, forget-me-nots, and violets, "you are to wear that for dinner."

Mrs. Tavish's maid proved to be no less considerate with Judith than her mistress had been, and when she had completed her ministrations—which involved a rearrangement of the girl's hair—the girl went to the mirror and almost failed to recognize herself.

Flushing, star-eyed, she left her room and had made her way along the hall to the head of the stairs, when, glancing down, she saw Miss Mackay. The young woman was evidently perturbed, and, catching sight of Judith, she gestured excitedly, and hastily made her way to the girl.

"Come in your room with me at once," she said; and when the two were in Judith's apartment she shut the door and faced the girl with a haggard smile.

"What a situation!"

"What is it, please, Miss Mackay? Don't keep me in suspense."

Mrs. Tavish's secretary gestured. "The other clergyman—Doctor Morton has come. He sent his acceptance to Mrs. Tavish, who forgot to tell me. You understand me, don't you?" Miss Mackay went on, as Judith stood staring. "Doctor Morton has arrived. He evidently came from the Pier by way of Jamestown. Fortunately I was on the veranda when he appeared—" She broke into a short hysterical laugh.

Judith stepped forward. "Then we must leave, of course—"

But Miss Mackay raised her hands resignedly. "If it were only as simple as all that! You can't go. That's the trouble. Miss Tavish has been struck by your father. Mrs. Tavish likes you. It's too late to leave. I've had to handle the situation in another way. I told Doctor Morton that Miss Tavish had not yet arrived, might not come at all, and—and—well, I was on the point of turning him away when he seemed so bewildered, so obviously out of funds necessary for hotel bills here—"

"The poor man!" Judith's lips were trembling. "Where is he?"

"In the servants' section." Miss Mackay gestured as Judith advanced upon her, consternation written in every feature. "One moment. That sounds a great deal worse than it is. The section is as decent as any other part of the house and I personally shall undertake to keep him amused and occupied. Meakin, the butler, and Mrs. Saunders, the housekeeper, are no ordinary persons; they are perfectly genteel and with a high sense of their importance, and, anyway, his desire is to mope about, gathering facts about Dean Berkeley. He will do very well among us, I assure you. And when Monday comes I'll tell him Miss Tavish has disappointed us and wish him a very kindly if firm farewell."

Judith was gazing thoughtfully at the floor.

"I hadn't any idea we were going to do an injustice to any one," she said at length. "I wouldn't do that for worlds."

The other gestured impatiently. "You are not. It was wholly my fault. Doctor Morton is comfortable and happy." She took Judith by the arm and pushed her gently out into the hall. "You go down-stairs. You'll be quite the freshest and sweetest girl they ever saw."

And so it seemed. There were a dozen persons in the music-room. At the piano sat a man whose fingers were negligently moving over the keys. The music died, the light talk and laughter ceased, as Judith appeared in the doorway. But before she had time for embarrassment Mrs. Tavish was at her side, smiling encouragingly.

"This," she said, speaking at large, "is Miss Monckton." Then, as though through a haze, Judith was conscious of meeting Ronald Tavish, a huge, hulking man with a pleasing smile; Lord Silverton, who, contrary to Judith's expectation, was neither brawny nor blond, but small, dark, and prematurely weazened; and a number of others whose names she failed to catch. Except one—the man at the piano, Galbraith, whose expressive, somewhat reckless face lightened engagingly as he arose from the bench.

"Jack," said Mrs. Tavish, "you're not going to escape so easily, you know. You understand you are here merely

to sing to us, so sit down and be decent."

Galbraith smiled and resumed his place at the piano.

"I don't think Miss Monckton will care for my amateur voice. Anyway, she'll know you brought it upon her, not I."

Galbraith struck a preliminary chord or two and then began an old Scotch ballad, "Lizzie Lindsay." He sang it well in a rich barytone, while Judith, seated in the half-light, with the darkness falling upon the sea outside the windows, hardly breathing, felt the surge of emotions almost too great to bear.

Galbraith refused to sing again and left the piano, walking straight to Judith's side, where he seated himself on the arm of her chair.

"Do you know why I sang 'Lizzie Lindsay'?" he said. "Because," he went on as Judith, looking up at him, smilingly shook her head—"because you are the immortal Elizabeth. . . . And so, of course, I was singing to you."

"Thank you ever so much." Judith's eyes were gay. "It is the first time I ever inspired anything so wonderful."

He glanced at her a moment. "Just the same—"

The sentence was interrupted by the arrival of Doctor Monckton and Miss Tavish, who in no uncertain voice was demanding to meet Doctor Monckton's daughter. The woman had an air of grand simplicity which impressed Judith as queenly. Unquestionably a personage, she was very cordial and spoke of the delight of meeting her father.

Judith, astonished, finally managed to draw the clergyman aside.

"A wonderful woman, my daughter, a keen sponsor of the old traditions and more deeply versed in the Anglican formula than any woman I have ever met—or man, either."

"But—but yes," said Judith, hurriedly. "Did you speak of your book?"

"Why, naturally, my child. That is to say, not specifically. We had topics of more interesting moment."

"Then you didn't mention the name and—and other details?" persisted the girl.

"Judith! Judith! No doubt I shall get around to that. I recognize your

pride in my authorship. As I say, we had more important matters. I might add, ahem—"

He paused as Galbraith confronted her, bowing in his half-playful manner.

"I'm to take you in, Lizzie Lindsay," he said, offering his arm, "and you, I believe, Doctor Monckton, are assigned to Miss Tavish."

"Of course, quite so. By all means!" Doctor Monckton hurried eagerly away to the side of his new-found friend.

The table blazing out of the soft gloom of the wainscotted apartment, the butler, the liveried footmen, the toilettes of the women, brought into sudden, dazzling reality all that Judith had ever read, dreamed, or imagined. In all its details the scene had the effect of placing concretely before her the strange vastness of the sea upon which she had so impulsively embarked. Feeling the need of support, she turned to Galbraith as he took his place at her side. There was something about him that attracted her strongly, an impression of wholesome

friendliness and clean, strong poise. Now, catching her expression, he was smiling encouragingly.

"Well, Lizzie Lindsay?"

"I'm frightened," she confessed. "I don't mind telling you that I come from a rural parish and I know I'm going to make some fearful blunders."

"You are going to do nothing of the sort."

Judith studied him a moment, feeling, despite his reassuring words, that he was bantering her. In her embarrassment her eyes turned to the butler. Somehow she had not, until now, dared to study this man of destiny to whom the other clergyman had been intrusted.

The marked attention which he bestowed upon Doctor Monckton and Miss Tavish indubitably bespoke the devout High Church Englishman, but upon other occasions Judith seemed to detect a cloud upon the shining brow, as though grim thoughts of an indignity done the cloth lurked behind. It worried the girl not a little.



"I DON'T KNOW WHETHER MISS MONCKTON WILL CARE FOR MY AMATEUR VOICE"

Galbraith turned to her presently and, maintaining the prevailing vein of triviality, carried on a conversation which impressed Judith, bewildered though she was, as a mere perfunctory effort to fulfil a social duty. At length, being by nature frank, she turned upon him with serious eyes.

"Mr. Galbraith, I suppose you really do have to talk to me a bit. Since you do, won't you let me see a bit of the real Mr. Galbraith before dinner is over?"

He stared at her. "The real Mr. Galbraith!"

"Yes," Judith nodded solemnly. "You've been giving me the froth of yourself all evening, as though that were all I deserved or could understand."

Galbraith laughed. "Nonsense! I have been giving you my real self, just as Devereux Cope and the rest are doing. It's stupid to be serious, at least as a habit."

"What a philosophy!"

"Give me a better one."

The girl's color heightened. "Why, live deeply. Dig into life and see what the roots are. It's cowardly to be superficial— But you're laughing at me!"

"No, I'm not, honestly," protested Galbraith. "How old are you, Miss Monckton?"

"Twenty," smiled Judith. "Oh," she added, "I know what you mean! . . . In spite of what you say, though, I have begun to believe that I see through you."

"Good for you! Now interpret, please."

"Some time I may. But just now, Mr. Galbraith, that blond girl across the table—Miss Hereward, isn't it?—has twice glanced at you rather unpleasantly, I thought."

"Mrs. Hereward," corrected Galbraith. "Elise Hereward. Her glances were unpleasant, eh?" He chuckled. "Well, now, that wasn't superficial, was it? I'm going to hold you to your promise to interpret me." He smiled and nodded, and then, withdrawing from the conversation, tossed a flippant remark across the table to Elise Hereward, who retorted with an undercurrent of sting.

After dinner Miss Tavish, to whom Doctor Monckton's views and ideas

seemed to have an inexhaustible appeal, turned to her sister-in-law.

"Of course, Bertha," she said, in her stately manner, "you will wish to play cards. If you don't mind, I shall take Doctor Monckton into the library. . . . Oh, keep your cigar, by all means, Doctor Monckton. I was brought up on smoke. . . . Go on with your cards, Bertha; don't bother about us."

"I sha'n't." Bertha Tavish, who was in rare spirits, turned to Judith with a smile. "Your father is captivating, Miss Monckton. I have never seen Selina quite so smitten. You play cards, of course?"

Judith played auction, but was by no means so keen a player as the others were. Devereux Cope, who had drawn her as a partner, glanced at her as the game progressed, at first in annoyed surprise, but later with a sort of grim resignation. Ronald Tavish, seeing the drift of affairs, winked at Cope, who, catching the idea, waited with some eagerness as the next luckless player was pivoted to his doom as Judith's partner.

The evening became hilarious. The luckless girl faced successive partners, whose features changed rapidly from bland ignorance of their fate to amazement, then chagrin, and finally, as the joke dawned upon them, to sheepish laughter or deep disgust. It was Galbraith, her fourth partner, who rescued her. He arose in the middle of the first game and went over to Mrs. Tavish.

"Bertha, we've got to chuck this, right now. That girl's punting like a drunken sailor. She must be two hundred dollars to the bad, if she's a cent. Does she know she's losing real money?"

"Why—" Bertha Tavish glanced quickly as the thought struck in—"why, I don't know! I never really thought about it. I supposed, of course, she knew. She isn't an idiot."

"No, you bet she isn't. None the less she's a wonderful little innocent and hasn't the slightest idea. She is being made a fool of, and that isn't cricket. Now be a good girl and send her off to bed."

Mrs. Ronald Tavish, whose unthinking heart could as readily be aroused by a whim of sympathy as by any other fancy, descended forthwith upon the girl.

"Haven't you had enough of cards, Miss Monckton?" inquired the hostess in her abrupt way. "If you'll allow me for a moment to play chaperon I'll suggest that after your long trip you should be in bed, really. It's nearly one o'clock."

Judith smiled gratefully and laid down her cards.

"I *am* tired, Mrs. Tavish." She glanced around the room, and then arising, advanced impulsively to the woman. "I wish you would tell every one how sorry I am that I played so badly."

"Oh, rats!" Galbraith, who had appeared at her side, displayed his card. "I am a few hundred points to the bad myself. I'll bet your card is no worse. Let's see it."

"It's fearful." Judith, after a moment's hesitation, gave Galbraith her score, who glanced at it with seeming unconcern and then thrust it into his pocket.

Mrs. Tavish took Judith by the arm. "You're not to worry at all," she said, in a low voice. "You're a dear, sweet girl—and every one is captivated. So be off with you."

When Judith had gone Galbraith took out her card, hesitated a moment, and then returned the record to his pocket.

"My child," observed the Reverend Doctor Monckton, with a sort of chirrup in his voice as he approached a well-filled sideboard in the breakfast-room next morning, "Miss Tavish agrees with me that he—or, for that matter, she—who misses the earlier hours of the day misses the godliest moments of the diurnal period. Herein we find those aspects of promise that— Ah, a meat pasty! Miss Tavish, may I bring you some? I'm afraid," he went on, turning to Judith, "that I shall be quite spoiled for your frugal breakfasts when we return home."

"As for me," said Miss Tavish, with decision, "I join with the English in holding for hearty breakfasts. Fast at noon, I say." She sat behind a great, steaming coffee-urn. "Sugar and cream, of course, Doctor Monckton?"

"Thank you." The clergyman returned to the table, a well-filled plate in either hand.

The three constituted the early risers at The Crag. It was eight o'clock, the morning one of supernal beauty. There was, in fact, every element that made for equanimity, and Judith would have been steeped in this mood were it not for harassing thoughts that lay beneath all. Even now, as her father took his place at Miss Tavish's elbow, the butler opened the door, glanced into the apartment, and then withdrew. Was there upon his impressive countenance a gleam of malevolence as his eyes rested upon the clergyman? Judith fancied so.

Troubled over the thought, she left her father and Miss Tavish, who were discussing a projected trip to the Redwood Library, and went outdoors to a Japanese garden within whose quaint labyrinth were, as Judith had suspected, all sorts of nooks and corners promising allurements to the contemplative mind.

Selecting a little thatched summer-house as holding the greatest promise of seclusion, she entered and, sitting upon a rustic bench, closed her eyes in an effort to collate in orderly array the mass of dazzling impressions which had accumulated in the course of the past hours, and to reduce her apprehensions concerning the presence of the other clergyman at The Crag to some degree of philosophical optimism. She had, however, no more than entered upon this process when a step sounded upon the gravel pathway and a form darkened the entrance.

"Good morning, Lizzie Lindsay. Guessing your tastes, I thought I should find you here. May I enter?"

"Of course." Judith's eyes sparkled. In his flannels and soft shirt, with a crimson tie which went so well with his dark features, he was wholly prepossessing.

He sat at her side, drawing a cigarette-case from his pocket.

"You were going to interpret me," he said. "I'm dying with curiosity."

"Oh, please!" Judith placed her hand impulsively upon his arm. "I don't know why I said that. I was utterly silly!"

"No, you weren't. You evidently formed an impression of us as we sat at table and you honored me among the rest. And you promised to tell me—



THE LUCKLESS GIRL FACED SUCCESSIVE PARTNERS PIVOTED TO THEIR DOOM

promised, you know. Of course, if it's so unfavorable—"

"It isn't that; not at all. It was an—Oh dear!" She stopped, gazing upon him with suffused eyes and flaming face.

"It was what?" he persisted, placidly.

"Why, an ideal. . . . I don't wish to offend you—"

"You couldn't do that to save your life. Go on."

"Well," she said, desperately, "you impressed me as a man who has gone through life with every advantage, looking for something you have never found, and now have come to think it doesn't exist."

"Wait a moment, please," he interrupted. "You use a vague and indefinite word. What is 'it' that I haven't found?"

"Something," was the prompt reply, "that makes you glad you are alive; something that tells you every day you live that the world or some one in the world is better, or happier, or wiser be-

cause you have lived that day. You could be a real man among men—"

"Why, Lizzie Lindsay—!"

"You've been keeping your real ideals in cotton-wool lest some one should see them and make you ashamed. Your cynicism about life comes from fear of life, not from experience."

"I fear too much experience is the trouble, girl."

"Too much experience of one sort, yes," she cried. "The trouble with you is that you're so big and keen and alive that these things don't amuse and thrill you any more—they bore you—and so you're cynical about life, disgusted with it."

Galbraith put out his hand and let it rest upon Judith's a moment. He studied her thoughtfully, and then, as she gently withdrew her hand, he said: "Tell me something about your home. You spoke of being a little country-parish girl. You don't talk like one."

She laughed. "Life is intensive with

father and me. We have always had the magazines and the new books, and there are several old families in East Annandale whom it is a privilege to know. We have the dearest little church—St. Cyprian's—built by my great-grandfather. He, my grandfather, and father have all been rectors there. It is rather run down, but it's dear and picturesque—and, oh, so placid!"

"A sort of living," he commented. "Sounds rather peaceful and beautiful and ideal. Seems to me I'd like to go there and stay forever—that is, provided—" He paused. "Will you help me to that better philosophy of life?"

For the first time there was no cynical gleam in his eyes, no satirical smile playing about his lips. Something in his manner thrilled Judith, who regarded him uncertainly.

"If I only could—"

In the library Judith found Mrs. Tavish and several of the men and women.

"We are all individualists at The Craggs in the daytime," said Bertha Tavish, nodding at Judith. "You may do anything you please."

As Judith was about to reply, Galbraith, who had followed the girl into the house, came forward.

"Miss Monckton and I are going to motor out beyond Paradise, if I can pry loose one of your roadsters, Bertha."

Mrs. Tavish invited Galbraith to help himself, and Judith, not knowing what to say, was glancing uncertainly from one to the other, when Elise Hereward confronted the man, her blue eyes sparkling indignantly.

"Jack, you idiot! You promised me you'd play on our mixed polo-team, and you knew we were to practise this morning."

"Was it this morning, Elise?" drawled Galbraith. "Well, I'm sorry; I'm not up to anything half so strenuous as polo. Anyway, we don't play the game until—next Wednesday, isn't it?"

Mrs. Hereward, not deigning to reply, walked away, while Bertha Tavish, who had been watching with an amused smile, glanced toward Judith and disappeared.

Judith never forgot that ride. They

motored among rocks and meadows, along promontories and through walled highways, finally stopping for luncheon at a little roadside inn, Galbraith exuberant throughout with the enthusiasm of a boy and the gallantry of a knight-errant. Inspired, Judith threw off all reserve and was her genuine girlish self, alternately rattling away with eager abandon or falling into deeper moods as Galbraith's whim, or her own, seemed to demand.

Both were quiet as they approached The Craggs, a deepening light in their eyes.

"Thank you," he said, as he helped her out of the car. "This has been a wonderful day, Lizzie Lind— You don't mind my calling you Lizzie Lindsay, do you?"

"I love it," said Judith, smiling at him. Then she ran into the house. Here she found Miss Mackay.

"Where have you been?" asked the secretary. "Mrs. Tavish has decided you are her doll. She is in your room now with her seamstress and she's commandeered every one's evening gown that she thinks may fit you. Hurry on up."

Judith found Mrs. Tavish, as her secretary had suggested, in a high furor of enthusiasm over her new idea of making Judith into a picture.

"Jack Galbraith should have his ears boxed," she cried. "If I had known he was going to keep you all day—! Come here."

Within the next hour Judith was tugged this way and that, dressed and undressed, while needles flew and scissors snipped fabric. There were gowns that fitted and gowns that didn't fit. At length, as Judith was tottering between weariness and bewilderment, Bertha Tavish stood back with an exclamation of delight.

"You will be a masterpiece to-night," she said.

Whether through a desire to propitiate a hostess famous for her lavish hospitality and generous instincts or whether the impression Judith made as she came into the music-room that evening was wholly genuine, there may be no doubt that her reception was quite in accord with Mrs. Tavish's fondest expectations.

Judith stood in the doorway, the soft light flowing in from the hall enveloping her slim, lithe figure in a glow which brought out every living tint in her copper hair, which made her arms and shoulders and neck gleam softly like ivory. Framed in the doorway, she suggested more a painting than a living embodiment of adolescent womanhood, fresh, joyous, undisillusioned. Galbraith hurried to her side.

"You are wonderful, Lizzie Lindsay," he said, in a low voice. "From another world." He regarded her a moment doubtfully. "You'll always be of that other world, won't you?"

"Why?" Thoroughly at ease with him, at least, Judith smiled mockingly.

"Because," he said, "I don't want you spoiled. You must always be different."

The night came to be one of those events in Judith's life which are so supremely wonderful that she who lives through them can by no possibility have any conception of details, can but live through a luminous blur of light and music and smiling faces and forms moving rhythmically, and words and phrases blended into a hopeless welter of the incomprehensible.

In truth, when she finally lay down to sleep she had but two definitely established impressions, both disagreeable. One was the perturbed, almost sullen aspect of the butler's countenance and the other a picture of Galbraith and Elise Hereward talking on the veranda, she angrily and he shrugging indifferently.

The girl's first waking impression after several hours of restless slumber concerned the waywardness of the human mind, which in her case, at least, had reacted from exhilaration of the most brilliant, most memorable night of her life to a mood of extreme dejection and apprehension.

She had fairly leaped from slumber at a knock upon her door, every nerve tingling with apprehension. It was one of the maids with her breakfast. And later she had started at another knock. It was a message from her father asking if she intended accompanying him and Miss Tavish to service. She did not so intend, and she sent the reply with a

twinge of misgiving, having noted the rather ostentatious withdrawal of the two from the ball-room precisely at midnight the previous evening.

It was, in fact, nearly eleven o'clock when she came down-stairs. She went outdoors and down a flight of steps cut in the damp gray rocks and stood with the surging waters slashing and writhing beneath her feet. In the very monotony of the advance and retrogression of the waves she found presently a sort of anodyne.

An hour at least must have elapsed before she made her way up the steps and walked toward the Japanese garden, thinking of the pleasure and solitude of the summer-house. But, entering, she found Elise Hereward, seated at ease, smoking a cigarette and reading something of Bourget's.

"Oh!" she said, looking up and smiling as Judith drew back. "Do come in. I'm bored to death with this stuff. Have you seen Jack Galbraith this morning?"

"No, I haven't." Judith sat on the opposite bench, wondering how she could get away.

"He's rather a waggish sort, don't you think?"

Judith regarded the woman doubtfully. "Why—he's good fun. . . . He's been awfully nice to me."

Elise Hereward waved her cigarette languidly. "Oh, never fear; he's been repaid. You seem to have diverted him, and diversion is a prime necessity with a man as busy as he is—"

"Busy!" Judith studied the young woman curiously.

"Why, yes," she said. "He has his banking business—Galbraith, Pool and Co. in New York, you know, and his books on exploration—"

"But," interrupted Judith, her cheeks flaming, "he told me— At least I understood—"

"That he was an unhappy, useless butterfly?" laughed Elise. "So that was the drift of his fancy!" She laid the book face downward in her lap and gazed at Judith mockingly.

The girl's eyes darkened. "I must have been awfully amusing."

"You must have been. But I shouldn't care a bit, if I were you—so long as you were amusing. That seems

to be the chief function of our sex. But seriously, Miss Monckton, I would be careful if I were you. You're younger than I, perhaps not so experienced in the world, so I can be frank."

"Yes?"

"You were away with him the greater

understand me. I was speaking merely of the looks of things—which are just as important to the *jeune fille* as the realities. Then you gave him the money to settle your card debts instead of paying your—"

"Card debts!" Judith stepped to the woman and seized her arm. "What do you mean?"

"Why"—Elise Hereward's surprise was not simulated—"I refer to the two hundred and fifty dollars you lost at auction the other night! I—"

Judith's sharp cry was the interruption. For a moment she stood staring dazedly at her companion, and then, suddenly turning, she ran toward the house, Elise Hereward following at more leisurely pace.

In the upper hallway she met Galbraith, who held out both arms playfully.

"Where have you been?" he asked. "I've been looking for you everywhere."

She stared at him strangely. "Mr. Galbraith, will you wait right where you are a moment, until I come back?"

"Surely," he smiled, looking at her in some surprise.

When she returned she walked rigidly erect, her face haughty. "Mr. Galbraith," she said, "I realize what a simpton I have been throughout, but, really, you didn't think I'd be willing to have you pay my card debts, even though I didn't know that I was play—" Her voice caught. "Here." She thrust a check into his hand and turned swiftly away toward the stairs.

Galbraith glanced quickly at the strip of paper, crumpled it in his hand, and then ran toward Judith, whom he caught by the arm.

"Miss Monckton—Judith!" he said, sharply, "I want you to stop and listen to me." Placing his other hand upon her shoulder, he turned her around so that she looked into his face. "Why have you given me this?"



"I WANT YOU TO STOP AND LISTEN TO ME"

part of yesterday, unchaperoned. Now Jack Galbraith is all right, of course. But he's no better than any of the rest, after all."

Judith rose abruptly. "Mrs. Hereward, I wonder if you realize what you are saying?"

Elise arose, too. "Please don't mis-

"Why!" She laughed bitterly. "I wonder!" Then, seeing his look of amazement, she stamped her foot. "I lost two hundred and fifty dollars at auction, didn't I? You paid it, didn't you? So—"

"No, girl, I didn't pay it."

"You didn't—" She paused. "But Mrs. Hereward—"

"Oh—!" His face lightened with relief. "I see. I understand. Let me explain. We all knew, after you left the game, that you had not understood you were playing for money. And so, as you never had a chance of winning, every one agreed it was only fair to let it go. But Elise Hereward, who is temperamental and didn't seem to like you, had ten dollars due her, and I was afraid some way she'd be stuffy about it. So I got Bertha Tavish to tell her you had insisted upon paying your debt—"

"And so I would if you had given me only half a chance to be—"

"Judith, listen," he said, sternly. "I knew you would, but I didn't intend you should. So I gave Elise her ten dollars, intending to tell you about it—"

"Well, then— Please let go my arms."

"Pardon me!" He stepped back from her. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm going down-stairs, find out whom I owe—and pay every cent."

Galbraith regarded her curiously. "Judith, I wouldn't do that if I were—"

But she had turned with a gesture of impatience and was on her way down the stairs. Hurrying in her wake, Galbraith entered the room just as Judith flew to the side of Mrs. Tavish. Her big husband, with whom she had been talking, was lounging in a chair, a book in his hand.

"Mrs. Tavish—Mr. Tavish," she said, speaking breathlessly, "I have a confession to make. I have discovered I was playing auction for money the other night and that I lost quite a sum. Of course I wish to pay every cent."

Mrs. Tavish, who disliked scenes, took the girl's hand. "Very well, my dear. I understand perfectly how you feel. I'll see what can be done. But you must not be excited. It was wholly my fault."

"Thank you." Judith, still tense, sensible now of her position, was glanc-

ing about the room, wondering how to withdraw, when Elise Hereward, who had been standing in the doorway, entered the room, a peculiar smile upon her lips.

"Bertha, with whom do you think I have just been talking? The butler." She laughed as Bertha Tavish gazed at her curiously. "And since it's too rich to keep, I am wondering, now that Miss Monckton is at the confessional, whether she hadn't better confess all?" She turned upon Bertha Tavish. "It seems we have been harboring a houseful of clergymen—"

"A houseful of clergymen!" Ronald Tavish laid aside his book and arose.

"Well, two clergymen, at least, Ronald. Meakin has just told me and—" Elise gestured dramatically toward the door. "Here he is now."

It was indeed the butler, his mien containing every suggestion of one bent upon a solemn duty. His voice, as he spoke, was sepulchral, the one sign of inward agitation being a reversion to the cockney dialect of his forebears.

"Mrs. Tavish," he said, "Hi harsks your pardon for this hintrusion. But Hi wishes to serve notice. Hi'm a churchman, madam, has you know, and Hi 'as some respect for the cloth. Hand when you flings upon me a clergyman, madam, hand 'im a—" The man paused, fighting to overcome emotions which were preventing intelligible utterance. "When you flings, has you would a dish-cloth hinto the pantry sink—when—" Meakin stopped abruptly, pointing toward Miss Mackay, who was standing in the doorway, evidently hesitating whether or not to enter.

"Well—?" Mrs. Tavish beckoned imperiously to the young woman. The secretary was flushed but calm.

"What Meakin was trying to say, Mrs. Tavish, is that through a mistake two clergymen were invited for the weekend, Doctor Monckton and Doctor Morton. I didn't wish to mess things up so I—"

"So, to cover another of your hideous mistakes, you hid him in the servants' section—" Mrs. Tavish paused, her hazel eyes gleaming.

Miss Mackay studied her employer for an instant. "He has been perfectly



"WELL HIT, DOCTOR MONCKTON; WELL SCORED"

comfortable. I have entertained him royally. He is a very simple old gentleman, a clergyman—"

"Clergyman!" Meakin, who had gained the door-sill, turned suddenly, glaring at the secretary. "'E ayn't a clergyman. 'E's a ludship, that's wot 'e his. Why, Mrs. Tavish, 'e's the *Hemeritus Bishop of Raritan!*"

"Good God!" Mrs. Tavish advanced toward her secretary, and then, hearing voices in the hall, gestured imperiously at the butler. "You may go, Meakin; at once, please."

"Mrs. Tavish, please—" Judith impulsively seized the woman's hand, but released it as her father, Miss Tavish, and the man she now knew to be Bishop Morton entered the room together.

The two men were evidently in the throes of an argument, and it was most patent that Doctor Monckton was beating his opponent to cover verbally, if not through the force of his logic. And Miss Tavish, her face flushed, her eyes glistening, was by no means a disinterested umpire.

"Well hit, Doctor Monckton; well

scored. I'm afraid, Bishop, he has you there. Ah, Bertha! Ronald! It has been rich. I never hoped to have two such men in competition—"

Silence, of course, lay upon the room like an incubus. With a situation of portentous dimensions and apparently inextricable involutions facing the mistress of The Crag, not to mention others who were involved, the apparition of a solution obviously perfect in all its details, the process, however hidden, was almost too much to contemplate with serenity.

"Where — where?"—Bertha Tavish's voice caught—"where did you meet the Bishop?"

"Why, at church, of course! I hadn't seen him in five years, but of course I recognized him." Miss Tavish paused. "And the curious thing, Bertha, is that he has been with us for two days—" She glanced meaningly at her sister-in-law and then turned to Bishop Morton. "You said, Bishop, you had that book in your room. Would you very much mind getting it for me now?" As the old man smiled and bowed and then

went out of the room she raised her hands and nodded toward Doctor Monckton. "Did you ever know a man, Doctor, whose thoughts maundered so persistently in the eighteenth century?"

She turned again to Mrs. Tavish. "It would seem, Bertha, as though explanations were due. Bishop Morton has been here two days as the guest, apparently, of Miss Mackay. He was bidden here, as it appears, to meet me and yet seems to be under the impression that I have just arrived. What is the difficulty? Have you any idea?"

"Did you tell him you had not just arrived, Selina?" Bertha Tavish regarded the woman anxiously.

"Certainly not," was the prompt reply. "I don't know what your tactics were—they're usually past my comprehension; but I hope I have tact enough not to interfere."

As Mrs. Tavish looked about her hopelessly Miss Mackay stepped forward and explained the entire situation simply, frankly. When she had finished she glanced involuntarily toward Mrs. Tavish, as though seeking the nature of her fate. But the woman's face was inscrutable. "While," she went on, "I knew that Bishop Morton had written the book to which you referred—"

"My dear, just a moment, pray." Miss Tavish held up an admonitory hand. "I wish you all to know that the book in which I was interested was *The Modern Saints' Rest*, of which my dear friend Doctor Monckton is the author. It is, I might say, the most uplifting influence of my later years, as, indeed, the Doctor has proved himself to be. If I confused Bishop Morton with Doctor Monckton in my letter it was merely a characteristic lapse; for I have long detested Bishop Morton's archaic maunderings in *The High Churchman*. You have done well, Miss Mackay. Two days of him would have killed me, quite. An hour has been almost enough."

"Miss Tavish—" Judith essayed to speak and then sank weakly into a chair.

"You might at least have introduced

me to the Bishop whether you admire him or not, Selina," murmured Bertha Tavish, darting a venomous glance at her secretary.

"He'll return directly, my sister." Miss Tavish raised her hand. "And I wish you to know, too, that if through Miss Mackay's error I was permitted to make Doctor Monckton's acquaintance, I owe her a very great deal. That is quite all. Now, Doctor Monckton, here is the Bishop. Bishop Morton, I am honored to be able to present you to my sister, Mrs. Tavish—"

Judith Monckton, dazed, grasping nothing but the central facts, made her way out slowly toward the door.

Evidently the situation had resolved itself. She could not quite understand how, but every one seemed contented, some even happy. Ronald Tavish was in the corner, quivering with suppressed laughter. Mrs. Tavish was addressing her secretary with a smile that seemed almost, if not quite, complacent. Doctor Monckton was offering one arm to Miss Tavish, the other to the Bishop; the three were moving to a more secluded place, no doubt to resume their argument.

As Judith moved wearily toward the veranda she felt a hand laid gently upon her shoulder.

"Lizzie Lindsay—!"

She turned, flushing, and then Bertha Tavish, who was watching her curiously, saw her exchange a few sentences with Galbraith, saw her smile radiantly and move away with the young man.

"Ronald!" Mrs. Tavish beckoned imperiously to her husband, who came at once to her side. "Give the Bishop food, drink, and general good cheer. Do him good, will you, dear. Run things generally, like a good chap. As for me, I'm going to bed. Your sister sooner or later is going to marry that parson. You don't think so! Well—wait. And as for Jack Galbraith and Judith Monckton—" Mrs. Tavish shrugged. "Ronald, I can stand only so much in a given hour—only so much. And the limit has been passed."

A Defense of the Spinster

BY MAYONE LEWIS



WOMEN are accustomed by long habit either to accept men's views on women or to let them pass unchallenged. Moreover, the opinions of men are often so contrary to women's knowledge of their own sex as to seem amusing, too unreal to deserve the effort of contradiction. Disproof we know to be out of the question; for so various are the elements in every human being that even one individual, much less a whole sex, presents a different picture to every critic. The observer's mind unconsciously selects some elements in his subject and neglects others, and, again, in filtering through the critic's mind each element becomes something different, something at once more and less than reality. If this is true of an individual, how much more of a grouping by sex? The judgments of men on women are partial and distorted, just as are the judgments of women on men, because neither can ever get quite the point of view of the other. Men and women rarely know each other intimately enough to understand and to judge, except in relations befogged by personal emotions. They see each other at too close range or else not at all. The chief difference in their judgment of each other lies in this, that women admire the male sex, but are condescending toward the individual, whereas men admire individual women, but are condescending toward the sex. Man's vanity as man leads him to consider women only in relation to himself. Oh, rib of Adam, how much you are responsible for! How much profound(?) philosophizing has sprung from you, delightful myth! Have women souls? Are women people? Yes, butto man, as such, woman, as such, is still a spare rib! On the other hand, woman's indulgence toward man—an indulgence proceeding as much from her maternalism as from her inferior position in

history—leads her to exaggerate men's virtues and to depreciate her own, while this same indulgence of man prevents her from rebuking the innumerable foolish judgments which he passes on her. It is easy for women to forgive men; we have forgiven them for creating Eve and Pandora and Psyche—the silly, lovely thing!—and Elsa of Brabant and Xantippe and Vivien—yes, and even for Emmy Sedley. For the sake of Fidelio and Portia and Eugénie Grandet we could forgive them anything—almost! But humility is out of fashion and so women have done with humility. If it comes into style again, they may wear it as a cloak, but beware! it will cover pride and consciousness of self as well as the vanity and dependence and love of praise it used to hide.

Certainly a champion of unpopular causes cannot afford to be humble; and what cause has been more unpopular than that of the spinster? What disfigurement has not tradition put upon her in plays and jokes and satires as a foil to the dewy maid, the charming wife, or the fascinating widow? To be sure, a few modern authors have dared to sketch a woman of charm and leave her to wither on the parent stem—there is Janet Orgreave and Samuel Butler's Aletheia. They do not even hint that they cherish a patient devotion to an old love. There's progress for you! But in general the spinster preserves in literature, if not in life, her old lineaments of soured loneliness. She is still a mistake of nature, to be regretted and ignored. Indeed, if Mr. W. L. George's be a fair example of the male point of view, she is to be frowned upon and not willingly to be tolerated. Yet tolerated she must be, all the more in the manless world that now threatens our generation; and because tolerance, as commonly practised, is intolerable I should like to perform the miracle of making her popular. In any case, I must protest against

having her habitually misjudged and misinterpreted.

In defending the spinster let it not be supposed that I am one who says, "Why marry?" I should rather say, "Why not?" For I believe that marriage is the best working arrangement so far evolved for satisfying the human instinct for association and for carrying on the race. Children we must have unless we are to abandon the earth to the prolific hexapoda, and from Plato to the present day no one has found a better environment for rearing children than that provided by the normal marriage. Marriage does for the child what gravitation does for the earth; it keeps the individual in its proper relation to the universe. Marriage gives the child his due background of natural and moral law, of government and love, of understanding based on inheritance of the known traits of the parents; it is "the child's mental protector." One has only to have seen the morbid sufferings of children of divorced parents to believe this. And the husband and wife who are well mated are only less the gainers by marriage than the child. But because marriage is desirable, does it necessarily follow that the spinster is undesirable? Union is neither possible nor advantageous for all. What, primarily, leads people to marry? Love, and the desire for children. But civilized people are controlled by their inhibitions, not by their instinctive appetites. More children are born now than we are able to care for and bring to a sound and useful maturity, and the shocking example of Germany is not an encouragement either to the married or the unmarried to increase the population of their country beyond a reasonable degree. As for love, it will not often be gainsaid. When you see men and women unmarried you may usually wager with safety that sex love has passed them by, or at least that they found the gem was paste in time. On neither of these scores, then, can the spinster be blamed for her spinsterhood. She has denied neither love nor maternity. Indeed, she is likely to exalt both beyond the normal height, as the sick man Stevenson exulted in deeds of derring-do, as the diseased brain of Nietzsche glorified Force.

But we are going to needless trouble of disclaimer here. The indictment of the spinster is on no grounds so immaterial; it has to do with her looks. Ah, man! how much wiser were you than the birds and the beasts when you delegated to woman the risks and the obligations of beauty! With this one stroke you made all men free and equal. Henceforth Thersites need ask no favors from Apollo! The ugly man might stand erect. But the ugly woman—Heaven pity her, for no one else will! From the spinster's shattered looks the common type of critic passes to her disposition, which is, forsooth, egoistic, and her attitude toward life, in which he professes to find something queer, some streak of strangeness or abnormality. Truly there be things that are hard to understand, and the way of a man with a maid is as nothing in complexity to the way of men with women. If women seek men, they are coquettes; if they are retiring, they are prudes; if they earn their living, they are restless and unwomanly; if they stay at home, they are clinging vines; if they remain single, they are abnormal; if they marry, they are—judge for yourself from these words of Mr. W. L. George, "All men, however old, however vile, can secure a charming mate, if they can afford to keep her." Yet the grounds for male condemnation are less hard to understand than the grounds for male approval. Toward these charming mates of the old and the vile the author is indulgent to the point of complacency; yet surely men should not feel that a compliment to their sex which is merely a compliment to the power of money. As for women, they must blush with shame to read this statement and to be forced to admit its truth.

Personally, I am enough of an optimist to believe that such a charge is being less and less deserved, and that the heaven is working to bring about a time when it cannot truthfully be made. Many causes lie beneath this willingness of women to sell themselves for their keep, even though it be to the old and the vile. Ignorance of the moral and physical degeneration of such men—ignorance masking under the glamorous name of "innocence"; the greater social satisfactions of the married wom-

an; the individual's desire for a home of her own; desire for children; lack of personal initiative; family compulsion—all play a part, as well as the laziness and materialism which the branding assertion carries on the face of it. Time and education are taking the prick out of all these goads, except the desire for children; that tremendous urge can be controlled only by raising the individual woman's standard of love and marriage. Of the movement to do this Ellen Key is perhaps the extreme exponent, whereas misleading statements written from the point of view of the opposite sex tend to lower standards already too low. I refer to flippant assertions such as this: "We know that, especially for women, a bad marriage is better than none."

How little the gentleman who wrote thus understands the trend of modern women's thought and feeling! How jejune his sentiment, how casual his observation, how false his deduction! Or perhaps he was indulging in a form of British irony too subtle for my American and feminine perceptions, and even now his comic spirit laughs at me for taking him seriously. Women cannot help taking marriage seriously—other women's, if not their own. That which causes a ripple in a man's life diverts the whole current of a woman's; and I confess I cannot swallow this assertion with a wink and a smile. Women who observe, and who reason from the evidence which their experience has given them, will, I venture to say, unanimously deny it. Physically, mentally, and morally a woman loses more than she gains by a bad marriage—unless, of course, Mr. George and I have in mind different definitions of "bad marriage." The phrase "a bad marriage" embraces many kinds of unions from that of the temperamentally uncongenial to that of the innocent and the libertine. The number of women increases yearly who abjure all the legional types of bad marriages. They know that, especially for women, no marriage is better than a bad marriage. So far from their believing that "there is something unhealthful and abnormal in the life of the unmarried when they have reached an age and a condition such that their impulses would lead them to marry," they deny

such unhealthfulness, and call on the individual reader to consult the evidence in his acquaintance to disprove its existence, unless it be in rare and isolated cases. Which is the more unhealthy life, that of the girl who has married a rake for his money or that of the unmarried girl who teaches, or works at a typewriter or conducts a Y. W. C. A. cafeteria for an honest living? Which of these two women has the saner and sounder mode of living, which the healthier body, which the more wholesome point of view? Which is the more normal, in the sense of preserving the better and more resistant type of individual to the race (for the old maid passes on her type and tradition through her influence no less truly than the mother hands down hers through her body, and new generations are molded by nurse-maids and teachers and social workers as well as by mothers)? Is the wife who neglects her one child to grow Pekinese; is the wife whose vanity leads her husband from one extravagance to another; is the wife who has borne ten diseased and ill-nourished children to a drunkard, more healthy and normal in her life than the old maid who runs a successful club for wayward girls and keeps house for aged relatives; or the unmarried nurse who has taught innumerable mothers the proper care of their babies; or the altruistic college girl who leaves a wealthy home to work in office routine for the prevention of child labor? The voices of thousands of our noblest and best would cry out against such a charge were not these wise and tender women too much occupied with their work to note either praise or blame.

These hosts of unmarried women in general keep very quiet in their chosen field of service. Nothing, however, would tempt them more to put down the load and pick up the pen than to catch a male opponent in a piece of false reasoning. Men are proud of their logic—and why not? It is a true gift of the gods, a silver spoon in the mouth. Just by being born boys, they escape the danger of arguing in a circle; they are not snatched to destruction by the Scylla of *a priori*, they never go down in the whirlpool of the *reductio ad absurdum*. Is not feminine malice justified when a

man wanders from the plain path of reasoning? So I felt when I read this gem of masculine thought: "The human tendency is to live in couples; there are a few rare people of strong individuality who find all they need within themselves, who, like Narcissus, can give a pure worship to their own image; but they are few, and nearly all men and women need the warmth of companionship." Here are four assertions, each true when taken separately, but see how garbled they become when put thus loosely together, how unfair the assumption drawn from them!

From these four generalizations which have truth in them Mr. W. L. George leaves us to assume that the only satisfaction of the common need for companionship is the life of the married couple and that the only alternative to this life is self-worship. Could any reasoning be more insidiously illogical? If, indeed, we can call a loose juxtaposition of fact and inference reasoning at all! He says, further, "All the world is open to man, while woman has only love—if women have not that they seldom have anything at all." The male complacency behind this statement of woman's place in the scheme of things is hoary with tradition; the cynic need only put his hands into the mental stores of the ages to draw forth countless such ready-made beliefs. But are they true in 1918? In one sense it is eternally true that the woman who has not love has not anything, but in that broader sense neither has the loveless man anything. The withered and the frozen hearts are indeed barren whether they lie in man's or woman's breast. But we must interpret words as the writer habitually uses them. By love Mr. George means the personal and sexual love that unites one man to one woman, the love that normally leads to marriage. It is, as far as I can discover, his only concept of love. Reading this definition into the statement, we have: "All the world is open to man, while woman has only the personal, sexual love which normally leads to marriage. If women have not that they seldom have anything at all."

Is this true? Does life hold nothing for the women of America, England, and France but the love of a husband? Have

women no part in the toils and rewards of life, no share in its daily hardships and its glorious achievements? All the world is open to man, while a woman has only a man's love. Is Mr. George talking of England or of Turkey? My heart swells with the passion of Shylock, "Hath not a Jew eyes?" Do not women know the sweet savor of work, of hard work, done for others or for the sake of an idea? Have they not the lust for power and the pride thereof? Are they not the willing handmaids of Beauty? Does not the dazzling hope of freedom and justice irradiate their souls? Did Lucy Stone and Catherine Breshkovsky have nothing in their lives but a husband's love? Phalanx on phalanx the army grows of the women who live by other loves: the love of the diseased and the oppressed, the love of neglected children, the love of economic and social justice, the love of human brotherhood and of peace, the love of truth and of beauty, the infinite vision that beckons us on through the ugly injustices of the world of Now to the hope of a world yet unborn. Man does not live by bread alone, nor woman by love. The noble striving of the human mind, the aspiration of the human soul for a larger and a better life, animate women no less than men. That which they share with all animal creation gradually yields place to that spiritual essence which distinguishes them from the brute. Powerful, eternal, and necessary as is the mating impulse, it controls but a few years of the average woman's life, and but a few months in the life of many normal and charming women. Nor do the hearts of these latter dry up and their lives visibly contract. Love is too universal to be confined to the bonds of marriage or of sex, and the unmarried woman's human need of love finds a thousand natural outlets. The average acquaintance will furnish testimony to the living springs of love and service in the lives of unmarried women. The tender and enduring friendships of women; all the varying forms of woman's love for the young, as shown in the manifold services of teacher and settlement worker, of Y. W. C. A. and child-labor secretaries; her love for the unfortunate and the oppressed as it finds outlet in mission

schools and in hospitals, in trade-union organizations and in suffrage clubs, in all kinds of social service which attract our young college graduates in increasing numbers every year. Noblesse oblige—opportunity imposes on these the obligation of loving service, an obligation which in many cases means forfeit of that personal, sexual love which much of tradition, literature, and the drama would have us believe is all life offers to women. To such women this definition of love appears strangely limited; for, though they have not that love, they do indeed live by love and by the wide and deep interest in life which unselfish love may engender. That is the secret of their vitality, for though the traditionalists deny it, they are not only normal, but, many of them, tremendously vital. In witness of this I could present a large number of “cases” of unmarried women of my acquaintance who have eliminated marriage from their intentions and who are yet full of humor, zest, and usefulness in their daily life. For by a strange coincidence I have, in common with Mr. George, the habit of noting down “cases” that strikingly support my views and theories about life. I have indeed a collection of some fifty-seven such cases, all observed with, so far as I could achieve it, a Boswellian fidelity and objectiveness, and indexed in the German manner. I find among my files:

Marriage Possible but Improbable.

Five Rejected Suitors.

Case U-X-L. Woman, aged 48, handsome, rich, well born—interior decorator—conducts “Hints for Housefurnishing” for *Ladies’ Learnall*—favorite for dinner engagements—charming apartment in N. Y. with woman friend. Hobby: Summer motor trips with friend.

Marriage Eliminated.

—Suitors Rejected.

Case I-KN-C. Woman—aged 55—agreeable, sympathetic—teacher—fond of children, hosts of friends and invitations—secret of happiness on small means and large vision. Hobby: Her nephews and nieces.

Marriage Eliminated.

No Suitors (recorded by history).

Case 2-N-I. Two women, aged 34 and 36, college classmates and chums—suffrage and socialist organizers—red republicanism grafted on aristocracy—one, from

Georgia, evolves triumphs of cookery in a New York kitchenette. Hobby of 1: Cooking; 2: Conrad.

Considering the exhaustive method of studying each case, I forbear quoting further, adding only that my files are open to all and that I invite comparison with Mr. George’s set of “cases” of abnormal and disappointed spinsters. What the private griefs and disappointments of my “cases” may be I know not—even an investigator with a theory must stop somewhere—but neither do I know those of the married, who no doubt have them, too. Certainly these “old maids” wear no willows, and, as to normality and healthiness, we can judge only by the daily appearance, speech, and acts of people. In personal attraction these women are fully the match of the married—I pursue no further this odious comparison.

Nerves are, in our friendly critic’s opinion, the only residue life leaves to the spinster. “Besides, as she grows older, and presumably because she leads a celibate life while the bachelor does not, she develops nerves. Men develop fat—life is easier when you are fat. Because she is nervous she is less welcome and less young than her male contemporary, and for that reason she becomes imprisoned within herself. Confined so much to her own mental society, she becomes even more egocentric than man.” The which my observations contradict *in toto!* And though I am aware that this is a mere battle of words, ground for personal testimony, not for proof and disproof, yet I give my observations for what they are worth, and rather to challenge the opposing statements than to gain credence for my own. In my acquaintance the unmarried women vary largely, according to temperament and material circumstance, whereas the unmarried men all share certain unvarying traits. They are self-centered, comfort-loving, and opposed to all innovations, especially in the routine of their daily life. To use the expressive New England word, they are “set,” set in a hard and fast mold. They are more egocentric than women, possibly because they have in general more money with which to

indulge themselves than the spinsters have, and possession of money unshared, as usual, induces selfishness and dependence on the comforts which money can buy. The majority of unmarried women have to work hard and to live on limited means; they are, on the whole, less materialistic and self-centered than men, and therefore mentally more adaptable and progressive, less impervious to new ideas, less opposed to new ways of living. Bachelor women are not jarred to the center of their being if the oatmeal is unsalted or the beef-steak overdone. They find life endurable if their shirts are badly laundered; they endeavor to be polite even when the sandwiches turn out to be soggy and the dory has sprung a leak. The bachelor woman has been known to change her views from year to year; do not the party bosses oppose woman suffrage because they fear they cannot count on the women's vote? It takes the ruling sex to vote the straight Tammany ticket or the straight Republican ticket because they have always done so. And of that sex the bachelor is a very barnacle; the same rooms, the same corner in the club, the same old game of golf on the same days of the week, the same hours for rising, lunching, dining, the same hominy for breakfast and steak for dinner, the same New York newspaper by his plate; these hold his devotion year by year. I challenge any one to find a spinster of approximately equal means whose life is so minutely consistent and unvaried as the average bachelor's!

But the critics of the spinster do not stop with these imaginative voyages, in which they discover the strange looks and habits of the solitary creature; they return to their own fireside to maintain with pardonable assurance that "marriage liberates the large for some achievement." Are there, then, no more Lydgates, no more Rosamond Vincys? Yes, in modern dress and changed for the better we have met them again in Wells's *Marriage*. We meet them often in every city. Marriage, we spinsters find evidence for declaring, is a liberator for achievement only if the partner in it dies early, or is truly self-effacing and devoted. If both husband and wife

live and are normally exacting, marriage is like the British constitution, a structure continually rebuilt on compromises. Hence its strength and permanence, but it cannot be called an *open sesame* to genius. One who is pulling in double harness with the ordinary kind of mate cannot be so free in action or in feeling as the unyoked. The free man or woman may miss the solid satisfactions of the married, but he or she does have in exchange greater opportunity for daring and initiative, as well as for the uninterrupted hours of hard work which form the substructure of a work of genius. Shakespeare was married. Yes! but he ran away from his wife at twenty. Goethe and Beethoven drank from fresh wells of emotion all along the untrammelled way of bachelorhood. George Sand was married, but!—and as for the incomparable Jane, and Charlotte Brontë, one is the very type and model of the spinster, the other her analyst. Here is indeed an inconclusive study to tempt the curious; for opponents might balance examples all day long of married against unmarried genius. Meanwhile I protest that, compared to the substantial daily demands of wife and children, compared to the restrictions of a husband's taste and will, Mr. George's "soft ivy tendrils" that impede the unmarried are soft indeed. That "racking loneliness," that "continual search for an alleviation," those "impossible dreams of an incredibly fair partner," do "forge fetters for the unmarried," but chiefly in periods of depression, privation, or disappointment; they color darkly certain moods and moments—and have not the married their moments of dark reflection and somber regret?—but they are insubstantial emotions. They pass, and leave the mind and spirit free to play their workaday or gallant part in the world's work and amusement.

"Gallant," do I say? How romantic, how far-fetched and unworldly, the word appears against the firm, coarse texture which life takes on in the loom of many men and women, the men and women who believe in bad marriages. Spinsters are, I fear, the true—I had almost said the only—romanticists left in a cynic world of actualities. They fight the

windmills of sentimentality, preserving in their hearts the precious embryo of sentiment; they slay the dragons of material gain, and daily mount a jaded steed or plod afoot in quest of the ideal.

Let not the inquiring naturalist suppose, however, that romanticism is the key to the spinster's character. It unlocks only a small cabinet in a private corner, invisible to eyes unacquainted with the species. If the spinster lacks intimate understanding of one or two men, she makes up for it by constant rubbing of elbows with the crowd, where she has learned the needed lessons of resolution and independence. In the school of business, which she, in distinction to her married sisters, must attend, she finds that the prizes go, not to the fair, but to the keen of wit and the quick of action. In competition with the world of men she learns to place her values where men place theirs, on judgment, skill, and loyalty, rather than on eyes and clothes and flattering ways.

When, therefore, the spinster hears a man generalize thus about women, "After a while the weaknesses that charmed irritate, and it is nearly always true that in the beginning foolish lips may be kissed, but later must learn to speak wisdom," she feels a touch of pity and scorn for the women who are so obviously patronized and coerced—but hardly a sense of kinship. For herself she refuses both the patronage and the coercion, and replies with Banquo, "Speak to me, who neither fear your favor nor your hate." Such a generalization, she argues, is merely an instance of that reversion to the primitive which is hard to escape in the judgments of men on women, of women on men—a reversion which even the most rational and fair-minded of men hardly escape. It springs from sensuality and vanity, and is a point of view as old as the history of man. So much the more reason, says the spinster, that we should work to change the age-old conditions that have made this point of view persistent.

And in this field, as in all fields, conditions *are* changing, and points of view change with them. Even before the war, the world as organized and ruled by men was not so brilliantly successful that all women were satisfied to

continue silent partners in it. In all the races of mankind, women are becoming articulate; with self-expression comes self-assertion, and the judgments of the male half of the race will no longer be accepted without question. Women have already ceased to believe what men have written about them; they are beginning to study and interpret themselves. The Greek precept—"Know thyself"—comes to them with the force of a new gospel, and in applying the dictum of the ancients it is of little help to them to study the literature of either ancient or modern, for books, like everything else, are man-made. Rather, in the spirit of the scientist, they must, for the time being, strip their minds of layer on layer of prejudice and preconceived idea handed down in the traditions of men, and must learn to know themselves as they discover themselves and one another in action and in reflection. They doubt—more, they deny—that cherished hierarchical distinction drawn by man as to the instinct of the animal, the intuition of the female, and the logic of the male. They have matched wits with men often enough to know that logic is independent of sex; they have observed that the ability and the will to reason honestly and straight result from the individual mentality, not from the male organism. Man's traditional assumption to the contrary thinking women regard as a survival of the historical male position of superiority. The persistence of this assumption and of many others regarding women as such is merely evidence that, as Mr. George says, "The common type of man is amazingly closed to new ideas."

And, I would add, so also is the common type of woman. For—and this is perhaps the crowning presumption of modern women—we believe that men and women are by nature far less unlike than traditional views would have us suppose. But that, after all, is a discussion that leads us far afield, and therefore it does not properly belong within the scope of this paper, which aims not to set forth new doctrine, but to defend those useful and reasonably contented members of society, the spinsters, against certain false hypotheses of the old.

A Call Upon Every Citizen

BY CHARLES A. BEARD

Director of the Bureau of Municipal Research, New York



AMERICA and her allies are now pitted against the most merciless military despotism the world has ever seen. Surely all those who ever hoped for the conversion of Germany and the House of Hohenzollern to ways of peace and common decency are cured of their delusion by this time. Equipped by forty years of preparation for armed conquest, fortified by forty years' conspiracy against the democratic nations of the earth, supported by all the engines of destruction that science can devise, the German military machine threatens all mankind. It has made a religion of brutality; it has despised everything that savors of democracy; it has willed to impose its cruel might upon all who refuse to accept its yoke. Let whoever doubts this ponder upon Belgium, the *Lusitania*, and Brest-Litovsk. A German victory means the utter destruction of those ideals of peace and international good-will which have been America's great reliance, ideals which make life worth living in America or anywhere else.

In this hour of trial by fire the government calls upon every citizen, rich and poor, great and small, to help. It has imposed upon wealth the heaviest taxes ever imposed in the history of our country, and still heavier taxes are to come. Three times it has appealed to the citizens to buy great issues of Liberty bonds and each time the answer has been unmistakable. It was said that John Hancock in signing the Declaration of American Independence wrote his name in such large black letters that even George III could read it without spectacles. So the American people in subscribing to Liberty loans have written their names down in characters so clear that even William II can read them

from his Grand Headquarters. Three times our government has called; three times the people have answered. The first time there were 4,500,000 subscribers to the Liberty loan; the second time 9,500,000, and the third time 17,000,000. If the Imperial despot and his military henchman who rule Germany cannot find in these answers proof that the American people are united in this mighty effort to beat to earth the German menace to the peace and safety of mankind, they are blind indeed.

But this is not enough. A fourth time the government of the United States is calling upon the people to renew their pledge of faith in its purposes and their solemn determination to plow this furrow to the end—until all that the Hohenzollerns stand for is blotted out on the field of victory. There is no doubt what our answer will be this time. The billions of the fourth Liberty loan will be subscribed—oversubscribed.

That is not enough. We want 30,000,000 subscribers to this new loan. We want that number to prove to the men who are giving their lives for our cause that the nation—the whole nation—with one purpose and one devotion, will stand behind them to the uttermost. We want that number added to the 17,000,000 subscribers to the third loan to prove to the German militarists that the will of the American people to victory becomes stronger with every new burden.

That is not all. The government not only wants money; it wants more people thoughtfully united behind it, more people earnestly considering ways and means to contribute to victory, more people educated into the habits of wise economy necessary for the support that the coming trials may demand.

It is not true that America's resources are "unlimited." The resources of no country are unlimited. Our resources

are limited by our power to produce wealth and our good sense in spending it. Every man who spends a dollar on needless luxuries, every woman who wastes a piece of bread in the kitchen, "limits" America's resources, limits our power on the field of battle.

Our money is really a magic wand. By spending it for luxuries we call into being organizations of men to serve our personal wants; by investing it in Liberty bonds we call into being organizations of men to battle for victory, for national security, for democratic principles, for a just peace. Surely all these things command us to think twice, three times, about every dollar that we spend.

We are all veritable magicians. Money is the magic power. Every time you spend a piece of money *you* decide what wheels of industry shall turn—those that merely revolve to please your fancy or those that drive us onward toward victory. The quarter of a dollar in your pocket will buy a trifling luxury and perhaps help drive a spike in your own coffin; or it will buy rivets and help drive them into the steel plates of a ship destined to carry supplies to our soldiers.

The moral responsibility comes home to each one of us. It is ours personally. When once we ponder upon it there can be no question about our choice. The cost of living presses hard upon the heels of income—no doubt—but the specter of death and defeat presses hard upon

the heels of an army not adequately equipped.

Moreover, it is not a gift that the government asks when it calls upon us to buy a Liberty bond. It merely asks us to *postpone*, to defer for a short time, the spending of our money upon ourselves. It asks us not to choose this trifle, that luxury, or that comfort *now* because the necessities of our soldiers are so great, but that which we have contributed to the great cause will come back to us, and in the days of peace that are to follow victory we can choose again our objects of expenditure.

The government—no, the people of the United States in whose name the government speaks—asks us only to *delay* for a while the purchase of things which we can do without and promises full return in due time and reward for our aid.

When we stop to consider the real sacrifices which our soldiers and sailors are making—facing peril and death at every moment—we ought to be ashamed of ourselves for forcing our government to advertise its bonds and solicit our aid. All that should be necessary to produce the billions of the fourth loan is the call from Washington.

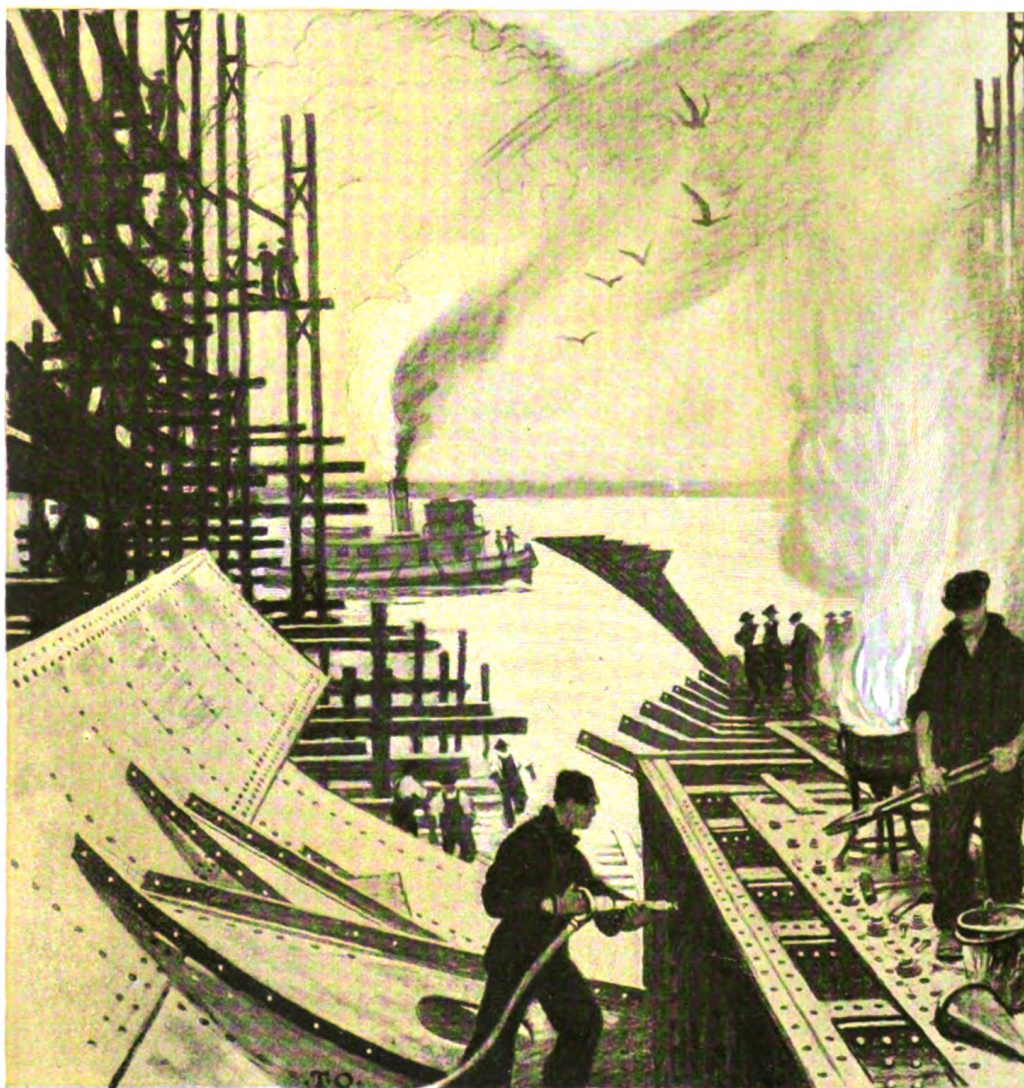
Now is the time to make up our minds about our share in the new loan and to prepare for the day. The speed with which the American people meet the next demand will be the measure of their determination.

Autumn

BY MARIA CONDE

COMES the timid twilight
With her starry folk,
Comes the evening shadow
Stalking in his cloak.

Comes the prophet cricket
With his lonely lute,
Singing of destruction
To a heedless root.



RIVETERS AT WORK

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BUILDING OUR NEW MERCHANT MARINE AT

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A SERIES OF SKETCHES BY THORNTON OAKLEY

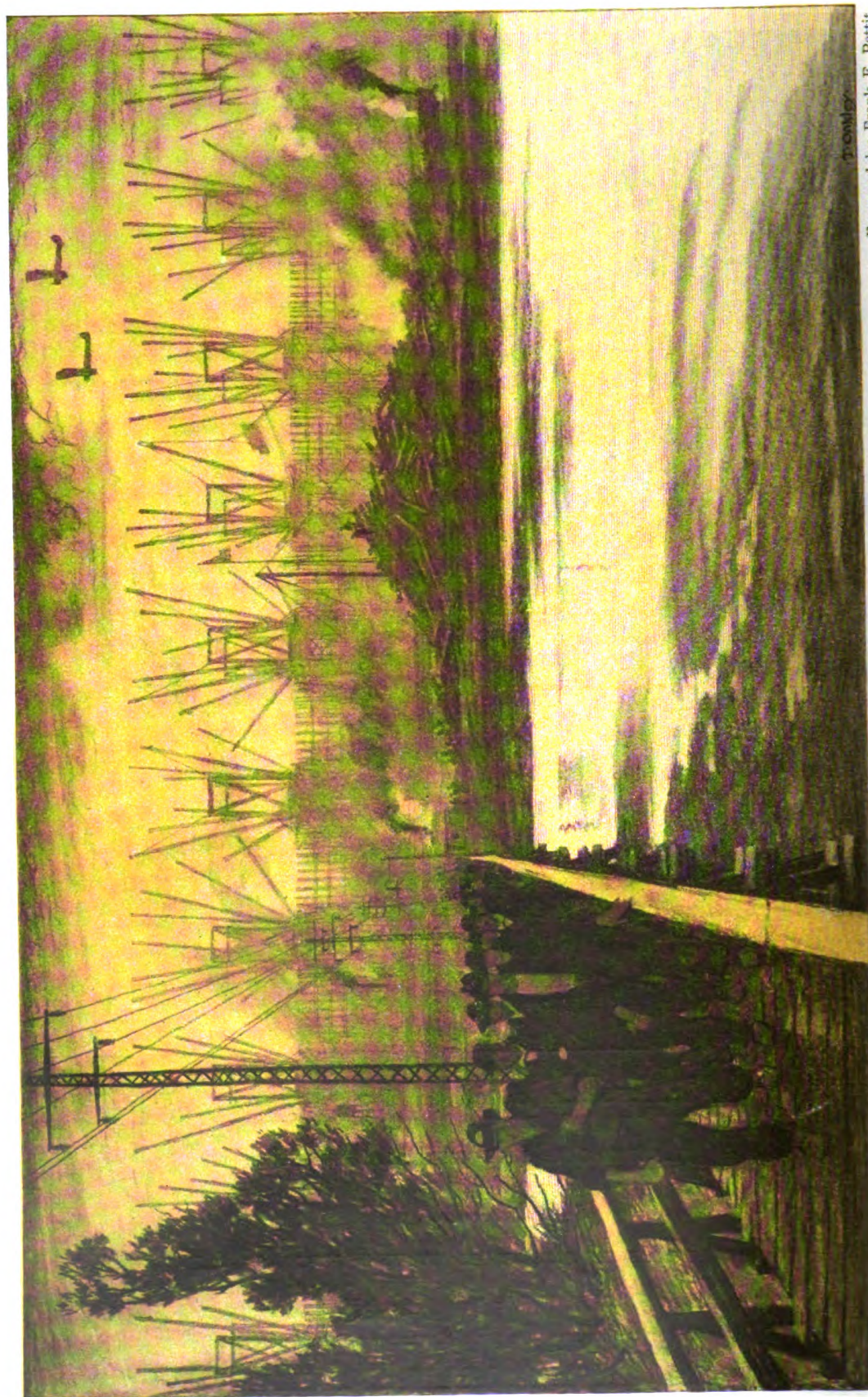
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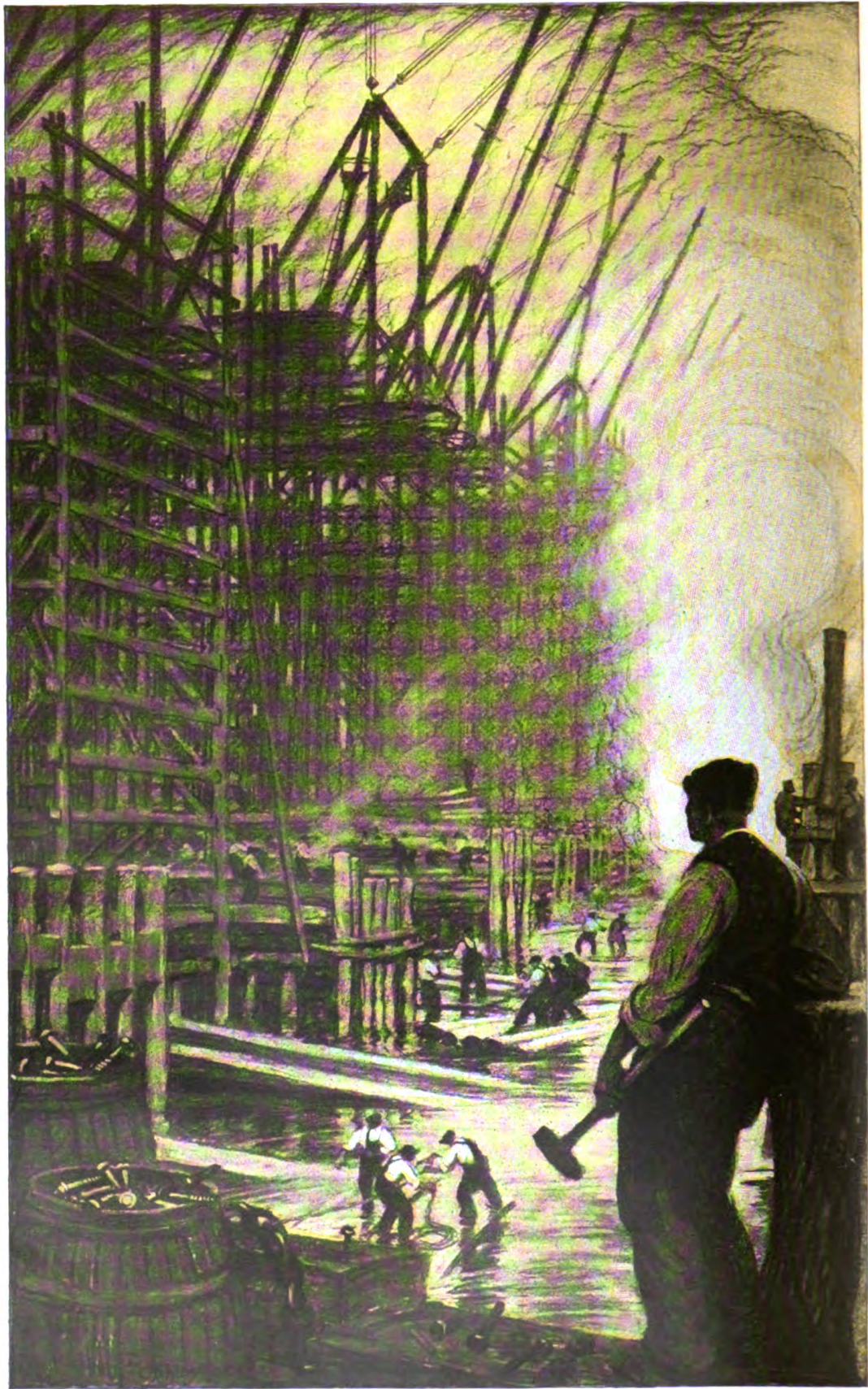
Howdy

Engraved by Frank E. Pettit

THE FANTASTIC SKY-LINE OF A GIGANTIC INDUSTRY REARS ABOVE THE MARSHES

THOUSANDS OF WORKERS SWARM LIKE ANTS THROUGH THE MAZES OF THE YARDS





Engraved by S. G. Putnam

THE RIVER-FRONT IS A LONG UNBROKEN LINE OF TOWERING SHIPWAYS

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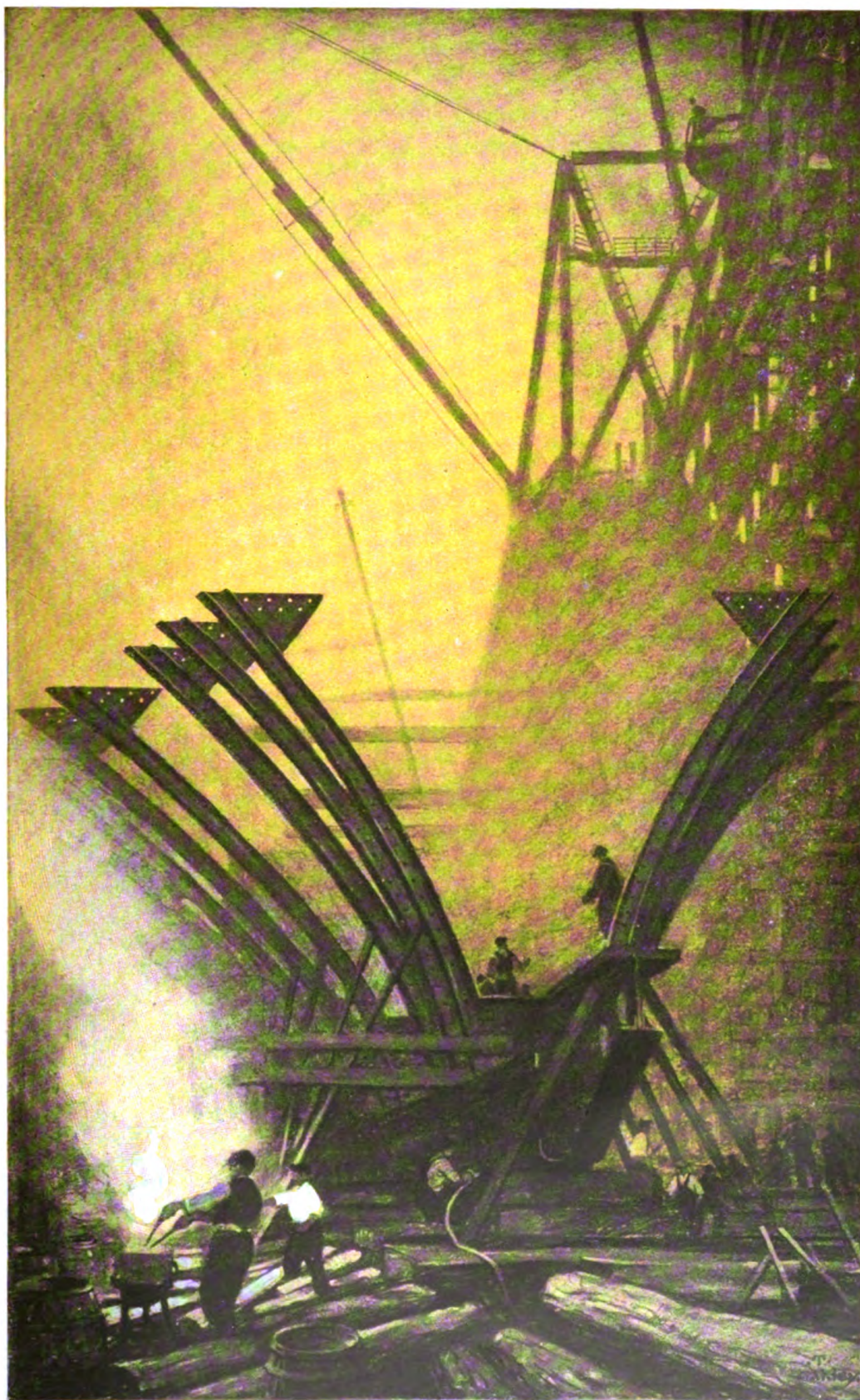


Engraved by F. A. McGowan

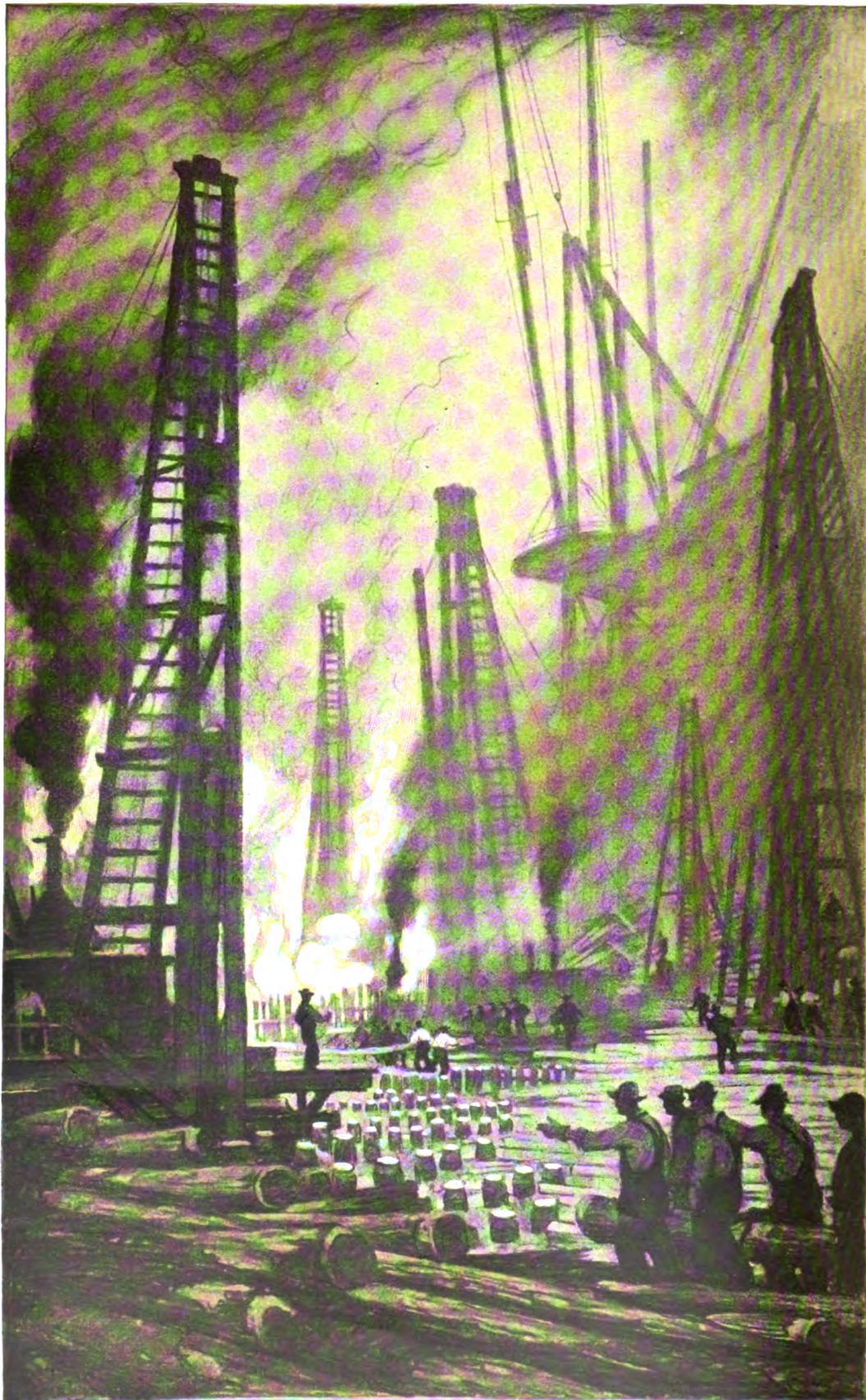
THE GIGANTIC SKELETONS OF SHIPS TO BE



LAYING THE RIBS AND KEEL OF A FLAT-BOTTOMED HULL



SHIPS TAKE ON SHAPE ALMOST IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE

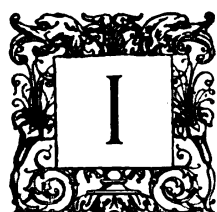


THE PILE-DRIVERS—LAYING THE FOUNDATION FOR CONCRETE SHIPWAYS

A Writer's Recollections

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

PART IX



IT was in the summer of 1898 that some suggestions gathered from the love-story of Chateaubriand and Madame de Beaumont, and jotted down on a sheet of notepaper, led to the writing of *Eleanor*. Madame de Beaumont's melancholy life came to an end in Rome, and the Roman setting imposed itself, so to speak, at once. But to write in Rome itself, played upon by all the influences of a place where the currents of life and thought, so far as those currents are political, historical, or artistic, seem to be running at double tides, would be, I knew, impossible, and we began to make inquiries for a place outside Rome, yet not too far away, where we might spend the spring. We tried to get an apartment at Frascati, but in vain. Then some friend suggested an apartment in the old Villa Barberini at Castel Gandolfo, well known to many an English and French diplomat, especially to the diplomat's wife and children, flying to the hills to escape the summer heat of Rome. We found, by correspondence, two kind little ladies living in Rome who agreed to make all the preparations for us, find servants, and provide against a possibly cold spring to be spent in rooms meant only for *villeggiatura* in the summer. We were to go early in March, and fires, or stoves, must be obtainable, if the weather pinched.

The little ladies did everything—bargained with the Barberini steward, engaged servants; but they could not bargain with the weather. On a certain March day, when the snow lay thick on the olives, and all the furies were wailing round the Alban Hills—we arrived. My husband, who had journeyed out with us to settle us in, and was then returning to his London work, was inclined to mocking prophecies that I should soon

be back in Rome at a comfortable hotel. Oh, how cold it was that first night! How dreary on the great stone staircase, and in the bare, comfortless rooms! We looked out over a gray, storm-swept Campagna, to a distant line of surf-beaten coast; the kitchen was fifty-two steps below the dining-room; the Neapolitan cook seemed to us a most formidable gentleman, suggesting stilettos; and we sat down to our first meal, wondering whether we could possibly stay it out. "But with the night," as I wrote some years ago, "the snow vanished and the sun emerged. We ran east to one balcony, and saw the light blazing on the Alban Lake, and had but to cross the apartment to find ourselves on the other side with all the Campagna at our feet, sparkling in a thousand colors to the sea. And outside was the garden, with its lemon-trees growing in vast jars—like the jars of Knossos—but marked with Barberini bees; its white and red camellias becarpeting the soft grass with their fallen petals; its dark and tragic recesses, where melancholy trees hung above piled fragments of the great Domitian villa whose ruins lay everywhere beneath our feet; its olive-gardens sloping to the west and open to the sun, open, too, to white, nibbling goats and wandering *bambini*; its magical glimpse of St. Peter's to the north, through a notch in a group of stone-pines; and, last and best, its marvelous terrace that roofed a crypto-porticus of the old villa, whence the whole vast landscape from Ostia and the mountains of Viterbo, to the Circæan promontory, might be discerned, where one might sit and watch the sunsets burn in scarlet and purple, down through the wide west into the shining bosom of the Tyrrhenian Sea."

And in one day we had made a home out of what seemed a desert. Books had been unpacked, flowers had been

brought in, the stoves were made to burn, the hard chairs and sofas had been twisted and turned into something more human and sociable, and we had begun to realize that we were, after all, singularly fortunate mortals, put in possession for three months—at the most moderate of rents!—of as much Italian beauty, antiquity, and romance as any covetous soul could hope for—with Rome at our gates, and leisurely time for quiet work.

Our earliest guest was Henry James, and never did I see Henry James in a happier light. A new light, too. For here, in this Italian country, and in the Eternal City, the man whom I had so far mainly known as a Londoner was far more at home than I; and I realized perhaps more fully than ever before the extraordinary range of his knowledge and sympathies.

Roman history and antiquities, Italian art, Renaissance sculpture, the personalities and events of the Risorgimento—all these solid *connaissances* and many more were to be recognized perpetually as rich elements in the general wealth of Mr. James's mind. That he had read immensely, observed immensely, talked immensely, became once more gradually and delightfully clear on this new field. He spoke French to perfection, Italian very well, and in the literature, history, and art of both countries he moved with the well-earned sureness of foot of the student. But how little one ever thought of him as a student! That was the spell. He wore his learning—and in certain directions he was learned—"lightly, like a flower." It was to him not a burden to be carried, not a possession to be proud of, but merely something that made life more thrilling, more full of emotions and sensations—emotions and sensations which he was always eager, without a touch of pedantry, to share with other people. His knowledge was conveyed by suggestion—by the adroitness of hints and indirect approaches. He was certain you knew it all!—and to walk with you round and round a subject, turning it inside out, playing with it, making mock of it, and then catching it again with a sudden grip, or a momentary flash of eloquence, seemed to be for the moment his business in life. How the thing emerged after a

few minutes from the long involved sentences—only involved, because the impressions of a man of genius are so many and the resources of speech so limited. This involution, this deliberation in attack—the slowness of approach towards a point which in the end was generally triumphantly rushed, always seemed to me more effective as Mr. James used it in speech than as he employed it—some of us would say, to excess—in some of his latest books. For in talk, his own living personality—his flashes of fun, of courtesy, of "chaff"—were always there, to do away with what in the written word became a difficult strain on attention.

I remember well an amusing instance of it, when my daughter D—, who was housekeeping for us at Castel Gandolfo, asked his opinion as to how to deal with the Neapolitan cook, who had been anything but satisfactory, in the case of a luncheon party of friends from Rome. It was decided to write a letter to the ex-bandit in the kitchen at the bottom of the fifty-two steps, requesting him to do his best, and pointing out recent shortcomings. D—, whose Italian was then rudimentary, brought the letter to Mr. James, and he walked up and down the vast *salone* of the Villa, striking his forehead, correcting and improvising. "A really nice pudding" was what we quite justly desired, since the Neapolitan genius for sweets is well known. Mr. James threw out half phrases—pursued them, improved upon them, withdrew them—till finally he rushed upon the magnificent bathos—"un dolce come si deve!"—which has ever since been the word with us for the tip-top thing.

With the country people he was simplicity and friendship itself. I recollect him in close talk with a brown-frocked, barefooted monk coming from the monastery of Palazzuola on the further side of the Alban Lake, and how the supersubtle, supersensitive cosmopolitan found not the smallest difficulty in drawing out the peasant, and getting at something real and vital in the ruder, simpler mind. And again on a never-to-be-forgotten evening on the Nemi Lake, we, descending from Genzano to the strawberry farm that now holds the

site of the famous temple of Diana Nemorensis, found a beautiful youth at the *fattoria*, who for a few pence undertook to show us the fragments that remain. Mr. James asked his name. "Aristodemo," said the boy, looking, as he spoke the Greek name, "like to a god in form and stature." Mr. James's face lit up, and he walked over the historic ground with the lad, Aristodemo picking up for him fragments of terracotta from the furrows through which the plow had just passed, bits of the innumerable small figurines that used to crowd the temple walls as *ex-votos*, and are now mingled with the *fragole*, in the rich alluvial earth. It was a wonderful evening—a golden sun on the lake, on the wide stretches where the temple stood, and the niched wall where Lord Savile dug for treasure and found it; on the great ship-timbers beside the lake, wreckage from Caligula's galleys, which still lie buried in the deepest depth of the water; on the rock of Nemi, and the fortress-like Orsini villa; on the Alban Mount itself, cutting a clear sky. I presently came up with Mr. James and Aristodemo, who walked serenely beside us, a young Hermes in the transfiguring light. One almost looked for the winged feet and helmet of the messenger god. Mr. James paused—his eyes first on the boy, then on the surrounding scene.

"Aristodemo!" he murmured, smiling, and more to himself than me—his voice caressing the word—"what a name!—what a place!"

On another occasion I recall him in company with the well-known antiquary, Signor Lanciani, who came over to lunch, amusing us all by the combination of learning, with "*le sport*," which he affected. Let me quote the account of it given by a girl of the party:

Signor Lanciani is a great man who combines being *the* top authority in his profession, with a kindness and *bonhomie* which makes even an ignoramus feel happy with him—and with the frankest love for *flânerie* and "sport." We all fell in love with him. To hear him after lunch, in his fluent but lisping English, holding forth about the ruins of Domitian's villa—"what treasures are still to be found in *zis garden* if somebody would only *dig!*"—and saying with excitement—"zis town, zis Castello Gandolfo was built upon the site of Alba Longa, not

Palazzuola at all—*here*, Madame, beneath our feet, is Alba Longa!"—and then suddenly—a pause, a deep sigh from his ample breast, and a whisper on the summer air—"I vonder—vether—von could make a golf-links around zis garden!"

And I see still Mr. James's figure strolling along the terrace which roofed the crypto-porticus of the Roman villa, beside the professor—the short coat, the summer hat, the smooth-shaven, finely cut face, now alive with talk and laughter, not shrewdly, one might say coldly, observant, the face of a satirist—but so human!—so alive to all that underworld of destiny through which move the weaknesses of men and women. We were sorry indeed when he left us. But there were many other happy meetings to come, through the sixteen years that remained—meetings at Stocks and in London, letters and talks that were landmarks in my literary life and in our friendship. Later on I shall quote from his *Eleanor* letter, the best perhaps of all his critical letters to me, though the *Robert Elsmere* letters, already published, run it hard. That, too, was followed by many more. But as I do not intend to give more than a general outline of the years that followed on 1900, I will record here the last time but one that I ever saw Henry James—a vision, an impression, which the retina of memory will surely keep to the end. It was at Grosvenor Place in the autumn of 1915—the second year of the war. How doubly close by then he had grown to all our hearts! His passionate sympathy for England and France, his English naturalization, a *beau geste* indeed, but so sincere, so moving—the pity and wrath that carried him to sit by wounded soldiers and made him put all literary work aside, as something not worth doing, so that he might spend time and thought on helping the American ambulance in France—one must supply all this as the background of the scene.

It was a Sunday afternoon. Our London house had been let for a time, but we were in it again for a few weeks, drawn into the rushing tide of war-talk and war anxieties. The room was full when Henry James came in. I saw that he was in a stirred, excited mood, and the key to it was soon found. He began

to repeat the conversation of an American envoy to Berlin—a well-known man—to which he had just been listening. He described first the envoy's impression of the German leaders, political and military, of Berlin. "They seemed to him like men waiting in a room from which the air is being slowly exhausted. They *know* they can't win! It is only a question of how long, and how much damage they can do." The American reported that after his formal business had been done with the Prussian Foreign Minister, the Prussian—relaxing his whole attitude and offering a cigarette—said, "Now, then, let me talk to you frankly, as man to man!" and began a bitter attack on the attitude of President Wilson. Colonel ——— listened, and when the outburst was done, said:

"Very well! Then I, too, will talk frankly. I have known President Wilson for many years. He is a very strong man, physically and morally. You can neither frighten him nor bluff him."

Then, springing up in his seat, "And, by God, if you want war with America, you can have it to-morrow!"

Mr. James's dramatic repetition of this story, his eyes on fire—his hand striking the arm of his chair, remains with me as my last sight of him in a typical, representative moment.

Six months later, on March 6, 1916, my daughter and I were guests at the British Headquarters in France. I was there at the suggestion of Mr. Roosevelt and the wish of our Foreign Office, in order to collect the impressions and information that were afterwards embodied in *England's Effort*. We came down, ready to start for the front in a military motor, when our kind officer escort handed us some English telegrams which had just come in. One of them announced the death of Henry James, and all through that wonderful day, when we watched a German counter-attack in the Ypres salient, from one of the hills southeast of Poperinghe, the ruined tower of Ypres rising from the mists of the horizon, the news was intermittently with me as a dull pain, breaking in upon the excitement and novelty of the great spectacle around us.

"*A mortal—a mortal is dead!*"

I was looking over ground where

every inch was consecrate to the dead sons of England—dead for her; but even through their ghostly voices came the dear voice of Henry James, who, spiritually, had fought in their fight and suffered in their pain.

One year and a month before the American declaration of war! What he would have given to see it! he, whose life and genius will enter forever into the bonds uniting England and America.

Yes!—

—he was a priest to us all
of the wonder and bloom of the world,
which we saw with his eyes and were glad.

For that was indeed true of Henry James. The "wonder and bloom of the world" no less than the ugly or heart-breaking things, which, like the disfiguring rags of Laertes, hide them from us—he could weave them all, with an untiring hand, into the many-colored web of his art. Olive Chancellor, Madame Mauve, Milly in *The Wings of a Dove*—the most exquisite in some ways of all his women—Roderick Hudson, St. George, the woman doctor in the *Bostonians*, the French family in the *Reverberation*, Brooksmith, and innumerable others—it was the wealth and facility of it all that was so amazing! There is enough observation of character in a single chapter of the *Bostonians*, a story he thought little of, and did not include in his collected edition, to shame a Wells novel of the newer sort, with its floods of clever, half-considered journalism in the guise of conversation, hiding an essential poverty of creation. *Ann Veronica*, the *New Machiavelli*, and several other tales by the same writer, set practically the same scene, and handle the same characters, under different names. Of an art so false and confused Henry James could never have been capable. His people, his situations, have the sharp separateness—and something of the inexhaustibleness—of Nature, which does not mix her molds.

As to method, how often I have discussed with him some of the difficult problems of presentation. The posthumous sketches of work in progress published since his death show how he delighted in these problems, in their very difficulties, in their endless oppor-

tunities. As he often said to me, he could never read a novel that interested him without taking it mentally to pieces, and rewriting it in his own way. Some of his letters to me are brilliant examples of this habit of his. Technique—presentation—was then immensely important to him; important as it never could have been to Tolstoy, who probably thought very little consciously about it. Mr. James, as we all know, thought a great deal about it—sometimes, I venture to think, too much. In *The Wings of a Dove*, for instance, a subject full of beauty and tragedy is almost spoiled by a rigid and artificial technique, which is responsible for a scene on which, as it seems to me, the whole illusion of the book is shattered. The conversation in the Venice apartment where the engaged pair—one of whom, at least, the man, is commended to our sympathy as a decent and probable human being—make their cynical bargain in the very presence of the dying Milly, for whose money they are plotting, is in some ways a *tour de force* of technique. It is the central point on which many threads converge, and from which many depart. But to my mind, as I have said, it invalidates the story. Mr. James is here writing as a *virtuoso*, and not as the great artist we know him to be. And the same, I think, is true of *The Golden Bowl*. It is a wonderful exercise in virtuosity, but a score of his slighter sketches seem to me infinitely nearer to the truth and vitality of great art. The book, in which perhaps technique and life are most perfectly blended—at any rate among the later novels—is *The Ambassador*. There the skill with which a deeply interesting subject is focused from many points of view, but always with the fascinating unity given to it both by the personality of the “Ambassador,” and by the mystery to which every character in the book is related, is kept in its due place; is the servant and not the master of the theme. And the climax—namely, the river scene, when the “Ambassador” penetrates at last the long kept secret of the lovers—is as right as it is surprising, sinking away afterwards through admirable modulations to the necessary close. And what beautiful things in the course of the handling!

—the old French Academician and his garden on the *rive gauche*, for example; and the summer afternoon on the upper Seine, with its green river meadows, its pleasure-boats, and Madame M——’s red parasol; a picture drawn with the sparkle and truth of a Daubigny, only the better to bring out the unwelcome fact which is its center. *The Ambassador* is the masterpiece of Mr. James’s later work and manner, just as *The Portrait of a Lady* is the masterpiece of the earlier.

And the whole?—his final place?—when the stars of his generation rise into their place above the spent field? I have no doubt whatever about his security of fame, though very possibly he may be no more generally read in the time to come than are most of the other great masters of literature. Personally I regret that from *What Maisie Knew* onwards, he adopted the method of dictation. A mind so teeming, and an art so flexible, were surely the better for the slight curb imposed by the physical toil of writing. I remember well how and when we first discussed the pros and cons of dictation, on the fell above Cartmel Chapel, when he was with us at Levens in 1897. He was then enchanted by the endless vistas of work and achievement the new method seemed to open out. And indeed it is plain that he produced more with it than he could have produced without it. Also that in the use of dictation, as in everything else, he showed himself the extraordinary craftsman that he was, to whom all difficulty was a challenge and the conquest of it a delight. Still the diffuseness and over-elaboration, which were the natural snares of his astonishing gifts, were encouraged rather than checked by the new method; and one is jealous of anything whatever that may tend to stand between him and the unstinted pleasure of those to come after.

But when these small cavils are done one returns in delight and wonder to the accomplished work. To the *wealth* of it above all—the deep draughts from human life that it represents. It is true, indeed, that there are large tracts of modern existence that Mr. James scarcely touches—the peasant life, the industrial life, the small trading life, the

political life—though it is clear that he divined them all, enough at least for his purposes. But in his own vast indeterminate range of busy or leisured folk, men and women, with breeding and without it, backed with ancestors, or the active “sons of their works,” young girls and youths and children, he is a master indeed; and there is scarcely anything in human feeling, normal or strange, that he cannot describe or suggest. If he is without “passion,” as so many are ready to declare, so are Turguéniev, and half the great masters of the novel. And if he seems sometimes to evade the tragic or rapturous moments, it is only that he may make his reader his co-partner, that he may evoke from *us* that heat of sympathy and intelligence which supplies the necessary atmosphere for the subtler and greater kinds of art.

And all through the dominating fact is that it is *Henry James* speaking, Henry James, with whose delicate ironic mind and most human heart, we are in contact. There is much that can be learnt in fiction; the resources of mere imitation—which we are pleased to call realism—are endless; we see them in scores of modern books. But at the root of every book is the personality of the man who wrote it. And in the end, that decides.

But let me return to the Villa Barberini, and the Rome of that beautiful spring. One of my most amusing “playmates” in the days when we came down from our heights to make holiday in the city was Sir William Harcourt. I see myself as a rather nervous tourist in his wake and that of the very determined wife of a young diplomat; storming the Vatican library at an hour when a bland *custode* assured us firmly it was *not* open to visitors. But Sir William’s great height and bulk, aided by his pretty companion’s self-will, simply carried us through the gates by their natural momentum. Father Ehrle was sent for and came, and we spent a triumphant and delightful hour. After all, one is not an ex-British Cabinet Minister for nothing. Sir William was perfectly civil to everybody, with a blinking smile like that of the Cheshire Cat; but nothing stopped him. I laugh still at the remembrance.

On the way home it was wet, and he and I shared a *legno*. I remember we talked of Mr. Chamberlain, with whom at that moment—May, 1899—Sir William was not in love, and of Lord Hartington. “Hartington came to me one day when we were both serving under Mr. G—— and said to me in a temper, ‘I wish I could get Gladstone to answer letters.’ ‘My dear fellow, he always answers letters.’ ‘Well, I have been trying to do something and I can’t get a word out of him.’ ‘What have you been trying to do?’ ‘Well, to tell the truth, I’ve been trying to make a bishop.’ ‘Have you? Not much in your line, I should think. Now if it had been something about a horse—’ ‘Don’t be absurd. He would have made a very good bishop. C—— and S—— [naming two well-known Liberals] told me I must, so I wrote—and not a word! Very uncivil, I call it.’ ‘Who was it?’ ‘Oh, I can’t remember. Let me think— Oh yes, it was a man with a double name— So-and-So.’” Sir William, with a shout of laughter, “Why, it took me five years to get him made a Canon!”

The following year I sent him *Eleanor*, as a reminder of our meeting in Rome, and he wrote:

About Manisty. What a fortunate beggar to have two such charming women in love with him! It is always so. The less a man deserves it the more they adore him. That is the advantage you women-writers have. You always figure men as they are, and women as they ought to be. If I had the composition of the history I should never represent two women behaving so well to one another under the circumstances. Even American girls according to my observation do not show so much toleration to their rivals, even though in the end they carry off their man.

Your sincerely attached
W. V. HARCOURT.

The ever-delightful, courteous, and indefatigable Boni—Commendatore Boni—was another Roman friend. To hear him talk in the Forum, where he has been in command for twenty years, or hold forth at a small gathering of friends, on the problems of the earliest Italian races and the causes that met in the founding and growth of Rome, was to understand how no scholar or archeologist can be

quite first-rate who is not also something of a poet. The sleepy blue eyes, so suddenly alive; the apparently languid manner, which was the natural defense against the outer world of a man all compact of imagination and sleepless energy; the touch in him of "the imperishable child," combined with the brooding intensity of the explorer who is always guessing at the next riddle; the fun, simplicity, *bonhomie* he showed with those who knew him well—all these are vividly present to me. So, too, are the very different characteristics of Monseigneur Duchesne, the French Lord Acton, like him a Liberal and a man of vast learning, tarred with the Modernist brush in the eyes of the Vatican, but at heart also like Lord Acton, by the testimony of all who know, a simple and passionate believer. When we met him at the house of Count Balzani, or in the drawing-room of the French Embassy, all that showed at first was the witty ecclesiastic of the old school, an abbé of the eighteenth century—*fin*, shrewd, well versed in men and affairs, and endlessly on the watch for the absurdities of Ultramontanism.

I remember listening to an account by him of certain ceremonies in the catacombs in which he had taken part in the train of an Ultramontane Cardinal whom he particularly disliked. He himself, if I am not mistaken, had preached the sermon. A member of the party said, "I hear your audience were greatly moved, Monsignore?" Duchesne bowed, with just a touch of irony. Then some one who knew the Cardinal well, and the relations between him and Duchesne, said, with malice prepense, "Was his Eminence moved, Monsignore?" Duchesne looked up and shook off the end of his cigarette. "*Non, Monsieur*," he said, dryly, "his Eminence was not moved—oh, not at all." A ripple of laughter went round the group which had heard the question. For a second Duchesne's eyes laughed too, and were then impenetrable as before.

My last remembrance of him is as the center of a small party in a *salon* of the French Embassy, one of the famous rooms in the Palazzo Borghese which were painted by the Caracci; this time in a less sarcastic and more genial mood,

so that one could realize the great man behind the watchful disputant—the scholar who had fought the good fight of scholarship alone against a multitude—and whose work on Christian Origins in Rome is admired and used by men of all faiths and none. Shortly afterwards a Roman friend of ours, an Englishman who knew Monseigneur Duchesne well, described to me the impressions of an English Catholic who had gone with the Abbé to Egypt on some learned mission, and had been thrown for a time into relations of intimacy with him. My friend reported the touch of astonishment in the Englishman's mind as he became aware of the religious passion in his companion, the devotion of his daily mass, the rigor and simplicity of his personal life; and we both agreed that as long as Catholicism could produce such types, men at once so daring and so devout, so free and yet so penetrated with—so steeped in—the immemorial life of Catholicism, the Roman Church was not likely to perish out of Europe.

Let me, however, contrast with Monseigneur Duchesne another Catholic personality—that of Cardinal Vaughan. I remember being asked to join a small group of people who were to meet Cardinal Vaughan on the steps of St. Peter's, and to go with him, and Canon —, an English convert to Catholicism, through the famous crypt and its monuments. We stood first for some twenty minutes outside St. Peter's, while Cardinal Vaughan, in the manner of a cicerone reeling off his task, gave us *in extenso* the legendary stories of St. Peter's and St. Paul's martyrdoms. Not a touch of criticism, of knowledge, of insight!—a childish story, told by a man who had never asked himself for a moment whether he really believed it. I stood silently by him, inwardly comparing the performance with certain pages of Monseigneur Duchesne's edition of the *Liber Pontificalis*, which I had just been reading. Then we descended to the crypt, the Cardinal first kneeling at the statue of St. Peter. The crypt, as every one knows, is full of fragments from Christian antiquity—sarcophagi of early Popes, indications of the structures that preceded the present

building, fragments from the tomb of Sixtus V., and so on. But it was quite useless, at any point, to ask the Cardinal for an explanation or a date. He knew nothing, and he had never cared to know. Again and again I thought, as we passed some shrine or sarcophagus bearing a name or names that sent a thrill through one's historical sense, "If only J. R. Green were here!—how these dead bones would live!" But the agnostic historian was in his grave, and the Prince of the Roman Church passed ignorantly and heedlessly by.

A little while before I had sat beside the Cardinal at a luncheon party, where the case of Doctor Schell, the Rector of the Catholic University of Würzburg, who had published a book condemned by the Congregation of the Index, came up for discussion. Doctor Schell's book, *Catholicismus und Fortschritt*, was a plea on behalf of the Catholic universities of Bavaria against the Jesuit seminaries which threatened to supplant them; and it had shown, with striking clearness, the disastrous results which the gradual narrowing of Catholic education had had on the Catholic culture of Bavaria. The Jesuit influence at Rome had procured the condemnation of the book. Doctor Schell at first submitted; then, just before the luncheon party at which I was present, withdrew his submission.

I saw the news given to the Cardinal. He shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, poor fellow!" he said—"Poor fellow!" It was not said unkindly, rather with a kind of easy pity; but the recollection came back to me in the crypt of St. Peter's—and I seemed to see the man who could not shut his ears to knowledge and history struggling in the grip of men like the Cardinal, who knew no history.

Echoes and reflections from these incidents will be found in *Eleanor*; and it was the case of Doctor Schell that suggested Father Benecke.

So the full weeks passed on. Half of *Eleanor* had been written, and in June we turned homewards. But before then one more visitor came to the Villa Barberini in our last weeks there, who brought with him for myself a special and peculiar joy. My dear father, with his second wife, arrived to spend a week

with me. Never before, throughout all his ardent Catholic life, had it been possible for him to tread the streets of Rome or kneel to St. Peter's. At last, the year before his death, he was to climb the Janiculum, and to look out over the city and the plain, whence Europe received her civilization, and the vast system of the Catholic Church. He felt as a Catholic; but hardly less as a scholar, one to whom Horace and Virgil had been familiar from his boyhood (the greater portion of them known by heart) to a degree which is not common now. I remember well that one bright May morning at Castel Gandolfo, he vanished from the Villa, and presently, after some hours, reappeared with shining eyes.

"I have been on the Appian Way!—I have walked where Horace walked."

In his own autobiography he writes, "In proportion to a man's good sense and soundness of feeling are the love and admiration, increasing with his years, which he bears towards Horace." An Old World judgment, some will say, that to us, immersed in this deluge of war, which is changing the face of all things, may sound perhaps a thin and ghostly voice, from far away. It comes from the Oxford of Newman and Matthew Arnold, of Jowett and Clough; and for the moment, amid the thunder and anguish of our day, it is almost strange to our ears. But when the tumult and the shouting die, and "peace has calmed the world," whatever else may have passed, the poets and the thinkers will be still there, safe in their old shrines. For they are the "ageless mouths" of all mankind, when men are truly men. The supposed reformers who thirst for the death of classical education will not succeed, because man doth not live by bread alone, and certain imperishable needs in him have never been so fully met as by some Greeks and some Latins, writing in a vanished society which yet, by reason of their thought and genius, is still in some real sense ours. More science? More foreign languages? More technical arts? Yes!—all these. But if democracy is to mean also the disappearance of the Greek and Latin poets from the guiding minds and future leaders of our race, the history of three thousand

years is there to show what the impoverishment will be.

As to this, a personal experience, even from one who in Greek literature is the merest "proselyte of the gate" may not be without interest. I shall never forget the first time when, in middle life, I read in the Greek, so as to understand and enjoy, the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus. The feeling of sheer amazement at the range and power of human genius which a leisurely and careful reading of that play awakened in me, left deep marks behind. It was a feeling as though for me, thenceforward, the human intellect had been suddenly related, much more clearly than ever before, to an absolute ineffable source, "not itself." So that in realizing the greatness of the mind of Æschylus, the Creative Mind from which it sprang had in some new and powerful way touched my own; with both new light on the human Past, and mysterious promise for the Future. Now, for many years, the daily reading of Greek and Latin has been to me not merely a pleasure, but the only continuous bit of mental discipline I have been able to keep up.

I do not believe this will seem exaggerated to those on whom Greek poetry and life have really worked. My father, or the Master, or Matthew Arnold, had any amateur spoken in similar fashion to them, would have smiled, but only as those do who are in secure possession of some precious thing, on the eagerness of the novice who has just laid a precarious hold upon it. At any rate, as I look back upon my father's life of constant labor and many baffled hopes, I see at least two bright lights upon the scene. He had the comfort of religious faith, and the double joy of the scholar and of the enthusiast for letters. He would not have bartered these great things, these seeming phantoms—

Eternal as the recurrent cloud, as air
Imperative, refreshful as dawn dew

for any of the baser goods that we call real.

A year and a half after his visit to Rome he died in Dublin, where he had been for years a Fellow and Professor of the Irish University, occupied in lecturing on English literature, and in editing

some of the most important English Chronicles for the Rolls series. His monument, a beautiful portrait-relief by Mr. Derwent Wood, which recalls him to the life, hangs on the wall of the University Church in Stephen's Green, which was built in Newman's time, and under his superintendence. The only other monument in the church is that to the great Cardinal himself. So once more, as in 1856, they—the preacher and his convert—are together. "*Domine, Deus meus, in Te speravi.*" So on my father's tablet runs the text below the quiet sculptured face. It expresses the root fact of his life.

A few weeks before my father's death *Eleanor* appeared. It had taken me a year and a quarter to write, and I had given it full measure of work. Henry James wrote to me, on receipt of it, that it gave him

the chance to overflow into my favorite occupations of rewriting as I read, such fiction as—I *can* read. I took this liberty in an inordinate degree with *Eleanor*—and I always feel it is the highest tribute I can pay. I recomposed and reconstructed her from head to foot—which I give you for the real measure of what I think of her. I think her, less obscurely—a thing of rare beauty, a large and noble performance, rich, complex, comprehensive, deeply interesting and highly distinguished. I congratulate you heartily on having *mené à bonne fin* so intricate and difficult a problem, and on having seen your subject so wrapped in its air and so bristling with its relations. I should say that you had done nothing more homogeneous, more hanging and moving together. It has Beauty—the book, the theme, and treatment alike, is magnificently mature, and is really a delightful thing to have been able to do—to have laid at the old golden door of the beloved Italy. You deserve well of her. I can't "criticize"—though I *could* (that is I *did*—but can't do it again)—rewrite. The thing's infinitely delightful and distinguished and that's enough. The success of it, specifically, to my sense is *Eleanor*, admirably sustained in the "high-note" way, without a break or a drop. She is a very exquisite and very rendered conception. I won't grossly pretend to you that I think the book hasn't a weakness, and rather a grave one, or you will doubt of my intelligence. It *has* one, and in this way, to my troubled sense; that the anti-thesis on which your subject rests

isn't a real, valid anti-thesis. It was utterly built, your subject, by your intention of course, on one; but the one you chose seems to me not efficiently to have operated, so that if the book is so charming and touching even *so*, that is a proof of your affluence. Lucy has in respect to Eleanor—that is, the image of Lucy that you have tried to teach yourself to see—has no true, no adequate, no logical antithetic force—and this is not only, I think, because the girl is done a little more *de chic* than you would really have liked to do her, but because the *nearer* you had got to her type the less she would have served that particular condition of your subject. You went too far for her, or going too far, should have brought her back—roughly speaking—stronger. (Irony—and various things!—should at its hour have presided.) But I throw out that more imperfectly, I recognize, than I should wish. It doesn't matter, and not a solitary reader in your millions, or critic in your hundreds, will either have missed, or have made it! And when a book's beautiful, nothing *does* matter! I hope greatly to see you after the New Year. Good night. It's my usual 1.30 A.M.

Yours, dear Mrs. Ward, always,
HENRY JAMES.

I could not but feel, indeed, that the book had given great pleasure to those I might well wish to please. My old friend, Mr. Frederic Harrison, wrote me:

I have read it all through with great attention and delight, and have returned to it again and again. . . . I am quite sure that it is the most finished and artistic of all your books, and one of the most subtle and graceful things in all our modern fiction.

And dear Charles Eliot Norton's letter from Shady Hill, the letter of one who never praised perfunctorily or insincerely, made me glad:

It would be easier to write about the book to any one else but you. . . . You have added to the treasures of English imaginative literature, and no higher reward than this can any writer hope to gain.

The well-known and much loved editor of the *Century*, Richard Watson Gilder, "on this, the last Sunday of the XIXth century"—so he headed his letter—sat down to give a long hour of precious time to *Eleanor's* distant author.

How can you reconcile it to your conscience to write a book like *Eleanor*, that keeps a poor fellow reading it to a finish till

after three in the morning? Not only that—but that keeps him sobbing and sighing "like a furnace," that charms him and makes him angry—that hurts and delights him, and will not let him go till all is done? Yes, there are some things I might quarrel with—but ah, how much you give of Italy—of the English—of the American—three nations so well beloved; and how much of things deeper than peoples or countries.

Imagine me at our New England farm—with the younger part of the family—in my annual "retreat." Last year at this time I was here, with the thermometer a dozen degrees below zero; now it is milder but cold, bleak, snowy. Yesterday we were fishing for pickerel through the ice at Hayes's Pond—in a wilderness where fox abound—and where bear and deer make rare appearances—all within a few miles of Lenox and Stockbridge. The farmer's family is at one end of the long farm-house—I am at the other. It is a great place to read—one reads here with a sort of lonely passion. You know the landscape—it is in *Eleanor*. Last night (or this morning) I wanted to talk with you about your book—or telegraph—but here I am calmly trying to thank you both for sending us the copy—and, too, for writing it.

Of the "deeper things" I can really say nothing except that I feel their truth, and am grateful for them. But may I not applaud (even the Pope is "applauded," you know) such a perfect touch as—for instance—in Chapter XVI.—"the final softening of that sweet austerity which hid Lucy's heart of gold"; and again "Italy without the *forestieri*," "like surprising a bird on its nest"; and the scene beheld of Eleanor—Lucy pressing the terra-cotta to her lips;—and Italy having "not enough faith to make a heresy"—(true, too, of France, is it not?) and Chapter XXIII., "a base and plundering happiness"; then the scene of the confessional; and that sudden phrase of Eleanor's in her talk with Manisty that makes the whole world—and the whole book—right; "She loves you." That is art. . . . But above all, my dear lady, acknowledgments and praise for the hand that created "Lucy"—that recreated rather—my dear countrywoman! Truly, that is an accomplishment and one that will endear its author to the whole new world.

And again one asks whether the readers that are now write such generous, such encouraging things to the makers of tales as the readers of twenty years ago! If not, I cannot but think it a loss. For praise is a great tonic, and helps most people to do their best.

So, for a time at least, I bring these *Recollections* to an end, with the century in which I was born, and my own fiftieth year. Since *Eleanor* appeared, and my father died, eighteen years have gone—years for me of constant work, literary and other. On the one hand increasing interest in and preoccupation with politics, owing to personal links and friendships, and a life spent, as to half the year, in London, have been reflected in my books; and on the other, the English rural life, with its country houses and villages, its religion, and its elements of change and revolution, has been always at my own home gates as a perpetually interesting subject. Old historic situations, also, have come to life for me again in new surroundings, as in *Lady Rose's Daughter*, *The Marriage of William Ashe*, and *Fenwick's Career*; in *Richard Meynell* I attempted the vision of a Church of England recreated from within, with a rebel, and not—as in *Robert Elsmere*—an exile, for a hero; *Lady Connie* is a picture of Oxford, as she was in the seventies, as faithful as I can now make it; *Eltham House* is a return to the method of *William Ashe*, and both *Lady Connie* and *Missing* have been written since the war, though *Missing* only takes for its subject a fragment from the edge of that vast upheaval which no novel of real life in future will be able to leave out of its ken. In the first two years of the war the cry both of writers and public—so far as the literature of imagination was concerned—tended to be—“anything but the war!” There was a passionate wish in both for a time, in the first onrush of the great catastrophe, to escape from it and the newspapers, into the world behind it. That world looks to us now as the Elysian fields looked to Æneas as he approached them from the heights—full not only of souls in a blessed calm, but of those also who had yet to make their way into existence as it terribly is, had still to taste reality and pain. We were thankful for a time to go back to that kind, unconscious, unforeseeing world. But it is no longer possible. The war has become our life, and will be so for years after the signing of peace.

Midway in the eighteen years, 1908 was marked out for me (for whom a

yearly visit to Italy or France, and occasionally to Germany, made the limit of possible travel) by the great event of a spring spent in the United States and Canada. We saw nothing more in the States than every tourist sees—New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, and a few other towns; but the interest of every hour seemed to renew in me a nervous energy and a capacity for enjoyment that had been flagging before. Our week at Washington at the British Embassy, with Mr. and Mrs. Bryce, as they then were, our first acquaintance with Mr. Roosevelt, then at the White House, and with American men of politics and affairs, like Mr. Root, Mr. Garfield, and Mr. Bacon—set, all of it, in spring sunshine, amid a sheen of white magnolias and May leaf—will always stay with me as a time of pleasure, unmixed and unspoilt, such as one's fairy godmother seldom provides without some medicinal drawback! And to find the Jusserands there, so entirely in their right place—he so unchanged from the old British Museum days when we knew him first—was one of the chief items in the delightful whole. So, too, was the discussion of the President, first with one ambassador and then with another. For who could help discussing him! And what true and admiring friends he had in both these able men!—who knew him through and through, and were in daily contact with him, both as diplomats and in social life.

Then Philadelphia, where my daughter and I were the spoilt guests of Mrs. Earle Coates, and Mr. and Mrs. Lippincott, and where I lectured on behalf of the London play-centers; Boston, with Mrs. Fields for hostess, and our last sight of Charles Eliot Norton, standing to bid us farewell on the steps of Shady Hill; Hawthorne's house at Concord, and the lovely shore of Newport. The wonderful new scenes unrolled themselves day by day; kind faces and friendly voices were always round us, and it was indeed hard to tear ourselves away.

But at the end of April we went north to Canada for yet another chapter of quickened life. A week at Montreal, first, with Sir William and Lady van Horne; then Ottawa, and a week with

Lord and Lady Grey; and finally the never-to-be-forgotten experience of three weeks in Sir William's private car, which took us first from Toronto to Vancouver, and then from Vancouver to Quebec. So in a swallow's flight from sea to sea I saw the marvelous land wherein perhaps in a far hidden future lies the destiny of our race.

Of all this—of the historic figures of Sir William van Horne, of beloved Lord Grey, of Sir Wilfred Laurier, and Sir Robert Borden, as they were ten years ago, there would be much to say. But my present task is done.

Nor is there any room here for those experiences of the war, and of the actual fighting front, to which I have already given utterance in *England's Effort* and *Towards the Goal*. Some day, perhaps, if these *Recollections* find an audience, and when peace has loosened our tongues, and abolished that very nec-

essary person, the Censor, there will be something more to be written. But now, at any rate, I lay down my pen. For a while these *Recollections*, during the hours I have been at work on them, have swept me out of the shadow of the vast and tragic struggle in which we live, into days long past on which there is still sunlight—though it be a ghostly sunlight—and above them the sky of normal life. But the dream and the illusion are done. The shadow descends again, and the evening paper comes in, bringing yet another mad speech of a guilty Emperor to desecrate yet another Christmas Eve.

The heart of the world is set on peace. But for us, the Allies, in whose hands lies the infant hope of the future, it must be a peace worthy of our dead, and of their sacrifice. Let us gird up the loins of our minds. In due time we shall reap, if we faint not.

[THE END.]

The Chalice

BY HESPER LE GALLIENNE

YOU gave into my hands a brimming bowl,—
What matter that we stole the grapes for wine!
The rim was edged with honeysuckles pale
And with frail tendrils of the eglantine.

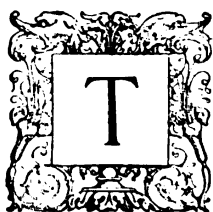
I looked into the ruby face of it—
What matter that we stole the grapes for wine!
And in the depths I saw reflected there
The shadow of your face pressed close to mine.

With trembling lips we drained the dregs, we two,—
What matter that we stole the grapes for wine!
And in its crimson draught essayed to drown
Our vibrant terror with its anodyne.

Drown that unholy thing that men call love,—
What matter that we stole the grapes for wine!
We stole our love from a forbidden land,
Then must we drink of the transgressor's vine.

Solving the Problem of the Submarine

BY BURTON J. HENDRICK



THE failure of the German submarine has an importance that extends far beyond the present war. That it has failed to stop the food-supply of the Allies and the transportation of troops and war materials from the United States to Europe is the great fact that will inevitably cause Germany's defeat. But the sorry showing of the submarine means even more than this, for, had the Germans succeeded in their ambitious naval program, England would have disappeared as a naval power, not only temporarily, but for all time. She would have become, to use Disraeli's phrase, merely a "Belgium at sea."

A brief review of the history of the submarine, extending over a hundred years, reveals one very remarkable fact: this has always been a weapon of warfare that has been directed against one particular country—Great Britain. Up to the time when the submarine first appeared all engines of land or sea warfare had been regarded as having an important value against the forces of all countries; but the peculiarity of the submarine was that it was immediately regarded as dangerous to England only. Practically every inventor who worked at the submarine was inspired by the determination to destroy the British fleet. All historians attribute the original invention to David Bushnell, a Yale student of the class of 1774, whose boat, constructed in 1775, contains all the essential principles of the modern vessel. Bushnell's intention was to sink the British fleet, which was then anchored off our coast, destroy England's sea connections with her revolting colonies, and thus end the Revolution at a blow.

Bushnell's immediate successor as an experimenter with the submarine was another American, Robert Fulton;

and again the new contrivance was brought to the front as a means of annihilating British sea-power. By 1801 Fulton had constructed a submarine that would go a considerable distance under the water, the motive power being oars; with this he had crept up to a vessel in the harbor of Brest, attached a torpedo, destroyed his victim, and made his escape. This exploit was merely an experiment, intended to convince Napoleon that such vessels could destroy the only agency which then stood between himself and the conquest of the world—the British fleet. Napoleon retained Fulton for a time, but finally dismissed him as a "charlatan." One keen statesman, however, who appreciated the importance of Fulton's labors, was William Pitt, then engaged in his death struggle with France. Pitt invited Fulton to bring his submarine to England, an act of hospitality which aroused the wrath of the sea-dogs who were then operating the British navy.

"What a fool Pitt is!" said Lord St. Vincent, then First Sea Lord, and his words reflected the attitude which then prevailed in England toward the submarine, and which continued to prevail for a hundred years afterward. "Why does he encourage a kind of warfare that is useless to those who are masters of the sea, and which, if it succeeds, will deprive them of this mastery?" But Pitt saw this quite as clearly as did his admirals; he told Fulton that the submarine was useless to the predominant sea-power, but that it was enormously valuable to the nations whose naval forces were inferior. He summed the whole thing up in the phrase, "It is essentially the weapon of the weak sea-powers"; his purpose in sending for Fulton was to offer him a considerable sum of money on condition that he would betake himself and his submarine to the United States. Fulton indignantly spurned this offer, but the French

still refused to regard his invention seriously, and he soon returned to America, where in the future he devoted his attention to surface craft.

Despite the fact that for nearly a hundred years the world possessed an instrumentality that would have seriously interfered with Britain's sea mastery, and perhaps might even have destroyed it, the world made no use of this invention. John P. Holland took up the submarine in the seventies because he was an ardent Irish patriot and a member of the Fenian brotherhood, and because he regarded the destruction of the British navy as an essential preliminary to the establishment of Irish freedom. Holland's submarines, built in the seventies and eighties, repeatedly demonstrated that they could submerge, sink large vessels, and get safely away; yet the world still refused to accept them at their face value. Yet about 1898 interest in them was revived, this time by the French, and again hostility to England furnished the inspiration. The Fashoda crisis had arisen, and when France, exasperated by England's advance in Africa, proposed to settle the matter by an appeal to arms, she suddenly discovered that she could not make war on England at all, for the British fleet stood in the way. Looking about for a means of overcoming this initial impediment, French naval men discerned that the underwater boat, when put to the test, worked admirably, and as a consequence they began building submarines to the neglect of all other types of war-vessels. Battleships, cruisers, and other surface craft now seemed to these exultant Frenchmen to have grown obsolete, for the submarine, all by itself, could apparently drive the British navy from the seas.

The attitude of British naval experts, in the early years of the twentieth century, was precisely a reflection of that of Lord St. Vincent and Pitt a century before. The feelings they entertained toward submarines was well expressed by Sir John Fisher's attitude. "Submarines!" he exclaimed. "If I can catch one I'll hang the whole crew to the yard-arm, whether I'm court-martialed for it or not!" The debates in Parliament from 1900 almost up to the outbreak of the

world war show that the leading English statesmen and naval strategists regarded the modern submarine as the one engine of naval warfare that seriously endangered the security of the empire. The reasons for this were chiefly geographic. For centuries England's great element of strategic strength had consisted in the fact that she was an island. Up to the time of the Napoleonic wars this fact had made her position impregnable. As she was at that time a self-sustaining people, with a fleet larger than the forces of any combination that could be brought against her, the initiative in warfare always lay in England's hands. No nation could make war on England, for the island empire could always select her own time for engaging in hostilities, and when she did make war the war was always fought on the enemy's soil. Not since 1066 has a foreign army landed in England. With the rapid industrial growth of the nineteenth century, and an increase in population from seven million to forty-five million, England's island situation now developed into a source of danger as well as a source of strength, because she became dependent on her sea communications for her industrial materials and her food—that is, for her existence. Had Napoleon, with Fulton's assistance, succeeded in removing the obstacle of the British navy in 1801, he would have created the possibility of an invasion, but he could not have starved England and ruined her industrially, for this compact nation of seven million was then economically self-sustaining. The elimination of the British navy any time in the last fifty years, on the other hand, would have destroyed the British Empire in two months' time. There is no other great country of which this statement is true. England might destroy, with submarines, every war-ship and merchant-vessel in Germany, yet Germany's strategic position would be precisely the same as it is now. The submarine, that is apparently, gave England no greater strength at sea than that which she already possessed, for she already had a complete mastery. But it might give a nation which was weaker in sea-power a means of destroying the British fleet. "It is the weapon of the

weaker power," as Pitt and St. Vincent declared a century ago.

To all this the answer seemed obvious: let England herself build great fleets of submarines, and so retain the ascendancy. That was the policy which was advocated in Parliament in the early years of the twentieth century. But this idea, as men like Lord Glenesk, Lord Goschen, and Mr. Arnold Foster pointed out, involved a serious lapse in logic. Battleship can fight battleship, cruiser can fight cruiser, destroyer can fight destroyer, but submarine cannot fight submarine. Since the days when men first made war this was the first fighting machine ever invented to which there was apparently no answer.

"There is nothing that you can send against it," said John P. Holland, gleefully, "not even itself!"

Just before the outbreak of the European war the outlook for the British navy, because of the development of submarine fleets, seemed to be very dark. The prevailing pessimism found expression in the famous words of Sir Percy Scott, one of the greatest experts in the British navy.

"The introduction of vessels that swim under the water," he said, "has entirely done away with the utility of ships that sail on top of the water. Money spent on dreadnaughts is just so much money thrown into the sea."

The war had hardly been going on a month when the German navy apparently made good Sir Percy's prophecy. German submarines crept up to three English cruisers, the *Aboukir*, the *Hogue*, and the *Cressy*, and sent them to the bottom in short order. The whole world went faint with horror when this news was received; the submarine was apparently accomplishing the task for which it had been preparing for more than a century. Under these stealthy attacks it seemed inevitable that the British navy should either retire to its harbors or, if the ships ventured out, that they should suffer the fate of these cruisers.

This dramatic event took place more than four years ago. Yet those three war-ships are almost the only ones that the British navy has lost from submarine attack. British war-ships now sail the

seas as uninterruptedly as ever, and the vessels of all the Allied fleets go freely to all parts of the world, and even penetrate the waters which are thickly strewn with German submarines. Apparently the fears which disturbed the sleep of British naval experts for a hundred years had no foundation, and Sir Percy Scott, great naval authority that he is, has proved to have been a sadly mistaken prophet.

Lord St. Vincent and William Pitt said one hundred years ago, "The submarine is useless to a strong naval power, and is useful only to a weak naval power," and, as I have shown, this dictum represented the opinion of all naval experts from their day up to the outbreak of the present war. But all these authorities have been absolutely wrong. What these great statesmen should have said is the exact reverse, "The submarine is somewhat useful to the nation that commands the seas, but it is absolutely valueless in the hands of a weak naval power." The present conflict has established an entirely new principle of naval warfare. That principle is this: *a nation that controls the surface of the sea also controls the subsurface.* That is, only a navy that commands the top of the water can successfully operate its submarines.

Perhaps the greatest shortcoming of the submarine is that, after all, it is not a submarine. A war-ship that could sail continuously under the water, leaving no traces of its presence, and able at the same time to keep the surface under constant observation, would promptly put an end to all the surface navies. But that is precisely what the present submarine cannot accomplish. One of its greatest handicaps is that, when submerged, it has to depend exclusively upon electricity for motive force; it cannot use a gas-engine, an oil-engine, or a steam-engine, because these mechanisms would quickly exhaust the precious oxygen which is so essential to the existence of its crew. With an electric engine, however, the batteries need frequently to be charged, and this charging can be done only on the surface. According to Vice-Admiral Sims, the submarine can sail continuously under the surface for only forty, or fifty, or sixty miles, ac-

cording to its size; after making this distance it has to rise to the top and renew its store of electric fluid. The business of charging its batteries takes about five hours, during all of which period the vessel is the prey of its enemies that are scouring the surface. Even when sailing under the surface this craft usually reveals its presence by several signs which now the experienced sailor can easily detect. The most obvious, of course, is the periscope; but, even though the periscope is not visible, the submarine, however deeply it may be submerged, causes a disturbance, a kind of wake, which, even though it may be very slight, betrays its presence to the keen eye of the practised observer. A watcher on the bridge of a war-ship can usually detect this disturbance, while to a watcher in a hydroplane or other aerial craft it stands out glaringly. Because of these limitations, the submarine actually spends the larger part of its time upon the surface. It cruises around until it sights its prey, discharges its torpedo, and then dives to make its escape. The so-called submarine might thus accurately be described as a surface war-ship whose chief defensive quality is its ability to submerge.

These two facts—that it must spend a great part of its existence upon the surface, and that, even when in the depths of the sea, it cannot absolutely conceal its presence, are what have made the anti-submarine warfare so successful. For it is no longer true that there is no “answer” to this little adder of the seas. About twenty-five years ago a new type of fighting-craft appeared which caused almost as much consternation among naval men as did the submarine at the beginning of the present war. That was the torpedo-boat. This was a little reptile-like vessel, which was capable of great speed, and whose main weapon of offense, as is the case with the submarine, was the automobile torpedo. It was the function of the torpedo-boat to creep up to a fleet, especially in the night-time, discharge its explosive, and then scamper away to safety. The torpedo-boat, that is, was intended to perform about the same part in warfare as has the submarine, its one great difference being that it had to make its

escape on the surface, since it could not submerge. Yet at one time it was generally prophesied that the torpedo-boat had rendered the battleship useless, and there were great naval authorities, just like Sir Percy Scott in more recent times, who declared that money spent on these great fighting-ships was simply money thrown away. Yet the torpedo-boat enjoyed a very brief career; many years ago, indeed, all navies ceased to build them. For, in response to this need a new type of craft arose, whose purpose was sufficiently described by its name, “torpedo-boat destroyer.” Against this agile war-ship the torpedo-boat fought helplessly, for its chief weapon, the torpedo, was utterly useless against the destroyer. The chief reason for this was that the torpedo, in order to make a straight course, had to sail about fifteen feet under the surface, whereas the draft of the destroyer was only eight or nine. These ugly mechanisms, that is, almost invariably passed harmlessly under the keel. This left the torpedo-boat nothing but a very light gun with which to oppose its suddenly discovered enemy. But the destroyer was much larger than the torpedo-boat; it made even greater speed, it carried much heavier guns, and it could thus demolish it almost on sight. In a short time it had so completely rid the sea of the much feared little craft that the “torpedo-boat destroyer” lost the first part of its name and went upon all naval lists simply as “destroyer.” There were no more torpedo-boats to destroy, and it was not worth while to continue building them.

Thus, when the war began, the “destroyer” had one complete and splendid victory to its credit. And this war had not gone far when it appeared that it was likely to have a second victory. The successful attack by submarines on the *Cressy*, *Hogue*, and *Aboukir* so shocked the world that it gave an altogether false emphasis to the submarine in naval warfare. What has not made so great an impression is the more significant fact that, after these first few months, the German submarines sank practically no more Allied war-ships. Since this first great naval tragedy most of the spectacular torpedo-

ings of war-vessels have been made by the Allied fleets—on the Turks in the Dardanelles, on the Austrians in the Adriatic, and so on. For more than four years the Grand Fleet of Great Britain has been absolutely immune to submarine attacks. How little the popular mind understands the situation is explained by the fact that most of us picture the British dreadnaughts as anchored in landlocked harbors, protected by nets, booms, and other similar obstructions. The idea that the Grand Fleet has spent four years anchored more or less continuously behind such shore protections is ridiculously false. If this popular conception represented the true situation it would simply mean that Germany had long since won the war. The fact is, however, that the British fleet, in the last four years, has had constant access to the high seas and has actually spent more than half its time cruising in the waters about the British Isles, including the areas which are supposed to be dominated by Germany. This fleet is not only master of the seven seas, but it has the utmost freedom of action. The famous policy of "attrition," by which the British dreadnaughts were to be reduced by a slow and agonizing process, has utterly failed. Instead of disappearing, unit by unit, under the attacks of German submarines, the British fleet, as Sir Eric Geddes has publicly announced, is 160 per cent. more powerful than in 1914. Yet all this time the German submarines have had these magnificent targets cruising in the open sea! Why have they not disposed of them?

The fact is that the "destroyer" has practically eliminated the submarine from naval warfare, precisely as it had already eliminated the torpedo-boat. And for the same reasons. As already explained, the submarine, for the larger part of its career, travels upon the surface. But if it happens to come to the surface anywhere near a destroyer, it almost immediately meets destruction. It cannot fight the destroyer with the torpedo, for the reasons already given. If the submarine attempts the combat with her guns, the odds are again altogether against her, for the destroyer usually carries a more power-

ful armament than the submarine, and has the great advantage of shooting down from a high platform, whereas the submarine must shoot upward. Moreover, the destroyer is so swift—some of our new boats are making forty knots—and the submarine is so clumsy and so slow, that the latter ship always runs the danger of being rammed. Even though the submarine submerges, it still stands little chance of escaping. The destroyer can usually tell its approximate neighborhood by the disturbance on the surface, and then a depth bomb ends its career. The destroyer also knows that, once submerged, the submarine must come to the surface somewhere within a radius of fifty or sixty miles. It can therefore wireless to all surface craft within this area that a submarine is in the neighborhood, and one or more of these ships, by keeping a watchful patrol, are usually on hand when the harried underwater vessel cautiously rises to the top. These are the reasons why the British fleet is almost as safe on the open sea as in the protective harbors which have figured so largely in discussions of modern naval warfare. This armada always sails surrounded by two circles of destroyers about ten miles from the fighting-ships. Between these two lines are a large number of other swift and light surface craft. Only one German submarine has ever succeeded in penetrating that screen; it did this by diving under the boats and coming up on the other side, where it was promptly rammed and sunk by a battleship.

In the early part of 1915 the German Admiralty discovered that its submarines could make no headway against a fleet which was so impenetrably screened by destroyers. It openly confessed the failure of its submarine flotillas against vessels of war by turning them against merchant-ships. Instead of attacking war-ships like the *Hogue*, the *Cressy*, and the *Aboukir*, the submarine now proceeds to assault the *Falaba*, the *Lusitania*, the *Arabic*, and hundreds of other vessels, and once more Germany boasted that she had found the solution of her naval program. Yet, as subsequent events have disclosed, she had not found such a solution at all. It

needs no elaborate argument to show that the destroyer can screen from submarine attack a convoy of merchant-vessels quite as successfully as it can screen a fleet of war-ships. Yet Germany for a time did have great success in sinking merchant-ships, but this success was purely fortuitous and could have had no permanent effect upon the ending of the war. Her submarines won this temporary and questionable triumph only because the Allies did not have enough destroyers to provide this screen. Great Britain began this war with 240 destroyers, and France had an entirely negligible number. The Allies needed all these destroyers to protect the Grand Fleet and to safeguard communications with France across the English Channel. If the Admiralty, in 1915, had had a sufficient number of destroyers to provide an escort for the *Lusitania*, that vessel would probably never have fallen a prey to submarines. But the *Lusitania* was sunk simply because the strategy of war demanded that Great Britain should send a great army to France as rapidly as possible and that the great dreadnaught fleet upon which the whole cause of the Allies hung should be held intact. England has transported millions of soldiers and millions of tons of supplies to France because these have all been protected by destroyers, and the British fleet has cruised with the utmost security because it has always been surrounded by an adequate destroyer screen. The *Lusitania* and hundreds of other ships have gone down simply because there have been no destroyers to protect them. But merely to state the case shows that Germany's cowardly success was necessarily only temporary. She could sink merchant-vessels just as long as there were no destroyers to act as convoys, and no longer. England's obvious answer was to build destroyers on the largest possible scale, and that is what she immediately began to do. In 1916 British shipyards turned out far less merchant tonnage than in peace-times; the explanation was that they were devoting all their time to building war-ships, particularly destroyers. American shipyards are now building these and kindred types on a tremendous scale; indeed, we are probably surpassing our

British allies in this construction. We all remember the enthusiasm with which the British public acclaimed that fleet of fifty or sixty American destroyers which appeared in England about a month after Congress had declared war. The cause of this enthusiasm was that destroyers were the particular munition of war that was most needed just then—each one was worth more, in actual fighting value at that moment, than a dreadnaught or a battle-cruiser.

At the present time more German submarines are being sunk than are being built, and the amount of merchant shipping which is submarined is growing smaller every month. The great increase in the production of Allied destroyers is the explanation. The submarine proved useless against war-ships because the Allies, in the early days, had destroyers enough to interfere with their activities, and it is likewise becoming useless now against merchant-ships because the Allies, enormously helped by American shipyards, are rapidly building enough to protect these vessels also. From the beginning of the war destroyers have been convoying the Allied ships of war, and now they are with equal success convoying our transports and our merchant marine. In a year the lanes of travel will be simply swarming with destroyers and kindred craft. But perhaps one doubt still lingers in the mind. Is it not possible that Germany can build submarines faster than we can build destroyers? This question again involves a great misconception. The present situation on the sea is not a race between the construction of submarines and destroyers. Germany cannot restore the equilibrium and perhaps gain the upper hand by turning out submarines on an enormous scale. Her great difficulty is that the fundamentals in this contest are working against her. A flotilla of destroyers, such as furnish a convoy for merchant-ships or transports, can sink a dozen submarines almost as easily as it can sink a solitary one. As already described, a submarine simply cannot fight a destroyer on anything that approaches equal terms, whereas the destroyer can most efficiently fight a submarine. If a single destroyer meets three or four submarines, it can lay around in compara-

tive security and pick off one after another; it can send all to the bottom almost as easily as it can send one; its enemies can only escape destruction by running away and submerging, and, as already described, the latter process also involves great perils. Thus we may say, as a general principle, that it makes little difference how many submarines Germany possesses, provided we have destroyers enough to convoy our war-ships and our merchant marine.

Does all this mean that the submarine is valueless in warfare, and is destined to disappear, like the torpedo-boat? Not necessarily, though it does mean that it has a much more restricted use than we believed four years ago. It also means, as I have already indicated, that the submarine is the weapon of the strong naval power, and not, as the British statesmen and naval experts contended for nearly a century, of the weak naval power. The last four years have proved that it is only the nation that controls the surface of the sea which can operate its submarines in any way that can make them permanently effective. Destroyers can annihilate submarines wherever they show their heads, but destroyers themselves cannot operate unless the fleet of which they are a part controls the surface of the water. Before Germany can make her underwater boats the determining factor in the war she must first succeed in driving the Allied destroyers off the sea. In order to do this she must have a stronger surface fleet than that of the Allies—that is, she must herself control the seas. In other words, the basis of British sea-power is to-day precisely what it has always been—a great preponderance in battleships. The destroyers operate to eliminate the submarine only because back of them stands a mighty force of dreadnaughts. At first this principle apparently eliminates the submarine, for the fleet that commands the surface has already done what this new type of craft was expected to accomplish; it has driven the enemy fleet into its ports and chased its mercantile ships off the seas. But it is the opinion of our greatest naval experts, such as Admiral Sims, that large sea-going submarines, attached to the Grand Fleet, could accomplish very destructive

results in a sea battle. But in such an engagement they would be useful only to the navy that had strength enough to protect them against their natural enemies, the destroyers. Thus we reach this new principle of naval warfare, that the nation which controls the surface also controls the subsurface; in other words, that the navy which rules the surface need stand in no particular fear of submarines. Isolated sinkings there may be, but these will not affect this basic principle. The position of the submarine, which has haunted naval strategists for a century, is definitely determined.

All this has a great bearing upon the problem of defending the American coast. There are still many who believe that a large force of submarines, based on Atlantic and Pacific ports, could prevent the bombardment of our large cities and the landing of an invading army. But whether they could do this or not would depend upon one point and one point only—whether we or the enemy fleet controlled the surface of the sea. If the invading nation were more powerful in dreadnaughts than we, a thousand submarines could not interfere with its operations. For such a fleet would approach our seacoast screened by rows of destroyers, which would readily dispose of any number of submarines that we could send against them. Then the enemy fleet could leisurely spend its time picking up any mines that interfered with its progress, and afterward bombard our cities and land an army. If, however, our fleet of capital ships succeeded in maintaining a more than equal combat against the enemy, and in sinking or rendering harmless its destroyer screen, then a flotilla of large sea-going submarines would have the utmost freedom of action and could probably inflict great damage. And so we come back to the point that, despite all the modern improvements of war, the underlying principles have changed very little. The battleship, just as in the days of Drake and Nelson, still determines the issue at sea. For the United States to stop building great fighting surface ships and to depend upon submarines for coast defense would be merely to extend an invitation to an invading fleet.

The Fire Unquenchable

BY MARY ESTHER MITCHELL



WHEN Steven McAllister, bluff captain of a small Maine coaster, was struck by the combined gales of adversity called asthma and rheumatism, he gave up the sea, once for all, and bought a little farm on Turkey Hill Ridge among the foot-hills of New England. He was alone in the world save for his small daughter, his wife having faded from existence, leaving to her husband a blurred impression of a vague personality and a decided fact in the sturdy little Barcelona.

As it turned out, Captain McAllister, in his renunciation of the salt water, had not bidden farewell to voyaging, although he had changed the elements of his contention. After some years of unsuccessful farming he disposed of his land, retaining only his house and garden, and with the proceeds bought a horse and cart and established a peddling route which took him far and wide through the district. If the "Rolling Jenny," as he named the wagon, was not rocked in the cradle of the deep, its red sides were well shaken in the process of pitching up and down the steep slopes of the rocky roads. If the mountain winds which smote the captain's tanned cheeks smelt not of brine, their force, at least, left little to the imagination. The ropes in the knotted hands were of leather instead of hemp, but they needed no less of a grip to keep the little craft on a straight course. Life, therefore, retained a hint of nautical atmosphere and the captain, cheery and communicative, was content.

The master of the "Rolling Jenny" battled with his infirmities until the tiller dropped from his hands. Not long after that he made his last port. His daughter took command and for years continued the commercial as well as the social good-will of the route. She her-

self was gray now, and was becoming aware, more and more, that her father had passed to her another legacy besides those of the red cart and the white horse. The reminders of this fact had grown so persistent that she, at last, appealed to old Doctor Littleton at Turkey Hill Center.

"You don't s'pose I'm breakin' up, do you, Doctor?" she asked, her usually calm forehead wrinkled with lines of anxious inquiry.

Doctor Littleton shifted his chair onto its two back legs and thrust his hands in his pockets. Thus fortified, his keen old eyes glaring from under his shaggy brows, he made his answer.

"What do you mean, Barcelona McAllister, by talking like that to me, who took you through the measles and whooping-cough and the Lord knows what else? If you're breaking up, then I ought to have been in the graveyard for years! You're sound as a good russet apple, barring the rheumatism your father left you along with the trade. You've got to haul in sail, as you would say, and take care of yourself, that's all. Keep out of the damp and cold and wind and you'll be all right."

"I'd like to know how you're goin' to keep outer the weather an' peddle at the same time!" remarked Miss Barcy.

"Then don't peddle!" retorted Doctor Littleton.

There was silence for a moment. Miss Barcy, sturdy, controlled, felt as if a cannon had been shot her way. Her New England blood was not to be shed in public; therefore she sat still and said nothing. Doctor Littleton let his chair fall back to its normal position; then he leaned forward and looked his old friend squarely in the face.

"I'm giving it to you straight, Barcy. You'll be pretty near right so long as you take care of yourself, but you've got to make up your mind to take things easy. If you go careering all over the

country in bad weather I can't answer for the consequences. You don't want to get helpless, like your father was. I don't believe you'd take kindly to being waited on. There's that boy you've adopted; make him look after you a bit. Can't you persuade that rampaging Bolter to stay at home, or are you afraid he'll run off and join the circus?"

The smile which crept to Miss Barcy's lips at the suggestion of the staid old horse doing anything of his own volition was welcomed by the doctor. It had cost him much to read the verdict to his friend. Miss Barcy had the saving grace of common sense mingled with that greatest gift of the gods—humor. Like a healthful, northwest breeze the latter searched the crannies of her mind, keeping it clean and sane and ready for readjustment. It came to her aid now, and behind its cover she regained her breath.

"I'd like to git Little Luther reely launched 'fore I pass on," she said, growing grave again.

"Pass on!" shouted the doctor. "I tell you there's no question of passing on! It's only a matter of shutting the barn door before the horse is stolen. I've always given you credit for having more sense than most people and now's the time to prove it. You've got enough to be comfortable on, haven't you, Barcy?"

"I reckon so. I've laid by some an' Cousin William left me all he had. I've bin 'lottin' on that fur Little Luther's schoolin'."

"He'll be all the better for having to make his own way."

"The house'll go to him, anyways. Yes, I can git 'long all right, but it ain't easy to dry-dock yourself in cold blood, so's to speak. I guess I feel somethin' as Pa felt when he give up the schooner. Seems 's if I was more to home on the seat of the 'Rollin' Jenny' than I am in my own bed. I reckon Bolter'll be reel pleased," added Miss Barcy, "and so there's some good to be got outer it!"

Doctor Littleton watched Miss Barcy go down the road and his shrewd eyes softened. "Head up! That's Barcelona McAllister! Turkey Hill won't thank me for calling her off the route. I'd rather had a tooth pulled, if I had any to pull, than give her papers like that."

Miss Barcy, having seen to Bolter's wants, gave him a good-night pat on the pinky-white nose which vibrated in a whinny of response. Then she shut the shed door and stepped slowly, almost painfully, up the little path to the kitchen porch. The dusk had fallen, but a clear, daffodil light lingered in the west, throwing the great shoulders of the distant mountains into purple relief. There was a feel of frost in the air and Miss Barcy gave an involuntary shiver.

"I shouldn't wonder if it was comin' reel cold," she remarked, as she entered the house. "I dunno when I've dreaded winter so!" She hung her thick jacket and her man's felt hat on their appointed nail, lighted the fire on the hearth of the Franklin stove in the little sitting-room, and sat down to think. "My, but that feels good!" she said, as her hands, cramped and cold from their day's driving, met the genial warmth. "There's no two ways about it, we're gittin' old, Bolter 'n' me."

Fitful gleams from the leaping flames fell upon the high-backed rocker and its occupant, now revealing a glint of whitening hair, now touching the firm, pleasant mouth and the kindly blue eyes, now resting on the cheek or on the strong hands clasped on the rough woolen skirt—cheek and hand brown and hard, bespeaking the custom of the sun and wind and the ever-changing air. Miss Barcy had no thought of the effects of light and shade; her vision had gone quite beyond the blaze upon the hearth, for this is the magic of the open fire, that, while it offers its own radiance for comfort and delight, its true message is to the inward eye as it burns the barriers from memory and gives free entrance to the country of thrones and dominations.

The fire-charm was upon Miss Barcy and it carried her into the past. A shadowy procession passed before her, wrought by the flame's spell. She saw herself, a little motherless girl, grave and responsible beyond her years, journeying from her seaside birthplace to the hill country and the little house on Turkey Ridge. She saw her father, broken in health, but undaunted. She saw Bolter, lazy little colt, named in vain hope of latent possibilities, growing fat

and old and opinionative between the easy shafts of the "Rolling Jenny." She saw herself caring for her helpless father, trimming his sails for the last voyage, and taking up the work he had dropped. She saw Little Luther, the frail child who, in despair at the world's coldness, had thrown himself upon her mercy and found care and a home, for which he made full return. Simple, homely visions all; yet, somehow, they brought a rare mist to Miss Barcy's steady eyes, tired to-night and ready to yield their tribute to recollection.

It was not Miss Barcy's custom to take such journeys of retrospection, she being a creature of the present, save in a comfortable, happy way of memory. In regard to the future she could not be bothered with speculation.

"Heaven?" she once responded to inquiry. "Oh yes, I s'pose there is sech a place, mabbe, but, land! I 'ain't got no time to worrit 'bout it. Seem 's if to-day warn't give us to skip over like it didn't carry no cargo!" To-night, however, her defenses were down, and past and future both assailed her.

"Guess Doctor Littleton warn't fur from right," she acknowledged. "Seems 's if I was all drawed up jest thinkin' o' the cold. I allers said I'd die tiller in hand, but I guess it ain't much use fightin' ag'in' Nater if she's got other plans fur you. Lord!" she exclaimed, suddenly, starting up. "I'd better be flaxin' round. Little Luther 'll be home 'fore I know it, an' he does relish a hot sody biscuit fur supper!"

The puffs of dough were growing delicately brown in the oven when Miss Barcy, just risen from a satisfying observation of their progress, heard the tinkle of a bicycle-bell. The next moment Little Luther appeared, bringing in a breeze of fresh air and young spirits. The dreamy, white-headed little fellow who had run to Miss Barcy's shelter had grown into a tall lad, fair-haired, pleasant-faced, slender in body, but sound and active. His early air of vagueness had departed with the visions of his childhood. Had the mantle of fancy dropped from him forever, or was it merely laid away, awaiting its hour? Outwardly, Little Luther was simply, normally Boy; inwardly—but that was

Little Luther's own affair and he kept the key.

Every day the boy coasted on wheel or sled down the long slopes to the Lincoln High School.

"He's a master hand with books," Miss Barcy assured the minister. "Though jest where it comes from 's more 'n I can tell, seein' what his folks was. But he can't seem to git numbers inter his head, an' that worrits his teacher. Fur my part, I guess he'll do pretty fair so long 's he's got his fingers to count up on, though that's a slow way to make change. I reckon 'rithmetic ain't everythin'," added Miss Barcy, in unconscious agreement with an instructor far wiser than any teacher engaged by the Lincoln school board. Miss Barcy had never heard of old Roger Ascham, but her faith in Little Luther was untouched by any mathematical shortcomings.

"Git your hands washed, Little Luther," she said, smiling her greeting to the boy. "I've got somethin' nice an' hot fur your supper."

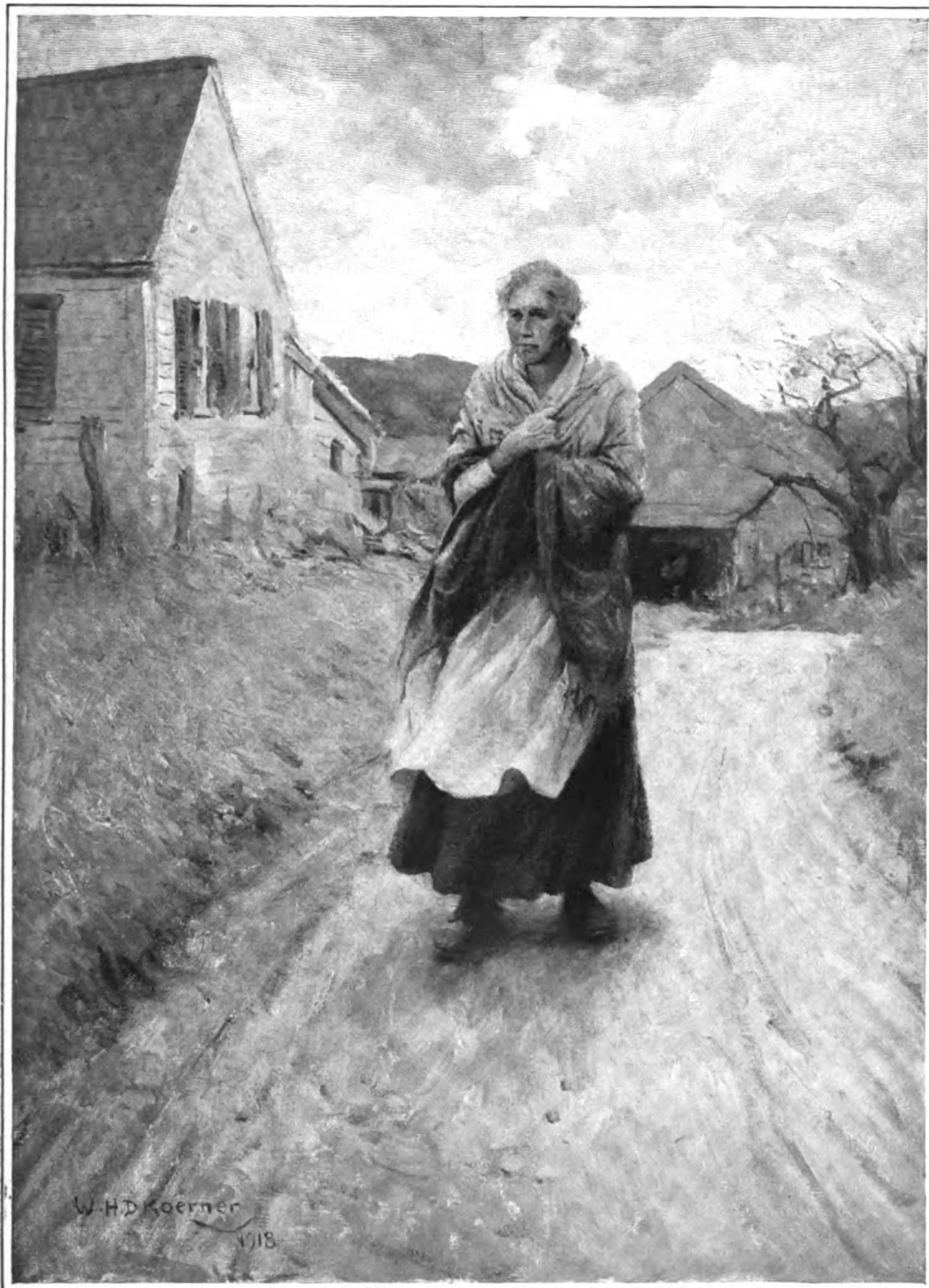
The title of "Little," once given as a differentiation, had now lost all excuse for being, save as an affectionate habit. Not a boy on the Ridge, or at the Center, or at the Lincoln High dared to use it, for Little Luther had found his fists. To Miss Barcy it brought no sense of incongruity, and the boy himself would not have spared it from her lips, though he could not have told why.

"Hurry up, Little Luther!" called Miss Barcy, lifting from the oven the panful of delicious burden. Little Luther clattered a soap-dish, whisked a towel in action more rapid than thorough, flatted his fine, flying hair into a wet semblance of order, and sat down to the kitchen table, ready for whatever might come his way.

"They're corkin'!" he muttered, mouth full.

He talked on happily, not noting Miss Barcy's silence. The simple meal was well under way when the latter spoke, with an attempt to appear casual: "Little Luther, what 'd you say to my givin' up peddlin'?"

The boy stared, his jaw suspended in its pleasant task. "You ain't sick, or nothin', are you, Miss Barcy?"



Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner

Engraved by S. G. Putnam

"I FEEL JEST LIKE THEM FIELDS, KINDER SHRIVELED UP AND STIFF"

"Land, no!" Miss Barcy made haste to reassure him.

Little Luther, relieved, took another biscuit.

"I'm gittin' old, Little Luther," went on Miss Barcy. "Me 'n' Bolter's gittin' old."

Her tone held a wistful note, but if she had counted upon contradiction she was doomed to disappointment. Little Luther accepted the statement with a calmness which was more disconcerting than words.

"Sure," he assented, in cheerful agreement. A moment later he added, "It 'll seem kinder funny, won't it?"

To Miss Barcy "funny" appeared to be the last word to apply to the situation, but she let it pass. "P'raps it will, jest at fust, but there! I'll git lots o' time to putter round an' do things I've bin meanin' to do an' never got time fur. I shouldn't wonder if I reely come to like it."

Little Luther once more lightened the biscuit-plate. "All right!" he remarked, as if regarding the matter closed. Miss Barcy was conscious of a little shock at the ready conclusion, but she made no sign.

"What you goin' to do with Bolter?" asked Little Luther, quite oblivious of the fact that he was dealing with fundamental questions of life. "Guess you can't get much for him. Feller down to school said he'd make a first-rate hitchin'-post."

No one appreciated the humorous side of Bolter more than did his mistress, but family eccentricities are no subjects for the public's vulgar wit. Miss Barcy figuratively put arms of protection about the old white neck.

"Me 'n' Bolter 'll never part company," she said, gravely. "Not so long 's we live!"

The relinquishing of a life's employment is not a process to be hurried. At first the very weather seemed to be against resolution, sending days far into November so warm and genial that the needle of Miss Barcy's compass wavered from the pole of decision. But when the dreamy loveliness of the prolonged Indian summer had at last yielded, and the hill breeze became a searching wind laden with prophecies of snow, Miss

Barcy regarded the brown and barren world with a dubious shiver.

"I feel jest like them fields," she remarked to herself, "kinder shriveled up an' stiff an' needin' a coverin'. I dunno as I ever felt that way before."

She said little about her proposed retirement, knowing that situations develop without the aid of words. "More talk, more fuss!" was her way of putting it. When the truth leaked out she was met by remonstrance, congratulation, criticism, complaint, and a universal and genuine sorrow for her loss.

"I don't feel like I ever want to buy another pan!" bemoaned one regular customer.

"It 'll seem awful lonesome without the 'Rollin' Jenny' goin' by!" said another. "She's a wise woman to give up 'fore she gives out!"

Mrs. Leavitt, Little Luther's aunt, who had never quite forgiven her nephew's desertion for the calm of Miss Barcy's protection, sniffed audibly when she heard the news. "I guess Barcelona McAllister's got somethin' now she'll have to give in ter, like the rest o' us common folks. I'll bet she's feathered her nest all right. Lord! I wisht I could settle back an' take it easy when I felt like it!"

There came a day when, feeling that she could delay action no longer, Miss Barcy drove over to Hillsbury and talked with Deering & Titus, of whom she had always bought her stock.

"Sorry you're goin' out, Miss Barcy," said Mr. Deering, with unaffected regret. "You've been a good customer, always. You better let us take over the trade. It 'll save you bother. We won't do nothin' this winter, but if you'll store the cart an' turn it over to us in the spring, with what stock you've got, we'll start a circuit. Guess folks won't give us much of a welcome, Miss Barcy!"

Thus, gradually, things fell into shape, as most affairs do when unhindered.

On the morning of the first snow-storm Miss Barcy dressed with an unwonted feeling of leisure. "You 'n' me can stay snug an' warm to-day, old feller," she said to Bolter as she made him his early visit. "I guess I might 's well begin takin' 'count o' stock an' hev that off my mind. I 'can't reely settle down till all 's shipshape."

She brought the boxes into the warm kitchen and spread the contents on the table. Little Luther had gone to school and the house was very quiet save for the blasts of wind which now and again rattled the windows and creaked the blinds.

"Gittin' low on bone buttons," commented Miss Barcy. "I never knew why that kind went off so till I took Little Luther, an' then I see." Her fingers lingered over the little piles of fancy assortments. "Them green ones I got fur Lucy Whitney's weddin'-dress, an' then her beau died an' I hadn't the heart to make her take 'em. They was the most costly I ever took on. I mind the day I hearn the news, jest as if it was yestiddy. Jason Whitney told it to me himself as I was on my way there, an' I turned right back."

Instantly the table and the heaps of buttons vanished from Miss Barcy's immediate eye and in their place she saw the curve of the white road, flanked with the walls of pine and spruce, sharp against the deep azure, every branch bearing its fleecy burden, the shadows blue in the hollows. She could almost detect the fine, cold smell of the fresh snow and feel the bite of the frosty air. It was a sudden vision, and as fleeting. Miss Barcy gave a little sigh as she came back to the kitchen and the heaped buttons.

"You can't reely sense what the world's like by lookin' outer the winder. I'm goin' to miss a lot," she remarked. Then she made haste to reassure herself. "My! but it's nice an' comfortable settin' here with nothin' to call me out!"

She visited Bolter many times that day, standing by his side and talking to him as if to console him for something lost. But if the white horse felt any sense of deprivation, or regretted any lack of action, he made no sign, merely shutting his old eyes in sleepy content or placidly taking his tribute of a sugar lump or an apple.

Taking account of stock could not last forever, although drawn out to utmost limits. Miss Barcy devoted regular hours to it and kept them systematically, imparting an air of business to the process quite out of proportion to the importance involved. Once accom-

plished, and the results noted in clear, painstaking figures, Miss Barcy was forced to direct her energy to other channels. In spite of all New England traditions, and in the face of the difficulties presented by the weather, she cleaned house from garret to cellar. It is probable that Doctor Littleton would not have included the scrubbing of floors and the sweeping of a cold attic in his prescription for the prevention of rheumatism, nor have entitled the many activities entailed in the cleaning process as "staying at home and taking it easy." Nevertheless, Miss Barcy went about it all with a serene unconsciousness of medical offense. She did not enjoy housecleaning for itself, and, therefore, put into it double energy and thoroughness.

At the first meeting of the Turkey Hill Sewing Circle Miss Barcy presented herself, stiff and constrained in her best gray wool and lace jabot. It had been her custom to drop in for half an hour or so, Bolter and the "Rolling Jenny" waiting outside. With business on hand, she was free to return to the fresh air and the open road and the silence of nature whenever inclined. Taken in this fashion, the Circle was a momentary and pleasant diversion and quite endurable. The chains of regular attendance, however, weighed heavily. Miss Barcy sat uneasily on her hard chair, her strong lungs panting for the oxygen denied by the superheated atmosphere, her head aching, her ears confused, her soul weary.

"Every hatch batted down," she groaned to herself. "I feel like I was in the doldrums! It's reel curious how much folks can talk when they 'ain't got nothin' to say!"

"Barcelona McAllister must find the Circle a godsend," remarked Miss Loomis, the secretary of the society. "She 'ain't never had a reel chance before to set comfortable an' chat, with nothin' on her mind."

Doctor Littleton, driving along the Ridge one cold morning, stopped at Miss Barcy's little gate. "I didn't tell you to shovel snow!" he shouted. "Where's that cub of yours?"

Miss Barcy tossed the load from the shovel and leaned on the handle. The wind was snapping the ends of the scarf

tied over her head, loosening strands of hair and brightening her cheeks into a glow.

"Little Luther's to school, Doctor," she replied. "He wanted to do this, so you needn't blame him. Land! I've gotter put my hand to somethin' or I'll git stiff as a barn door."

"You'll get stiffer than any barn door that was ever hung if you keep on with that kind of thing! Great Scott! I'd rather take care of a wild Indian than one of you women. Either you think you're dying when there's nothing the matter with you or else you act as if there wasn't anything the matter when you're almost dead! A man knows when he's ailing."

"An' everybody else, inter the bargain!" retorted Miss Barcy. "I reely didn't know I was doin' anythin' outer the way. You don't wanter keep me in cotton battin', do you, Doctor?"

"I want to keep you out of it!" growled the doctor. "Enjoying your rest?" he added.

Miss Barcy took the question on its face value. "Lord! yes! It's fine. It'll be better in the spring," she went on, quite unconscious of inconsistency. "I can git to gardenin' then."

"Down on your knees on damp earth! Wet feet and petticoats! You're a fine patient! I congratulate you on your course of self-treatment, Barcy. Don't get notional and coddle yourself too much, that's all!"

"Now jest what did he mean by that?" Miss Barcy inquired of herself when the doctor had driven down the road. "Seems 's if he didn't quite like my shovelin'. Well, I won't do more 'n this."

As the weeks went by Miss Barcy's activities diminished to some extent. A certain languor took hold of her and, to her great astonishment and annoyance, she found herself struggling with a tendency to put off duties and to admit gaps in the daily routine.

"Tain't a good sign," she declared to herself. "Pa'd say I oughter keep up ship's discipline. I'm gittin' shiftless as old Tilly. Land! You can do more extry things when you 'ain't got time to do 'em than when you've got all day before you an' nothin' to hender!"

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"Makin' up things to do ain't like doin' things you hev to!" she added, thoughtfully.

"I know jest how the Childern o' Israel felt," she confided to the minister. "Flesh-pots or peddlin', it don't make no difference what you call it; it's all one so long as it's the thing you're uster. I've bin readin' the Bible lately, more 'n common, not havin' much to do arter Little Luther's in bed. Now what do you think o' Lot's wife?"

"Lot's wife?" inquired David Patten.

"Seems 's if they was down on her, Lord an' all. To my mind, it warn't jest fair not to give her a hearin'. I don't mean to criticize the Lord's doin's, but it ain't nateral to expect anybody's goin' to leave all she's bin brought up to without lookin' back onct. I reckon she was thinkin' 'bout her little home an' her goin' to housekeepin' an' bringin' up her childern an' all. A woman thinks a heap of the things she's ust to. Seems 's if the Lord couldn't 'a' took that inter 'coun'."

"We must believe that the Lord knows best," returned the minister.

"Well, I dunno," went on Miss Barcy, impartially. "The more I read o' the Old Testament the more I see that there was charnce for mistakes — on both sides."

One morning there came a change in the sun, in the air, in the earth, subtle yet insistent. The sky lost its bright, clear hardness, and its azure melted into a tint which hinted of timid buds and shy leaves, of the fragrance of growing things and the sounds of songs and rustling wings.

"I reckon I better be gittin' over to Deerin' an' Titus," Miss Barcy said to herself when the breakfast dishes were done.

She went to the barn and stood for a long time gazing at the red cart. There it had patiently waited all the long winter, its unused shafts resting at an angle of enforced resignation, its white letters gleaming in the dusk, a mute reminder of a brisk and cheerful trade. The "Rolling Jenny" was a working partner in the business, a lifelong companion not to be lightly dismissed. In its pathetic inaction amid the shadows of the dim barn it seemed to take on a personality which

carried an injured sense of faithful service rejected. A constant friend, sturdy, deliberate, orderly, and self-contained, even as its mistress, its fate lay now in other and indifferent hands. There was something tragic in the moment.

Miss Barcy put out a hand and laid it gently on the side of the cart. It was an almost unconscious act of caress. "Good old 'Jenny'!" she murmured. "You've allers steered a clean, straight course. Bolter 'll miss you."

There was silence for a moment. Then Miss Barcy exclaimed: "Good land o' liberty! I can't take you over till I've made out the stock ag'in. What with givin' a pan here, an' a paper o' needles there, an' a tin b'iler to Miss Lucas, an' ribbins to the young folks, I dunno where I stand!"

It was with a distinct feeling of relieve that Miss Barcy once more overhauled the contents of the cart. She took her time about it, giving great care and exactness down to the last pin. When the last button was recorded and there was no further excuse for lingering over details, a week of cold and stormy weather set in, bringing its sharp and annual reminder that the New England spring was no easy mark for the sun's wooing, knowing its own day and moment, and yielding not an inch to the appeal of hopes deferred. In the dampness and chill Miss Barcy's rheumatism reasserted itself. She made no complaint beyond an occasional grunt—the involuntary concession to the acute and unexpected, but in spirit she groaned.

"Looks like there warn't no more carryin' trade fur me!" she acknowledged to herself. "Lord, how my old timbers creak!"

When the sun came out once more with renewed promise, Miss Barcy's pains grew less. The rain and the late snow had prepared the way and the world awoke afresh. A faint vapor of green was breathed over the trees and the earth confessed its long-hidden secret.

"I better git along," thought Miss Barcy. "Deerin' an' Titus 'll be wantin' to fix up the spring route."

Therefore, one soft morning, when Little Luther had taken his departure, Miss Barcy laid hold of the shafts of the

red cart. The long-unused wheels grated out a protest.

"Poor old 'Jenny'!" said Miss Barcy, sympathetically, when the transfer to the yard was safely accomplished. "I know jest how your j'int's feel!"

Then she went back for Bolter.

The wind and the sun had fairly dried the long slope which dropped the road into the deep valley, but the bottom-lands were wet and the highway was heavy with mud.

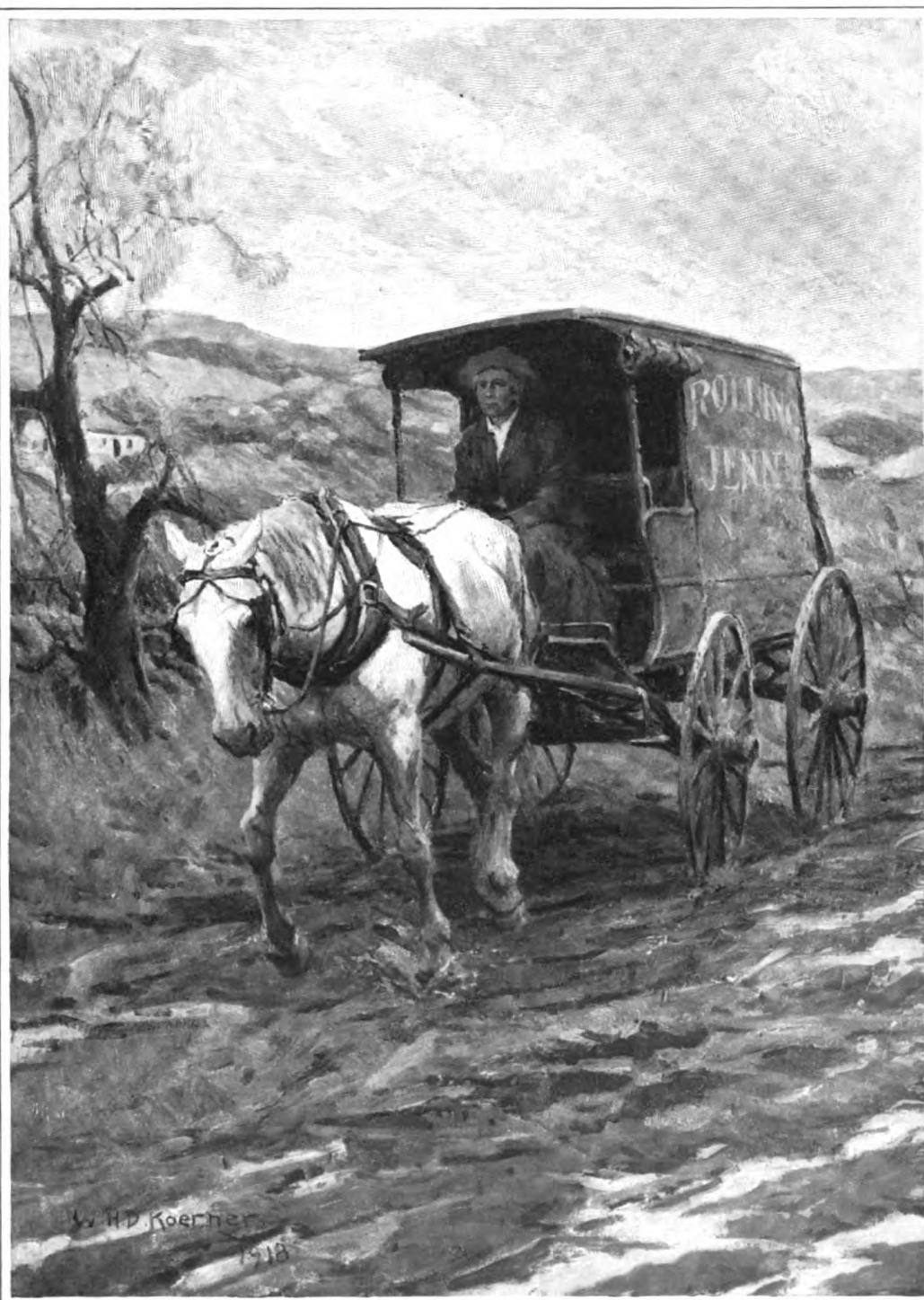
"I don't want to git 'Jenny' all splashed up," remarked Miss Barcy to the white horse. "I guess we better take it pretty easy."

Bolter took no special advantage of the suggestion, the one possibility of his easing his efforts being the total ceasing of progression; "Jenny's" slow wheels gave no evidence of impatience. Thus, in full accord, the three old comrades jogged along the way to Hillsbury.

"Ain't it good to be out on the road onct more?" said Miss Barcy, settling back and leaving the reins to Bolter. "Seems 's if I was to home ag'in."

Her eye roamed over the familiar fields and rested on the scattered dwellings, as yet unhidden by any screen of foliage. Her vision suffered no check of clapboards nor shingles; it penetrated to the heart of every household, having personal knowledge of every domestic situation. The trade of many years had included much more than interchange of coin and commodity; there had been a commerce of interest quite apart from the questions of tinware and cotton thread. "Go the world over an' you won't git holt o' better folks than right 'round here," said Miss Barcy. That she had share in this fact was a subject to which she gave little thought; she found the world right and pleasant to deal with and did not analyze the situation. "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" was, in her interpretation, the exchange of one's best and most prized for great benefits received.

"No, Bolter," expostulated Miss Barcy, turning the horse's steps from a farm-house lane. "Don't seem jest right to be passin' by, does it? Wonder how little 'Lizabeth's gittin' over the measles. She's a spry un; allers runnin' out fur a sweet. Guess Lemuel's thinkin' o' gittin'



Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner

IN FULL ACCORD THE THREE OLD COMRADES JOGGED ALONG

married soon," she went on. "He's got the front yard spaded up fur a flower-patch. I'd like to take Job Stearns a bottle o' that tonic that done him good last spring, but I reckon I better not muddle up the stock account ag'in."

The road divided at a little bushy triangle. Bolter halted dutifully. For a moment Miss Barcy did not move. The soft breeze stirred the pines lazily and the slow white clouds had no word but of careless repose. The wheels of the heavy cart settled a bit into the yielding earth and Bolter closed his eyes.

"Well," said Miss Barcy, rousing, "I guess we'll take the lower road, Bolter. It's a bit longer, but mabbe it won't be so muddy."

The lower road offered slight opportunity for firm wheeling; there was no reason why it should, as it ran through marshlands and over a long causeway between two ponds. Possibly Miss Barcy had forgotten the fact; she seemed undisturbed, however, as the "Rolling Jenny" acquired a goodly crusting of alluvial deposit.

"Pond 's smooth as a lookin'-glass," she commented. "There'll be a lot o' them red-winged blackbirds later on; this is a great place fur 'em. It's a pretty-colored spot; I've seen the bank yonder blazin' with that cardinal plant."

"There ain't no way o' gittin' 'quainted with folks an' things like seein' 'em every day," she went on. "Pa uster

say you couldn't know what a vessel was till you'd sailed her in all weathers. There's a lot I'm goin' to miss."

At the crest of a rise Hillsbury came into sight, lying in a dip between the high hills.

"I reckon we'll go round by the Buckfield Turnpike an' in by the 'cademy," announced Miss Barcy. "It's a mite out o' the way, but it's a fine road."

She was silent for a long time. Her next remark was seemingly irrelevant. "'Tain't so much livin' long as it is livin' while you're alive!" After this somewhat cryptic statement Miss Barcy sat up and assumed decisive command.

"Come 'long, Bolter!" she said, firmly. "You've got to git over the ground. I wanter catch Mr. Deerin' 'fore he goes to his noonin'."

Mr. Deering was standing in the doorway of his department store when the "Rolling Jenny" drove up. He hurried down the steps.

"Well, well, Miss Barcy!" he cried, cordially. "I thought it was time you was comin' round. Come in an' we'll settle things right up. This is a turnin' o' tables, now, ain't it—me payin' inter your purse instead o' you inter mine?"

Miss Barcy slowly let herself down to the sidewalk. "Yes," she answered, "I thought I'd drive over; but I guess there ain't any tables turned yet awhile. What you got new in fancy notions? I'm plannin' to start out to-morrer."



Letters to a Boy

II.—ON PRUSSIANISM, WITH MENTION OF LINCOLN'S OLD
STOVEPIPE HAT, AND A SPRING IN THE HELDERBERGS

BY JOHN PALMER GAVIT



Y DEAR BOY,—When the little German lad starts off for school in the morning he does not carry his lunch in a box or package; he has it on his back in a knapsack. He does not *walk* to school—he *marches*. From his earliest days he is thought of, and thinks of himself, as a *soldier*. From his cradle he is taught that that is his purpose and his destiny. That is the essence of the German kultur—every man not only potentially, but *really*, a fighter for the Kaiser and the Fatherland. And when the time comes to put it all into effect, he goes without a question, or a thought of any other possibility. He has nothing to say about it; the keynote of his whole life is *obedience to authority*.

The other day I heard a man who calls himself an American express the wish that all American boys could be so trained that “by instinct they would *obey without thinking*.” Not all Prussians live in Prussia!

Now, as I see it, the high-tide mark of the Great War, the Big Thing without which it will all have been merely a slumping—I nearly said a “slumming”—back into the blackness of barbarism, will be the kicking out of the world forever of that basic Prussian idea: the idea of authority and something that is mis-called “discipline” superimposed upon the individual and the community, and the substitution for it of personal and social self-government, self-control. This is the heart and center of the contrast and the irrepressible conflict between “Prussianism” and “Americanism.”

The thing that I have liked about Exover Academy, the distinctive thing that has made me glad you were there rather than at a military school, is the fact that it is training *citizens* rather than

professional *soldiers*; that there is no trace there of that aristocracy of shoulder-straps—that layer-cake system of social classification, in which everybody is by caste the superior of somebody and the inferior of somebody else—which is characteristic of Germany. When the American flag is raised every day at Exover it is raised as the property and insignia not of a soldiery, but of a *citizenry*, which bears arms and goes to war only in great public emergency and after the utmost of provocation to defend the great thing—Self-government—for which the Republic stands. The distinction is of the utmost importance and gives the whole meaning and purpose to our present eager participation in the World War against the German Autocracy.

It is of the essence of our system that the army and the navy shall always be *governed by civilians as such*—never by professional soldiers or sailors; that the President of the United States shall be a civilian in “citizen’s dress.” A wonderful expression of this is the picture of that incomparable civilian, Abraham Lincoln, standing ungainly amid uniformed soldiers in his frock-coat and his absurd old stovepipe hat—and boss of them all!

How is it that I can say and believe all this and at the same time urge you to make the most of the military training that is now a part of the school work? Well, there are at least two reasons. The first is immediate and practical. It looks now as if you might very soon be called out into the military service of your country. You could not escape it if you would, and I would not have you evade it if you could. You are no better than others; no more entitled to private rights of conscience or of safety than any one else. Nobody outside of a mad-house *wanted* to engage in this dreadful

business into which the Prussian has dragged us! The business of war is one of precise method and technique; it has to be learned—it doesn't come naturally—thank God!—to decent or humane people. And whatever of training in that technique comes as a matter of course now in the midst of war to those who in a short time may have to be in the fighting-line is a thing to be availed of, accepted in good spirit, and utilized like training for any other work that one is going to have to do.

The other reason is more fundamental. The tendency of American life of late—perhaps always—has been to over-emphasize individual initiative, interests, and motives. Only in small measure have we felt the need of team-work, co-operative action, sacrifice for the common purpose and the common good. Our whole theory, as shown at least in every-day life, has been "Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost." And in the practice of that theory we have grown careless, slipshod, selfish, callous. Out of the very heart of us have come those phrases that babble from the common tongue: "I should worry!" "Let George do it," "Don't bother me—I have troubles of my own," and so on. I mentioned in a former letter to you that terribly apt definition of an Optimist as "a man who doesn't care what happens so long as it doesn't happen to *him*."

In military service which amounts to anything one learns the value of precise, adequate, interlocking *organization*; of definitely located and balanced *authority and responsibility*; of definite duties accurately described, imposed, and accepted; of promptness and the consequences of delay, neglect, cowardice, and failure; the importance of little things in their relation to a great plan; the habit of subordinating personal tastes and comforts to the welfare of the group. I saw a letter the other day from one of our boys Over There in which this was put especially well:

"In the Army you learn to feel that whatever is given you to do is, for you, the most important thing in the world; that if you put your job through all the other fellows will be putting theirs through; that if you lie down on *your*

part of it the whole business may fail, and it will be *your fault*."

He happened to be writing just then of his dull, drab duties in the Kitchen Police. He went on to say:

"I try to make myself feel that the fate of the whole Army depends upon the skill and thoroughness with which I wash each dish and handle each potato. I don't like K. P. duty, but somebody has to do it, and when it is my turn I try to do it as if it was the one thing needed to win the war."

You went back to school this fall, as you said in your last letter to me, with the intention to regard it as "strictly military duty." Oh, very well! That's the way in which nowadays we must all regard everything that is worth doing at all. In this light you can see every study. In the definitely military work in the Academy Battalion you stand precisely in your place in the line, handle your rifle in exactly the prescribed manner, face to right or left or rear; march and wheel and halt; kneel and lie down; advance and retreat on the dot of the command. You are not German—therefore you do not do these things because you are afraid of the officer who gives the command; you obey because you are both Americans enlisted in a cause you both believe in, and you choose to obey for the sake of the common purpose. You respect the officer as such as you know he would respect you if you were in his place and he in yours.

Just so with the class-room work. You have taken it up this fall in a new spirit. If you were in uniform and on Kitchen Police duty you would wash each dish and peel each "spud" with cheerfulness and care. So you will deal with Latin and trigonometry—"this is for Uncle Sam and the things I am going to do for him in the war and after the war; I haven't an hour to waste. Even if what I am called to do is something that I used to regard as small or distasteful—from now on I am going to do whatever that is as if it were the biggest possible thing; as if the freedom of the world depended upon it."

From this point of view you will have a new attitude of mind on the subject of punctuality, thoroughness, willing performance of hard, dull, or unpleasant

duties. Only the yellow coward shirks or runs away when his trench or his battery is under fire; there is a kind of superlative excitement that keeps even a pretty poor sort of chap at the scratch in such conditions. But it takes a Man to *keep himself* at the scratch in the face of mere dull duty when he has before him only a commonplace pan of potatoes, or an algebra lesson, and to say to himself:

"This is my duty. It ought to be done, done now and done right. Nobody's looking at me. I don't have to have anybody looking at me. The commanding officer—I'm my own commanding officer! I'm the kind of fellow that can be trusted to order and obey himself; I am fit to be an officer, *because I can command myself.*"

"Obey without thinking"? Never! When the American people get so that they "obey without thinking," they won't be American any longer; they won't be fit for liberty. But as long as they can look straight in the eyes of their officers for the time being and *while obeying them think* of that obedience as wholly a temporary thing—so long Prussianism will find poor soil in these United States.

Your parents have brought you up to rely upon yourself, use your own judgment, make your own decisions and take the consequences of them. If I thought that at this late day military training at school or anywhere else would make of you a subservient creature moved by an instinct to "obey without thinking," I shouldn't set a very high value upon any contribution you could make to the War for Democracy.

Affectionately,
FATHER.

MY DEAR BOY,—The other day I had a singular experience. It was that time when your mother and I went for a week-end visit with Mr. and Mrs. H— out in the Helderbergs. Going along in the automobile I happened to look up a hillside and suddenly there flashed upon me the memory of one Saturday afternoon long years ago, when I scurried along that very hillside—the "hare" in a game of "hare and hounds." Up there under the edge of the woods I saw two big,

gray rocks, and I remembered that a little spring used to bubble out between them.

On that day so long ago—it was a very hot day, I remember—I stopped at that spring and got a drink of the clear, cold water, and then I traced the little stream down the hill, to where it ran under a fence into a barn-yard, through the yard among the stones—not water enough to be of any use to the cows or chickens, but enough to pick up the filth of the yard—and out again and down the hillside to join a larger brook and so on, down to the Normanskill and the Hudson River. It seemed a pity that that little clean stream should run through that filthy place.

So I went back to the place where the spring came out between the big rocks, and by moving slightly a good-sized stone I altered the course of the stream so that it ran differently down the hill, avoiding the barn-yard entirely, and finding its old bed again some distance farther down. . . .

Then suddenly I heard the "hounds" hallooing along my trail down in the valley; I quickly cut into the woods and over the top of the hill, forgot the little spring and the stream and the big gray rocks; nor have I thought of them for nearly forty years—until that afternoon two weeks ago when by chance I glanced up there and saw the two big rocks.

"I wonder if that little stream is still flowing," I thought. We stopped the car for a few moments and climbed up the hill.

The spring was still there, bubbling out between the two big gray rocks, and the little stream still trickled faithfully down, round my stone—which was exactly where I put it—and so on down the hill, as it did that day. The barn-yard is still just where it was, but not for forty years has that little rivulet run near it! Clean and sweet as it leaves the bosom of Mother Earth, it tinkles its way down to join the larger brook below and make its tiny contribution to the service of men in the great river that you can see as you stand at the spring-side.

In the former time, a chemist, analyzing the water taken from it below the barn-yard, would have said, and said truly:

"That stream is foul, dangerous; do not drink from it."

The moving of one stone—not too large to lift with one hand—changed the whole course and character of that stream, as I like to believe, forever.

I told your mother the story, and we talked of it; of how a very slight effort on my part had made that water fit for any man's use; of how it represents what may be done with a person's life—if you catch it early enough—far back among the hills of youth.

I can think of things now, 'way back in my own early days, the results of which I can identify to-day. If only some one *then* had been brave and clear-sighted and opportune to interpose a wise and helpful hand to move the fateful thing that has conditioned all my life! It is hard to change the course of a man's life; but at the beginning a very little effort suffices to remove obstacles and to make channels through safe and clean places. As every year goes by one finds it more difficult to change ways of living and thinking. Habits of mind and action become more and more fixed, and . . . "the sum-total of habits is character."

One big difference between a brooklet and a man lies in the fact that water always must follow the line of least resistance. *A man can choose.* The whole task of his life is *to become the master of himself*; to train his mind so that it will see which is the right way to go, and his will so that it shall increasingly and without fail set his feet therein. Quite a job of engineering, isn't it?

Always your loving
FATHER.

MY DEAR BOY,—Nothing that has come to you in the way of honors or credits since you first went to school has been quite so gratifying to me as your election to be president of the Senior Council at Exover. It means more to me than anything else that I can imagine as happening to you to register esteem on the part of your fellows in the school community. I take it for granted, though you do not say so directly, that it carries with it the approval of the faculty.

As you know, I never have been ex-

cited about your marks. I do not believe in the marking system anyway, especially when the student's standing and work for a whole term are based upon the results of one examination which may or may not disclose what he has achieved in the way of intelligent understanding of the subject. Quite often the marks depend upon whether the teacher slept well the night before, or what he had for breakfast, or his personal feelings toward the student generally or on that particular occasion.

Many times I have called your attention to the fact that *you* know whether you have really done your best; your mark is equally unfair and unreliable if it represents a standing either better or worse than you deserve. By streaks of luck or favoritism in school and other places I have had very good marks when I ought to have been flunked; on the other hand, there have been occasions when I deserved good marks but got low ones because the teacher was mad at me! The important question is, not what mark did you get, but what kind of work did you do? How hard did you try? A boy walking off with a high mark that he didn't deserve is simply a boy who has cheated himself out of something the school was trying to give him—as if it could be painted on the outside of him in the form of a conventional symbol!

Besides, these examinations and the marks based upon them presuppose that all the boys are equally smart, equally alive to the subject, equally capable and receptive; whereas the fact is that no two boys are alike—no two can be equally responsive to the effort of the teacher. A "D" received by one boy may very well stand for harder work and more essential progress than the "A" or "B" received by another. Your great-grandfather's watch that I carry has been running for nearly sixty years. When it loses or gains more than a second a day I go to the jeweler and fuss about it. The first watch I ever had was doing very well on any day when it didn't lose a week!

Besides all this, I remember my own school days altogether too well, and have, I hope, far too keen a sense of the ridiculous—to say nothing of being too

honest with my son—to keep my face straight while I required of you a perfection in scholarship which I did not attain, and could not with the aid of Lord Bacon himself. And I should always be fearing that you would stumble over some of my old teachers who might let the cat out of the bag!

You are the one who will gain or lose by faithfulness or neglect at school. You know whether you have done all you could. For me, conventional marks shed little light upon that subject, and I have but feeble interest in them.

But character and self-respect and responsibility in and to your community are things altogether different. However stupid a boy may be in his studies, he can behave himself decently; he can have high standards of conduct. And by conduct I do not mean technical obedience to rules and external authority, sufficient to keep him out of jail; but general manliness, consideration for others, loyalty to the common welfare. Patriotism isn't an exuberant worship of a certain arrangement of colored bunting, or familiarity with a certain sequence of sounds known as the National Anthem. It is a thing of the heart, and can be soundly and deeply held by a blind man who never saw a flag, or a deaf-mute who cannot hear a tune or sing one. The vital thing isn't how much does he know, or what does he say, but *what kind of a fellow is he?*

In a big school like Exover, the boys and the teachers on the whole know what kind of a fellow you are. You can fool your teachers for a while—a good while, perhaps—by glib recitations and technical obedience to the rules. To a small extent and for a little while—but not very long—you may be able to fool the other boys. But you can't get away with it permanently.

And if at the end of three years or so, after both boys and teachers have had time to know you in sunshine and rain, they get together and, after looking over the whole outfit, choose you as representing the best in the school in point of character, general reputation, and decency, it is a very high and sincere compliment. "A friend"—a little street boy said to me once—"a friend is a feller what knows all about yer, an' likes

yer just the same." I congratulate you and take leave to shine a bit in the reflected radiance—though I realize fully that at such a time a mere father occupies a relatively insignificant space in the landscape.

It seems to me that you fellows who have been thus recognized and honored have a right to assume—modestly and without giving yourselves undue airs—that you have been chosen to be in a way the Big Brothers of the school. You have a double function; you are to a very real extent the guardians and custodians of the honor and reputation of the institution so far as the students are concerned, and, standing between the student body and the faculty, you are in a position to see that individual students get a square deal. If you conduct yourselves in this relation with wisdom and tact you will command the respect and confidence of the faculty, so that your judgment in any matter affecting discipline will have weight with them; so that they will more and more rely upon you fellows to maintain self-discipline among the students.

But whatever may be the attitude of the faculty—and I am well aware that there are faculties, and faculties—it is within the power of a group such as yours to insist upon such standards of conduct among the students that many matters which ordinarily would come up for faculty interference and action will be caught and nailed without their ever knowing about them at all. I don't believe I need to disclaim to you any thought of your getting into the position of being mere spies for the faculty, tattlers and lickspittles; or solemn-faced meddlers in other people's business under the guise of protecting the public morals.

As I see your opportunity, it is to accept the responsibility that the boys themselves have deliberately placed upon you, of being their leaders in matters of self-government, holding up of right ideals, and the quiet discouragement of the thing that ought not to be.

Take, for example, that matter that you mentioned to me last winter, of the hiding of liquor on the school premises. That goes to the roots, not only of disci-

pline and of the general welfare of the school, but of the highest interests of the boys directly concerned. Now, you as an individual perhaps hardly could meddle in a matter of that kind without putting yourself in a false and uncomfortable light. But the group of you, selected fellows, charged with a definite responsibility, could together take such a thing in hand and without publicity impress directly upon the boys concerned the fact that the thing must be stopped. If they said it was none of your business, you could very properly reply that it *was* most emphatically your business, and that you meant to attend to it effectively.

Your weapon need only be that right public opinion of which you have been chosen by your public to be the leaders. You have no idea how tremendous is the power of two or three or four men in any kind of a community. I know one little group in this city—men without special wealth or social position, and wholly devoid of official status, who are so respected and feared that their mere threat to give out a public statement signed with their names has deterred the most powerful politicians in town from doing something upon which they had set their hearts.

Wrong-doers, young or old, are the greatest cowards in the world. To begin with, they know they are wrong-doers; they are perhaps afraid of the law; but they are much more afraid of public disapproval. They try to bluff and frighten away interference, by sneers and cries of "reformer" and "goody-goody," and all that sort of thing; but when the man or group of men with the right kind of simple nerve just looks them in the eye and says "Shoo!" they shrivel right up and scuttle for their holes. And in the last analysis they scuttle because they know that the accuser is right. You few fellows could stop absolutely almost any course of misbehavior in the school by simply serving notice that you wouldn't stand for it.

The Senior Council at Exover, it seems

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

to me, ought to be the leaders of public opinion, forming it, keeping it awake and wholesome, and using it for the honor of the school and the well-being of the student body. It takes courage, to be sure, but not anything like so much courage as you might suppose. It is fun to see the weak and wrong-headed run for cover when they see Public Opinion coming at them! And remember always that you will have the support of the overwhelming majority of your fellows—who are all right.

There are boys in that school this very minute who will leave it the worse for having come there; drunkards, perhaps, or otherwise demoralized, whom you fellows see *right now* taking the first steps toward ruin. And you are letting them do it! They are right there at the fork of the roads; you know the neighborhood, and whither leads that road down which those young feet are turning. You know what you'd do if you saw a stranger turning his automobile into the wrong road? You'd holler at him, wouldn't you? What a beast you'd be if you didn't! And this boy is a friend of yours! The whole school elected you to be his Big Brother!

. . . Just five minutes' quiet, big-brotherly conversation, tactful, friendly, at that fork of the roads might change the whole course of some lad's life. Nobody outside the little circle need hear it, or ever even know of it. There are enough of you to know pretty well what is going on. A little council-of-war every few days would disclose things that could be nipped in the bud; one or another could be assigned, or assign himself, to speak that "word in season" in just the right way and at just the right time to this or that fellow, of counsel or warning, or, if necessary, of threat.


Oh yes, it's a fairly big job. . . . And of course it calls for a fairly high standard of personal conduct on your own part. Why, yes, come to think—so it does!

Yours, for just that—

FATHER.

Uncivil Government

BY HOWARD BRUBAKER

N that dusty prison-house where Randolph Harrington Dukes and his kind languished for five days in every week—save for three galloping months in the summer-time—there had been a great deal of consideration lately of the facts of United States history. Not only had Columbus, Lincoln, and Washington been highly spoken of at appropriate seasons and the Civil War received honorable mention in rehearsals for coming Memorial Day exercises, but there had been damaging little raids into civil government. By the latter half of May people not otherwise excessively learned could say, “legislative, executive, and judicial” without pain, and Tug Wiltshire could come nearer than anybody else to telling what these words mean (unless one counted Gertie Riley, who showed an unmaidenly interest in political matters). Miss Purviance who was instructor in marksmanship to this squad of young ideas, made rather a point of civil government. For one thing, she read to the class a fiction story of a group of boys who carried on a little United States of their own. Consequently there were things about this school-room study that were not wholly vile. As Tug Wiltshire put it one day when youth had been released from the chalky smell of education into the pure air of ignorance:

“Them fellas that had that there gover’ment, I guess they had a lot of fun, all right.”

“They musta been pretty smart kids,” was Tom Rucker’s tribute.

Such talk rambled on, that May afternoon, all the way from the school-house to the brick church—the talk went on, though the talkers kept dropping out to play leap-frog illegally upon soft front lawns or (that most humorous of all homeward sports) to smack one an-

other’s heads with books. In this relay conversation the idea was examined in detail. Nobody could quite tell afterward who first proposed that they organize a government of their own. Link Weyman laid claim to having “thought it up,” though with flimsy evidence. Certainly Ranny was the one to suggest putting the new republic under cover.

“They’s a shed in my father’s wagon-factory that we might hold it in, that gover’ment. You know, Tom—down the alley. It hasn’t got hardly any lumber in now or anything. I’ll ask my father if we can have it.”

Some were for setting up the new government at once, but there was rather loud marble-playing in the vacant lot back of the brick church, and under this unfair competition civil government went down.

However, Ranny got the key, and he and Tom Rucker looked at the proposed capitol.

“You see, it’s a fine place to have a gover’ment,” said Ranny. “Plenty light enough if we have the door open. An’ no people will ever come down this alley an’ bother us.”

“Yes, an’ they’s lumber for seats an’ things.” Tom gazed about the place approvingly. “An’ sawdust on the floor like Willet’s butcher shop.”

“Smells good, too,” said Ranny. Both sniffed the lumber-scented air. “I betcha they’s no gover’ment that smells as good as this one.”

“The one at Washington does, proba’ly.”

“Well, maybe that one,” Ranny admitted, patriotically.

At supper Ranny got permission to use the place, for strictly political purposes.

“There mustn’t be any matches or fires,” said father, “like the time you all turned criminal and built a shack.”

“No, we won’t have no cooking in this gover’ment.”

"There won't be any lumber to put in soon, so that's all right." Mr. Dukes's experience led him to think that Ranny's activities were loud and intense rather than permanent. "I think it's a good thing for boys to take an interest in government," he concluded.

"Girls, too, for that matter," mother added.

"Yes, girls, too, only they don't take to it so naturally."

"Girls don't know very much about gover'nment—not all of 'em, anyhow." Ranny dropped the subject here on account of Gertie Riley.

Ranny also got permission to carry the key to the shed. It was a valuable asset in a laudable ambition that was stirring within his bosom, the itching feeling that comes from the sting of the presidential bee. After supper, when he should have been studying his history lesson, he indulged, instead, in dreams of glory. His eyes read, "President Pierce," but his mind read, "President Dukes." He turned back to Washington and conceived a mighty longing to be father of a country of his own. He found the name, Randolph, and underlined it as appropriate to the present crisis. As a consequence, when he went to school the next morning there was a vacant place in his mind which should have been occupied by Franklin Pierce.

But he was saved from disaster by a dispensation of Providence. For a parallel, one would have to go back in history to that time of glorious memory when the furnace was out of order and the entire school had to be dismissed. A friendly furnace could have brought no

benefits now, for the weather was mild, but here were the same assets with an added element of triumph over the poor dupes who had to go to other rooms than the lucky sixth. In short, not to prolong the suspense, the teacher's uncle was dead.

First there was an ignorant period of happy anarchy, due to the absence of authority. The lucky sixers talked and laughed; jests and paper wads flew thick and fast. Tom Rucker, with one cautious eye upon the closed door, occupied the teacher's chair and gave elaborate imitations while his pupils showered him with loose articles and disrespect. For ten minutes the room was all a school might be under ideal circumstances, but presently the superintendent entered and human

activities ceased. Tom fell to straightening up the teacher's desk, paper wads dropped into aisles, jokes stopped half cracked. When order was restored the superintendent broke the solemn news. There would be a supply teacher tomorrow and for the rest of the week, but



THERE WAS A PERIOD OF HAPPY ANARCHY,
DUE TO THE ABSENCE OF AUTHORITY

to-day there would be no school. Everybody was to pass out quietly, go away from the building, and not bother the other students. The superintendent seemed under an obsession that school had a morbid fascination for these young people and that they might have to be removed from it by force.

Under the spell of the tragic announcement, dismissal was orderly. The boys were a block away from the building before they recovered from the thoughts of death and became aware of what the gods had provided.

"Le's go down now and have that gover'ment," said Ranny. "We don't need to go home. It's just the same as Saturday."

The suggestion was accepted by eight choice spirits, eight future citizens, eight hopes of the great republic. The teacher's late uncle had lived in Manchester; none of these students knew him; none, in fact, knew that the teacher had an uncle. In rudimentary intellects like that of Bud Hicks there might have been ignorance of whether teachers *ever* had uncles. Yet now, so complicated is our modern structure, the death of a total stranger in Manchester was the rock upon which the United States of Lakeville was built.

Ranny led his little group of earnest citizens down the alley, and with an ostentatious, "Well, here we are," unlocked the door of the capitol. All inspected the shed, smelled it, and pronounced it good. Even Link Weyman, who wore arrogance in political affairs because his father was county treasurer, praised the place with faint damns. "It 'll be cold here in the winter-time," was the only objection that he could raise. Arthur Wilson met this with the noble offer to let the government move into the furnace-heated Wilson cellar next fall.

Making benches for the common people and a table for the bigwigs was easy for able young citizens like these. The grandfather of this country had forbidden the use of nails, so the lumber was simply piled into the semblance of furniture.

But the task of evolving a government out of this chaos might have daunted any but stout young hearts. The morn-

ing scene in the school-room was a Quaker meeting compared with the anarchy of the opening session. The confusion was in no wise lessened by "Fatty" Hartman's singing of patriotic songs or by his compatriots trying to stop up this source of noise with sawdust. It was only by pounding with a broken wagon-spoke that Ranny was able to make anybody hear the words: "We gotta have order here."

"First they's got to be a tempelary pres'dent," said Link Weyman.

"Cemetery pres'dent!" shouted "Fatty" Hartman. "I wanta be the cemetery pres'dent."

When "Fatty's" feeble jest had run its course, Link continued:

"I 'member how it was at the county convention. First they had a tempelary pres'dent to get everything started. He ain't the regular pres'dent. He's a different pres'dent. He don't last very long."

The convention at which Link's father had been nominated for county treasurer had been the high-water mark in his young life. As the son of a candidate he had sat on the stage, unlike the common ruck of boykind who had been compelled to sit in the gallery if they were there at all. Link had never allowed anybody to forget this historical event. He had even brought the matter up in school, and Miss Purviance had been so weak as to encourage his reminiscences.

"Ranny, you be tempelary pres'dent," Link concluded.

But Ranny was too old a bird to be caught with chaff. Link had been overfrank in his explanation. The phrase, "He don't last very long," had soaked into Ranny's consciousness.

"No. I choose Tug Wiltshire," he said.

Tug grabbed the honor and the gavel. As a matter of fact, the choice was an excellent one, for Tug knew something about the rules of order.

"Ever'body has got to ask me if they want to talk. If they talk without asking, I'll hit 'em with this here thing." This was the temporary president's keynote address.

Moreover, Tug was a cultured person, while Link was merely a crude barbarian



"WHO YOU GOIN' TO VOTE FOR? ME, I GUESS"

from the country. In the matter of words, Tug had forgotten more than Link ever knew.

"The word ain't tempelary," said this scholar. "You mustn't speak uncorrect when you have a gover'ment. It's contemporary. I'm the contemporary pres'dent."

Ranny had a moment of regret that he had declined this high-sounding position, but to "Fatty" it only gave an opening for further humor. "Contemptible pres'dent," was what he called Tug.

"Now we got to elect the regular pres'dent," shouted Link, rising from his bench. "I ought to be the pres'dent. I know all about how to pres'dent. My gosh! I sat right up there on the stage and seen ever'thing. An' my father is—"

Link's address was interrupted by an outcry which he first mistook for a roar of approval, but which presently resolved itself into many other citizens announcing their candidacies, compli-

cated by "Fatty's" trying to establish the proposition that Columbia was the gem of the ocean. But the contemporary president now took the joy out of life; he did not propose to give up his position for a long while.

"It isn't time to elect a pres'dent yet. What's the matter with you? They got to be a constitution—an' by-laws, an' committees"—Tug searched his memory for further outrages—"an' articles of confederation—an' legislative, executive, and judicial, an'—ever'thing like that."

There was a moment of almost silent consternation. Citizens looked out into the May sunshine and wondered why they had got themselves into this fix instead of playing marbles. One might as well be in school and be done with it. At that moment there might have been a majority sentiment that the teacher's uncle had died in vain.

"Aw, let Link be pres'dent and have it over with," said Ted Blake. Ted had not been enthusiastic for civics from the

start. Rather, he nourished a low ambition to go down the marsh road and cut some willow for whistles.

Tom Rucker now justified the confidence of years. "Ranny ought to be the pres'dent. He got us this here capitol to have it in. It don't make any difference

the chairman's new ruling. In the hulla-balloo that followed Link and Ranny each received one vote besides his own, while the other aspirants had only one apiece. The chairman thereupon pronounced Link and Ranny nominated.

"Now this here constitution—"

"Aw, le's don't have one of them," said Bud Hicks. "They ain't no use."

Tug warmly defended constitutions, but the meeting overruled him by adjourning informally. A political observer coming down the alley a little later would have found the body politic back of the capitol playing marbles. The only sign that these were statesmen in disguise was the fact that Ranny and Link were constantly buttonholing the electorate. Perhaps there was nothing to base criminal charges upon, but marbles changed hands in a suspicious fashion.

"Who you goin' to vote for? Me, I guess." Thus Ranny approached that free-born citizen, Arthur Wilson.

"Well, I don't know yet," Arthur replied. "Tug said we got to think it over."

"What 'll you take to vote for me?" asked Link, who did not regard any conversations as intrinsically private. "I'll give you a aggie."

Ranny dug down into a pocketful of marbles. "I'll give you two aggies."

"I'll give you"—Link inspected his resources—"two aggies an'—three comies."

Arthur, who was finding the position of doubtful voter a profitable one, still hesitated.

"I'll give you two aggies an' a IXL." Ranny displayed this treasure temptingly. It was one of the rarer species of tin tobacco tags and Arthur coveted it, yet he looked to the opposing candidate to raise this bid.



"IF YOU BELONGED TO A GOVER'NMENT, WHO WOULD YOU RATHER HAVE FOR PRES'DENT?"

what their father is—county treasury or what."

"Yeah, it's his father's shed, ain't it? Answer me that." Thus Link in support of his own candidacy.

Again there was the sound of the masses coming out for president.

"We can't elect no pres'dent to-day," said the chairman, "only—you know—nominate. Then ever'body got to think it over awhile an' change their mind an' ever'thing."

"Well, all right," said Ranny.

"I'd just as leave," said Ted, thinking of willow whistles. Link's one supporter having deserted, he had to agree also.

"That's right, my father got nominated first."

"They's got to be two people for each fella or they can't be nominated," was

"I don't think it's fair to buy votes," said Link, in surrender.

Thus Arthur Wilson joined the forces of Ranny and righteousness.

"Fatty" Hartman also fell into Ranny's toils, but by means of a different bait. It developed that "Fatty" had conceived a morbid ambition to be a judge.

"I'll send ever'body to jail," he said, amiably, "an' have 'em hung."

"Well, all right," said Ranny. "I'll choose you for a judge when I get to be pres'dent." They entered into a log-rolling agreement upon this point.

On the other hand, Bud Hicks sold his birthright for a broken set of jackstones and brazenly allied himself with the Weyman forces—Ranny had always suspected that there was a weak spot in Bud's character. In his lust for power Link Weyman stopped at nothing. On the very afternoon of the founding of the republic Link took Clarence Raleigh into it, clinching Clarence's support through the friendship of the boys' mothers (Clarence had no friends in his

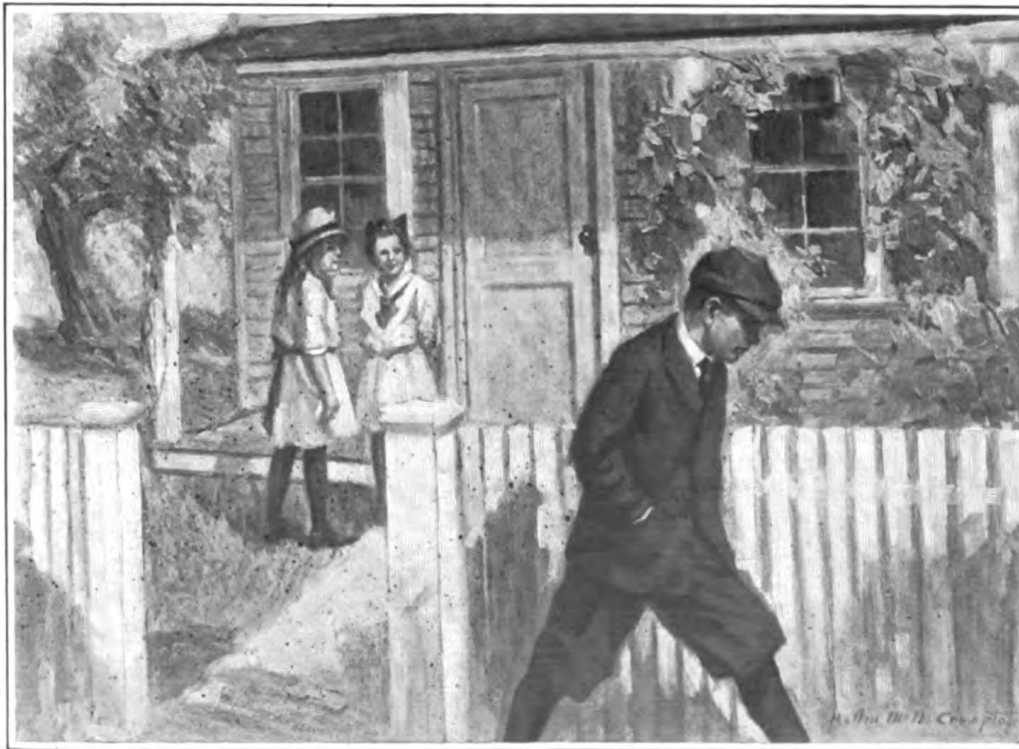
own right). The thing was not only a crime, it was a blunder, for it alienated the affections of Ted Blake.

"I won't belong to the same party with him," said Ted.

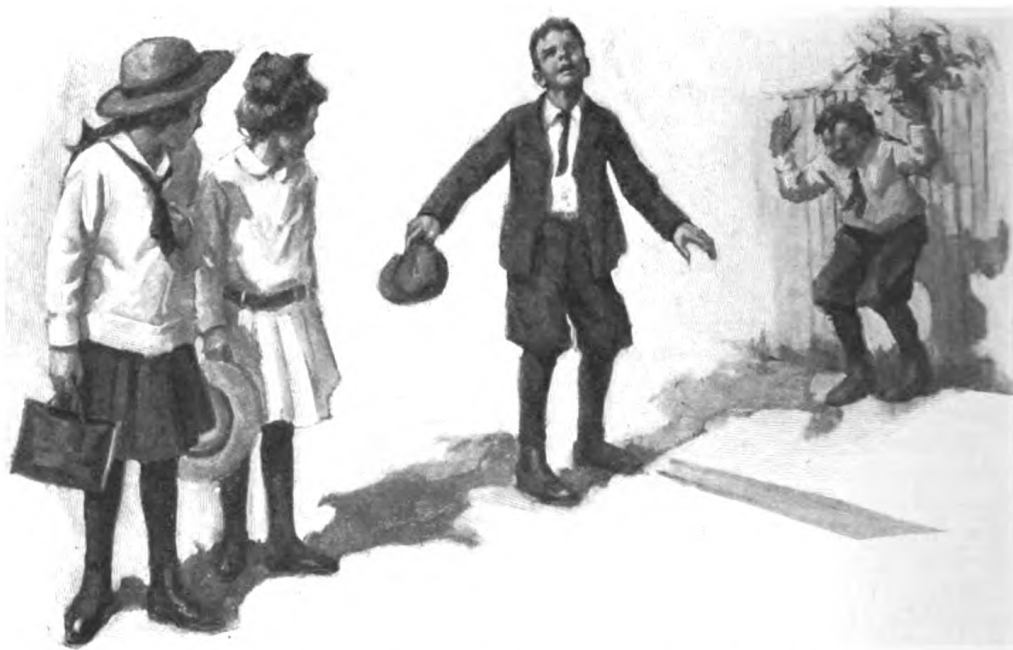
That malcontent had to be weighted down with promised honors to be kept in line.

While citizens old and new were being lined up into two more or less equal parties, Tug Wiltshire was doggedly building a constitution. Talks with elders had justified Tug in his contention, though Ranny's father thought they might scrape through without articles of confederation. All was grist that came to Tug's mill. He copied freely from the Constitution of the United States, also from that of the Athenian Literary Society in the high school. He got some choice ideas from the constitution and by-laws—which for some reason he possessed—of the Harness-makers' Association.

Tug planned to foist a congress and a supreme court upon the helpless people and was of half a mind to make them



RANNY LEFT WITH AN UNCOMFORTABLE FEELING THAT HE DID NOT UNDERSTAND THE LADIES VERY WELL



LINK ALWAYS "SHOWED OFF" WHEN GIRLS HOVE IN SIGHT

swallow a bill of rights. But the supply teacher, a certain Miss Gavin, seemed a little hazy when asked for information.

"A bill of rights?" she said. "Why, that's—something they had in the olden times! I shouldn't think you would need one in your government."

Miss Gavin had been out of high school nearly a year and could not be expected to remember academic facts. Her principal qualifications for being a teacher were that she was a nice girl and that her father was a member of the county central committee of the appropriate party.

On Thursday at the noon hour, before Miss Gavin had come back from dinner, Ranny was describing current events in a little talk with Josie Kendal, upon whom he was calling informally—one aisle over and three seats back.

"Why don't you take girls in your country and have it nice?" Josie asked.

"No—I don't think" (candidates soon get out of the way of being brutally frank)—"well, I don't think girls would—they wouldn't even *want* to belong."

"Yes, they would, maybe. Some places women vote. Don't you know

Miss Purviance said so her *own* self? New Mexico or New Orleans or some place."

Ranny put a categorical question, "If you belonged to a gover'ment, who would you rather have for pres'dent, me or that ol' country jake?"

"You, Ranny."

"Yeah—so would I."

He left without making promises, but the poison of women's suffrage had been injected into his pure young blood. If girls were admitted to the Union, Josie Kendal and her intimates would sweep the country for Ranny and the right. It was not such an outrageous idea as it would once have been. With the passing years girls had gradually acquired a certain respectability. Yet he did not want to stand sponsor for the idea. Perhaps Tug Wiltshire might make a ruling on the subject.

"Who's got a right to belong to this here gover'ment?" he asked Tug, at recess-time.

"Ever'budy under twenty-one."

"That's what I thought," said Ranny.

"Girls, too."

"Huh?"

"Girls are under twenty-one, ain't they?"

"Yes, but the constitution don't say anything about girls." Tug pulled from his hip pocket a battered memorandum-book devoted to governmental affairs (also to fire insurance) and read, "'Any person under twenty-one years of age is 'legible to citizenship in the United States of Lakeville.'"

"You see—nothing about girls. Girls ain't 'legible."

The question, are girls persons, did not suggest itself to either of these towering intellects.

"You could change it if you wanted to," Ranny said. "You're makin' it up."

"No, I wouldn't want. I got it all wrote down nice. Oh, wait a minute. I got a scheme. I know what I'll do. That's jist what I'll do. I'll make an amendment."

Now Tug had no interest in girlhood suffrage one way or the other, but he had a strong feeling that no constitution was complete without an amendment. The matter had already given him some concern. He had studied the great example, but the only amendments he could make head or tail of were those concerning negroes. If he put one of those in Rufus Jackson would want to belong, and Rufus had only recently proved to be a difficult and muscular colored boy. Now, miraculously, the whole question was solved. With a happy heart he wrote the first amendment to the constitution and girls became specifically 'legible.

"Don't tell the other boys right away," Ranny requested.

After school the candidate sneaked away from his lifelong friends and attained the home of Josie Kendal. He had no intention of doing anything so low as asking for Josie at the door, but he hoped he would see her somewhere out in the yard, as if he just happened to be passing that way. He had to happen to be passing that way three times before he caught sight of Josie on the veranda, associating, as was her custom during waking hours, with Gertie Riley.

"Hey, Josie," he called out, "come 'ere a minute! I got something to tell you."

"All right. Can Gertie come, too?"

"No; it's a secret."

Why should Ranny have said a thing like that? He had no wish to maintain secret relations with Josie Kendal. On the contrary, publicity among the girls was what he wanted. The truth was that Ranny had set forth with the idea of telling his news to Josie Kendal, and, with that one-track road which served him for a mind, he did what he set out to do earnestly and conscientiously—though the dark young guest left stranded on the porch ostentatiously turned her back upon the scandal and watched it (if at all) through the aid of the mirror-like front window.

A successful politician is so complicated an organism that he can only be expressed by a mixed metaphor. He is a tight-rope walker with one ear to the ground, sensitive to every wind that blows. Ranny was not of this species—besides being an inexperienced candidate.

"We're goin' to let girls into that there gover'ment," he said. "I got 'em to let you in. Tug wrote down a—kind of a thing in the book an' so girls are 'legible. Now you get Gertie an' ever'-body to vote for me an' not that ol' country jake. If it hadn't been for me—"

"Yes, but what is the *secret*?" Josie's tones were less warm than an aspiring candidate might have wished.

Ranny patiently explained that this was the secret.

"But you can tell it to ever'body now," he said.

He got tangled up in his own logic and acquitted himself rather badly. If Gertie was offended because this thing was a secret, Josie seemed distressed because it was not. Ranny left with an uncomfortable feeling that he did not understand the ladies very well.

The plan to make the U. S. L. co-educational struck terror into many an otherwise strong heart the next morning. Ted Blake announced that he was through with politics forever.

"First it's Clarence Raleigh, then it's girls. You don't ketch me belongin' to your ol' country."

"All right, you don't have to belong," said Ranny. "Who cares?"

"Do we have to dress up, or anything?" asked Tom Rucker.

This was a horse of another color, for Tom's opinions were sound. "No, they won't be no foolishness like that," said Ranny.

Tug Wiltshire planted his feet firmly upon the constitution and would not budge. "They's got to be an amendment, ain't they? You ought to be glad they ain't fifteen."

The girls were correspondingly elated at their election to the human race. Gertie Riley had so far forgotten the dead past as to say to Ranny:

"I'm glad you took us into that government. We'll make it fine."

"Well, you all have to vote for me," the candidate replied. "I made 'em take you in."

Ranny's opponent had been one of the first to recover from the shock. Link did not believe in equal suffrage, but he believed in votes, and he rather fancied himself a favorite in feminine quarters. He always raised his voice a notch and "showed off" when girls hove into sight.

"Well, I guess they's plenty girls will vote for me," he said. "I guess mebber all of them will vote for me."

Ranny did not tell what he knew, but he had a private little laugh at the awakening that was coming to Link.

It was just as well that he did his laughing early, for in the afternoon of this unlucky Friday something happened that made it seem unlikely that he would ever smile again. Throughout these days the girls had been rather sweet upon the temporary teacher, admiring her clothes and her manners, some of them even walking home with her after school. At the noon dismissal these teacher's pets got in their deadly work.

Miss Gavin waited until history class to make her announcement.

"I am glad to learn that girls have been admitted to the United States of Lakeville," she said. "I think girls are a refining influence. But I was sorry to hear that the meeting to-morrow was to be held in a lumber-shed down an alley. That is hardly the place for girls—almost young ladies."

So Miss Gavin took a perverse pleasure in inviting the body politic to her

home on Maple Street on Saturday afternoon. There would be a nice room for the meeting, and perhaps—Miss Gavin treated her hearers to an attractive smile—there would be some refreshments. She thought three o'clock would be about right.

"Will you come, Ranny?" she asked. "It's nothing against your father's shed, you know. Mr. Dukes will understand, I am sure."

Miss Gavin looked so appealing and engaging as she delivered this blow that it was hard to refuse her anything. Besides, she *had* said something about refreshments.

"Well, yes, I guess so," he conceded. "It'll be all right."

He seemed to see through intervening space a triumphant gleam in Link Weyman's eye. Miss Gavin had removed Ranny's greatest asset, the position of his country's landlord.

Father did not seem insulted when informed of the change. He only said, indiscreetly, that it looked as though Miss Gavin was trying to make herself solid for a regular teacher's position next fall.

On Saturday Ranny procured a nickel for campaign expenses and spent it generously at Wiseman's bakery—only to find that Link was shamelessly corrupting the electorate with peanuts.

At three o'clock on the afternoon of the crime twelve more or less immaculate young men, banded together for safety, approached "the commodious and attractive Gavin home on Maple Street"—the quotation is from the *Evening Bulletin's* subsequent account of the outrage. How thoroughly the Gavins had prepared for this crisis may be judged from the fact that folding-chairs had been hired from the undertaker.

It was a queer place to have a government. The odor of this capitol was of perfume rather than of sawdust. The large room was adorned with pictures, rugs, and statuary; the young hostess wore a gown that the girls fairly stroked in their admiration, they themselves being starched and curled and ribboned. The Beau Brummels sat in a clump, white-collared and black-shoed, with gay, flaring neckties and clean, worried faces.

Miss Gavin took charge and led the citizens in song. "The Star-spangled Banner" scraped through by a bare majority. It is a curious fact that "Fatty" Hartman, who had all but ruined the earlier meeting with his patriotic voice, had infantile paralysis during this rendition. Miss Gavin now shed some approval upon this political movement, invited Tug Wiltshire to the chair, and retreated to the hall door, where, reinforced by her mother and a young woman friend called in to assist, she stayed throughout the proceedings. These adult grins might have wrecked even a stronger government than this. Tug moved forward as if to the electric chair and seemed anxious to hurry out of his responsibilities.

"Now we'll have the election," he said. "If anybody's got anything to say, w'y—"

"Mr. Chairman"—the voice was that of Gertie Riley—"there has to be a secretary first to put things down. The secretary ought to be a girl—like Josie Kendal."

Tug looked distressed and appointed Josie to sit beside him at the table. The giggling secretary was provided with writing-materials, though no artificial aids would ever have made Josie a genuine speller or penman. The boys grinned derisively at Tug.

When order had been restored, Tug again tried to elect a president, but Gertie attacked him in his weakest spot.

"The constitution has to be adapted first," said the capable young woman. "Remember how it was in the United States. The Constitution was adapted in 1787, but George Washington was not elected until—afterwards. The secretary must read the constitution."

There was no denying anything to such erudition. Tug delivered over the moth-eaten document, but Josie's poor little best was not equal to the strain.

"He writes so funny," she said, "I can't read it."

So Tug had to read his own constitution, while the citizens looked bored and the adults snickered, and he wished he had never heard of a constitution. Prodded by Gertie, the assembly now "adapted" the constitution without a

dissenting, and scarcely an assenting, voice.

"Now we'll have the election," said the desperate Tug. "Link and Ranny were nominated. Anybody got any speech to make?"

Tom Rucker, duly poked, arose and urged the election of that sterling young patriot, Randolph Harrington Dukes: "He worked hard for this gover'ment an' got a place to start it. His name is Randolph like—like the fella in the history, an'—an' everything." Tom's ammunition had evidently run out.

"Yeah," said the opposing candidate, "an' my name is Lincoln—my regular name. So I ought to be the pres'dent."

"Lincoln wasn't the first Pres'dent, you crazy!" Ranny was now taking the campaign into his own hands. "He was the sixtieth. You can be the sixtieth, for all I care."

"Sixteenth," Gertie corrected. "You're thinking of eighteen-sixty."

"Well, something like that, anyhow—"

Link's case had so far collapsed that all he could think of in reply was: "Randolph wasn't Pres'dent at all. I never even *heard* of him."

After some personal quarreling, during which each candidate denied that the other's name was Washington, the election proceeded, the slave-driving Gertie insisting that it be by ballot and that the incorruptible Miss Gavin count the votes. Ted Blake was appointed teller—Ted, for all his secessions, was among those present. During the process of distribution Ranny was relieved to see Josie Kendal exchanging winks of secret understanding with the other girls.

With a throbbing heart Ranny watched while Miss Gavin unfolded the ballots and tabulated the results.

"Mr. Chairman," she said, at last, "I am now ready to announce the result of the election." Amid profound silence she read as follows: "Link Weyman, 5; Ranny Dukes, 7; Gertie Riley, 10. Gertie Riley has therefore been elected the first president of—"

The outburst that followed was composed of nine parts dismay and one part maidenly applause.

"That ain't fair!" shouted Ranny. "Gertie wasn't nominated."

"I was, too, nominated," said Gertie. "The girls had a meeting."

"You wasn't nominated right," said Link. "That don't count."

The ex-officio supreme court, upon appeal, declared the result legal.

"You see," said Miss Gavin, "the boys divided, but the girls all stood together. This teaches us—"

"Come on, le's get outa here," cried Ranny, springing to his feet. "Le's go an' have our own country. This ain't no good."

Link Weyman joined him in the rush for the door and the hat-rack. They made quite a clattering upon the hardwood floor—almost as if they were a crowd.

But, alas! they were not a crowd.

If the election had taken place after refreshments, how different history might have been! But there was not one pure soul in the new country who would leave the lap of luxury for somebody else's principles. The defeated candidates reached the sidewalk together.

"Them girls has spoiled ever'thing," said Ranny. "They don't know how to have a country."

"They never went to a convention an' sat on the stage—"

"Josie Kendal said she'd rather have me pres'dent than you."

"An' Gertie Riley said she'd rather have me pres'dent than you."

There was slender comfort in being somebody's second choice for president.

"Them boys make me sick," said Ranny, "sitting in there all afternoon with a lot of girls—"

"All they think of is eatin'."

Thus the second attempt at cheerfulness went astray.

"They won't be anything in the paper about that ol' meeting."

"No, course not," Link replied. "They wouldn't put *that* in."

The malcontents were unable to deceive each other, so their spirits sank for the third time and drowned.

"If we only had a little money now we could get something good our *own* self." There was half-hopeful inquiry in Ranny's voice. But Link was a broken reed in this financial stress. He, too, had

wasted all his substance in somebody else's riotous living.

In reaching into his otherwise empty pocket Ranny found the key of the former capitol.

"Le's go back to the ol' shed and have a little fun," he said, gloomily.

Thither, an hour or so later, came a mob of prominent, well-fed society men. They were loud in their denunciation of their recent entertainment. The sandwiches had been small and none too numerous; there had been milk instead of cocoa, custard instead of ice-cream.

In affairs of state, Gertie Riley had run things with a heavy hand. Backed by feminist solidarity, she had imposed upon them every political device in a retentive memory, including a vice-president, a prosecuting attorney, and a school board. Gertie, drunk with power, had steam-rolled through a "revolution" that all citizens should thenceforth tip their hats to all citizenesses. Into the uproar following this degradation Miss Gavin had tactfully inserted food. After refreshments the down-trodden minority had departed.

Now followed a wild burlesque on politics, during which the wagon-shed was the noisiest part of the Dukes factory, including the blacksmith shop. Ranny appointed himself president and served a term of four minutes, Ted Blake succeeding him by force of muscle and departing presently by the same route. The position of president was lofty but precarious, like riding upon an old-fashioned, high-wheeled bicycle. This was a mad whirligig of government, a medley of shriek and song and physical outrage, such a system of political economy as might have been conceived in Russia and executed in Mexico.

When in the late afternoon, from sheer weariness of voice and arm, the terrorists stopped holding office, Tom Rucker recognized himself and spoke as follows:

"I tell you what le's do—le's don't have a country any more. Le's have a club an' have fun."

"Yes, that's right," said Ranny. "Le's call it—now—wait a minute—le's go to work an' have a club an' le's call it 'The Lakeville Pleasure Club.'"

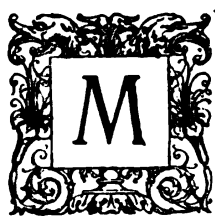
A Poet of the Air

LETTERS WRITTEN IN THE AVIATION SERVICE

BY JACK WRIGHT

PART III

November 20, 1917.



MY DARLING MUZZIE,—
Well, your son is now a full-fledged aviator, diplomaed with the *brevet* of the French government and a member of the Aero Club of France. I don't know how far along I was in my tests when I last wrote you, but I think since then I've done a triangle first; I did it in three hours, which laid me up with fever and headache for three days. Then to-day, I did a voyage up to X, where there is an English Naval Aviation School.

It is a model camp and painted up to be decorative against the little groves that background it. Everything is clean and pretty and the whole looks like one of those little toy towns you see in windows.

They have a number of planes, well kept; students in their English naval uniforms, very cocky, and all the mechanics outfitted in the same uniforms; all of which is very different from the French camp, which is somewhat humorous by its mixture of attires and bonnets, and—peculiar for the French—barren grounds and barnlike barracks and hangars. The French only care that their machines run, which they usually do.

Back from X, where I got some English cigarettes, some English food at their officers' canteen, and a general taste of those wonderful English-gentleman manners, which seem bred into the lowest classes as well as those aristocratic thin boys who were student-aviators.

I took a little nap and some food, and was off to make up some time and landings of which I was short. This done, I walked into the "pilotage" very proudly

and expected the clouds to part, the sun to rise, and the stars to dance.

Instead, the secretary exclaimed, "Another one!" And thus I was knighted with my pilot license.

After signing some papers, I came back to get my suit pressed for Paris, which was the first actual joy and realization that I was at last an aviator.

Now the first days of double-control work back in September seemed far away! Yet from the time I decided to join, in July, to now it has been about a third of a year. Never has a third of a year rushed past my bewildered eyes so rapidly. It passed like a comet, furious and glowing. It has been a wonderful period of youth, of adventure, of romance, that which is now the ideal I strive to attain. Thank God I am living up to my dreams. Thank God my dreams are not fancies, are not dreamt in vain, and perhaps the forgings of a real mind and the real prospect of a man.

Love,

JACK.

I've gone through the school without breaking a thing—rather clever—eh, what?

December 18, 1917.

DEAR, DEAR NANA,—As a true grandmother you're saying now and then, "Oh, I'd like to know just what he is doing!" And then you blame the censor, poor man, and afterward you blame the Kaiser and then the whole worldly system of things that so veil the exact and every movement of little Jack—how he washes his teeth or whether he does at all.

Well, I get up in the morning by moonlight. We never wash. After roll-call I immediately race to get first in the breakfast-line, and usually find fifty or so ahead of me. Before breakfast is

over I must race back, climb up into my bunk, and turn into chambermaid. As the last blanket is folded I jump down from my bunk, into my flying-clothes, and out to formation, with the moon still shining and the winter's night on full blast. Then I march to the field of my class, where we build a fire in a tent and sleep until smoked out; by that time our teacher and the planes will almost have arrived; that is, we'll only have another half-hour to wait.

The morning passes between stamping our feet in the snow and flying through it up in the air. The flying is wonderful when you don't have too much of it; so I'm enjoying it immensely just now. Everything becomes white—the snowy ground and roofs, the sky, the silver-painted machine. Here and there tints of rosy clouds or veils of violet or amber gently spread their warming glow across the vast white world you fly through. It is much prettier than summer flying. Things are quieter and more serene, whiter and more saintly.

Flying appears, also, when everything is white, more in its natural aspect—that of everything being a sea through which you swim as serpentine as a fish, or a sky through which you sail and dive. No earth and wheeled vehicles seem to exist.

Well, then we march back again and equally again do we race for grub, wash our dishes, and go out for a class on motors or archeology or how to make chocolates. Then about the time you are telling Tee to stop clawing your dress while you serve tea, I am entering that famous rendezvous for all the camp, where, after work-hours, we gather (or push, rather) to the Red Cross counter to buy tea and sandwiches and spread all the last rumors of the camp, of how the Germans have nearly taken Paris, or the opposite.

If I have any extra time I use it most valuably in washing. If not, I don't wash; perfectly natural, perfectly simple. After dinner I either go to the Y. M. C. A., to hear that the band has fallen sick, or else I roll into bed as fast as I can arrange the blankets.

So you see your Jacky tumbles from here to here throughout the day, from formation to classes, and at last back to

bed for a night of beloved rest and dreams of home—happy Christmas visions, and silent thanks for the little comforts, such as the sweater and mitts, that are sent from “back there.”

Merry Christmas! JACK.

December 27, 1917.

DARLING MUZZIE,—It is awful the way the days go by without my writing you, but my time is very filled with formations and waiting in line and all the rest, which, though it does not accomplish much, nevertheless takes the time away.

At noon I have no extra time and at night a few tired moments are all. Your little diary came the day before Christmas. I was on the point of buying just such a little note-book.

Sylvia sent me three huge packages of cigarettes, chocolate, plum-pudding, gloves, soap, socks, a cigarette-case, preserves, and everything fine that shops could turn out.

As a climax, several letters blew in from you and one from Nana.

The next day, Christmas, Mrs. F.'s outfit came in cleverly wrapped in pictorial supplements of the Sunday papers. So far, lucky boy, I have received no useless presents, excepting that I don't need any more sweaters.

Christmas Eve I heard Mrs. — sing at the Y. M. C. A., and listened to taps afterward as soldiers wended their way back to the different barracks, through the silent, snow-covered streets of the camp. Night covered all, most conventionally, and Christmas Eve seemed but a myth. The only difference it held this first time away from home, this Christmas Eve at war, was that I could get up when I felt like it, instead of 5.30 the next morning.

Christmas morning, when the boys woke up, gave one a sight gladder than any Christmas morn yet. They holstered, as six-year-olds, from blanket to blanket, up and down through the bunks and over the trunks, “Merry Christmas!”

These young lads of iron laughed and screamed as kids and wished with kiddish naïveté a merry Christmas to one another. For one second, since I have been over here, was war cast aside

for the atmosphere of home. Then all died into the daily routine excepting that dinner came at three—an awfully late hour; so I sat under a strip of mistletoe that had peculiarly strayed into our barracks and there ate Sylvia's plum-pudding with Jack S., rather sad because the expected kiss didn't come. In fact, sad visions sprang up off and on that day as a custom wasn't kept as at home or a souvenir wasn't kept down.

The next day I was up by moonlight again and off to fly. I was at last on those beautiful, dear, sweet, beloved coffins called the modern *chasse* machine. Delicate to handle and therefore dangerous, but powerful, fast, conquering, and therefore Paradise! Months had I watched, here and there and at Tours, experienced and glorious pilots rip up the air with them and in a second darting from one corner of space to another, doing impossible acrobatics and conquering the greatest forces of the world—those of the unknown infinite; so that as I sped through the air for the first time on them I was almost purring with the silent joy to know that at last I was doing what my idols had done—that I was piloting these little devils—these little beauties.

December 28, 1917

This morning we flew while it was snowing, and I certainly realized it. Bumpy! Oh, how bumpy! Whiffs that tickle your nerves till they're silly.

This afternoon we had a lecture, and most of the time off, so I'm sitting cuddled up in my upper berth, scribbling and reading and smoking and feeling like a comfortable, leisurely clubman, perfectly satisfied with life. I caught a chance to wash, so I feel better still. I expect your little *souvenirs de Noël* this evening; in fact, I've made a bet on receiving them.

My vanity is quite tickled to tell you that the government has considered me worth being a First Lieutenant, so—well, I am one. I feel like a Christmas tree, for I'm buying all sorts of cute gold cords and silver bars and things. On the side, though, it's rather nice to attain that position at nineteen.

Most devotedly, your 1st Lieut. A. S.,
S. O. R. C., A. E. F., U. S. R., U. S. A.

JACK.

January 7, 1918.

MY VERY DEAR MUZZIE,—I am still flying *tour de piste*, but soon hope to leave those miserable, monotonous classes of landing—going up and landing—for the spiral class. A good spiral is the hardest acrobatic feat, and much fun is promised to break up the long hours we stand around in the snow, waiting.

Every one that goes up for a spiral always entertains the crowd, so I'm looking forward to a good time. After that my course is—altitude, acrobatics (in general), group flying, reconnaissance and duel training. Then I'm shipped to the front. Oh! the blessed day! Every one is dying to get there.

There have been some accidents lately, each of which should have been fatal. One was, but the others escaped miraculously. Jack S. should have been killed yesterday, but he escaped with a broken arm and a broken shoulder—probably it will put him out of flying. Anyway, it puts him up for a couple of months, thereby spoiling many of our chummy plans.

It also makes quite a hole in my existence to see my daily comrade taken away for the rest of the war. He had my teddy-bear suit on and it's hopelessly ripped up from the smash.

This camp life has a great deal of beauty about it. The barrack life is beautiful in that you are in immediate touch with the crude necessities of life—not the luxuries—barren food, long beds, a fire. It is beautifully rude and ugly—it is barbarous; it expresses strength and force; it is in true harmony with war.

It reminds you of the heavy wooden chambers where the vikings sat in the light of their glittering shields and broadswords. The life outside bears with it the constant spirit of wars—machinery and laboring hordes turn, hammer, and construct, day after day, an increasing camp—a dawning city, that is to fashion the fleets of fire and death to rage in the enemy's skies and clash against him.

Constantly there is a rustling on the wintry wind that blows through the barrack streets and hangar aisles—a rustling of something ghostly, a constant remembrance of death that passes on the breeze. Every few days the rustle

bursts into a triumphant shriek and another grave is blasted. And on through the days Death whispers her tune of war into our young ears.

There, is a great deal of beauty; there, is a wonderful unit, a whole, a masterful picture of war, of crudeness; it is savage and ugly, but it is beautiful.

The main thing now is to get to the front. As soon as I get there I will begin to live. I intend to have a little home there, charming friends, writing and drawing spasms, luxuries and some independence, with the added thrills of my daily adventures against the Huns. All my present is in that future, despite the idiocy of being the least bit in the future in this game. But here, a great deal of my present is made on planning the near future which I can permit myself, seeing that there is more reliability in futurity while yet in the stages of training.

I don't suppose that the war could possibly have affected the character of the people at home; it's too new and too far away. I suppose that the teas are just as frivolous and the dinner parties just as indifferent. I can see the gatherings in *salons* and studios, surrounded by their luxury and intellect and chatting and discussing just as before, flirtation and art in the dim lights or the gay lights midst a rustling of gowns and a tinkling of cups and glasses. Everything is undoubtedly the same. You all seem to be passing through this world crisis, in which men agonize, hope, and die, without more than a political, a very scant tangency to it.

Over here the people are very changed. True that their gatherings are still chatty and gay and intellectual, but there is always the influence of the conflict at the gates of Paris, as though it were just behind the very curtains of the particular *salon* or studio. There is always a keen comprehension and appreciation of the struggles of the days and nights and years, and always a ready heart of sympathy for the worshiped men who are on leave. You notice the difference if you watch closely; you notice it everywhere, even in the cold hearts of the café girls, even in the way people walk to and fro along the boulevards. There seems to be a spirit of

friendship unknown to peace-times, and it draws you closer to the gray houses, their balconies and windows; to the towers and curving bridges—to all the silent, smiling soul of Paris, the city of war. There is where I hold a great deal of pity for you all at home. You are not finding the new spirit that the war has brought.

Beans are Sunday's charm here, and I must join the mess-line to wait some more; then I wait in line to wash dishes. Ye gods! how I'm sick of washing dishes! Then I come back to get ready to wait some more. Now you do a little waiting, too, until my next letter.

Lovingly,
JACK.

January 15, 1918.

VERY DEAR MUZZIE,—Well, I expected to tell you I would be in "spirals" by now, but on my last landing of the *tour de piste* class, having a machine that bent to the left, it twined on me when the wheel touched and broke a piece or two. It is the first time I have ever broken anything, which is a nice record.

That same day I was to have my first forced landing, which is disagreeable to have for the first time when you're on a "15"—these modern machines—especially when, as the motor "poops" on you and dies, you look overboard on nothing but vineyards stretching a network of wires under you so to better catch your wheels on coming down and "flip" you.

However, I "pancaked" so as to touch all points at once and not roll ahead, thereby smashing down on top of the wires instead of swooping into them. As a result not a scratch was made to the machine and I was very happy.

Another friend fell yesterday. His face is all done up in bandages with a hole for his mouth. But he is cheery and glad to be alive.

As I look about me I find the bunk opposite empty. He's laid up from a fall. The bunk across the way, the same; the bunk below, the boy was shot and badly laid up. The bunk next to me—the lad is laid up in the hospital, too, and "laid up" means for three months over here, for after your physical injuries you have to cure your ner-

vous system by going to Nice or somewhere.

Much love to you,

JACK.

January 16, 1918.

MY VERY DEAR MOTHER,—What awful news I have received! Ye gods! For reasons I cannot tell you, it appears that all of us advanced men in *chasse* work are to be doomed to drive those awkward, elephant, uninteresting machines of *reconnaissance* and *artillerie reglage*. I, who counted so much upon speeding through the fire of combat on a small, fast, duel machine, and setting out independently in the skies to make my reputation, am to be tied down to directing artillery fire and other such long, monotonous, negative, unfighting drudging. It will only be for this spring, but that means three months, and three months means a lot in this game—they are a lifetime with us—a lifetime in two ways.

Not counting the regret of giving up this duel-training (*chasse*) which held my heart so intimately, not counting the insipid training for the rest of the winter, or those craft as big as houses with front verandas and just about as capable of flying.

This sport is beginning to show itself up, too. It is, in short, a little world, somewhat aerial, and very fast turning, where that which takes years to be done in civilian life here takes a day, an hour. Your plans are broken, your friends disappear, and your intimate chums are scattered away from you as soon as you have gained their friendship.

The scenery is shifted constantly, rapidly, in the climax of the act—in its very beginning—just before its wondrous end.

To-day the wind is blowing sixty an hour and the clay mud is feet deep; so we're not exactly flying—just a lecture now and then, so you won't go entirely mad. But believe me, with all that I so sincerely and constantly regret in my exile, I would never, for any fortune, change places and go back again to what I left—to all the art and luxury and sympathy I left behind. Never, never! And there, in spite of all war's trickery, I'm just devilish enough to have a wee hope in the near future; in fact, I firmly intend to sound life to a very deep degree.

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That is a great deal, though without *chasse* work it is not enough. Perhaps, too, I'll come through to at last be able to take up *chasse* work when this summer it will be possible; then I'll have my chance, for I'm with the first American aviators in France against the Hun.

Now, dearest woman I know, do not take war so seriously. You are blessedly far away from it all, so don't bother to try and hypnotize yourself about it. Just enjoy, enjoy, enjoy—all the joys and laughter the world contains, for it will make me happy to catch the feeble echo of your laugh through the lines of your letters—your dear, sweet letters.

I am your servitor and son,

JACK.

January 19, 1918.

MY DEAREST MOMMIE,—I have just received my active orders. I can wear all the paraphernalia, silver bars, gold-and-black hat-cord, black braids, gold silk braids, collar decorations, and also the gold aviation eagle on my heart. I can dress up to beat the Kaiser, and, more thanks, have somewhere to go.

Oh yes! I've had my first salute—a beauty, *just the way these privates ought to!!!* I, who in the French army as *poilu* covered with dust on a banging truck, and in the American army was a blinking, gawking doorkeeper, jumping up and down to attention for second lieutenants and being kicked from the first to the fifth flight by thousands of corporals, I am now ye honorable and much - respected, much - waited - upon First Lieutenant and pilot. I'll have to grow a beard, too, for I look like a baby.

One private guessed immediately that I had just put on my stripes, probably because I had been moving a garbage-can with him half an hour previous, and as he saluted a broad grin spread across his tough cheeks—it was beautifully sincere and I couldn't help laughing.

All the boys, as I walk down the barracks, wish me good luck, stand at attention, and then jump on me and muss me all up. Confound these lower creatures! I must move immediately to the officers' barracks.

The next thing to do, now that I'm a gentleman again for the first time in many months, was to go and have tea.

Imagine having tea, but such is the gentle and civilized custom of the officers; so off I went to the Biltmore—which is the Red Cross. Now the Red Cross is divided distinctly in two. In front of the counter a long line of soldiers and cadets wait to buy a tin cup of coffee and a sandwich, to the worn-out needle of a phonograph. Behind the counter, laughing as easy life permits, sit the favorite privileged few—the officers sipping chocolate, dipping into choice *confitures*, and being waited on with chinaware—that they do not wash afterward, either—at a few long white tables surrounded by a whirligig of white-and-blue nurses.

The tea was just exquisite—a couple of friends, newly commissioned, were with me. It was the first time we had been clean in two months, so we felt as in tuxedos and were immediately very affected in voice, awkward in gesture, and insipid in conversation—fluent chat, such as officers—the higher wits—*always* are supposed to be keeping up among their intellectual circles. Then, oh, wonderful sight of brilliant chandeliers and glistening tables of feasting, I walked over to the officers' mess, much embarrassed and wondering why I wasn't banging my good old mess-kit in a line unending, such as I had always done for the last nine months. Decidedly I had been enthroned, blessed by God, sought by fortune, transported, for some vague but important merits, high into the celestial on the kind wings of smiling, suddenly visible angels from heaven—that is, Headquarters.

I ate on china: I ate a feast and I ate without the forecast of standing in another line out in the cold night to wash a greasy tin dish in cold water and freeze my hands all the way back home to the barracks.

More still, German prisoners ran around to get the platters and see that I was served. The sergeants of the mess addressed me, "Sir." The privates stood silently at attention, daring not to utter so much as the title "Sir" lest it disturb my tranquillity of thought.

The next morning I was awakened by the rush of my friends to stand at roll-call at 5.30 A.M. I grunted and rolled over to doze off another hour or two. Then I proceeded to dress, received the

compliments of the morning from the sergeant who, the night before, had had me working on hands and knees all over the barracks floor, and when he asked me if I would leave everything straight in the bunk when I left for the officers' barracks, I merely remarked, "I'm not living here any more."

Then I brought my baggage over, after a luxurious breakfast, to the new barracks, where an orderly opened the door for me as I entered. At noon a chicken dinner with a fine dessert awaited me, and I sat opposite the next room, where I could watch with a broad grin the boys I had left standing in the winding, serpentine, sleepy line to receive their Sunday beans.

Just heard of a witty trick done recently by a friend. He was doing acrobatics when he went into a *vrille*. That's very bad near the ground if it happens accidentally; he came out but to go into another—the ground coming up like lightning—when he kept his calm enough to notice an *aileron* flapping, useless, and traced the break back to a missing bolt, whereupon he—marvelous brain, he must have divine control—undid his belt and stood up a little, full in the dash of a death-spin, a sure, fatal fall, grabbed the disjointed piece, and held it together with one hand over his head while with the other he made his landing safely.

He is a hero whom not only the papers ignore, but most of the camp. He has the compliments of us aviators, and I can assure you that means something.

Great joy! To-morrow morning I enter spirals; that will be the beginning of more rapidly succeeding and more vital events of interest; that is, more dangerous slips and drops to be caught up in true, more business-like, warlike flying.

Now good-by for the while.

Very lovingly,
JACK.

January 22, 1918.

DEAREST DEAR,—Just a word to tell you how my world is turning around. It is turning around very rapidly, for I have just been doing spirals yesterday. That is to say, you're hung up in space some three thousand feet, when you cut

down the motor and start. For a second everything is silent, as the silence of night when you're walking toward a precipice, as the silence just before the hand strikes down to plunge in the dagger. Just then I tried to think of my instructions—absolutely useless. I was thoroughly stage-frightened, but I was nearing the precipice, the dagger was quivering to plunge down, so I started. I pulled the plane over on a perpendicular and down; then back a little on the stick to make her spin lightly, and off she went, the clouds whirling by as in a cyclone—a war of the gods and the wind roaring at me like a continual fog-horn and pulling on me hard. Round like a top, down, down toward the earth, as in a falling merry-go-round, the plane led me like a bolt, through space.

I remember vaguely acknowledging that if the bus did smash, it was, nevertheless, a great experience, and that was the height of the game. It was a great adventure, midst the wild, invisible forces of the clouds, high up from other humans. It seemed, so to speak, like when the movie shows angels sweeping by diagonally in the heavens, with the clouds whizzing around.

The spiral was increasing in rapidity on my left, rather behind me, for I was turned to the right, watching the needle on my tecometer, pushing with my feet, accordingly, and trying to convince my hands, in spite of them, to pull back farther and over, so as to make the plane spin tighter and on a perpendicular; however, my hands refused to go far. I just couldn't make them.

By then the wind was roaring so loudly and the plane whizzing me around so fast and downward that I started to wonder whether I was in a *vrille* or not. (Fatal if you don't come out of it.)

I looked over my left shoulder and saw the houses spinning around regularly, and decided all was well; by chance I glanced over my right shoulder at the clouds. O-o-o-oh! that empty feeling.

I looked back inside the machine

again and recovered promptly and with another one thousand and one prayers to something, some one, somewhere. Looking over at the sky when you're spinning seems to create a cone with the far end in the bottom of the sky. Anyway, you can wager no sailor, even of a submarine, would take more than one look at it.

Enfin!—I came out ages later from the circle I was supposed to reach without pulling on the motor again, so just had to. When I felt the machine grip earth again I felt as though I had just finished a heated debate in the Senate, and won; had just finished a complicated trial for suicide, and won; had just finished a desperate suit for a star in the century, and won.

I immediately was sent up for my second, which is a good plan while you've still got the confidence left in you. My second, I felt, was better, so that when I came out of it it was as though I had held my breath under water a long time. I just burst loose and sang and shouted at the top of my voice, in English, French, and Yiddish. On my third spiral, when coming out, I was evidently dangerously flat, for my propeller just about stopped, and then did, which cut off the chance of pulling on the motor again, which I needed to, being over a forest a half-mile from where I should be. (The wind had drifted me.) So I tried to crank the propeller—not that I got out and did it! I dove down a couple of hundred feet, and the force of the wind, just as a private chauffeur, cranked it for me. I pulled on the gasolene; she winced, and the motor gave a whoop and a pull and up I skimmed above the trees.

I might add, too, that in between the spirals, yesterday, I saw the last twirl that was the farewell second in life of a boy in the class next to mine. I don't feel heartbroken for him so much as for the mother back home.

[The letters abruptly end with these words of tragic coincidence. Two days later an official telegram brought the news of the young aviator's last flight.—THE EDITOR.]

[THE END.]



THERE IS NO ANTICIPATION OF MODERN HANKOW IN THE MUD WALLS AND THATCH-ROOFS

The Chicago of China

BY WALTER E. WEYL

IN the native quarter of Shanghai I came upon a blind beggar. I came upon him almost physically. He was lying on his belly prone upon the ground, his face in the dirt, his long, scrawny arms outstretched so that they nearly touched the opposite walls of the narrow Chinese street. His legs, or what was left of them, two scarred, mangled stumps, were professionally exposed. He was groaning industriously.

I placed myself against the wall and watched while hundreds of blue-clad pedestrians, workmen, small merchants, and others passed. Now and again a copper cash, a twentieth of a cent, was negligently thrown into his tin cup; without looking up, the prostrate beggar mumbled some phrase of thanks and resumed his groaning. Each pedestrian

turned aside so as not to tread upon the beggar; each by this *détour* lost a fraction of a second of time. No one thought of removing him. He was a nuisance and an obstacle to traffic, but he was *there*, and it was no one's business to take him away. So far as I know, he is still there. He may stay until he dies of a ripe old age or has accumulated enough copper coins to retire to his native town and give up his lucrative if lowly position in the Shanghai street.

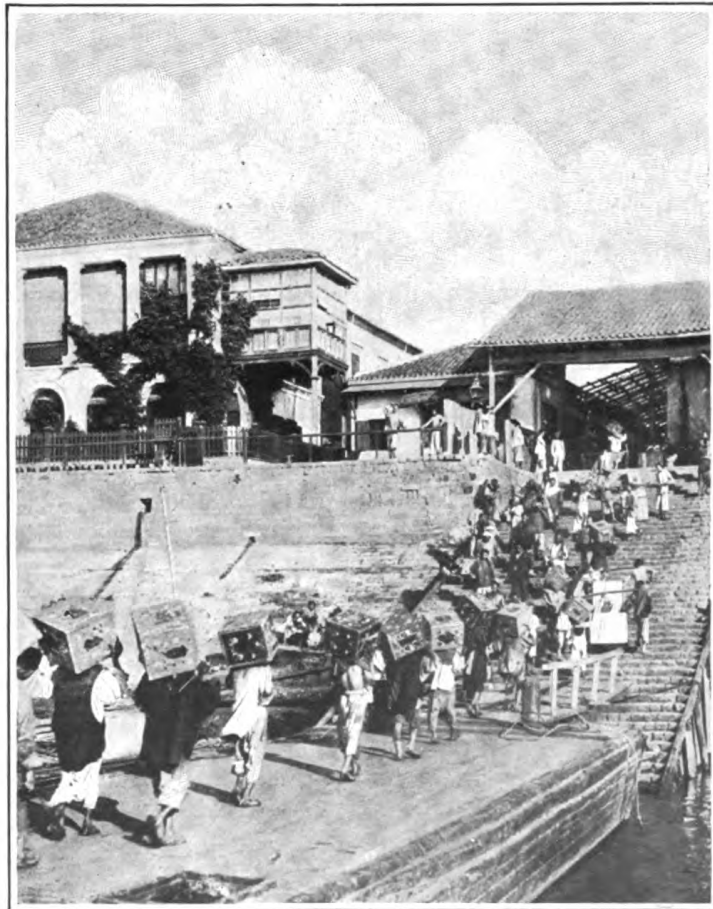
This beggar is the background of China. The industry of the new China, the nation's economic development, its progress toward a civilization like that of the Occident—all wait until some one can be found who will gently pick up this abject mendicant and clear the street.

All over the vast republic, in its teeming, picturesque cities, in its small, huddled, mud villages, this blind beggar lies

athwart the road. He represents old usage and convention, superstition and wrong-headedness, the stubborn conservatism of possession and precedent—and blindness. The vast unproductivity of China, the ubiquitous “graft” and “squeeze,” the anti-industrial character of its ethics and philosophy, its disregard of time, its contempt for convenience—all of these things are illustrated by the patient throngs threading their way around the beggar’s rag-clad body, without regarding him and without treading upon him.

Many times I thought of this beggar and of all that he represents in patient obstruction, as I traveled on the slowest of river boats up the Yang-tze to the city of Hankow. It was a very old boat, a paddle-wheeler that for years had been used on the Mississippi and then been taken apart and shipped to China. Being the most venerable vehicle on the river, it was the most popular with the Chinese; they called it the “Joss” boat. The undemonstrative coolies, crowded in the narrow steerage, who sat all day watching the river, or chatted and chattered, or lay asleep at night on the planks with the full glare of the ship’s electric lights in their eyes, loved this old ark, respected, revered, patronized it. They felt safe in a boat that had already made its thousands of trips in the long-ago days when the present passengers were little yellow babies, clad in exiguous swaddling-bands and carried pickaback over all sorts of refuse-heaps and through all sorts of squalid streets by little sisters, themselves scarcely graduated from babyhood; a boat so ancient, so dignified, so slow, could, of course, never founder. They look at these things differently in China.

I knew little of Hankow, but I had heard of it as the coming city of China, the Chinese Chicago; a city destined in a century or two, according to optimists, to be one of the greatest in the world. I pictured a thriving, hustling modern metropolis. Yet for all this expected modernity there was no preparation in the mud-walled, thatch-roofed huts that lined the flat, broad, yellow river, nor was there any anticipation of a modern Hankow in the low banks or later in the bare hills of the mountains visible from the deck of the vessel. One knows, if one believes one’s fellow-travelers, that in this yellow, still soil lie hidden minerals, the wealth of which is as yet only whispered. Coal and iron sleep here as China sleeps. No one yet knows how vast are these subterranean layers, how immense the forces yet to be developed. Like the inscrutable face of the Chinese, this land gives a sense of hidden power,



COOLIES WIND EVERYWHERE IN INTERMINABLE STREAMS



FOREIGN CONCESSIONS AT HANKOW ALONG THE WATERFRONT

but leaves one in doubt as to how it will be revealed and what it will all mean. And yet, though one lands and perhaps stops at various filthy little cities, while the boat waits indulgently, one sees nothing that suggests modernity. These towns and villages seem pretty much as they must have been a thousand years ago; the same amorphous, accidental, over-tight clusterings; the same winding, and suddenly widening and narrowing, streets; the same clamorous shops and booths interspersed with the same dead expanse of crumbling mud walls; the same boisterous street life, with dogs and cats, chickens, and babies, exuding from their little courtyards into the hurrying street; the same patient jostling of bare-legged, firm-muscled water-carriers, staggering under their burden of water from the river-bank up the dripping river-steps. All this is the old, old China—or at least seems so to the rapid traveler. We must wait until we arrive at Hankow.

At first glance even Hankow seems old. After all, it is very unlike the real Chicago—strikingly, startlingly unlike. It is a city of low buildings and small;

and the belt of the foreign concessions, which is the modern part of Hankow lying between the railroad track and the river, is narrow. There are some well-paved streets, but you cannot drive an automobile more than a few miles; after that, impassable lanes. Even these foreign concessions, though ruled by Great Britain, France, Japan, and other great Powers, are in the main inhabited by Chinese, and the whole foreign city is surrounded by a dense and swarming native city. In all Hankow there are no towering buildings; there is no overhead railroad or underground; no clanging trolley-cars; no lining of the streets with flaring advertisements; no clangor of traffic; no ordered confusion, such as one finds in the Western metropolis. Hankow is sedate and Chinese, wearing its modernity, such as it is, as a Chinese diplomat may wear a frock-coat, convenient, no doubt, but not essential or intimate. It is at best or worst an embryo Chicago. Its factories are still small, its industries upon a little scale. It has its industrialism, but it is a young and tentative industrialism, still covered over by the ancient, traditional Chinese spirit.

Indeed, in many respects Hankow is like all Chinese cities. There is the same huddling, due, apparently, to an instinctive gregariousness rather than to lack of room; the same squalor and comfortlessness, the same open-air shops, the same groups of smoking, gossiping, or toiling coolies, clad in their inevitable blue. Here, as also in Peking and other cities in the North, you see the factory-girls, the earliest offspring of Hankow industrialism, limping, their feet still bound, across the streets. There is the same fourteenth-century atmosphere, the same predominance of the small industry and the guild and the family workshop. Everywhere you gain the sense of a certain half-heartedness in all this new industrial experiment. Labor is wasted as though men cost little, as, indeed, they do. The industry seems to be there rather to occupy the people than to produce goods.

Even in the big Han-yang iron-works, which is by far the greatest of all Hankow's industrial establishments, you keep this sense of a Hankow skepticism concerning the reality and value of modern industry. True, there are admirable machine tools and giant cranes and furnaces and I know not what in this vast establishment, and the manager and his assistants are experts in metallurgy. Here, too, however, there is a medieval waste of labor. In this industrial army, as in the host of Xerxes, a thousand men count for nothing. It is a sobering, even a tragic, sight to watch, hour after hour, the interminable lines of sweating, over-strained coolies loading the coke from the river boats and carrying it on their shoulders to the furnace. The intense labor is enervating, devitalizing—and useless; machinery would do the

work more efficiently. Despite the fact that for all this racking labor these men earn less than fifteen cents a day in our money, the work costs from five to ten times as much as in an American mill where wages are twenty times as high.

I took tea with the capable and hospitable resident manager of these Han-yang Iron and Steel Works, and in the course of our conversation this Chinese engineer, who had received his training in an American university, revealed to me some of the difficulties against which industry in Hankow, and in the whole of China, is obliged to contend. It was the old history of a rigid and confident conservatism, a preference for the old, a willingness to condone a little financial irregularity, an unscientific and an unquantitative attitude toward business. This manager, who spoke English with ease and grace, told me many stories

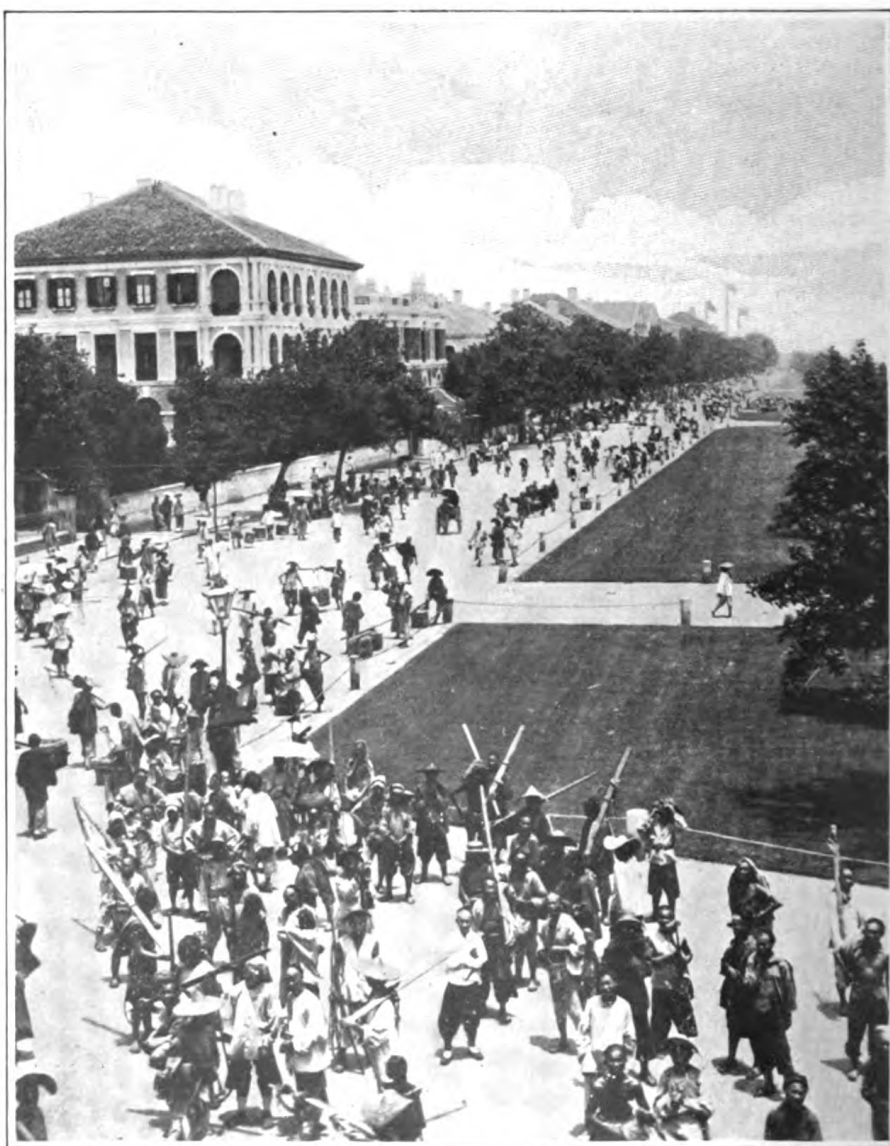


IN HER ENORMOUS POPULATION CHINA POSSESSES AN INCALCULABLE ECONOMIC ASSET AND A GRAVE PROBLEM

showing how ignorance and wrong-headedness obstructed Chinese industrial development at every point.

One story he did not tell me. It is an account of the origin of these very Han-yang works, and I discovered it later by accident in an official report of the Chinese Maritime Customs. "His Excellency Chang Chih-Tung was an earnest advocate of development, and deemed industries the most certain means of bringing prosperity to his country, whose good he undoubtedly had at heart. Iron he knew to be an essential for the country, so when Viceroy of

Canton he decided to open iron-works. He sent an order to England for an iron-smelting plant. The manufacturers called for a sample of the ore it was to work. The Viceroy declined to send a sample. They explained that there were two varieties of ore, which needed different plants. His Excellency kept to his point, 'Send a plant.' Eventually a plant was sent, the sellers sending that required for the more common form of ore, but pointing out that it might be useless for the actual ore in sight. The reason for refusing to send the samples as requested was that *no ore had been*



AN AIR OF PROSPEROUS MODERNITY PERVADES THE SPACIOUS FOREIGN QUARTERS

discovered; its future discovery was merely taken for granted. Before the plant arrived His Excellency was transferred from Canton to Hankow and he ordered the plant to follow. He was so far lucky that an immense supply of good-quality ore was found below Hankow and, after many troubles, an equally good coal-mine found above." But for years the business languished, and eventually the old plant had to be scrapped and a new plant substituted. Had the Viceroy, however, not been transferred from Canton the expensive machinery would have been as valueless as an ice-plant in Greenland.

The story of the smelting-plant is the story of most of Hankow's industries and of many of the industries of China. Ignorance, "face," graft, and ineptitude have wrecked innumerable promising enterprises. There is in Hankow a pretentious and elaborate paper-mill, but even a layman can see, in wandering through the big plant, that there is something radically wrong with the establishment—"a general odor of mild decay." The factory maintains a very large, though ill-kept, garden, with terraces and a beautiful fountain, but it produces very little paper, and that at a loss. It is rumored that some men have made profit out of this factory, but the factory has made none out of the business.

When all these difficulties are considered, the development of Hankow seems reasonably rapid. Together with Hanyang and Wuchang, which are in an industrial sense its suburbs, facing Hankow from across the Yang-tze and the Han rivers, the city has now an estimated population of a million or a million and a quarter, with every prospect of a rapid future increase. The Hanyang Iron and Steel Works is the largest industrial plant in the republic and the Yang-tze Engineering Works is a well-equipped establishment, the like of which is not to be found elsewhere in China. Besides these there are in and about Hankow the government arsenal, the government powder-works, the government mint, two paper-factories, two cotton-mills, one woolen-mill, one silk-filature, two antimony-smelting mills, eight modern oil-mills, one nail-and-

needle plant, nine plants for manufacturing egg products, a large cold-storage plant, two ice-plants, five flour-mills, together with cement-works, brick-and-tile plants, aerated water-works, electric-light plants, tea-factories, hydraulic presses, a cigarette-factory, a cask-factory, a sawmill, a candle-factory, a soap-factory, a distillery, a tannery, and a match-factory. In some of these the machinery is modern and some have foreign capital and foreign management. Besides, there are the innumerable little workshops, so characteristic of Chinese cities, in which flax is spun, rope made, timber sawn by manual labor, and either no machinery is used or machinery of the most primitive description. The total manufactured product of the greater city amounts to only a few tens of millions of dollars, but this is by no means inconsiderable in a country which is still in the handicraft stage and in which wages for full-grown men average less than fifteen cents a day. Next to Shanghai, Hankow is the greatest manufacturing city in all China.

The city shows signs of this activity and relative prosperity. Already Hankow, in the quaint Chinese phrase, is the "Collecting-Place of Nine Provinces," the *entrepôt* for the goods of a fertile neighborhood. Wander about its docks and see hundreds or even thousands of picturesque Chinese junks, long and narrow or short and broad, graceful or clumsy, with sails or without, crowded along the shore of the Han, as the Chinese crowd in their native city. In and out of these boats swarm the armies of porters carrying tea, wood, hides, beans, cotton, and all the produce of near and distant regions. Through the straggling forest of masts one sees across the river the broad outline of Hanyang, with the high chimneys of the new factories breaking up the long, low sky-line of the Chinese streets. Enter into the Japanese concession in Hankow and you gain once more a sense of prosperous modernity. Solid, modern, and occasionally beautiful stone buildings face one another across a wide, well-paved street, where the neat Japanese *gendarme* rules supreme and maintains order among rickshaw men and docile coolies of all occupations. The *Bund*.

too, is modern and cheerful, and the foreign residents, who frequent the clubs, the race-course, and the golf-links, and who work only moderately hard, seem grumblingly satisfied with things as they are and very optimistic concerning things as they are to be. For it is Hankow's future, not Hankow's present situation, which has lured these ambitious foreign business men from far-away lands in Europe and America to this triple city in the heart of China.

It is upon these hopes of the future, moreover, that Hankow bases its claim to be the Chicago of China. To understand the situation one must look at the map. Hankow stands at the head-waters of the Yang-tze, at its confluence with the Han. The Yang-tze is the third largest river in the world, greatly exceeding the Mississippi in volume. Because of its very gentle rise for the first thousand miles it is navigable, except at low water during the winter months, for vessels of five to six thousand tons, and at times for much larger ships. It is more like a wide, quiet canal than a river, and it is the greatest thoroughfare in all China. Half of the total sea-borne traffic is distributed along the Yang-tze and its tributaries, and an immense internal traffic is carried on by thousands and thousands of restless native craft. A strategic position on this river is enough to assure any city an unexampled economic development.

The resources of the Yang-tze Valley are in a large measure economic tributaries to Hankow. The Yang-tze basin contains some seven hundred thousand square miles of fertile territory, an area over three times as great as France, and is peopled by not much less than two hundred million inhabitants. It contains stupendous and easily worked deposits of iron and coal in close proximity. Boats from Hankow may go directly to Liverpool, Vladivostok, or Rio Janeiro. Moreover, Hankow is the great future railway center of the country. It is at the terminus of a railroad connecting it with Peking, while other projected railroads will unite it with Shanghai in the east, Canton in the south, and with the vast province of Sze-chuan in the west. Hankow is therefore destined to be the greatest railroad center in China and

one of its greatest ports. So long as for the greater part of the year ocean-going steamers of large draught can load at Hankow and proceed to all ports of the world, the city must become industrially and commercially the center of China, its Chicago, its Pittsburg, one might almost say its New York.

Hankow, in fact, has two great resources upon which to draw—its immediately surrounding territory and the whole vast industrial empire tapped by its railroads, rivers, and canals. The lands adjoining the city are astoundingly rich, and the tributary coal and iron basins require nothing but capital and an intelligent and honest industrial leadership for their exploitation. Beyond these lie the entire resources of central and western China. As these develop Hankow will grow astoundingly.

There are immense forces, external and internal, making for this industrial development of China and, with it, of Hankow. First, there is the demand from the outside world that China be integrated, that it be made industrially into one country instead of a congeries of small industrial atomies. From the same outside world comes an ever-increasing demand for Chinese raw materials and Chinese manufactured products. At home other forces work for industrial development, forces at once political and moral. China cannot progress politically, she cannot regain her political sovereignty or even retain such independence as she still has, without developing industrially. Moreover, she has the most essential elements for an ultimate industrial growth. Her people are strong, virile, indomitable, frugal, and both intellectually and physically energetic. They have a capacity for sustained and cheerful labor and an immense capacity for co-operation. In her population of from three to four hundred millions China possesses an almost incalculable economic asset. Her raw materials form another great asset. We cannot as yet begin to estimate the vastness of the Chinese progress once it begins.

It will not, however, develop instantaneously. We have, I am convinced, greatly erred in anticipating—almost in exacting—a very rapid evolution of the

new China. We have believed that because Japan has revolutionized herself in less than fifty years, the same process will take place at the same rate of speed over China's immense area. We read of the Chinese Revolution and expect violently abrupt industrial and psychological changes. But such an immediate transformation would be a miracle. China is slower and more fiercely tenacious than is Japan; she has a larger population upon which to work and she has no small dominating class to force the nation ahead. China's immense resources require for their development not only a strong central government, not only the growth of a national sense, but also a rise in the standard of living. There are hundreds of billions of tons of coal in China, but not many millions who can afford to pay for coal if mined. Industrial development must proceed step by step with a political evolution, which will give the country peace, security, and stability. It must also in its progress arouse new desires on the part of the people and steadily raise the standard of living of tens of millions. These things move slowly. But, in the end, they will be accomplished, as in England, America, and on the continent of Europe, as also in Japan, they have been accomplished. Moreover, industrialism, once firmly established, progresses at an accelerating speed. Increased production means higher wages, which in turn mean increased production. The creation of a middle class, one of the results of industrialism, strengthens the hands of those who wish to see a new China erected upon the ancient structure which still persists.

If the hope of Hankow lies in the promise of China's future development, its despair lies in a mass of complicated factors that retard China and hold the vast country powerless and paralyzed. Here again we come upon our prostrate beggar. China, for all its natural wealth, is one of the poorest countries in the world; poor in public spirit, in patriotism, in political honesty, in ideals, and in a rational and scientific outlook upon life. Throughout the great republic one meets with millions of abject, hard-working men, women, and children, living from hand to mouth, content with a

bowl of rice and a block of wood to sleep on; cold, hungry, comfortless, and clinging to an ill-paid job with the desperation born of the knowledge that to lose one's position means to fall into the abyss of beggary. Everywhere one meets coolies carrying heavy weights that might better be hauled by machinery; women, children, one might almost say babies, working at tasks beyond their capacity. Everywhere is waste of labor, contempt for life, and a callousness born of poverty. It is the excessive population, it is the millions crowding out the millions, that render industrial development so desperately difficult.

Still more retarding in its effect upon China's development is the ever-present, ever-recurring, ingrown conservatism of the race. The Chinese have the tremendous conservatism of a people which for a hundred generations met no race even approximately equal in ability. They have the conservatism of passive, self-contained peoples, who do not know foreign ways and do not wish to know them. It was not until the Chinese were repeatedly defeated by vastly inferior forces that they lost a small part of their supreme contempt for the outer barbarian. To-day the walls are crumbling. Leading Chinese, among whom are some of the great men of the world, recognize to-day that China's political independence will totally disappear unless it avails itself of the once despised learning of the West. And in less than twenty years the nation has made astounding progress. It has given up its old system of education, by which all the high offices of state were awarded to men who were crammed with an antiquated classical knowledge. It has largely stamped out the opium traffic. It has overthrown the vacuous Manchu rulers and established a republic—in name at least—in place of the Empire. It has permitted the building of railroads, the opening up of mines, and the launching of industrial enterprises. Equally important are the reforms along other lines. Everywhere newspapers have sprung up, and of these a few are ably and honestly edited and indirectly reach wide sections of the population. Government schools and the far better schools organized by missionaries train increasing numbers of

able young men who gradually take the place of the older officials. Trained advisers are invited from Europe and America, and, while their advice is not always heeded, they induce none the less a perceptible progress toward a new view of society and the state. Yet the old persists. Manufacturers, merchants, peasants, coolies, adhere to ancient methods; in the north they still bind the feet of their women and still oppose modern methods of working and living. At the top venality remains what it was. The grafting mandarin becomes a grafting governor, and officials still get their "squeeze," even though the method undergoes a change. From top to bottom, though with numerous and growing exceptions, there is venality, nepotism, downright theft, ordinary "squeeze," and "dirty squeeze." It is against this dishonesty, official and unofficial, that the brave reformers in China, of whom there are many, are obliged to fight. It is against this system of conservatism, buttressed by venality, that all industrial progress must make its way.

The urgent and increasing need of industrial progress, however, renders all obstruction unavailing. The world is pressing in on China and the Chinese can no more hold off this advance than they can withstand modern artillery fire with their ancient city walls. Year by year the European nations acquire greater rights and wider powers; year by year they start new enterprises and secure new concessions, until the question comes to be not whether China will be developed, but merely whether the Chinese themselves will do the job or step aside and permit strangers to do it. Upon the answer to this question, upon China's proved capacity to take care of her own resources and utilize them

wisely, hangs the immediate independence of China and her whole place in the world. China will either grow into an effective and capable industrial nation or will be held subject, at least temporarily, to international control and international exploitation. She will develop herself or be developed compulsorily by other nations in the interest of other nations. Whether such compulsion is moral or immoral is a question which will be impatiently waved aside. Such exploitation and such tutelage, mild or harsh, are practically inevitable unless China on her own initiative renders all compulsion unnecessary.

Thus Hankow, the Chicago of China, leads us beyond China to the great world outside. Thus Hankow, as it quietly loads its black tea into river junks and into railroad trucks, stands face to face with Western Imperialism, and looks into the eyes of a vast world development, menacing, perplexing, not understood. Imperialism, which has divided up Africa and much of western Asia, now knocks at China's door and looks up the wide Yang-tze, the river of rivers, to Hankow and the imperial domain over which Hankow is to rule. Already it has advanced shadowy claims of a sphere of influence over all this region, but these claims are not yet fully accorded and the political future is still unsolved. How it will all end, by what means, if any, China will be enabled to hold her own and rule not only Hankow and the Yang-tze, but all her provinces, to develop herself and take her equal place among the great nations—is a baffling, haunting question, a challenge not only to the Chinese, but to those friends of China in the Western World who wish this problem to be settled justly and in peace.



The Little Family

BY ARTHUR JOHNSON



ARRESTED Development, or whatever your psychopaths would call it, be damned—they only go at the poetry of life, sometimes,” Dyer let slip, rubbing the end of his cigarette against an ash-tray nervously.

I had just come in. I didn’t know what they were talking about. But I knew Dyer well enough to know he seldom let slip anything, and that the moment was rather significant.

“I had an interesting experience once, not *exactly* apropos, but I should like to tell it,” he added, as if with a dogged determination to seem at ease.

Dyer’s inner life baffled everybody. There were people who thought him unfeeling, hard. I’ve heard women say that he was perfectly heartless; others that he was like one who had given his heart away in vain. He was brilliant and witty, very companionable at times in an aloof, impersonal way. He was—But I won’t go into that. Dyer baffled me most of all. I only intend—and perhaps it’s the best I could do, were I describing him—to tell his “interesting experience” as he told it.

Not, of course, as he told it, either; though I shall try. A good many of his own words I remember. But if I seem to adopt his style, don’t think I’m not conscious of discrepancies in the make-shift medium.

I was in London one spring [he began], on business, and a friend of mine used to take me, week-ends, out to the Stoke Poges Golf Club. Not because I played golf—I never did; I went to escape those lonely Sundays in town. And I had many good times by myself, prying about the park-like country-side.

Stoke Poges is in Buckinghamshire, you know, near Slough. The club building itself was once the expatriated resi-

dence of some Californian or other, who had got rich on “parlor” matches; and the grounds comprised the old estate of the William Penn family, and just outside the wall is the Grey’s Elegy church and the yew-tree; all of which details give for some reason a cosmic verity—I don’t mean cosmopolitan—to my memories.

One gray, misty Sunday, the sort Englishmen admit is “a bit dull,” I left my companions at the first T, and strolled down the long avenue to the street, thinking vaguely I could turn into the graveyard if it rained, and get shelter under the porch of the chapel. It’s a mile or more to it by road, though; the wide, dark thoroughfare winds deceptively far between those giant elms (they always reminded me of etchings, or lithographs—which is it?) from whose lofty cover, that morning, the condensed atmosphere dripped down to the dank earth. The solemn luxuriance of it hypnotized me forward.

Suddenly huge drops began to fall. An explosion of wind swooped from the tree-tops. I looked and saw I was in for it. I wasn’t half-way to the churchyard, either. I reckoned for an instant on turning back; but the storm overtook me.

Ahead, on my left, was a small gate, nearly hidden in leaves, toward which I made. It was narrow. I pushed through its little stile, onto a flagged path so crowded between rose-hedges that wet petals brushed down everywhere as I went. Oh, it was pretty! I had time to realize that as I ran on and caught my first startled view of the dear house.

Heaven knows I didn’t stop to think. But I saw it, even then, plainly enough. It was a story and a half high, built of small diamond-shaped blocks of stone, with casement windows, and vines all over, and blossoms—blossoms—blissfully protecting it.

As I slowed up past the corner toward

the door, the windows I passed were being closed against the rain, and a man's voice was calling tenderly from within:

"Hurry, now! Quick—be quick!"

It made me pause. Not to me the voice was calling. I had never known anything called to like that.

"You'll get wet, Squirrel!" I heard at the next window. "*You,—Lion!*" at the next. . . . "*Walrus! Silver Cattie! Why! there's Elephant!*"

It was the sort of appeal—how shall I describe it?—that ought to have been followed by glad scampering of feet, and little smothered screams, and whimpering sounds. But I didn't have time to wait; the last window was slammed to just as a wild crack of lightning rent the sky.

I was before the door in another moment, through the narrow opening of which, reluctantly diminished, the same voice was calling:

"Here, White Rabbit! Come, Peacock! . . ."

"Let me in, *please!*" I cried to the voice. And the door opened wide upon me.

A tall man, with a long, handsomely chiseled face and white hair, and nicely dressed, holding a painting - palette daubed with oils in his left hand, nodded gravely and smiled an embarrassed welcome. He was very dignified and impressive.

"By all means. Do come in. Of course," he answered, matter-of-factly.

The quaint room I stepped into was largish and low—there was no hall. I hardly had entered when another man, a somewhat younger fellow, came through an inner door at the opposite end, and, before he noticed me there, exclaimed:

"Are—?"

He checked himself when he saw me, looked, took a moment to size up the situation, and came forward with some appropriate greeting; after which he faced the older man again and, as if to cover his traces, finished his question:

"Are They all inside?" he asked, with a sensitive smile quite in contrast to his hardy appearance.

He was strong, muscular-looking, well

set-up, ruddy. He might have come straight, I thought, across the links from the club I had left.

"All safe and sound," answered the older man, also with a strange smile, the firmness of his tone rather forced, it seemed to me.

I was too variously impressed to try yet to fit things together and wonder what it was they were talking about; even when, after another few minutes, they left me alone, insisting I should have dry clothes on the instant, despite my protestations. As I looked about, my eyes fell amusedly upon a large pink-china mouse sitting on its hind legs on a table-desk near where the chair stood, one paw pathetically raised before its breast, and its exaggerated tail circling its feet.

The room was charmingly home-like and personal. A woolen carpet, with light background and geometrical designs; one rug, with a zebra pattern, on the floor. Chairs that waited blandly and colluded with the genial calm. Books. Portraits—all of young girls; I couldn't quite decide whether their look was Renaissance or just Victorian. But talent, of rather a doubtful sort, showed through the romantic imperfections. That face, there—that face? Why, they were nearly the same, weren't they? No, there were two—one girl light, the other dark; one with golden hair, the other's dark brown. It was only the expressions of both that showed in the various renderings so alike—as though something similar in their lives might have fashioned the sharp resemblance. And each painting of each had the same haunting air of sadness cheerfully remembered. There were several such portraits, large and small; and one Watteau-like picture of a lady and gentleman on a marble seat, with a spaniel playing in the foreground.

I had the strangest feeling of having been there before. I knew that I had not, of course. But it was all like a fleeting whiff of something long forgotten; as in those dreams children have when they suddenly find themselves back in a place they have dreamed of before, without being able quite to recall where it is, and determine never to stay away from it so long again. I was

thinking of all manner of old things. I actually thought, for instance, of a picture in a book my nurse Sarah used to read me—a picture of a tortoise-shell cat stealing jam from the pantry shelf.

"You may be able to wear these," proffered the younger man, coming back into the room with an armful of things: shoes, stockings, trousers, coats, and holding them up before me for approval; "if you don't mind," he added, consciously.

The older man followed. I pulled off my coat and was trying some of the things on, when suddenly the dim light in the room swelled into brightness. In another moment the sun was all about us.

"I sha'n't need them, after all," I exclaimed. "I'll run back to the club and change there."

They met my refusal with polite regrets, but without insistence; they seemed almost to welcome the prospect of disposing of me on such simple terms—the older man especially; for he, while the younger man filled the gap sociably enough, had walked over to a window and opened the casement, and stood there leaning out and gazing into the sunlight. I couldn't keep my attention from him, and noted the curious way he stretched out his hand, as if absent-mindedly, uttering half-plaintive, half-coaxing words to himself.

The younger man, too, heard him, and tried to cover it, I thought, for he murmured something about the room being hot, and led me over to where the older man stood, and touched him on the shoulder. I was left, as it happened, between them—all three of us looking out upon flowery beds, across the little path, steaming up under the noonday heat, into a thicket of verdure and blossoms beyond.

All of a sudden a white-throated sparrow emitted its song athwart the stillness. First, that low, up-going phrase, then the four flutelike notes. More than ever was it to me like the pipes of Pan.

I glanced to my left appreciatively, but the older man's eyes were focused beyond, and, when I turned the other way, my younger companion had to shift his eyes to face me. There was a wavering sweetness, a vanishing tenderness, in

his expression, which I felt he meant to hide. So I looked out again through the window.

You could hear the drops falling from the leaves. You could almost hear the petals that here and there wafted themselves down. There were tall, white lilies, filled with rain, that bent beneath their weight of purity, like slender maidens surcharged with innocence. A wet, fragrant smell rose up, mingling the odors of growth and decay intoxicatingly.

Then from the hidden depths of everything came the wee sound of an animal I didn't recognize.

I felt the two beside me start, but something held me from turning. I kept my eyes fixed outside. I stared so long, as it seemed, so steadfastly, into the stillness and beauty, that I grew embarrassed. I saw the need of making the next move; I would make some commonplace announcement of my going. But words didn't come.

When at last I spoke and backed away, they followed me. Abruptly then their tension slackened, and they talked pleasantly, free of restraint. It was as if, once my speedy departure was assured, they were ready to make the most of my visit. They even touched on a few topics of the day; and finally, by the time I had found my hat, begged me to stay longer—for luncheon, if I didn't "mind pot-luck"; though I fancied their glances met rather worriedly over the invitation.

I wanted to stay, too. I had almost got to the point of broaching the subject of their pets—the squirrel, those cats and dogs with such unusual names; the peacock—if there was a peacock there. . . . The atmosphere was too rarefied for anything so crass as curiosity. I had hardly more than a vague longing, really, to attune myself—about as vague as my consciousness that they didn't mean me to; though they repeated their invitation still more warmly, and would perhaps have liked to have me there with them a little longer.

I don't mean to say, either, that I took it all in then, or was morbid enough to make these attenuated observations all on the spot. It required perspective to crystalize the subtleties. . . . Why, one year, two years, afterward, I'd sit

here by myself, reading, and the possibility of what might be happening away over there in the dear house would irrelevantly recur to me, so I'd forget my newspaper or book and wonder. . . . What might those two men be thinking then? What might they be saying? Were they sad—or were they really very happy? Was their hobby, their “fad” (for was it after all any more than that?), madder than—than lots of others? People, particularly ones unattached, so to speak, people who were stranded away, too, from almost everything “vital” in life, *had* to idealize and romanticize the homely facts—had to invent some magic for them, just to get along. . . . But I'm drifting.

They—the two men—detained me somewhat urgently when I stepped out through the door, and while I stood there on the wet, still pathway, thanking them and saying good-by and explaining to them, rather over-pointedly, how interesting it had been to see and talk to them, and how much I liked their wonderlandish abode, and how very much I hoped to see them again. I felt that they at least liked me—one can nearly always tell.

I thought I heard one of them calling, as I walked away, and, thinking I heard another sound, wheeled about; but I saw the door was being shut, so I only waited a moment, listening. Everything was still as death. I went slowly forward, then, past the rest of the house, through the dripping rose-hedges to the gate. I didn't meet anybody, or see anything, on the way.

When I got back to the club, and the fellows wanted to know where I'd been, I told them and tried casually to arouse their interest; but I soon saw I couldn't make much point out of it, and I regretted having gone into it at all, especially as my host began to rag me about “always seeing more than really existed.” That didn't keep me from going into it myself, though.

I began to hunt round to see what I could find out. During the next few week-ends I spent at Stoke Poges (and I lost no opportunity to accompany my golfing friend thither), I used to roam back and forth over the road between the club entrance and the little gate,

and the little gate and the burying-ground, in search of whatever might turn up. I actually waylaid people and asked questions.

Well, those two—the younger man and the older man—I learned, had been in the neighborhood now for about five years, living alone there with all kinds of pet animals and birds and things. The older man wasn't a painter by profession; he worked in a London bank. And the younger man was an architect. But they went back and forth to Stoke Poges between whiles most of the time—especially in summer. I can't quite comprehend how the rest of the facts got to be known so generally, either, for they—the pets, I mean—couldn't have been noticed much straying about the place. It leaked out, somehow. After all, I had noticed it myself, more or less.

And people—farmers and their wives, and gardeners and their wives, and others—had gradually grown to think the two men positively unbalanced on account of the way they went on about their pets. A waiter at the club assured me on his “honor” that he had been discharged “just for losing a young duck, which never, I give you my word, sir, had I seen about the place.”

I could quite understand, too, from something I got one day, at first hand.

For I came upon the two men once again, but not to talk to them. I met them hurrying along together, so absorbed in themselves they didn't hear me speak, nor see me, even when I stopped and turned round and walked back after them with the intention of making myself known. I followed them, instead, dazedly eavesdropping. . . .

“Will there be any one at the gate to meet us?” queried the younger man, in a voice half whimsical, half tender.

“The smallest of Them all, at any rate,” said the older man, adapting a similar tone.

“How do you know?”

“He told me so.”

“Anybody else?”

“We'll have to wait and see. White Rabbit, perhaps. And *perhaps* Puppy Dog. Maybe—”

“Will there be presents?”

"We can't tell."

"They'll have ribbons round their necks, anyway—They'll be so glad."

"But—Gray Pony's got a cold."

"No, he has not."

"Yes, he has, too. Caught it from Rooster-with-the-black-tail."

"Then Brown Pony'll catch it!"

"Not necessarily. Rooster-with-the-purple-tail hasn't. They're together every second, you know." . . .

"Which one of Them all do we like best?"

"That's no fair. We like Them each just the same."

"How much?"

"All."

I had changed to tiptoeing, but at this point held my breath and stopped short, watching them disappear around the next turn of the road, under those giant elm-trees, continuing their colloquy, no doubt, beyond sight or hearing. It was more like a ritual, an interchange of mystic confidences in code, than rational talk. Two vigorous-looking men like that! No wonder people gossiped. . . . it was a perfectly extraordinary case.

Those pets, you see, were regarded as the darlinest members of the dear establishment. Oh, They were endowed in the minds of their possessors with extraordinary talents. Their meals were no less carefully talked over than children's. Amusements and entertainments—of what sorts, too!—were considered for their benefit. Their least salient, their most fancified characteristics, were discussed and referred to with no misgivings. Their habits were almost as entities to be reckoned with.

Robin liked cherries, and Catbird had a weakness for chocolate candy, which must be humored. Roosters were wayward—they often strayed to a house a mile or so off, to swing in a certain hammock there was there (the older man insisted). "They took turns pushing each other." . . .

Squirrel was surreptitious, too. He would appear suddenly, for instance, on the table of a restaurant where the two men were lunching. "Look! See!" the younger man would say.—"What? You? dear little Squirrel!" the other would exclaim in feigned surprise. "How

do you suppose he got here?"—"Must have hidden in my pocket, *bad* Squirrel!"

—And later, when Squirrel all at once was noticed to have disappeared: "Where is he? Where could he have gone?" the younger man would demand.—"Got bored, probably—went home."—"Alone? But how will he ever get there?"—"Just runs wapperter-wapperter, over the roofs."—"You think he's home by now?"—"Long ago! He goes like lightning"—"Hope he'll be all right."—And sure enough, when the two men would reach home, Squirrel would manage to appear there, sitting in his usual place on the mantelpiece.

And whenever the two men, or either of them, saw horses in pastures, standing together with the head of one over another's neck, the first thought was of Brown Pony and Gray Pony at home "in the back lot," standing thus as was their want. "Playing Ponies" got to be the family name for it. . . . Also, there was the weakest as well as the bravest of Them to be reckoned with. For some of Them—Cattie-in-the-pantry, in particular—were awful afraid of thunder, so that always, when a storm came up suddenly, the men, alone or together, thought of Them in the dear house, and worried whimsically, and longed to hasten home and be of comfort.

Adventures were imagined for Them to shine in. Big Duck (the older man would vouchsafe with a tender smile) had got up early one morning and gone to London to buy that new chair in the library for the younger man's birthday present. Silver Cattie (the younger man professed) always had furnished the cigars and cigarettes, each time they appeared. White Rabbit was presumed to have mowed the lawn if, at close of day, the two men came home and found it, fragrant and sweet, stretching in regular half-golden rows in the sunset light. Peacock was a masterly letter-carrier—in case letters to be posted disappeared unbeknownst from the table-desk.

Friends and playmates were one by one ascribed to Them. Moon, and Stars "Twinkles," They called them—got to be their pals. Moon, on certain empty nights, would come tell Them stories—guard and sleep with Them; and the

Cow-that-jumped-over, and the Four Old Women—especially the One Who lived under the Hill, were all constantly in attendance. Little Boy Blue and Miss Muffitt, and the Mouse and The Clock Struck One, and The Cheshire Cat, and Jolly-cum-pop, and the Seven Pigwidgeons—all gradually got acquainted. Others were still more arbitrarily ascribed, such as The Pink Pelican (which the two men had seen one day on some wall-paper in an old house), and Toy-or-Two-Boy, and Baby-in-the-Bathtub, and Twelve O'Clock and All-Out-Doors. . . . And eventually all these—"All the Friends of Little Animals"—got to be regular companions of the two men.

Well—while the details (some of them hypothetical ones, you see) were new and fresh and undigested, so to speak, in my mind, and while I was still in the stage of throwing out inarticulate hints here and there to this person or that whom I would meet, it was flashed upon me without warning one night at a London dinner-table, that the woman sitting next me had been an intimate of a girl whom the younger man was once engaged to marry.

She took the offensive immediately—gave me no time.

It was his own fault, she declared, with a definiteness nearly scientific, however much he'd suffered—and even though she, her friend, had "appeared" to throw him over. For hadn't *she* died herself of a broken heart soon after her own marriage, on account of him? If a man could be such a fool as not to know that she loved him, and to let her—

I missed what came next, for, despite my eagerness, I had gone off on a tangent, trying to rearrange things in the light she'd already shed. I could almost grasp the truth of it—of the younger man's having "funked" (to use her mischosen word) his love-affair, I mean. I hardly knew, or know now, *why*. Just, I guess, because I'd realized his sensitiveness and delicacy so. It all went pathetically well with what I'd seen—the dear house, the pets, the older man, those masked expressions changing. . . . Probably a man like that *would* hoard his love unduly.

He "did, of course," so she, my informant, went on to say in the same hard tone, try to kill himself. He was in some sort of lodgings at the time. He had actually turned on the gas, and been found unconscious there by the lodger above, who smelled the danger in time and rushed down to save him.

And he, the rescuer, did more than that later on (she'd heard), being especially—"What can you say?—'trained'?" for the case" by a similarly unfortunate experience of his own. "Poor thing!"

Her last exclamation came as an afterthought—as if that much, perhaps, was for the sake of elegance only fair; and she went on to say how she'd understood he, the younger man, had learned from his savior "some New Thought or other," which had finally put him on his feet again.

But her tone was so loathsome to me—veritably, she seemed to want to flaunt her hardness in my face lest I have any doubt as to how she felt about my interest in the subject—that I couldn't, much as I longed to get more out of her, bear to ask for it.

I did ask her one question—for the identities of those two girls whom the older man must have painted over and over in his inspired leisure were beginning to dawn on me. I asked her what color her friend's hair was; and she replied, with a sudden stare at my sanity: "Why, it was light brown. Nearly golden."

At this point in my investigations I came home to America. It was four years ago—before the war, naturally—and I haven't been back in England since until this spring. . . . Remember, I haven't tried to embroider; I'm just laying the facts barely before you—as barely as I can—to make what you please out of.

But the lives of those two men haunted me, as I've said; I never forgot for long the pathos, or charm—I hardly knew which to feel—of their incomparable ménage. And when I went back this year, I didn't forget, even amid the consuming hideousness of the war—to say nothing of my own mission—the possibility of a pilgrimage to the dear house. I looked forward to it through the terrors

of the Atlantic. And often afterward, during those long detailed discussions, I'd have to dissemble lest my preoccupations show; and I'd gaze back at my interlocutors, wondering what might be passing in their own minds, perhaps. . . Human nature? You can't beat it!

So, when the time came that I slipped away to Paddington and purchased a ticket for Slough, I hadn't pondered much yet on the folly of my move; the full weight of it for the first time struck home. There I was, deliberately starting off in the thick of everything to renew that chimerical acquaintance. Scarcely that; for the men, if still there, wouldn't remember me probably. I was just grimly carrying out a resolve I had long since determined upon, to make up for what I had missed before. It only shows you how the matter had impressed me. I don't apologize, either.

But the plowed swards along the route caused my resolution to waver. The fact of the woman taxi-driver at Slough left me momentarily at a loss as to my destination.

"*Golf Club?*" she echoed, blankly.

I directed her to stop at the gate and let me out; and I sat there then—or stood, I guess—until she drove inquisitively away. . . . For the golf-links were covered with young crops, and Red Cross flags flew from the once "parlor"-match merchant's expatriated residence.

I started off along the road, finally. It was just such another day, too—the kind Tommies in the trenches would say was "a bit dull." The wide dark thoroughfare wound between those giant trees, from whose lofty summits, again, the condensed atmosphere dripped peacefully down to the dank earth. It seemed, of a sudden, perfectly natural to be there. Once more the solemn luxuriance of the setting hypnotized me forward.

I came to the place where I had overheard the older man and the younger man prattling as they hurried expectantly homeward. I went faster. Yes, the little gate was still there, its stile reminiscent, somehow, of disuse.

I paused. I stopped. I looked to the right of me, and to the left. What should I say if I found anybody in? . . . I turned the stile and trespassed forward, twisting my way between the high rose-

hedges as noiselessly as I could, but the petals flocking down despite my care.

The slender path was weedy, deserted. No pattering of feet, no scrambling, though I harkened to hear. Not a bird chirruped, even. No breeze blew. The weather was motionless and dead. No wee cry of an animal from the shrubbery.

I pressed along until the dear house melted tranquilly into sight, with blossoms—other blossoms than of yore, I realized—faithfully shielding it. Here and there an open casement emphasized the stillness within. But the house was exquisite; it was lovely; it wore a distilled beauty, whence all mirth and whimsicality had seeped away.

I shied at the sound of my own footsteps. It was only through sheer will-power that I ventured forward and tapped timidly upon the door.

For a long while, as it seemed, nobody was going to answer, but ere I had temerity to knock again I heard a heavy, incongruous tread, and half determined to retreat if there was yet time. But the sounds came faster, more defiantly. A bolt was slid clumsily back. The door opened, and a fat, middle-aged woman in crinoline smiled to me, nodded and drew up her head, as if for a sign that she at least was a live wire in the place and competent to deal with intruders.

I explained my arrival as best I could.

"Yes," she interrupted, with an accustomed air of boredom. "But there's only *one* left for you to see now, though I'm sorry to have to say it, sir. Come in."

The younger man was dead, she whispered, hoarsely. News of his death—rather vague, to be sure, but "as good as one would expect in these days"—had arrived two months ago. . . . He had enlisted among the first—had been home a year ago on leave. Strong and healthy he was then, and happy to come. He'd written often; she pointed to the table-desk.

But it was a cruel blow to him that was left. He'd not spoken much since, to her—or anybody.

He painted—those same two girls—but there wasn't "a soul now to help him imagine how one of them looked."

He ate "not much at all." The whole house was very sad. She'd see if she couldn't get him in, however, she said. It would do him good.

I had seated myself where she directed, and, for some minutes after she went, waited there in suspense. But the minutes grew, and I couldn't hear a syllable or sound of any talk, and I began to stare about less confusedly.

To make myself feel less flagrant I got up and began moving about, looking at things. When I noticed some canvases, unframed, standing against the wainscot, I hastened to them. Yes, three more of each; it seemed hardly strange to me. Nor did I wonder that their lonely perpetrator had confused the two expressions—hers of the golden hair with hers of the dark—even more indiscriminately than in those earlier versions that hung on the walls. Those sad memorials of forgiveness were executed valiantly. These were just mournful, inexpertly poor . . . but wrought as if, though with forgotten ardor, to carry out his dual trust still impartially, I thought, and started at sound of footsteps on the little flagged path outside.

I peered through a window. There was nobody coming. . . . Where were all the little family—the pets? I wondered.

I think it was the postal cards I saw next. They were scattered in a pile on the table-desk, some with the pictures up, some down—pictures of poplars, and sweet French fields, and geese, and villages, and soldiers; they were all addressed "For L. A. and all Their Friends."

They had the neglected look of having lain there for weeks. . . .

And then I found myself gazing at those small objects that stood huddled together in a sprightly group near by. *Why* hadn't I seen them before? They were all I could see now. The rest of the room was but space emphasizing their presence. Dear Heaven, how I looked!

They were covered with dust. But their charm shone through—even to me. *Why?* *Why?* I can't tell! But I took each one reverently up in my hand. I was still holding the last when the fat woman's voice sounded suddenly so near

that I had to dodge to the sofa without putting it back.

The voice faded again—all was silent. From the tiny slippery object in my hand I glanced off behind me at the rows on rows of books; and in the intensified interval, as if with a fateful clarity of selection, my eye hit upon Grimm, Hans Andersen, Lewis Carroll, Kenneth Graham's *The Wind in the Willows*, and Stevenson's *A Child's Garden of Verses*, and *The Queen's Museum and Other Fanciful Tales*, by Frank R. Stockton.

I heard distinctly, now, the sound of footsteps—slow, halting, irregular, as when one stumbles along with a cane—outside on the little flagged path. I heard somebody at the outer door—somebody grasping the latch to come in.

I hadn't, needless to say, dreamed of any climax or crisis I might arrive in the nick of time to witness. And I couldn't pull myself together to make a move, to stand up even, when it began to happen. I sat there, on the sofa, like one petrified.

The outer door, you remember, was in the room where I was; the sofa was in a corner to the right of it, the door being to my left. The table-desk was across the room, opposite me, on the other side of the way that led from the outer door to the one through which the fat woman had gone. So the younger man, as he entered and strove in the direction of the table desk, did not see me. He didn't look round. He went forward, and stood still midway, back to me, nodding his head and gazing.

One leg was gone above the knee. The crutches he carried were new, as freshly stained as an apartment-house hall, and it was obvious he hadn't mastered the use of them. He had a mustache and wore a captain's uniform.

A murmur escaped him when he saw those canvases on the floor against the wainscot, and he groped a few steps toward them, then stopped there heartlessly. He edged himself round and fixed his eyes at the door through which the fat woman went. I could hear her voice, now—and the faltering voice of the older man.

He heard it, too. His eyes dropped tenderly to the table-desk—to that hud-

dled group of objects from among which I had taken the tiny slippery thing still between my hands. And I could see the tears go down his rough cheeks, and I felt my own throat swell and hurt, and had to press my lips tight together.

Then the older man came into the room, alone. His head was bent. His eyes on the woolen carpet. He didn't know, of course, whom the fat woman had made him come in to see; she hadn't been able, naturally, to explain who I was. And when, at the other's cry, he first looked up, he failed—thank Heaven!—to see me at all. He only glared ahead, his expression expanding in fear.

I saw them rush. I could hardly bear it. I can see, now, the older man's arms—his unyouthful hands—go out in that gesture; and the pause that came between them—the startled, sudden, shy way they stopped short of each other, until they put out their hands and shook in silence, as on a business pact.

I can hear what they said, too, afterward, when explanations were over—shifting quickly, as they did then, to the rare intimate footing there was yet between them, their voices whimsically toned to the comfort of it:

"How've They been?"

"Wretched. Cried their eyes out. They didn't want to live."

"Didn't They hope?"

"The bravest of Them tried."

"Good Lion—nice Lion! Hello! you dear, good, best of all the Little Animals!"

I heard, as through an aftermath of sobs, a miniature gruff, happy play b-r-r-ing answer.

"He says how he tried to comfort Them."

"And you, Squirrel! . . . White Rabbit! Little Duck! Big Duck! Elephant! . . . Why, see! Where's *Walrus*?"

The question fell in earnest contrast to the whimsicalness of the rest, and the two men stood gaping blankly at the table-desk, where a tiny painted *papier-mâché* object was, as I knew, missing.

"Where is he? Where can he be?"

It took the older man but a moment to recover from his surprise and resume the inimitable tone, and answer: "He's

right round here, some place. . . . *Walrus*? *Walrus*? . . . He must have gone out into the garden, I expect, to pick flowers. He'll be back in a minute. . . . You haven't spoke to Roosters, yet—and Ponies."

My fingers burned and tingled. I let the small thing I was holding slip away onto the sofa. I felt it would be sacrilege to restrain it any longer. And I fancied, in my confusion, as I stood up, that I could hear a low, a hardly perceptible, whistling sound . . . scampering feet . . . other glad, soft play syllables—mingling with those whimsical voices of the two men.

I tiptoed faster to the door. I yanked it open, finally, and shut it in terror behind me lest I be overtaken; and I ran down the little flagged walk through showers of rose-petals to the gate, and out once more into the wide, dark thoroughfare.

We were slow to realize Dyer had finished his story. Everybody kept waiting, and watching him, after he stopped. I could see him peer timidly up over their faces for a sign of approval. Then he raised the drink, which had set idly melting on the arm of his chair, and gulped it down.

At a loss for aught else he could do, he twitched one of his trousers at the knee; he blew his nose, pulled out his watch, and, as if he hadn't vitality to face down comment—still less, the absence of any—forced himself evasively to his feet.

"By George!" exclaimed one of the doubters then.

It stayed Dyer's progress, in spite of himself, and he turned to the speaker ineptly.

"You mean—" demanded another in a blunt, searching manner, "that all those animals and—and things, were not even—?"

Dyer turned to him, too; hesitated ineffectively over something he started to say; but, on second thought, lifted his head and squared his shoulders. And, with a sigh that bespoke his utter realization of the futility it was to try to make himself understood in so matter-of-fact a world, picked up his hat abruptly and left us.



EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

ANY man, or even woman, of eighty will have compassed in his or her lifetime one of the greatest incidents of our industrial and social history. River steamboating had probably more to do with the development of our country East and West, but especially West, than any other force. The largest cities of the West grew to their supremacy during the second quarter of the nineteenth century, when Pittsburgh, as the head of the Ohio River navigation, and St. Louis, as the center of the Missouri River traffic and travel, joined in creating the prosperity of New Orleans at the mouth of the Mississippi through their command of steamboating on all the tributary streams.

An octogenarian could have easily witnessed the beginning and the ending not only of the importance of steamboating, but of its very existence, and threescore and ten years could have still more commodiously rounded within the personal knowledge of many a man born of woman the epoch of canal navigation, which well within the psalmist's limit fulfilled itself and almost wholly ceased to be. The Erie Canal remains in the East the only monument of the well-devised system of public improvements which once netted the levels of the Near West, with its many hundred miles of navigable water, though the Miami Canal in Ohio still links, like the Erie in New York, a great river and a great lake. The canals kept within the more settled regions; no steam-borne challenge defied the wilderness from their quiet craft; their lowly barges crept by long-settled farms and villages at a pace which hardly tautened the tow-line over the imperceptible current; and when the iron horse, imbued with the newspaper poetry of the time, swept over the steel tracks that paralleled their course, the canals yielded in inevitable submission.

The sluggish waters ebbed from their channels; the survivors of their motive power might have prolonged a racial existence on the grasses that grew to the edge of the faded tow-path, and the iron horse ramped triumphant in his seven-league or seven-thousand-league boots, and abounded in an increase which promised perpetuity. Within the lives of septuagenarians the railroad system may or may not have reached its climax in the twenty-hour runs between New York or Chicago, but already the flight of the fabled hippogriff is threatening the potentialities of the iron horse in its three-hour flight between New York and Washington.

But it was not of the rise and fall of the steamboat, the canal, the railroad, the battle-plane, that the muse of the Easy Chair thought of singing when she tuned her sympathetic throat; she would have hymned her elegiac numbers within the limits of a far briefer period—the cycle of the kindly, the neighborly, the brotherly trolley, tamest of the electric tribe, but cousin still to the bolts of heaven. In the course of mingled fact and fancy she need not own to eighty or seventy or sixty years of personal observation; the ordinary human generation can well compass, the period supposed, for it is scarcely so much time since an explorer of Summerland one day advised with the porter of his hotel how best to reach one of its loveliest regions. "Take the trolley," the porter confidently counseled him, "and you'll have the nicest trolley ride of your life."

The explorer did not answer that he would also have his first trolley ride; he was wonted, of course, to the electric cars of his city where he had advanced to them from the horse-cars of an earlier experience; but he was yet to know the joy of a locomotion which is so apt to

the country that it might seem native to it, and which still remains without essential change. The country trolley-cars had grown better in growing larger and in swaying on evener and softer springs; but the type of the open car was well imagined from the first; and no like of the proud Pullman had varied the ideal of democracy expressed in the closed cars where no traveler was better than another for his more money, but achieved a social difference between sitting or standing only by coming earlier or later on board.

Our adventurer long since became from a hotel sojourner a cottage resident in that pleasant Summerland, and he has passed over the same trolley-line hundreds of times, but he has never failed yet to feel the charm of its course through the street of continuous village houses and along the varied shores over the trestles of its shining inlets and in the shade of its pine woods, with their deep reaches of shade and sun. All trolley-lines are pleasant, but none surpasses that one in pleasantness and none that he can think of equals it, wherever they follow on and on through lush meadowlands and among rich fields of wheat and corn and under the lee of orchards that almost kiss the car-roofs with their blossoms in spring and with their down-streaming strands of apples in autumn. He was early enough in that Summerland to see and feel all the changes of mind that the summer folks passed through toward the trolley which they first resented as an invasion of the roads where they liked to drive (but not so much as they supposed), and then took to their hearts, rejoicing to encounter one another there as the greatest of jokes at first and then the richest of enjoyments.

Many of them apparently spent whole days on the trolleys in the sequence of the six-cent limits which followed so much more swiftly than one would have expected. In this outlay of time and money the passengers were able to make friends with conductors and with motormen conversible beyond the rule, who were often students from the modester inland colleges, but have long ago graduated from their cars and academies, and been succeeded by other youth of

their kind and calling. Others were of such simpler origins as farm and shop; and now and then a survivor of those passing generations of the less lettered crew shows himself grayer and grimmer than when the veteran passenger began to know him, but full yet, though not overfull, of the filial and fraternal Yankee kindness which just suffices for helping elderly or feeble folks on and off and raising and lowering windows for ladies. No self-respecting conductor or motorman of whatever origin ever cumbered his passengers with service, or willingly suffered criticism; and if the younger of them now and then favored a pretty native girl past the equal claims of beauty in the summer folks, it could not be said that he began it.

Decorum, as well as kindness, was the rule of the road and there was a wayside obligingness which came before the trolley express-car and has remained after it. The passenger-trolley would halt while the motorman ran up to a house and left or fetched a package; and it was touching, in a recent experience, to see him return from such an excursion with the familiar shape of a loaf of bread which one could not help wishing was not altogether wheatless. Now that the nearest trolley-line no longer runs an express-car, one must hope that the earlier custom will increase, and that with the return of the trolley to simpler terms it will resume all the old neighborliness in mutual service. It has been reduced from its prouder estate in several ways: the cars are some of them shorter and shabbier; some are even said to be old street-cars; and it is only the open cars which remain as they were in former days. The all-pervading automobiles which have humbled even the pride of the steam trains have invaded the domain of the trolley; and it is said that last winter the cold dealt so severely with the line that there were whole weeks and even months when its cars lay benumbed in their barns while the deep snow hid their tracks under fathomless drifts. How the natives managed then, when they could not run their second-hand motors, and their decrepit sleighs and cutters could scarcely find their way over the country roads, is

conjecture that must be left to the lively fancy of the reader.

The trolley has in a manner spoiled the natives with its cars, so cozily warmed and lighted and at their worst infrequency so frequently run, as one may venture to say when one remembers the trolleyless days of old. Such days, or the like of them, will scarcely come again even when the trolleys are gone as they sometimes now seem to be going. In their place the automobiles have come; but these are never of the trolley friendliness. The softest-going automobile is not of the smooth pace of the trolley, the average second-hand motor is far rougher, and both must seek the crowded highway and mostly shun the secluded country road which the trolley seems to like traversing as if for the perspectives of woods and fields on this hand or that, and nowhere whisks you by those endearing glimpses of brook or pool which the motor leaves you thirsting for too late.

What the country-sides will be like without the trolley one cannot forecast, though it may be within one's experience that a ten-mile line of it has been lifted from a course which it once followed. This lay through the loveliest region between two small New England cities which ought to have lastingly cherished it, but which let it be taken away for some paltry reason like its not paying, as if that were good cause when it was notorious that every trolley in the state was losing money. Very likely the farms that bordered it with their homesteads and barns, and the summer abodes of the merchants from the larger of those two small cities, still keep its course with their handsome old mansions and old-fashioned gardens; but who could now have the heart to verify the fact by rushing past them in an automobile?

As the trolley, when it was yet only the humble horse-car, invaded the realm of the steam-car, so the automobile has largely dispossessed the trolley, and we do not see how the trolley will ever quite reinstate itself. When it rose in favor

there was apparently a trolley-mood of the public spirit as there is now an automobile-mood, or was a little while ago, before the airplane took the general fancy. The rise of this to supremacy has been delayed by its sovereign use in war, but its employment in all manner of kindly errands must come with the universal peace succeeding the universal war. It must follow the automobile as certainly as the motor-car has followed the trolley and the steam-car, and land travel has pushed water travel from its earlier sway. If American genius could invent the marvels which American ingenuity has not always practically perfected, we may trust the American business instinct to evolve from the latest the rich prosperity which must follow the immeasurable misery of their actual use.

The airplane has yet a long dominion in the skies before it; and before the submersible follows in its sway, the steamship, the railroad, and the trolley may have still an unfinished lease to run. The wonders of the age tread upon one another's heels, so to speak, and with the bombardment of Paris over nearly a hundred miles of terrestrial space, it is not too much to expect some interplanetary vehicle to project itself throughout the empyrean and explore at least the mysteries of our solar system. Meteors, perhaps, may be the next word in rapid transit.

It is true that the trolley seems in its sere and yellow leaf, but it has not yet quite withered away, and its inclusive contemporary may well experience, by an osseous inspiration, a community of nature and character in that skyey messenger which we have been so daringly fancying that we can hardly ask the reader to join us in it. But is it really too daring to suppose that the kindly spirit of the trolley may animate that supernal express, that thought-sped vehicle of the future, and that it will visit the simplest and humblest asteroid, in such willing and neighborly service as the trolley has rendered the farms and villages of the country-side hitherto?

EDITOR'S DRAWER

An Adventure in Decoration

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

WE live in the suburbs, and, going in daily as I do, it is quite natural that I should do a good deal of the family shopping. I have no particular fondness for bundles, but I carry a good many, for Elizabeth likes to see the things the same evening and we both like to talk them over, so quite often it happens that I go home loaded almost to the danger-line, being rather stout, with a good deal of bilge, which is a safer model for boats than men. I remember one warm Saturday afternoon when I was on the 2.45 with a selection of hardware, including a gas-oven, some flower-pots, and an ice-cream freezer, a friend across the aisle passed me over this silly limerick:

Said the man with the rubicund face
"Some weight in these bundles I trace;
An express I confess
Would be well, and I guess
That a dray would not be out of place."

But this is all by the way—mere decoration—the item I have in mind had no weight

of consequence. It was— But I will get on with my story.

Our spare-room bedspread was getting shabby. There was a white-goods sale at Jonnamaker's. I had brought home something, but it would never do—never in the world—not with the rest of our things. It was too pale—too anemic—it belonged in a hospital ward. Elizabeth said:

"We need more color. Get something unusual, if you can, something you think Cousin Angela would like. She may visit us almost any time, you know."

It is proper to explain here that Cousin Angela is a spinster relative who has gone in professionally for home decoration. Her visits are pleasant enough, but likely to be disturbing and expensive. They generally mean pulling the old things about and adding some new ones. One cannot object, though. Her enthusiasm is so splendid—and masterful. I doubted my ability to please Cousin Angela, and I am not a purist in bedspreads.



I COULD SEE THAT SHE GASPED A LITTLE WHEN WE SPREAD
IT UPON THE BED AND BACKED AWAY FOR INSPECTION

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I have a habit, however, of obeying orders.

The salesman at Jonnamaker's said he had just what I wanted—something unusual—with color in it—at a great bargain—the only one in stock. He pulled out a white-and-red scrimmy thing which he said was Honduras embroidery, and very striking.

It was striking and had color, all right. The scrimmy stuff was a dead white and the embroidery was a blaze of red splashes, intermingled with roosters in red and green—also yellow—two ladders of them, one running down each side. Red always catches me—red and green, with a touch of yellow—the combination answers to something inherited from my Indian ancestor. I had misgivings when I thought of Elizabeth, but the price seemed cheap, and for the moment I did not remember Cousin Angela. Economy appeals to Elizabeth. She dearly loves a bargain, and this was a real one. My guess is that it had been on hand at Jonnamaker's for years, waiting for a person of my taste to come along.

I told Elizabeth the price at which I had obtained "genuine Honduras hand-embroidery" before I opened it. Still, I could see that she gasped a little when we spread it upon the bed and backed away for inspection.

"It certainly is unusual," she said. "The white is so white, and the other things so—so positive."

I could see that, now, myself. There was not another thing in the room so white, or so red, or so yellow, or so green. Those roosters belonged in the heart of nature.

"Perhaps age will tone it down," I suggested. "Suppose we hang it on the line for a week or so."

"That wouldn't help the white. I think we might stand the other things—if the white was brought down to a kind of tan—even the roosters. Styles rather run to the grotesque, now. I think I'll dip it in some dye I have."

I knew she would. Elizabeth has a passion for dipping things. Every little while she has a dye-pot on the stove, at which times I lock up my clothes.

"I'd hate to have Cousin Angela see it as it is," she added. "I'm afraid she'd think us crazy."

I had a cold chill. I had forgotten Cousin Angela completely.

"Thanks," I said. "I'll return it at once."

But Elizabeth's bent for dipping was aroused and going strong. It was Saturday afternoon, but she would begin at once. She said the pattern of that spread was growing on her, and that with the white mildly dyed it would be an effective thing.

I had some work in the garden, and was

attending to it, when Elizabeth called me. As she greeted me I thought her face wore a hunted look.

"See what I have done," she said.

She held up a section of the spread. The white was lower in tone, certainly, but it was not altogether a tan. It was, in fact, pinkish. The Honduras person had not used fast color for his red.

"It runs, in warm water," grieved Elizabeth. "I should have used cold, but it's too late now. I've rinsed and rinsed and I can't get it out. I'm afraid I've ruined it, unless I can make it brown enough to kill that pink."

"Do it," I said, "and see what happens. It's too late for half-measures now."

I went back to the garden, and about every half-hour was summoned to inspect results. Our spread, from a pinkish tan took on successive shades of brownish, browner, brown. At the last stage the pink was scarcely discoverable. If the other colors had lost anything we could not detect it. The blazing roosters were still vigorous, though certainly less vivid against their new background, which was definitely brown—redskin brown, nothing less. When Elizabeth summoned me again she had the spread dried, ironed, and on the bed. Neither of us spoke for a minute; then she remarked:

"It looks exactly like a painted Indian in the room—there's not another thing that goes with it. It was too white before; now everything else is too white. What would Cousin Angela say?"

I liked the spread; the blood of my ancestors spoke in me.

"We'll bring the other things to it," I said. "We've been talking of doing this room over. We'll do it in colors to match. We'll paper the walls, paint the bed and woodwork, and put in the new rug we've been wanting."

"It will probably kill Cousin Angela," said Elizabeth.

"Well, if it shortens her visit—" I began, but Elizabeth stopped me.

"Cousin Angela is your own blood," she said. "You ought to be ashamed."

Elizabeth went with me to select the paper; we took the Honduras spread along. Choosing was difficult. We went to several places without finding anything that would fall in with our color scheme. When we did seem to be approaching it, Elizabeth remembered Cousin Angela and faltered. Finally, in desperation we groped into a grimy little place on Third Avenue. Ah, he had the color scheme all right. Vivid reds and yellows and greens were his specialty. But the patterns—no, even I could not stand those. We were going, when the proprietor fished out something from a dim corner. It was a roll of paper. He flung an end of it over his exhibition easel and nobody said anything. It was

unnecessary. That paper spoke for itself. It was a prairie fire; it was the Grand Cañon at sunset; it was autumn gone mad. There was no pattern. Some futurist, or post-impressionist, or cubist, or something had designed it just before he committed suicide.

"Goodness!" Elizabeth said, when she got her breath.

"It come in by mistake," said the paper-man, "and I put it over there to send back. There's just about enough for your job. If you want plenty of color, there you've got it. Some colored people thought once of taking it, but changed their minds. They thought it a little strong. I'll give you a big bargain in it."

Elizabeth laid a fold of the Honduras spread across the easel. The effect was startling. They were a perfect match—anybody could see that. Something told me that we were about to become the owners of that delirium of wall color. When he quoted the price I knew it.

Third Avenue does not deliver to the suburbs. When we left the dingy little shop I was carrying the bundle rejected by the colored builders. Wall-paper is solid stuff.

Neither of us mentioned Cousin Angela. We had, so to speak, flung prudence to the winds. We were under the spell of the Honduras spread.

"We better look for the rug now," said Elizabeth, rather grimly, I thought.

I did not blame her. She had always liked pretty, light, delicate things; the surrender to the barbaric was no light matter for her.

There were no rugs that went with our new ideas, but by and by, toiling up Fifth Avenue, Elizabeth caught sight of a Navajo blanket that riveted the attention of every one within three blocks.

"That is the only thing that will at all do," she said, with decision. "We've started on the road to savagery; we might as well go the full length."

So we bought the Navajo, with its thunder-and-lightning pattern, and, the Indian place being also short on delivery, we carried that, too. Next day I got a man to hang the paper and paint the woodwork and bedstead down to shades that seemed to blend with our



HE FLUNG AN END OF IT OVER HIS EXHIBITION EASEL AND NOBODY SAID ANYTHING

general violence. The paper-man almost balked when he found what he had got to hang. He said he had never seen anything like it. He said he couldn't seem to work out the pattern. When he had been an hour trying to match up the second strip I saw that he was rapidly approaching lunacy, I told him not to mind the pattern, but just to go ahead regardless, which he did. When he got through and left he was gibbering, and I fear his mind was permanently affected.

We brushed up, wiped up, and laid our Navajo floor-piece. Elizabeth made the bed and put on the Honduras cover. Then we sat down over in one corner, to take in the result. The Honduras spread was no longer conspicuous. It was, in fact, quite mild. We had conflagration in one corner, a night bombardment in another, and a hectic colorsplotch on the floor. We had also done something in the way of high art-ticking to the chairs. I'm partial to strong tones, as I have said, but I confess I had misgivings. Elizabeth said:

"It's so unlike what I always expected it to be. Something quite sweet and cool for summer, you know."

"But it will be rich and warm for winter," I said, trying to defend our achievement. "And, after all, this color idea is imaginary. One can be just as hot in a room all blue and white as anywhere."

"I suppose so," assented Elizabeth, "but what—oh, what do you suppose Cousin



COUSIN ANGELA PAUSED ON THE THRESHOLD

Angela will say to it? And she is likely to come any time."

"I don't care," I began, but hesitated. I have a wholesome respect for Cousin Angela, who had more than once caused me to spend money in reconstruction. "Suppose," I said, taking another tack, "we lock this room, when Cousin Angela comes, and mislay the key. She can have my room and I'll go in on the couch in the parlor."

"I think I could never stand having her see this," said Elizabeth. "The suspense of waiting to hear her remarks—and then—oh, how *could* we ever have done such a thing, anyway!"

"Why, I really think it's—it's not so bad," I began, rather weakly. "It's—it's unusual and rich and—"

"It's certainly unusual," agreed Elizabeth, "and I might like it, too, if it were not for what people would say. I mean Cousin Angela. Her opinion of us is poor enough as it is. I can't stand it to have her think we are a pair of—"

There was a ring at the door-bell and Elizabeth went. I heard voices of greeting, and a minute later she came hurrying back, looking pretty wild.

"It's Cousin Angela!" she said. "Lock the room, quick, and lose the key! She's in the parlor—I've come to call you."

But we couldn't lock the door and lose the key, because the latter article was already lost. We made a busy search for it and tried keys from two other rooms, but with no success. Elizabeth said:

"Oh, it's no use! Let's bring her in, and take our sentence. She'd have to know sooner or later, anyway."

I went quaking to greet my blood relative

—a large, positive person—and with a show of cordiality seized her bag.

"Come right back to your room, Cousin Angela," I said, gaily. "We have a surprise for you."

She came striding down the hall. I looked at Elizabeth. Her features were set. I could feel my heart doing queer things, and I was dragging my feet.

Cousin Angela paused on the threshold. She looked around and about, above and below, and at the bed in the center.

"When did you do all this?" she demanded, at last, and I thought I detected agitation in her usually strong voice—agitation that did not tend to improve my feelings.

"Why," I faltered, "not long ago—that is, quite recently."

Cousin took another long look. "Who directed you? I mean, where did you get the idea, and that paper?"

I looked at Elizabeth. She was quite helpless, so I managed to go on weakly:

"We—we weren't directed. I— That is, we de—developed it, and we happened to— to find the paper. Of course, you—you may not like it, but it—it was an idea. You see— That is, of course, it grew—and—and we—"

Cousin Angela cut in on my inanities. "Not like it! *Not like it!* I *adore* it! I think it the most wonderful thing I ever saw in my life. That spread! that paper! that color tone—the return to the primitive—it's what I've been trying to get for months! I have a room to do for the De Puyster van Tassels, and with your permission I shall make it an exact copy of this one. You must tell me everything—where you got the spread, the wall-paper, and the art-ticking, the man who did the painting, and I want that exact Navajo to go with it. Tell me the whole story, right away."

I looked at Elizabeth. She had edged over near me and was leaning quite weakly on my arm.

"Oh, Cousin Angela," she said, sweetly, "we are *so* glad to have your favorable opinion! We had to hunt ever so hard to find just the right things, and we did so wonder what you would think of it! It's *such* a comfort to know that it all pleases you!"



"Now, children, don't play near any submarines—remember the depth bombs!"

A Sharp Distinction

THERE had been a fire in a factory in a small New England town, and it soon became necessary to stretch ropes to keep out the curious. An old constable known as Josh was guarding the ropes.

"You've got to keep out," he ordered, gruffly, when he caught a number of curious persons trying to slip under them.

The curious persons paused and eyed first the ruins of the walls and then their determined guardian.

"Here, here," one man objected; "we're willing to risk it, and we'll take all the responsibility. What do you care if we lose our lives?"

"You've got to keep out," repeated the constable, doggedly. "I ain't thinking of your lives; I'm thinking of my job."

His Limit

TWO boys were in loud dispute, the elder evidently trying to convince the other of his prowess in a certain direction.

"I tell you," asserted the elder boy, "I did!"

"Will you swear you did?" asked the younger.

"Yes."

"Take your oath?"

"Yes."

"Your Bible oath?"

"Yes."

"Will you bet a nickel you did?"

"Naw!"

Conservation in the Nursery

LITTLE Helen had been taught the necessity of conserving everything, in order to help win the war. Recently the stork brought twins to her home. Upon receiving the news she exclaimed:

"Oh, Daddy, two babies—think of it! What will Mr. Hoover say?"

Biding Her Time

MELISSA, though not yet in her teens, has a way of putting two and two together. One day she asked:

"How long, mother, will it be before I get old enough for you to say that I am nervous and not naughty when I do things you scold me for?"

Preferred the Old Version

SLEEPY little Tommy was mumbling his prayers.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,

I pray the Lord my soul to keep—

"Oh, mamma," he exclaimed, lifting up his head from her knees, "that's too hard! Let's say, 'Mary had a little lamb.'"

A Rapid Grower

"I THINK," the proud mother observed, "that the baby is growing very fast. Hasn't it struck you so, too?"

"It has," the father assented. "He weighed three pounds more at three o'clock this morning than he did at two o'clock."

Fame

LITTLE Dick came home with quite an air of importance the first evening of his existence in the new town to which his parents had moved.

"The boys in this town must have heard all about me before we came here," he boasted.

"But, Dick," said his mother, "there's no one in this town that knew us."

"That don't make any difference," the boy persisted. "'Cause when I came down the street this morning a whole bunch of boys yelled, 'Hello, Sorrel-top!' just the way they used to do at home."

A Father's Advice

IN saying good-by to his son, who was leaving his home to make his way in another city, a Chicago business man gave him the following advice:

"Remember, son, that you must place a certain amount of dependence upon yourself. The man who goes about seeking advice is liable to find himself in the position of the man who gets so interested in reading the time-table that he misses his train."

Getting It Straight

A VERY seedy-looking individual managed to get into the private office of a Philadelphia business concern known for its philanthropy.

"I have walked a good many miles to see you, sir," said the seedy one to the successful one, "because people told me that you were very kind to poor chaps like me."

"Oh, they said that, did they?"

"Yes, sir; that's why I came."

"And are you going back the same way?"

"Yes, sir."

"In that case I shall be greatly obliged to you if you will be good enough to contradict this rumor."

Beef Conservation

ADIN, the four-year-old grandson, was dining at the boarding-house as the guest of honor upon an occasion when the steak was succulent, but far from tender. After chewing and chewing until his small jaws ached, he put his chubby hands to his fat cheeks and meditated. A troubled look came over his face as he called, in his distress:

"Grandma, my meat's lastin' too long."



"I wouldn't never allow my dog to go to war"

"Youse wouldn't, eh? What would youse do if he got drafted?"

"I'd claim exemption. He's got flat feet, and four fleas dependent on him!"



"Gee, fellers, I hope Mickey don't get caught. I'm scared he'll make a sep'rate peace"

Shrecklichkeit

I READ the news and hold my views
About the bloody war;
I've doped it out—correct, no doubt—
With my strategic lore.

But in my dreams—e'en then, it seems,
My thoughts to war still cling;
All through the night I dream the fight;
This is the song I sing:

*A Gotha plane above Ukraine
Is dropping bombs on Rome,
And Bolsheviks, from mountain peaks,
Creep down and capture Nome.*

*The Yankee guns have strafed the Huns;
The Burmese take Namur,
While submarines, 'midst gory scenes,
Disseminate Kultur.*

*The Russian Reds with wooden heads
Demobilize all fronts,
While Kaiser Bill, with Prussian skill
Elusive peace-terms hunts.*

It is no use, my brains are loose
From thinking of the fight—
You bet your life, about this strife
Bill Sherman had it right!

JOSEPH L. GAVIT.

On the Pay-roll

ONE morning Mr. Isenberg met a friend of former years whom he had not seen in a long time. They found much to talk about of great interest.

"My son David is a fine boy, Bernstein," said Isenberg, proudly. "He's gone over to France now. As soon as the war broke out, Davy said to me, 'Popper, I've got to go!' And right away he was in the army. Pretty soon, I bet you, Bernstein, he goes right up to the top of that army, too."

"Did he get a commission so soon, Isenberg?" asked the friend.

"No; straight salary!" replied the proud father.

Labor in Heaven

MRS. JONES'S faithful laundress had grown old in her service. After one especially fatiguing day, Hannah was heard to complain:

"My old bones is achin' to de very marrow."

"Never mind, Hannah," her mistress comforted, "there is a good long rest coming to all of us by and by, and you will enjoy it."

"Don't you believe it!" the laundress objected. "I sha'n't be comfortably settled in heaven more than an hour before some one will say, 'Come, Hannah, it's time to hang out the stars'!"



An English florist hits upon a device for drawing the fire of German air-raiders away from his green-houses

Friendly Inquiries

"OH yes, mamma, we've had a lovely time!" declared a little girl on her mother's return from a shopping expedition. "We've been playing telephone."

"Playing telephone! How was that?" inquired Mrs. Baxter.

"Well, you see," the little daughter replied, "we looked through the telephone-book, and when we came to a funny name we called it up." With bated breath the mother listened for what was coming. "And we found a man by the name of Bull, so we called him up, and I said, 'Is this Mr. Bull?' And he said, 'Yes.' Then I said: 'I—I didn't—really want anything. I only thought I would inquire for Mrs. Cow and the little calves.' And, mamma, I don't think he liked it very well."

Rival Heroes

IT was Lincoln's birthday, and the teacher was giving a talk on the hero of the day. Finally, one little fellow asked, "Mr. Lincoln isn't better than Santa Claus, is he?"

"Well, they are both good, but in different ways," replied Miss Nichols, not wishing to take sides on such a delicate question.

"But since Mr. Lincoln died, Santa Claus has been the best man in the world, hasn't he?" insisted loyal Jimmy.

Neglected to Use His Privilege

MRS. GURNSEY, on her return from a visit to her daughter in Boston, strolled into the Ladies' Sewing Circle in Cedarville.

"Well, ladies," she greeted them, beaming with pleasure, "I can't tell you all how glad I be to get back amongst my own kin and friends, where people ain't too busy or too stuck-up to take some interest in one another. Now thar's them post-office folks at Boston; why, I found 'em positively unfriendly and hard-hearted. Would you believe it, that man that brings the letters around to Emma's, why, he's so sort of important and queer-like that when he handed me husband's postal card, telling how mother had met with her accident, he never so much as opened his mouth to give me one word of sympathy! No, not a word—not even 'Too bad!'"

His Birthday Gift

PAUL'S mother entered the nursery one morning and said to the little six-year-old: "Dearie, this is your birthday! What special pleasure would you like to-day beside your presents?"

After lengthy consideration, Paul replied, "Well, mother, I think I should enjoy seeing the baby spanked."



Painting by Walter Biggs

Illustration for "The Busy Duck"

SHE WAS LIKE ONE WHO HAS BEEN MUCH ALONE

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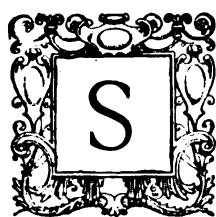
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Crater's Gold

A NOVEL

BY PHILIP CURTISS



STILES sat in his study, smoking his breakfast pipe, and pondered the merits of being rich. For this train of thought his setting was rather enchanting, as there was not a thing in the room which was not disreputable, not even his coat. There were holes in the carpet, the wall-paper sagged in strips, while the chair in which he was sitting was a chair, but that was about as far as one felt like going. Yet, curiously, Stiles really was rich. He had been for just three weeks, and those three weeks had been wholly devoted to seeing how near a human being could come to complete inertia.

Theoretically, Stiles wanted nothing to happen—ever. For fifteen years of his life things had done nothing but happen. He had made up his mind to forestall anything more in that line, but actually he was not greatly upset when his reverie was broken by the sound of steps on the gravel path and then by louder steps on the unpainted piazza. When the visitor, instead of knocking or shouting, began to fumble around the open front door and even went the length of ringing the disused bell, Stiles was actively curious. His impulse was to answer the bell in person, but a sudden baronial whim set him back in his chair. It was the first time in his career as

master of his own house that the outraged bell had ever been called upon to perform, and it struck him as a pleasant novelty to sit back and let his household go through the whole ritual—granted it could.

The household could, but it took its time, for Mrs. Fields, the housekeeper, was deaf and antique. The indignant clamor of the bell was followed by a deep silence, a proper interval for clean apron and rolling down sleeves, for outlining future apologies for untidy states, and then the swishing sound of Mrs. Fields in action. Voices sounded in the front hall, steps on the sanded linoleum of the passageway, and then a stranger appeared at the door of the study. Behind him for a moment appeared also Mrs. Fields with an effect of tiptoes and a look of *haté*. It was ironing-day.

The stranger took his own time about introducing himself. He was a fattish man, rather fishlike in his wonder as he looked round the room, opening and shutting his little mouth, but what he was thinking he might just as well have said out loud. He seemed to recognize the master of the house as a gentleman; but country gentlemen, as he had always imagined them, did not wear coats which were out at the elbows and sit in chairs with curled hair bulging out through the cushions.

As to the visitor himself, he was one of those blue-serge and stiff-shirt-in-the-

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summer men who are so ostentatiously clean as to be offensive. He did not smell of soap, exactly, but one imagined he might. He was one of those men who rub their palms together continually to give the air of brisk well-being. His name, it came out, was Baumgarten and even before he said it Stiles guessed, from his heavy, conciliatory manner, that he had something to sell.

"You're a writer, ain't you, Mr. Stiles?" began the visitor, and because he said it about as he would have said, "You're a school-teacher, ain't you?" Stiles replied:

"No, I'm a newspaper man, or used to be."

He said it with conscious defiance, for every trait in the visitor's manner was irritating; but, oddly, the announcement rather cleared the atmosphere, rather raised his standing instead of debasing it, as he had intended. Newspaper men were a known quantity. They wrote advertisements sometimes—and made money at it. If they knew the ropes they could even aspire to be press agents, not a lucrative job in the eyes of men like Baumgarten, but still one that classed them as men of the world.

"I've heard of you, Mr. Stiles," continued the visitor. "Charlie Eksberger has spoken about you."

He paused to watch the effect of this tremendous announcement, and the statement really had made an impression on Stiles. He knew that the man was lying. Stiles had never known the famous Eksberger nor had he any desire to know him, but he had to concede the fact that his visitor had chosen the name with exceeding skill. To most reporters and even writers it would have been magic. The thing really piqued him now—what in the world this cloak-and-suit type of person, who thought of a rather flashy and boastful theatrical man as the last word in eminence, could want of a lazy recluse in a run-down house in a far country village. He would be very much disappointed if it proved to be nothing but fire insurance.

The visitor did not keep him long in suspense. One could see that he could not ignore the evidence of the puffy chairs and the holes in the carpet. One could see him say to himself, "Well, I

guess these so-called gentlemen need the mazuma as badly as any one else." Thus he had somewhat the air of one bringing glad tidings when he burst out:

"Mr. Stiles, do you want to sell your place?"

Smug and expectant he stood there, rubbing his hands, but, to his amazement, Stiles was unmoved.

"No," he replied, "I don't."

The visitor's jaw dropped as far as such a jaw could drop. He still looked like a fish, but like a fish pressing its nose against the glass of the aquarium, and to Stiles the effect was quite worth the sudden decision, for it was a sudden decision. Up to that hour Stiles had only been occupying the old house, which had formed a part of his unexpected inheritance, until somebody should come along and offer him almost anything for it. He didn't want the old wreck. He didn't want to live in the country, anyway. He could sit on the small of his back and dream in the twilight in a dozen places far more sociable than this.

But if Baumgarten with his fishlike mouth and his patronizing air wanted the house, Stiles would not sell it. It became valuable to him for just that reason. For fifteen years he had slaved in an atmosphere in which a large part of his business had lain in enduring patronage from just such men as Baumgarten. Now, for the first time in his life, he had such a man coming to him and asking for something. He would probably never have such a chance again.

"I'm sorry," he repeated, with icy courtesy. "The place is not for sale."

"But," gasped Baumgarten, whoever he might be and whatever he might want, "you had it listed with—what's his name?—the agent? Pillars?"

"Pullar," corrected Stiles. "Yes, I did, but I've changed my mind."

The visitor looked at him shrewdly. All his mask of flattery had fallen off now.

"What made you change your mind?"

His tone was almost insulting, and Stiles's eyes narrowed. He did not like the bullying air. It was none of Baumgarten's business why he had changed his mind.

"I have learned something I didn't know when I offered the place."

The remark was meant as a snub, and to a human being it would have been. All that Stiles knew that he hadn't known before was that Baumgarten wanted the property and that he didn't like Baumgarten, but the effect of the statement was startling.

"What—what have you learned?" gasped the visitor, rather disgusting in his red discomfiture.

Stiles almost laughed aloud at his unexpected success, but he was somewhat at a loss to know what to say next.

"Oh, come," he tried at last, knowingly, "you don't suppose that I don't know about the pot of gold buried in the garden?"

By the words Stiles merely meant, ironically, that he was not so simple as he might look, that he was not born yesterday, but, to his utter amazement, Baumgarten turned suddenly gouty. Stiles had once seen a man of his type pulled from in front of a taxicab, and the reproduction was perfect.

Then naturally the visitor tried to pass it off, just as Stiles knew that he would.

"Oh yes, sure," he laughed, thinking that his laugh was really convincing. Then again he did just what Stiles knew that he would do, or, rather, hoped that he would do, to make his type perfect.

"Now come, Mr. Stiles," he said, leaning forward. His method of flattery had now become that of one man of the world to another. Stiles imagined that very soon he would begin tapping his knee, and in time he even did that—"now come, Mr. Stiles, just what do you want?"

Stiles could not resist the temptation to sit back and smile at him cynically, just for the sheer novelty of watching one of these all-wise men squirming.

"I don't see how I can make it any plainer," he said, rather curtly, drawing his knee out of reach of the fat forefinger. "As for that," he went on, "what do you want of the place yourself?"

So engrossed had he become in watching Baumgarten in his discomfiture that he had completely forgotten the incident of a minute past, but Baumgarten quickly recalled him. He smiled flabbily.

"I guess we understand each other, Mr. Stiles."

After that, of course, there was nothing for Stiles to answer except, "Yes, I guess we do," although, as a matter of fact, he did not understand one syllable about the whole affair except that the visitor wanted his place and wanted it for some reason quite apart from its value as low-grade farming-land. Until he did understand, he could hardly be anything except evasive; but even at that he was tempted.

With little, estimating eyes Baumgarten was watching him. "Tell you what you do, Mr. Stiles. Give me a figure—your own figure."

It was this that tempted Stiles. Until three weeks before, he had never had a cent beyond his weekly wages, and he had reached an age when money was terribly concrete, and the lack of money still more so. The bird in hand was the only bird which had ever sung for his ears. It was a tremendous temptation to obey the command and state a figure—some impossible figure, of course. To do so might force the visitor to lay his hand on the table at once; it might even give Stiles some idea of what the whole crazy business was about.

But equally, as he realized, to set a figure would be to lay his own hand on the table. The size of the figure might show in an instant his own real ignorance of what his visitor was after. Suppose that it were a ten-thousand-dollar matter and he said a hundred thousand. Baumgarten would simply laugh. Suppose, on the contrary, that he said ten thousand when he might just as well have said a hundred thousand. Suppose that he said any preposterous sum and really got it. He would still be the loser, for he understood a man of the Baumgarten type well enough to know that whatever price he would pay for a thing would be a very small fraction of what he intended to make on it himself. Men like his cloak-and-suit visitor do not go two hundred miles into the country on a hot June day to pay the market value for things.

There was too much of the trader in Baumgarten not to let him see in a general way what was going on in Stiles's mind. His little eyes, on the other hand,

told Stiles that he saw, and steeled his resolve.

"No," he said, suddenly, with a recall of his former stiffness. "If I don't want to sell, what is the use of setting a figure?"

Baumgarten did not weaken in the least. "There's no harm in setting a figure," he insisted. He licked his lips over the favorite term and rubbed his hands.

"No," replied Stiles, "there's no use talking at all." To dismiss the matter he said, "Will you have a cigar?"

He brought from under the table a box of very decent domestic affairs, but even in his social manner Baumgarten ran true to type. He looked at the box without making a motion, then reached to his pocket and took out cigars with red bands.

"Here, smoke one of mine," he said. "These are real Havana."

Stiles bridled a moment, but saw that the fellow did not mean to be rude. He was merely still possessed by the thought of bringing sunshine into a barren life. Stiles shook his head.

"No, thank you. Never when I can get a pipe."

The visitor looked at him in doubt. He was charmingly cloak - and - suit. There are still men who cannot believe that any man would actually smoke a pipe except as a matter of economy, yet something in Stiles's independent attitude almost convinced him. He raked his experience for something to match it, for part of the pride of such men is to meet nothing new to their experience.

"Englishmen smoke pipes," he said, at last, proudly.

His host smiled. "So they tell me."

It interested him to see that the minute he had dismissed the matter of trading, Baumgarten had dropped it, too. He had often wondered what a simon-pure Broadway type would look like away from his background. He didn't dislike the fellow half as much as he had tried to, but on a social plane Baumgarten was rather forlorn. Stiles did not see any harm in asking:

"How is Mr. Eksberger?"

His visitor's face brightened, and Stiles learned at least that Baumgarten did know the dingy notable, although

still incredulous that Eksberger had ever spoken of him.

"Fine, last I saw him," said Baumgarten. "He's a great Charlie."

"You're a New-Yorker yourself?" suggested Stiles.

Baumgarten smiled in hopeless pity. "Oh, Mr. Stiles, have a heart! Do I look as if I came from Duluth?" Then, responding to the ultimate pull of his soul, he added, "Ever come to the city, Mr. Stiles?" for he was of course one of those men who could not say the shortest sentence without including the name of the person to whom he was speaking.

"I lived there for fifteen years," answered Stiles and, not because it was true, but because something about his visitor still subtly annoyed him, he added, "I hate the place."

The effect was just what he had imagined that it would be.

"You don't say. You don't say," muttered Baumgarten, too pained even to argue. Then, seeing at once where the trouble must lie, he offered more sunshine.

"Better let me show you a good time the next time you're there. It all depends on knowing the ropes." He held out again his trump card. "Charlie Eksberger and all that bunch. I know them all."

Stiles thanked him abjectly, but the conversation languished. Baumgarten rose to his feet, and, according to his code, this action in itself permitted him to reopen the matter of sales. As a delicate preliminary he went for his pocket again.

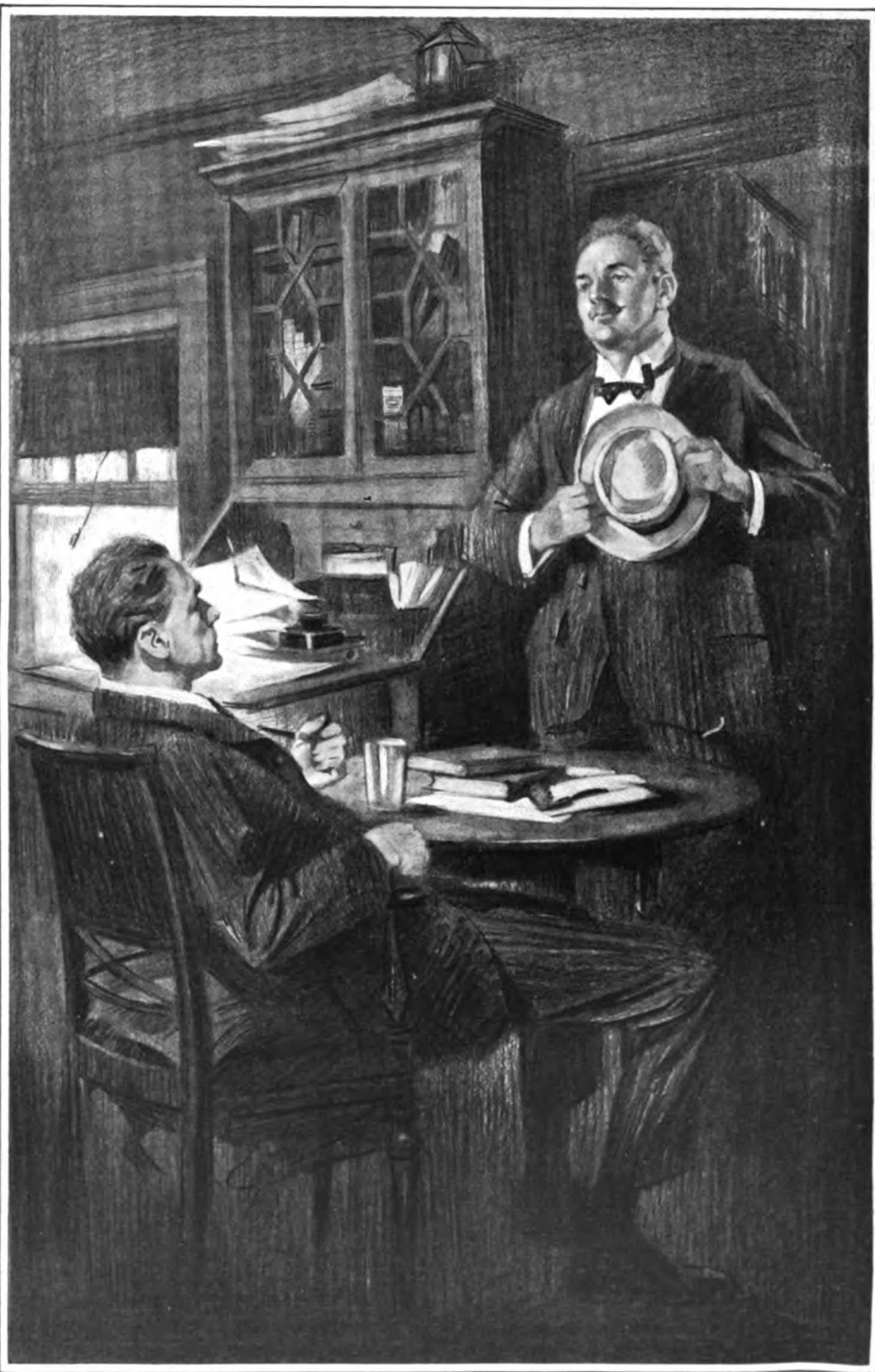
"Better take one of these. Smoke it some other time."

He grandly offered two cigars, to give Stiles a choice. This time Stiles took one, and Baumgarten seized the opening.

"Better change your mind, Mr. Stiles," he urged. "Better give me a figure."

But Stiles froze up. He merely grunted a laugh. "Are you going to be in town long?"

Into the question he managed to squeeze a faint tone of dismissal, to imply that, no matter how long he might be in town, their paths would not cross, and at last the colossal assurance was



Drawn by W. C. Dexter

"MR. STILES, DO YOU WANT TO SELL YOUR PLACE?"

pierced. Baumgarten flushed and turned suddenly.

"I tell you what I'll do, Mr. Stiles."

His face was very much in earnest, his social manner entirely gone. Disgruntlement, anxiety, and a gambler's hope had taken its place. He took from his pocket a little red memorandum book, scratched rapidly with a silver pencil, and tore out the leaf, holding it folded around one finger.

"I tell you what I'll do, Mr. Stiles. I'm not a man to be bluffed. On that paper is written just the figure that I'll raise the ante."

He held it out tentatively, and Stiles looked at him with an expression which he hoped he was keeping from being puzzled. He vaguely gathered that taking the paper would form a contract. "Whose ante?" he did not dare to ask, but a brilliant alternative came to him.

"Anybody's ante?" he demanded, suddenly.

Baumgarten rather gasped, but he was game. "Anybody's ante," he agreed, "so long as it's now. But it's take it or leave it." He stood gazing at Stiles with a grin of increasing triumph.

As no ante existed at all, so far as he knew, there was only one thing for Stiles to do, but even at that it was probably the bravest act of his life that he did not reach for that paper.

"Not a chance," he replied, at last, in a voice that surprised himself.

Baumgarten's eyes narrowed.

"Then you leave it?"

"I leave it."

II

Ten minutes after Baumgarten's hired motor had disappeared down the hill, Pullar, the agent, came from the other direction, stalking across the fields. He was an athletic young man who tied trout flies and liked the internals of motors—quite a bit of a country gentleman. Stiles saw him coming and went to the piazza rail.

"I was just going over to see you," he hailed.

Pullar stopped in his tracks. "You haven't sold the place, have you?"

Stiles, from his vantage-point of the unpainted piazza, looked at him

with a sudden grin. What was coming now?

"No," he replied to Pullar's question, "not only that, but I'm thinking of taking it out of the market."

Pullar had a way of his own for hiding his thoughts. It consisted in taking a pipe from one pocket of his tweed jacket, a plug of black tobacco from another, a knife from another, and a box of matches from a fourth. To slice the tobacco, fill the pipe, put up the knife, and light a match kept his eyes on the ground for some time. Then, of course, conversation could be resumed between puffs and behind the match, which made his face non-committal. He had done all this and blown out a first cloud of smoke before he said anything.

"Going to live here?" he asked, his strong, rank smoke coming over to Stiles.

Stiles liked Pullar immensely, but the new game was too tempting. "Why?" he asked. "Have you got an offer?"

Pullar looked down at his pipe and pressed the hot coals with his thumb. He had hard, heavy fingers that contrasted oddly with his rather fine face, and the coals did not seem to burn him.

"Well, not exactly," he said, "but there might be a way to get the thing off your hands."

"What did Baumgarten offer?" asked Stiles, suddenly.

Pullar looked up in surprise, but, unlike the other caller of the morning, he was human first and trader afterward, and he broke into a hearty laugh.

"What do you know about Baumgarten?" he asked.

"He left about ten minutes before you arrived."

"The rascal!" exclaimed Pullar.

"I agree with you," laughed Stiles.

After that the matter was in the open with a man like Pullar. He puffed his pipe in a thoughtful way.

"What did he offer you?" he asked from lips closed around his pipe-stem.

Stiles was about to answer him as frankly as he asked, but a sudden caution suggested itself. Thus he answered, on second thoughts:

"Almost anything I wanted to name."

"Why didn't you name a million dollars?"

"I thought of that," replied Stiles, soberly, and Pullar looked at him with a sudden admiring appraisal.

Stiles joined the other man on the ground, and the two looked up at the house, the blistered piazza, the yellow clapboarded walls, the sagging green blinds, and the atrocious veneered front doors with their malarial-colored panes set around central panes of ground glass. It was just such a house as country squires used to build in the forties to set themselves a plane above their neighbors. There was certain to be a cupola on the roof. Stiles hardly knew, but there was in this case. The whole place with nearly a hundred acres of land was taxed for four thousand dollars. It was listed at only seven in the estate from which Stiles had inherited it, yet now the two men looked at it with a strange and whimsical fascination.

"Come in," said Stiles.

"Of course I told him about the gold-mine," he added, casually; but Pullar, who had been about to insert his pipe in his teeth, drew it sharply away and looked at him with his mouth still open and one foot poised on the step.

"The what?"

"The pot of gold or whatever it is," explained Stiles. "Every self-respecting old country mansion has buried treasure somewhere."

"Oh," replied Pullar, his pipe going home at last; but Stiles had seen a queer look in his honest eyes.

"What did you think I meant?"

"Nothing," answered Pullar, but still not at ease. "I didn't quite hear."

"Just the same, I wonder what he did think I meant," mused Stiles, a half-hour later, as, from the piazza, he watched Pullar stalking over the meadows. He wondered very keenly. What man would not? But the truth was that even the queer enigma of Baumgarten and the elusive suggestions which Pullar had been unable to hide did not affect him as they might have affected most men. The eyes of a man who, like Andrew Stiles, has watched for years all the high emotions of life grind past from the brutal detachment of a reporter's viewpoint, grow cynic and unbelieving. Mystery, romance, intrigue, and promise—such a man has seen them all rise

up and wither, one after the other, resolving themselves, most of them into common sordidness, others into ridiculous travesty, until, by habit, he discounts every question at sight.

So at this moment the only emotion by which Stiles really found himself possessed was a sort of cynical shrewdness. He simply meant to take care. Just what were these fellows after? He wondered, to be sure, but his wonder was without illusion and iconoclastic. Time he knew to be the foe of all scheming. He had only to wait for the game to uncover itself. He wanted to get excited about it, to make it an adventure, but he knew with too much certainty what it must be. A few thousand dollars more or a few thousand dollars less for a piece of ground that he did not want. Meantime it amused him to pull the strings over these men, one of whom he found himself beginning to like, and the other of whom he found, for the most part, revolting.

He went to his luncheon smiling, but Mrs. Fields he discovered to be in anything but smiling mood. To answer the bell on her ironing-day was bad enough, but to have to serve luncheon at half past one! Her air was not that of a martyr, exactly, rather of silent scorn toward the whole human race. She watched Stiles actually seated, then, leaving the room, came back with a long leather object which she placed at his plate. Her way of doing the thing was quite in accord with her mood, a certain straight-mouthed, wash-my-hands-of-the-whole-affair manner with which she put the thing on the table-cloth and then stepped back to watch the next move.

The leather object was an old pocket folder, but it did not belong to Stiles and he looked at it puzzled. What did she expect him to do with it? His relations with Mrs. Fields had not been on terms of the greatest trust, and he did not like to confess that it might be something that he had asked for and then forgotten. He searched his mind, but recollection brought nothing about the worn, heavy case. It might be something that went with the house. Perhaps the master of the place was supposed by old tradition to sign it or inspect its contents on the third Wednes-

day of every month. Possibly that was the way that the milkman sent in his bills. He had learned that the butcher sent his in a little brown book with a picture of a fabulous ox. From the air with which she put it before him it might be even his housekeeper's notice that she had resigned. There seemed to be nothing for it except to be amateurish and open the thing.

There was money inside, crisp new bills, and Stiles pulled them out, but at first glance they appeared a little unnatural. He thought for a moment they must be counterfeit, but, once he had spread them before him, he understood why they looked to him strange. The top one was a thousand-dollar note and so were the others. There were ten in all. Mrs. Fields must have been glad that she stayed.

Stiles took the money into his hand and looked up.

"Does this happen often?"

But Mrs. Fields was in no mood for persiflage.

"I found it on the study floor."

Ah—Baumgarten. He ought to have guessed. With a sudden inspiration Stiles looked quickly in every compartment, but the slip which his visitor had held on his finger was not to be found. Anyway, Stiles knew now exactly the sum which Baumgarten had been prepared to wave in his face—but as an offer or merely to bind the bargain? There was a question again. He looked up at Mrs. Fields.

"Have you, by any chance, ever heard that there was oil on this property, or a gold-mine, or anything?"

Being a flippancy, he said it in a casual voice, and of course Mrs. Fields missed it all. A flippant remark repeated to a deaf person becomes a serious statement of fact or an insult, as the case may be, which Stiles realized when he repeated this one in abridged and amended form.

"I asked whether any one had ever dug for oil on this place, or gold, or anything."

Shouted in that form by a gentleman with ten thousand dollars in his hand, it did not sound at all as Stiles had meant it, and Mrs. Fields forgot to be scornful.

"Your uncle once said he wished some one would," she replied, but, unfortunately, Stiles knew too much of his uncle by family tradition to be greatly fluttered by that. Stiles's uncle had not been a huge success as a person. To Mrs. Fields, however, the matter was still a serious proposition.

"I don't guess there's any one around here who digs much for oil," she mused. To her mind oil was apparently a native of any soil, like flag-root. She bore this out with her next question. "Was you thinking of digging for oil?"

"Not, at least, until I've been to the village," Stiles replied.

III

The village of Eden lay at a distance of about two miles from the old Crater place. There was no hotel, but Baumgarten, if he were still in town, might be at a white house which sometimes "took people." It had "taken" Stiles himself on the night of his arrival and before he had learned of the existence or the talents of Mrs. Fields. The process of "taking people," like all commerce in a country town, was made to appear entirely an "accommodation" to the person taken, and Stiles had left under the impression that the bars would never be let down again.

In Baumgarten's case, at least, they had not. The white house had never heard of him and Stiles wandered up the elm-shaded street, rather at a loss. Aside from his natural anxiety to relieve the other man's mind, no matter how much he disliked him personally, he had looked forward to an amusing moment when he handed the pocketbook over. There was Pullar, of course. Pullar must know his client's address. But there again, was it best that Pullar should know all the steps of his dealings with the mysterious Baumgarten?

Suddenly he thought of Eksberger. If for nothing else, it would be a good chance to find out just how well his late visitor really did know the famous man whose name he so glibly used. To reach Eksberger himself a letter would only have to be addressed to New York, but, as it happened, Stiles actually did know where the offices of the International

Amusement Syndicate were located—"international" meaning one theater in Toronto. Thus by the aid of brown paper from the butcher's shop he walked into the express office, all prepared to toss over the counter a thin package addressed to Charles Eksberger, Esqre., note to follow.

The express agent, a youth of eighteen, shared the distaste of the white house for any new business. He managed to take the small parcel with a contempt which contained the warning that this must be positively the last offense. Grabbing a pad of forms and a carpenter's pencil, he made some illegible scrawls as if to say that he meant to get the nasty business over as quickly as possible. Apparently as an afterthought, he held his pencil aloft.

"Any value?"

Stiles had been waiting for this. "Ten thousand dollars," he replied.

The youth dropped the package like an unclean thing. "Holy smoke!" he exclaimed. "What is it? Radium?"

Stiles made no reply and the express youth did not insist. He was a broken man.

"I don't believe they'll let me take this," he said, apologetically.

He took down a canvas book the size of an atlas, printed in very small type. It was labeled "Preliminary Instructions for Agents," and as he pored through the pages Stiles wondered what the agents would have to learn when they really got to the serious work of their profession.

The youth shook his head. "There ain't nothing about it in here."

His whole manner had changed. He had taken Stiles into the business as a partner, even looked to him for possible guidance.

"You might take it up over the wire," suggested Stiles. He would be back in an hour or so.

Stiles had, in fact, a way in which he was rather anxious to spend an hour in the village. His plans, indeed, rather hinged on this, for he had a shrewd suspicion that there was one man in Eden with whom a ten minutes' talk would clear the mists from this whole ridiculous business. This man was Judge Tyler, a person who lurked in the back

of his mind as a white-whiskered patriarch and his late uncle's best friend; for best friends of deceased old gentlemen are usually judges and usually have white whiskers.

Inquiry directed him to a house which looked about as the old Crater place would have looked if some one had spared it a coat of paint from time to time. With its cupola, its spotless white walls, and its two Noah's Ark little spruce-trees in front, this was rural aristocracy caught at the source, but as an uncle's best friend, the judge, beyond the fact that he really did have white whiskers, was not a success. Like every one else in the town with whom he had tried to do business, the judge gave Stiles, on first appearance, the benefit of no doubts. Stiles was there to steal and pillage, it could be seen at a glance.

Judge Tyler, moreover, improved on acquaintance as little as did his house. The latter, on the outside, was impressive in its suggestion of huge log fires and Colonial grandeur. On the inside, so much of it as Stiles was permitted to see smelled of cabbage, while the decorations ran heavily to calendars sent out by insurance companies and lumber firms. The judge himself, in a pinch-check suit, with a red face and pure-white whiskers, looked like a rare old boy whose eye would light up when you mentioned Star Pointer or Salvator, who chuckled over Boswell's Life in spare moments, and had personal recollections of Henry Clay. In practice, the moment he opened his mouth he disclosed himself as a nasal old rustic who seemed to know very little and was grimly determined not to know more. He was not even really a judge, just a justice of the peace, an office which the liveryman had also held and which Pular himself held now.

"Judge," said Stiles, nevertheless determined on perfect frankness, "why does a gentleman named Baumgarten, clothing type, wave money before me and cry aloud for my place? Why do such gentlemen want places in Eden, anyway? I mean this Eden."

"How?" said the judge, tartly.

At the moment they were sitting in the room which contained the judge's desk—a room with linoleum on the floor

—no rare old furniture, no steel engravings of Daniel Webster. Neither "office" nor "study," neither "library" nor "den," would have fitted that room. A dentist might have seen possibilities in it. The judge, however, was doing the only thing which he had yet done which was really in character. He was toying with a celluloid paper-knife. Old gentlemen about to advise the nephews of deceased best friends should, if possible, toy with paper-knives, and Stiles plucked up hope. He repeated his question.

"How?" said the judge. All toying ceased at once.

Stiles saw the sort of judge he had to deal with. "A man named Baumgarten wants to buy my place," he said, abruptly.

"What for?" snarled the judge.

To say that he did not know was just the reason of Stiles's present visit. He had come to pour out his heart to the best friend of his deceased uncle, and, if the action seemed to call for it, to weep on his bosom, but he had found his heart chilled from the moment that he smelled the cabbage in the front hall. If there had only been a hint of fine cigars, a chance reference to John C. Calhoun, even the tiniest portrait of Daniel Webster, he might have told all that he knew or all that he did not know. Instead, "What for?" snapped the judge.

"I imagine he has his reasons," replied Stiles.

"Well, air you going to sell?" asked the judge.

"That depends entirely," replied Stiles.

"Depends on what?"

"What a sale usually depends on."

Stiles said it with a sort of arch and hopeful shrewdness, but even this was over the judge's head.

"A sale," explained Stiles, resignedly, "usually depends on the price and the offer, doesn't it?"

"Humph!" said the judge.

There seemed to be no possible reason for prolonging this interview, but Stiles still sat there, and the judge began to toy with the paper-cutter again. Stiles became almost hopeful once more. Perhaps the long-overdue, "My boy, your uncle and I were friends," was coming at

last. Instead, the judge said, suddenly: "Young man, you won't get much for that place."

"So," thought Stiles, "you want to buy it, too."

"It's taxed for four thousand dollars and it ain't wuth a cent more."

"It was listed in the estate for seven thousand," said Stiles, sweetly. He had a sudden vague recollection that the judge had been one of the executors or something. Pullar had been the one with whom he had talked. "Didn't you help to appraise it?" he asked.

The judge looked away. "That's the custom—to double the tax value."

"I suppose you wouldn't give seven yourself?" said Stiles, almost wistfully.

"What do I want of more land?" asked the judge.

"Well, of course," suggested Stiles, meaningly, "it isn't just the land itself."

The judge looked at him sharply, and he explained, innocently, "There's the house."

"Old rat-trap," said the judge.

Stiles rose to his feet suddenly. "Well, Judge," he said, genially, "I just dropped in to say good morning, anyway. I understood that you and my uncle were pretty good friends."

"Sit down," said the judge, but his face did soften a little.

"Oh, I won't take any more of your time," insisted Stiles, airily, and was well on his way to the door when the judge recalled him.

"Just a minute, young man."

Stiles turned.

"Don't you sell that place until you see me about it."

Stiles could not resist the temptation. "Do I understand that you want an option on it?"

The effect on the judge was galvanic. Mentally speaking, he put his hand over his pocketbook with a frightened air.

"Me? No. But you better see me."

"Judge, you're awfully good," replied Stiles, "but I wouldn't think of putting you to any trouble. This Baumgarten seems like a very decent fellow. He's a great friend of Eksberger, the well-known theatrical man."

The paper-knife dropped with a crash. "Who did you say?" asked the judge.

"Charles Eksberger, the well-known theatrical man."

The judge sat and stared, his face growing redder than ever.

"That feller?" he almost shouted. Then he rose to his feet and came nearer to Stiles. "Young man," he said, "take my advice and you'll leave that Eksberger strictly alone."

"Good heavens!" thought Stiles. "What in the world has Eksberger got to do with this little hole in the woods? What's the matter with him?" he asked, boldly.

The judge's reply seemed irrelevant, but it might be highly relevant, as coming from the judge.

"You come to me when you want to sell," he commanded, gruffly.

"I will," replied Stiles. "Not," he added mentally and with this he escaped. Not a word about, "My lad, while you are here your home is with us." Not even a hint of a country roast and apple dumplings. Stiles went back with relief to the comparative geniality of the express office, where he was greeted fraternally, although a bit reverently, by the youth in office.

"They won't let me take it," announced the latter, in a disappointed voice clear across the dirty room. "There's no pouch goes over this line and they won't let me handle it. They wanted to know what it was."

With the authority of the whole express company behind him, the boy guilelessly expected to have his personal curiosity satisfied, but Stiles saw no reason for this.

"If they won't take it, what difference does it make to them what is in it? You didn't give them my name, did you?"

The boy's face fell. He tried to lie, but couldn't quite make it.

"They had to know," he confessed.

"They did, did they?" said Stiles, darkly; but, to the boy's disappointment, he went out without another word.

Leaving his melodrama aside, however, it struck Stiles, as he walked up the dusty road from the station, that ten thousand dollars belonging to Baumgarten or anybody else was not the safest thing to have in a country house half a mile from the nearest neighbor.

Unless he wished to take Pullar into his confidence, he must keep the money one night at least, but he meant to relieve his mind as soon as possible. At the post-office he got a sheet of paper and wrote a letter to Eksberger, the first letter in history, he mused, that a theatrical producer would have ever received from a newspaper man who did not have a play that he wished produced.

CHARLES EKSBERGER, ESQRE.,
INTERNATIONAL AMUSEMENT SYNDICATE.
NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR SIR, — A gentleman named Baumgarten, who says that he is a friend of yours, called at my house to-day and unfortunately dropped a pocketbook containing a very large sum of money. As I had not previously known Mr. Baumgarten and as he has not returned, would you kindly give me his address or notify him where the money is to be found?

Yours very truly,
ANDREW STILES.

In a day or two, having had experience with the managerial manner, Stiles foresaw that he would get an answer signed by some underling. He now went to the hardware-store and purchased the largest revolver in the show-case.

IV

"Mrs. Fields," shouted Stiles, when he reached his house, "do I look like a burglar?"

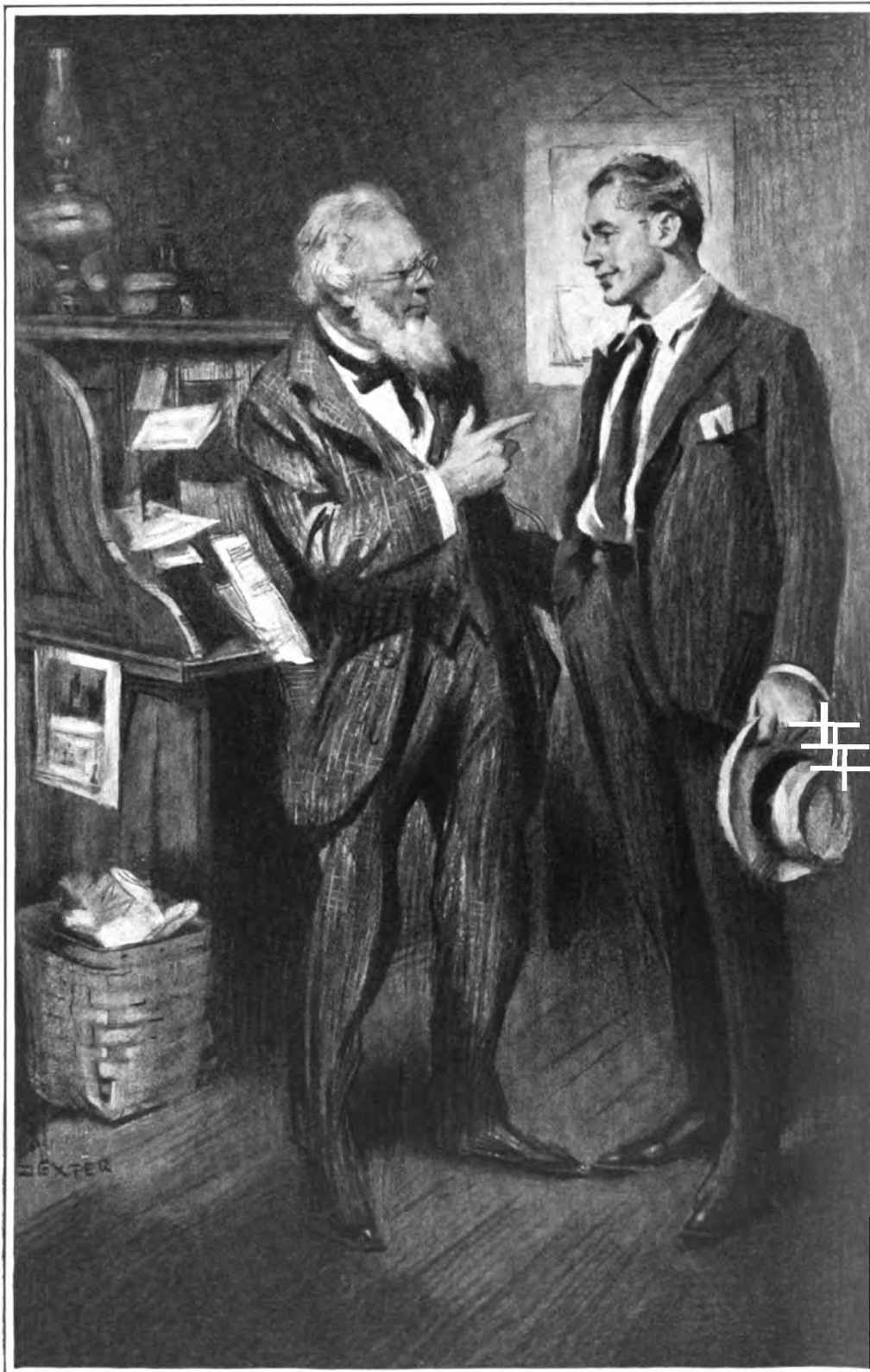
His reception at the hands of Judge Tyler, and not his revolver, was on his mind, but during the past few days he had found a tepid amusement in shooting unexpected and unrelated questions like this at his housekeeper. The truth was that he had not yet made up his mind whether he had to deal with a genuine humorist or a half-wit. His housekeeper's answer left him still in doubt.

"I've never seen any burglars," she said. The subject left her completely cold and she turned to something important.

"Young Pullar has been here again."

"Pullar?" asked Stiles. "Did he say what he wanted?"

But Mrs. Fields, having done her part, had turned her back and was gone. She did not hear him or she did not want to. Either was likely.



Drawn by W. C. Dexter

"YOU COME TO ME WHEN YOU WANT TO SELL," HE COMMANDED, GRUFFLY

The cause of the visit, however, must have been of more importance to Pullar than it was to her, for about an hour after Stiles had finished his dinner the lights of his car made a Ben Greet effect on the shrubbery outside the windows and Pullar himself came stomping up on the piazza. He came in without knocking, and Stiles motioned to a chair, but Pullar stood there, irresolute, his cap in his hand, his hair rather tousled. Pullar had on a dinner jacket now, his shirt-front showing under a big fawn polo coat. He stood, blinking his eyes at the lamp, but something seemed very much on his mind.

"Stiles," he burst out, "did you find a pocketbook here to-day?"

For answer, Stiles took the package from his pocket and undid the wrappings. In his relief, Pullar almost collapsed and he actually did sink into a chair.

"Thank Heaven!" he exclaimed. "You can guess how that makes me feel."

He took the leather case and Stiles noticed that he put it in his pocket without any motion to count the money.

"A very poor business man," was his mental comment, "but a very fine gentleman."

Stiles himself crushed the wrapping-paper into a ball and shied it in the general direction of the fireplace. "I thought it was Baumgarten's," he explained. "I was sending it back to him."

No answer came, and, looking around, Stiles saw that Pullar was getting redder and redder.

"It is Baumgarten's," he said. "Or rather, it was."

"Was?" thought Stiles, but he added, aloud, "I ought to tell you I saw what was in it—how much was in it," he corrected, a second later.

The confession did not affect Pullar in the least. He seemed hardly to care. "Why, of course!" he agreed, absently. "What else could you do?"

In spite of his lucky recovery, Pullar seemed almost as ill at ease as before, and Stiles found himself forcing the conversation.

"I was out on a search for our friend when you called. Is it too much to ask

whether Baumgarten knows that you—that this was lost?"

Pullar shook his head without looking up. "A check for the whole amount went to him this morning."

Stiles whistled. "This morning? I thought—"

At last Pullar looked up. He was very boyish, almost pathetic in his confusion. "I wasn't acting for Baumgarten—then. I told him I would at first and he left this with me. He wanted to clinch it at once. Then I saw—then I talked with certain parties, and I—I thought it best not to act for him."

He paused, uncomfortable, but he seemed to be getting at what he really had on his mind. Stiles let him take his time, but studied the young man sharply, while Pullar himself looked down at the floor. A queer combination, this Pullar, quite a lot of the milord and, here and there, a strange bit of the yokel—his rough hands, for instance, and his way of flushing whenever he had to say anything important. Stiles wondered whether there were men like that in all country towns. He gathered not. It was not his idea of the rural type. Still Pullar seemed struggling to talk, but diffident about getting at it, and Stiles burst off on another line.

"What in the world do you people do with yourselves up here—the evening clothes and all that? Not but what I like it."

Pullar came out of his abstraction to smile. "We do *that*," he said. "In the country you can be quite a gentleman on nothing at all."

Stiles raised his eyebrows in surprise. Not very much of the yokel about this young man, except always his hands, and that might be largely from fishing and grease from the engine. Pullar, however, was not to be diverted from the idea which he was attempting to express, no matter how much it made him struggle.

"Look here, Stiles," he broke out at last, "if you want to do this thing without Baumgarten you can. There's quite a little money round the countryside—places where you'd never guess it. I'm not good for much myself, just a little, but the people know me."

Stiles was caught by surprise. What thing? He was just as much in the dark

as he had been before, but, by quick control, he managed to look judicious and masterful. Pullar was not as difficult to deceive as Baumgarten, and, similarly, Stiles was not so anxious to deceive him. Still, until he knew what he was really talking about he thought it best to look as if he knew everything. Thus he sat quietly looking ahead and drawing on his cigar sagely. And it was Baumgarten's cigar, too! Pullar carried his pipe and auxiliary engines in his dinner jacket, just as he did in his tweeds. He got them all out, one by one.

"Wait a minute," he said. "I left my motor running."

When he came back he took off the polo coat and puffed out his rank tobacco. Stiles marveled at a man in a dinner jacket smoking tobacco that smelled like a navvy's, but he found it rather horsey and quite Pickwickian. He wasn't so sure that he didn't want to live in the country, after all.

"Of course," said Pullar, "we couldn't pay the earth."

"No, I imagine not," replied Stiles. What under heaven was all this nonsense about, anyway? But he still appeared judicious and masterful and gazed straight ahead.

"I suppose," began Pullar again, "that you wouldn't want to set a figure? I mean absolutely in confidence?"

Stiles puffed again and then looked at Pullar with a dry smile. "My dear fellow," he said, "under the circumstances, isn't that asking a good deal?"

Pullar flushed. "Of course I didn't mean—" he burst out, apologetically.

"Oh, not at all, not at all," Stiles calmed him. He was talking purely at random, but he thought of something more that might sound well in that place and he added:

"Of course you see how I'm placed. You can hardly blame me."

"Hardly," agreed Pullar. He shook his head. "It's a funny business, isn't it?"

"Some aspects of it are," replied Stiles, sagely. He lit another cigar. It was one of his own, and he had to admit that Baumgarten's were better. Suddenly he said, "I took the precaution of buying a gun to-day."

Pullar looked up with almost a start and Stiles could not help noting how oddly his expression was that of Baumgarten in the afternoon. Then, just as Baumgarten himself had done, he made an attempt to pass it off lightly.

"Oh yes," he said, recollecting, "because of the money."

"Of course," replied Stiles, but "what else?" was the thought that leaped to his mind.

Would somebody please say one sane word about what all these starts and suggestions could mean? He thought of the judge and his sudden anger, and resolved to try the same lead on Pullar.

"By the way, Pullar, what do you know about Charles Eksberger?"

It was an utter chance shot, but Pullar again took his pipe from his teeth and looked at him open-mouthed.

"You don't mean to say that Eksberger has been here already?"

Stiles smiled. "No, I didn't say that he had. I just asked you what you knew about him. He and I are having a little correspondence."

Pullar's answer was perfectly honest: "I don't know as much as I'd like to."

"Neither do I," Stiles would have liked to reply, but he could not allow himself any luxuries in this conversation and he said nothing—just continued to look masterful—the business man over the directors' table.

Having discovered that all that he had to do, apparently, was to shoot out any amazing sentence that came into his head, Stiles was eager to play this game indefinitely, but Pullar got up hurriedly. The honest fellow was ridiculously like a little boy who had discovered something and can't wait to tell it to somebody. That was the yokel in him. But tell it to whom? Stiles wondered, after he was gone.

Stiles felt, indeed, when Pullar's car had thrown its white lights on his shrubbery and then had swerved its long beam down the main road, that he had done a hard day's work. He let himself back into his chair with a sense of manual labor behind him instead of a series of talks in which he had felt like a masquerader.

Stiles had laughed at Baumgarten,

and laughed at the judge; he had laughed at Pullar and had laughed at himself, but he ceased to laugh as he sat in his chair, with no one but himself to guess at his thoughts, and tried to make head or tail of the whole affair.

The very fact that every one was so mysterious made it too good to be true. They were all too melodramatic, too childish. If they had laughed and joked and patted him on the back and pretended that they did not want anything he would have been on his guard, he would have suspected that they were really up to some mischief. But this starting and staring!

"Good heavens!" he thought, "some one will come in next and begin to babble about the missing pay-pers."

That wasn't such a bad idea in itself. He would look for old papers, and, if he didn't find any, one could always write them one's self. They would make proper furniture for such a house as this—a rude diagram and a compass and

"half-way between the big tree and the old rock the gold is buried."

Then, as usual, his natural cynicism drowned his own whims. Great Scott! If a man got as maudlin as this after living three weeks in the country, what would he become in three years? No wonder Pullar blushed and stammered every time he tried to talk.

He stood up to turn down the lamp, but, as he rose from his chair, he heard a thud, and, looking down, saw his new pistol lying on the floor where it had slipped from his hip pocket. He picked it up and held it musingly.

"Yes," he agreed with himself, "there is no doubt about it. The next act in the farce is certainly to hear soft footsteps at night and find that my desk had been rifled. 'Rifled,' I am sure, is the word."

And, as a matter of fact, that is just what he did hear—soft footsteps at night. Preposterous, as he realized, but it seemed to be so.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Hearts A-Singing

BY ELEANOR HUTCHISON

WE walked along the roadway
And the stars were overhead;
We walked along the roadway,
And never a word was said.

Never a word 'twixt you and me
On all that winding way;
But I heard your heart a-singing
And my heart was singing gay.

My heart was singing blithely,
And my feet were stepping light,
For I felt you there beside me
A-walking through the night.

A-walking through the starlight
All mortal words were weak,
For when two hearts are singing
What need is there to speak?

Spes Unica

A CHALLENGE TO AMERICAN MORALE

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

Assistant Professor of English, Yale University



I HAVE never seen the little village of Seichprey by daylight. By sunlight, and before April of 1918, it may have been one of those communities of rose-and-gray houses that cling like lichens to the slopes of the hills of Lorraine; but as we stole toward it, single file, in the gray of before dawn, it was only a pile of obscure and tumbled ruin over which soared the flares of the German line. I should not have known I was entering a village had not my eye caught the dim form of a shattered human figure hung aloft by the roadside. It was a broken Christ with drooping head, on a broken cross. Above the crown of thorns, just visible to straining eyes, "*Spes Unica*" was carved in the stone—*Spes Unica*, Christ, the only hope.

A little later we had traversed the ruins, viewed the sunrise down a dangerous open slope, and were in the tense excitement of the front-line trenches, where wallowing shells and rifle-crackling ended speculation. But again and again it has come back to me, as like sights to many, the broken Christ, alone in the dead and ruined village, proclaimed by ancient worshipers so confidently, the sole hope of all the world.

Two weeks later, indeed, I had cause to think again of that hopeless cross. Great Bertha had aroused us early in Paris with her "pooms," unpleasantly near and abominably frequent. By noon, when I left for a mission in central France, we knew that the May offensive had begun. At nine, as the clear twilight of the plains of Beauce suffused in amethyst the gray town of Chartres and the soaring spires of the cathedral, I followed a stream of suppliants through the royal porch.

It was dusk in the lower spaces of the great church, but sunset in the vaults above, where from the blazing windows

over the clerestory austere figures of saints and patriarchs looked down in radiance, and the glorious windows of the west front burned sapphire in the gloom. A boy's voice lifted, chanting in the mass. The shrine of the Madonna of the Column pricked into the obscurity its hundred points of light. The mass bell rang. Dusk became darkness. Then, silently as they had come, the worshipers streamed outward, and still the great windows burned and shone, dim, awful faces strong to save, jewel lights reflecting the glories of the thrones of Mary and of Christ. *Spes Unica*. The hope of a nation in sorrow and in fear.

But the hope of Chartres can never be to us what it was to the Middle Ages. It is not shattered, like the broken image of Christ, for Christianity does not shatter even in apparent ruin, but the great cathedral, with all it typifies, in which a nation, singing its "Miserere" or "Te Deum," freed souls from sorrow and found all its doubts and yearnings answered, belongs to the thirteenth and not to the twentieth century. What was reality has become a symbol, powerful for those kneeling women on the evening of the great offensive, comforting for many, but answering not half of the problems driven upon us by the complexities of modern life. When Joan of Arc saved France they sang "Te Deum" in Chartres and went their ways. We, too, shall sing "Te Deum" when the Germans cross the line, and then return to our troubled world, troubled unquestionably by those same diseases of the soul that Aquinas understood; troubled also by a hundred things not in his philosophy, and feverish with splendid energies beyond the wisdom of the thirteenth century to control. There must be some universality of aroused feeling and liberated thought which can be to us what the cathedral was to France. We must have some substitute for that

medieval faith whose monuments, some, like the crucifix, brutally shattered, some still fair, the American soldier sees on every fighting-line, by each rest-camp and landing-stage in Flanders or in France. Is there a common faith to-day that expresses the moral energies and spiritual desires of an awakened world?

I believe that there is, but, whatever may be the answer, we have our own cathedral to raise, and all the inspiration and hope that we can draw from what still remains true for us of medieval Catholicism will be not too much for our heartening. When one considers what questions, moral, material, and spiritual, have been raised by the war and must be satisfied—duties to the state, duties toward backward territories, international morality, race jealousies, the elevation and education of the poor, sex adjustments—the edifice seems more likely to be an office-building than a cathedral! However, we must at it. The Germans must be beaten soundly, our own ideals saved from destruction by them and corruption by ourselves. And that is the foundation only. They beg of you in France not to talk of the war lasting three years more, or two, even. They will endure, but it is easier not to look forward into a distressing future. Say that it will end in the spring, and, when spring comes, if necessary we shall go on. They ask you in America to talk only of beating the Germans; but let us be courageous enough to realize that our work will be only well begun when the Germans are beaten. We have still the edifice of a new world order and world belief to raise, and the greatest share of a grave responsibility is going to fall upon America.

I do not believe that Americans have more than courageously guessed at the importance of our intervention in European affairs, and the load under which we have thrust our strong but innocent shoulders. The war, of course, would have ended, and ended, at the least, unhappily, save for our sudden millions. We shall turn the scale for the Allies; but there the significance of our stride from isolation into the center of the European stage only begins. Great

Britain is the only historical parallel. In spite of Treitschke's jealous denials, historians agree that Great Britain did substantially save Europe from French domination in the Napoleonic period; and it is certain that she emerged from 1815 richer than any other country, more powerful, with prestige and authority upon all shores washed by the sea. And, on the whole, Great Britain in the nineteenth century discharged her world obligations honorably, and with less material selfishness, than might have been predicted. She began that principle of trusteeship for the backward and the barbarous which, if it becomes international, will enormously reduce the probability of future wars. Nevertheless, Great Britain's position in 1815 was less dominating than ours will be if this war is won, and less responsible. For we shall emerge with control of the economic and military balance of power, not of Europe, but of a highly organized world. We shall be the richest nation; we shall be, as far as effective action is concerned, the most populous nation; we shall be the one nation in the world which entered the war with a definite program to make not America, or England, or Europe, but the world, a safe and decent place to live in. And only our offsetting power can make the almost inevitable Germanization of central Europe a promise of civilization and stability instead of a menace of autocratic world domination.

Returning to America after seven months in Europe, I find this country fully alive to the exigencies of war. But I discover (perhaps the fault is mine) only the vaguest realization of the decades of arduous leadership ahead of us. Have our schools and universities learned that unless they begin even now, and imperfectly, while the war lasts, to train leaders in reconstruction, in social problems, in political management, and world economy, our "bluff" of guiding the world toward peace will be "called," and called quickly? Have our business men realized that for a generation at least the private interests of business must be subordinated not merely to the state, but also to the welfare of the world, unless, indeed, we propose to let the disciplined commerce of Germany

(which will survive her armies) wreck the program of international good will in which fate has made us leaders? For if the commercial interests of Middle Europe and the East must choose between efficient German organization and selfish and conflicting trade policies among the English-speaking nations, they will not hesitate long.

I cannot discover—and this is the root of the whole matter—more than a faint recognition that unless American character in this generation is as great as American responsibility and opportunity, one of the most stupendous disappointments in history lies ahead. In this respect we are, temperamentally, the exact opposite of the Germans. They, on the basis of industrial and intellectual efficiency of a high order, easily conceived themselves a superior people, destined to dominate and civilize the world. But their moral basis was too narrow, their civilization too mechanical, their arrogance too overweening, their personal superiority relative, not absolute. For they were as far below the French and English in some respects as ahead of them in others. The Roman and the Greek were absolutely superior to the barbarians they conquered. Not so the German, who earned barbarian for his surname before his *Kultur* had begun to demonstrate its unquestioned power.

We Americans are not, I fear, unboastful. But where the Germans rushed in, proclaiming themselves supermen, we are content with the sudden parade of our resources and do not always hear the call to be individually greater than our adversaries. And yet the events of 1914–18 have flung us into an arena where we find ourselves champions not only of our own superiority, but of the best ideals of all the world outside of Germany. "*E Pluribus Unum*" is our motto; and yet now we are fighting for the many against one; for a good diversity against a tyrannical uniformity; for a many-colored Europe against a German gray; for freedom in development against tyranny in the worst of all senses, since it is a prospective tyranny of mind over mind.

And all that this means for the ordinary, every-day, unheroic American

we do not yet seem to understand. Two millions of men in France, billions of Liberty Loans, the energies of the nation directed to war, is a heartening answer for a first call, but it is only the beginning. The real strain will come not upon our military resources, where we shall nevertheless have to put forth all our strength, but upon our brains, our morale, and, most of all, our character. Russia was less great than her reputation, and her collapse has been in measure with the greatness of her lost opportunity. It must not be so with us.

To underestimate the difficulties ahead, to say (as did Russia) that all we have to do is to keep drawing upon our unlimited resources, may be medicine for the weak, but is perilously near to criminal folly. To croak calamity is also foolish. Arthur Henderson, the English labor leader, when he was in Russia in Kerensky's day, found, so he told me, that the members of the capitalist group one and all were reading histories of the French Revolution. Support Kerensky, he urged them. What is the use? they said. It is all in this history. His moderate government will fail inevitably and give place to a radicalism so bad that in three weeks Russia will overthrow it and we shall come to power again. What will happen to you in those three weeks? he asked them. But rather than speculate upon the answer they (and the Entente diplomats) preferred to trust to historical analogy. Kerensky fell some months before his time, the soldiers left the trenches, and the great war, which was nearly over, took a new and German impetus.

Nor is there a historical analogy that is of real value in our case. If we fail, it will not be because of present incapacities. Up to 1918 the Americans, so all Europe judges, have shown strength in themselves, leadership in their President, and energy in their organization surpassed by none. If we fail, it will be because we cannot rise higher, as we must, to meet the tide of difficulties, because we cannot increase our moral and mental strength in a world that will be sick of nerve strain and disillusionment. What is our *Spes Unica*, our hope?

I believe it is to be found, and found

in abundance, in the new moral earnestness for which the war is directly responsible; and with every desire not to preach, and after unusual opportunities of seeing how vital is the need of food, guns, money, and material organization of every kind if we intend to win this war, I say that morale, which for us is moral earnestness, is the great hope and the first practical necessity. One finds such earnestness in France; one finds it in Great Britain roused to dogged intensity; one finds it in Ireland in curious fanatic extremity. Raemaekers, the cartoonist, told me at the front one night that he hoped Holland would join us "to save her moral being." But here in America it is backed by simplicity of character, by a consciousness of unexhausted strength, and by such energy as the world has scarcely seen since the days of the Normans. It is a vague and irregular religion in comparison with that perfect cult of the cathedral, which was all things to all men, and had an answer for every problem in this world or the next. It is less complete, and also less limited, for it is an expression of an age whose possibilities are almost unlimited. Christianity is at the base of it, but it is a broader interpretation of Christianity than St. Paul gave, or the Middle Ages could apply.

Moral earnestness, and not the mere need of self-defense, carried England through the dark spring of 1918. I have talked in the last six months with English political leaders of every party. Some commanded my whole-hearted respect; others were clearly time-servers, driven by events; some represented policies I distrust; and yet I found in one and all an unexpected conviction that what England did infinitely mattered, and an impressive willingness to admit responsibilities beyond their own little group, to America, even to the next generation in Germany. One of the storm-centers of English public opinion to-day is Lord Northcliffe. He is accused by some of having no principle, and no policies not subject to change on short notice; he is believed by many to exercise an irresponsible and unscrupulous influence upon public opinion by means of his controlled press. And yet his worst enemies admit that he wants

only one thing, and that is to win the war. In other words, even if a demagogue and a none too reliable leader, he is morally earnest. And the list, both of strong and of weak, could be indefinitely extended.

In America it is clear that we feel this moral earnestness even more intensely because more simply, more naïvely, if you will, than the older nations. Every other explanation of our entrance into the war as a united nation breaks down on analysis. We thought in 1916 (let us be honest now and say it) that the days of '61, when, North and South, we were willing to fight for a principle, had gone forever. We thought, some of us, that if America went into the war it would be upon a wave of frenzied patriotism, exactly equivalent in nature, if not in cause, to that diseased nationalism which carried Germany through Belgium in 1914. We thought, many of us, that if we stayed out of the war it would be because we knew on which side our bread was buttered, and that as the butter grew thicker our neutrality would increase. The outcome ruined the reputation of many cynical prophets. German threats and German submarines were inciting incidents merely. The President, voicing the time spirit, quickened our moral earnestness, made us think and feel for once internationally, and the rest followed in natural sequence.

It is easier, however, to begin than to carry on; it is always easier to fight than to organize the fighting, than to profit from its results, than to reconstruct after destruction. Are we earnest enough to live up to our obligations? None can answer that question. But the reply depends upon factors that will bear discussion. Have we intelligence enough? Are we whole-hearted? Moral earnestness is like optimism; it is little good unless it makes good.

Unintelligent seem to many of us all hysteric appeals to think only of military problems until the war is won, as if we were so weak that only one task could engage our energies at once. The incredible blunders of diplomacy made by the Allies in Russia and Eastern Europe are monuments to this kind of single-mindedness. The neglect of social un-

rest in Italy, which, save for the efforts of the American Red Cross, might have taken her out of the war; the feverish assertions in many American and some French and British papers that the working-man must be kept in his place, are sign-posts pointing ominously ahead. If we have not intelligence enough to realize that the industrial system of the world before the war was wrong and must be readjusted, our moral earnestness will never prevent economic disintegration in war-time or social revolution afterward. England deserves great credit for her practical recognition of this grim but undoubted fact. Unintelligent, also, though earnest enough, often, indeed, immorally earnest, are the passionate attempts of leagues and associations to begin the game of commercial grab again for ourselves alone, and if camouflaged as revenge upon Germany, all the more dangerous to our morale. We have seen before this the morally earnest man rooting out the unbeliever, so that he could possess his vine and fig-tree, and the portent has never been auspicious for a peaceful world, made fit for decent, fair-minded folk to live in. The "patriot" who calls upon us to forget that we are fighting for a clean and durable peace while we pledge ourselves to ruin our enemies *after* the war, is as dangerous as he is stupid. He urges us to drive a powerful enemy to desperation and thus to double the cost of our victory in money and life; he urges us to arm with greed and vindictiveness instead of a clean conscience, common sense, and an earnest conviction that more than our pocketbooks will profit if we win. It is true intelligence that distinguishes between this foolish fist-shaking and the steady, ruthless use of the economic weapon until we obtain our just and legitimate ends.

But the greatest need of a nation suddenly toppled into world conflict and world responsibility like ours, is whole-heartedness. Our sudden wave of earnestness made us whole-hearted for the first time in generations; and we shall have to stay so if we are to stay earnest. Italy has suffered bitterly from a lack of whole-heartedness, socialist quarreling with socialist, "Greater Italians" with non-annexationists. France,

on the other hand, has achieved her magnificent morale by a whole-heartedness in the face of visible danger, the sound of guns, the bombs by night, the pitiful *évacués* streaming southward day by day. Our whole-heartedness, like England's, must be of a different kind. It must spring from the moral imagination. We must ward off death-blows from others before we ourselves are more than buffeted. We must toil and suffer and be greater than ourselves, when we could have lived, for a while, very comfortably, and left it to our sons to square accounts with Germany and the world. It is going to be hard for Americans to carry on through the long series of adjustments into which this war will subside, unless their earnestness is whole-hearted. Straight backs and stiff upper lips are going to be needed quite as much as "hustlers," inventors, and organizers; and an earnest, undivided public opinion most of all.

It is by "gassing" public opinion that the pacifists, radical socialists, and conscientious objectors do the most harm. There is an uneasy feeling in England, and here also, I suspect, that the newspaper condemnation of pacifists as unclean and poisonous animals somehow misses the point. There are so many other animals far more poisonous and really unclean; for when you stop saying "pacifist" and begin to speak of John Brown, or Mary Smith, the individual often proves to be a person active in good services, not military, to the state, and likely to be a valuable citizen when we reach a durable peace; while many noisy "patriots" are none too useful now, and likely to be still less so later.

Nevertheless, the professional pacifist seems wrong and dangerous to all of us who believe that this war must be made conclusive. The most important charge against him is not that he believes the war should be ended now by negotiation. There he may conceivably be right, though the evidence is heavily on the other side. The most serious charge against the pacifist has the advantage of being susceptible of proof. He saps our moral earnestness by doubting its sincerity. He attacks whole-heartedness.

Let me cite, as an illustration, a typical family which represents what one

finds often enough among pacifist and semi-pacifist groups in England, and, I have no doubt, in America also. The father is one of the most useful citizens in Great Britain. His business, which is the building of motor-trucks, is an essential industry, and is conducted with such regard for the new conditions of labor that increase in wages and in output, a better working environment, and reasonable profits have all been secured. Furthermore, he has served with distinction on commissions that have rearranged throughout Great Britain the economic relations of employer and employed. He does not believe in war, but he has supported this one as the lesser of two evils. Whether he would fight if called upon I do not know, but his work at home has been worth a regiment in the field. The oldest son has conscientious objections to taking life. He has, however, enlisted in dangerous relief work on board the trawlers, has been wounded, and has returned to his service. The next son passed last year the age of enlistment. He shared the family distrust of war, but was all afire with the necessity of downing the Prussian menace by force, if no other way was open. He felt that his duty was to fight. The mother, a fine woman, of the seed of the martyrs, is an out-and-out conscientious objector. War she regards as the prime evil. The attitude of her husband and older son she condemns; when her younger son consented to fight, her heart was seared. At home she is active in good works for the refugee and the destitute alien, but she cannot talk of the greater issues of the war without bitterness toward her family and a fanatic distrust of her countrymen.

It is one of the ablest, most unselfish, most high-minded families in England, but its atmosphere is disturbing. The younger son I am sorry for. His youthful enthusiasms are clouded. No course seems to him entirely right. He is unhappy fighting; he would be still more unhappy if he refused to fight. The mother I criticize. Her moral earnestness is too narrow. In a struggle where every force for good in the nation is called upon, she denies the validity of righteous anger that employs the weapons of this world, and excludes as impure

the splendid courage and devotion and sacrifice of the thousands who have given their lives for what they believed to be a worthy cause. She has buried her talent.

And this is the error of the pacifists in general. They should be with us. We need them more than many a mechanical invention which has been hailed as an ender of war. We need their moral earnestness to keep us whole-hearted. But they refuse to work with the world as it is; they doubt all sincerity unless it is their own.

Many a crippled body and soul wounded or bereaved must envy the perfect whole-heartedness of the religion of the cathedral, and many will rightly find solace there. But for us who are still unwinged, and upon whom the plain duty of winning the war and living up to our responsibilities afterward most heavily falls, there must be a more immediate and mundane hope. Is it possible, in the midst of such a flood of writing upon the manufacture, distribution, and use of materials of war, to convince the dazed reader that our trust must be in intelligence and whole-heartedness, that these lie behind material agencies and are indispensable? If he will not believe it, then it is useless to present the *Spes Unica* of the shattered cross as a pathetic symbol of how much men have lost of their ancient sureties, and the moral earnestness of an aroused world as a single and invaluable hope.

Our leaders and the fighters in the war are keenly aware of this elementary truth, although they confess themselves in deed more often than in word. French politics and German diplomacy fluctuate with the morale of the people at home. Generalship, I heard a chief of staff at the front once say, is three-quarters a knowledge of the mood, the condition, and the character of your men. For a week I traveled the British front with a grizzled major of a Highland regiment, who had been in the game since 1914. We lunched one day with a mingled group of field and intelligence officers, a Belgian on liaison work, and a visiting French captain. The talk, which was chiefly upon specialties beyond the range of war, made one fact evident—the world of civilian life was

more interesting than ever before to these men. They were passionately desirous to get back, to "clean up the mess" there, to go on with their mounting, broken careers.

"How do you stay so keen on your job here," I asked the major afterward, "when you are more weary of war than they are at home?"

He flushed a little, British fashion. "Have to clean up this mess, first," he answered.

A week later one of the most lovable boys I have ever known (he was killed last week) stood by his Nieuport on the American front, talking to me before a flight.

"I don't think much of the danger," he said, "though I don't forget it. It's hard work getting the Hun. There isn't time to think of dying."

Suppose they did not feel that way, what would all our inventions, our supplies, our Liberty Loans amount to? Or, to carry it further, who would invent, supply, raise, and transmit? Russia was rich. Russia, with all her weaknesses, had a sufficing economic system. Russia lost her whole-heartedness and collapsed like a balloon. I have seen the doubts, difficulties, strains, and absolute losses of war-time in Great Britain, Ireland, France, and the front. And if I am an optimist instead of a pessimist or a cynic as regards this war and the future, it is because (if I may borrow a word usually given to the enemy) I believe in the efficiency of the moral earnestness I have watched at work among our Allies and in America. We, especially, must keep ours earnest, keep it intelligent. keep it whole-hearted.

An Old Lover

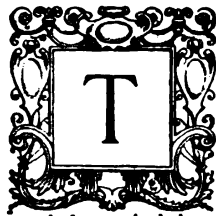
BY DAVID MORTON

WHENEVER he would talk to us of ships,
 Old schooners lost, or tall ships under weigh,
 The god of speech was neighbor to his lips,
 A lover's grace on all the words he'd say.
 He called them by their names, and you could see
 Spars in the sun, keels and their curling foam;
 And all his mind was like a morning quay
 Of ships bound out and ships come gladly home.

He filled the bay with sails we'd never seen:
 The *Merely Mary Ann*, "a maid for shape,"
 The slender *Jacque*, the worthy *Island Queen*,
 That was his own—he lost her off the Cape.
 "She was a ship" . . . and then he'd look away
 And talk to us no more of ships that day.

The Boy Who Was Bored

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON



TOM DANA was one of those numerous young men at college who do not overexert themselves in the pursuit of knowledge, but who, for all their athletic and social activities, are sensitive to many intellectual influences. Tom knew English verse from the days of the Venerable Bede. A select few of his friends knew that he wrote verse himself, though it was not generally known to the track squad, with which he trained. (The quarter was his distance.) He saw no particular reason why they should know. One talked sprinting to track men and poetry to poets—it was absurdly simple. Of course, one made a fool of oneself now and then by writing sonnets to some girl, but there was really no other way to get into the mood for a good sonnet. They have to be written some time after midnight, with the faint odor of perfume still on one's dinner coat, and the tingle of amatory excitement not quite subsided. Not any girl, of course, but the particular girl who persists in one's dreams and colors one's thoughts.

From all of which it may be inferred that Tom Dana was a young man of some temperament, some poise, and some pose—which is a fair and average blend.

He entered his majority and the senior class at the same time, coming back from an old-fashioned vacation into a hectic atmosphere of military training. There were French officers at the college, in their blue uniforms, drilling the reserve officers' training-corps. There were American officers in khaki. Already dozens of Tom's classmates had disappeared from the scene. They were flying in France, if they were of the right social set, or driving ambulances if they were less select. Among Tom's friends there was much debate over chucking the not-too-coveted degree and going across at

once, also. The man who in three years had passed the requisite number of courses was hailed as a thrice fortunate man; he didn't need to stay for his degree. The trouble was, most of the men who had passed the requisite number of courses in three years were not of the adventurous type! They didn't get nearly excited enough at the magic words, "For France." Tom, in fact, contemplated writing a poem for the college monthly about them. A man really had no right to be such a good student and so blind to the real significance of world events. It certainly proved that the scholar was really of small account in the world.

However, this was rather hard to express adequately in a sonnet, so Tom gave up the attempt, and finished with a triolet to Eunice Farnsworth, on whom he had been calling that evening. Most of his poems went to Eunice. She appreciated them—and him.

Shortly after, he told his parents that he was going to France.

"But your degree!" cried his mother, putting a sudden hand over her bosom and going white.

"Have you got the trip financed?" asked his father, with that so annoying air of the parent who controls the purse-strings.

"Well, I guess I can get there, somehow," said Tom.

"But I don't want you to go," his father answered. "America isn't in the war. We are neutral, and our President has asked us to remain so. Your country hasn't called you. It would be better for you to finish your training at college and get your degree. Your mother must be thought of, Tom. You—you are our only boy."

"Oh, what's that?" Tom cried. "Lots of men in France are 'only boys,' too, and they're standing up against the Hun to save civilization; yes, to save us—you and me and mother. I'd be a

pretty thing, wouldn't I, if I lay down on helping 'em? I'm going over to fly, or something."

"Oh, not to fly!" his mother cried, with such a sharp note of pain that Tom looked at her and then hung his head.

"Well, to drive an ambulance, then," said he. "Bill Swain and Buster Sawtelle and Joe Morley are all over there driving flivvers for France, and Joe's got a *Croix de Guerre* and wants me to come; and I'm twenty-one, anyhow, and—"

"Are you entirely sure it's for France you want to do this, and not for excitement?" his father asked.

"Oh, Will—how can you!" cried Mrs. Dana, quickly rising and putting her hand out on her boy's arm.

"It's a fair question, Mary," the man persisted. "None of us knows quite why he does a thing till he thinks it over."

"It's for both, father," said the boy, honestly, after a long pause. "I think it's more for France, though."

"All right, then, you may go," his father answered, "and your mother and I will be proud of you and try not to miss you too much."

He put out his hand rather awkwardly to his son, who took it even more awkwardly.

The family discussed plans at dinner, but after dinner Tom disappeared, hardly noting his mother's wistful look as she watched him donning his overcoat. He was headed for Eunice's house.

Eunice acted strangely when he told her. She was younger than he by two years, a slender, rather grave girl who had lived a sheltered life and was full of provoking reticences—or were they provocative reticences? Perhaps, in a woman, the two are the same. She did not appear surprised at Tom's announcement—it would not have been very flattering, he reflected, if she had. But she did not appear proud, either. She accepted it as a matter of course, he felt, and did not even show any signs of anxiety and grief, like his mother. This made him a little angry, and as his mood intensified he grew stiff and formal. The evening passed uncomfortably and he rose early to leave. At the door into the hall he turned, to see her looking at him with great tears brimming into

her eyes. She turned her head quickly to hide them, but too late.

"Eunice, what's the matter?" he cried, springing to her side.

She kept her face averted, and he found himself boldly putting his arm about her and trying to lift her face. Suddenly she lifted it herself, looking long into his eyes, and he kissed her, while her sobs came, shaking her soft bosom against his.

He went out into the night curiously sobered.

It was late in 1915 that he left for France, with the blessing of the dean, the silent handshake of his father, his mother's kisses through tears hardly held in check, and the memory of a last evening with Eunice the night before, when she had sat beside him with his hand clasped hard in both of hers, and listened, with ears which heard not, to his latest sonnet, "For France."

"You're not paying attention to my poem," he had said, in mock reproachfulness.

And she had put his hand to her lips, hiding her face over it, which made him feel gloriously humble, so that he tossed away his manuscript and sank to his knees before her and pulled down her lips to his.

Tom was in France for more than a year. It was a marvelous, a wonderful year. He was in the center of the vast whirlpool of war, and not an ordinary war, but such a war as the world had never seen nor dreamed, a war which engulfed all mankind, obsessed their every thought and emotion when it did not draft their physical bodies, and which seemed to be wiping out everything in the past, creating a new heaven (or a new hell) and a new earth. That was it—it was wiping out everything in the past; it was a mighty force of nature boiling and swirling from a central crater, and that crater was France. France was the place to be! After the first days of shuddering horror at the sights he saw, the human wrecks he had to lift into his ambulance, and the first terror at the whining, snarling shells, Tom Dana knew France was the only place to be. He grew callous to the sight of wounds and the sound of shells, but all the rest of him seemed to grow

more intensely sensitive. At least, every second of the time, except when there was a battle on and he grew groggy for sleep as he drove back and forth, back and forth, at eight miles an hour over the pitch-black road, without any lights on his car, of course, trying to avoid the munition-trucks on the one side and the ditch on the other—except during such periods of strain, his eyes, his ears, every sense and faculty he possessed, were besieged with exciting impressions, with the thunder of vast events, with little stabbing things.

What was the study of psychology in a college class-room to this naked revelation of ultimate reactions! And the contrasts, too, of landscape charm and shell-made desert, of grim munition-trains and endless snake-lines of marching soldiers winding through fair fields into the swallowing smoke of battle, or the piled debris of a village! Once, in Flanders, crossing an area where the enemy had been driven back several miles, he saw the old trench scars ribboning down toward the sea, and between them, in the hollows, row after row of flaming poppies, self-grown from seed the battle could not destroy—seed saved by its very tininess—blood-red poppies in those hollows where the blood had spilled. The sight was terrible and lovely, a symbolism almost too spectacular. What little verses he had written back in the infinitely removed past! Here was something worth a poem!

Then there was the life in the old, battered villa where his unit lived, with its Louis XVI piano banged to tunelessness by hands more enthusiastic than cunning, its great rooms looking exactly like one of those cold, unreal sets in a French domestic drama, its windows patched up with yellow oiled paper, its gay, singing crowd that fought boredom valiantly on days when there was no fighting and the flivvers were all washed and greased. He never had to fight boredom, however, for always there were shell puffs on the horizon, or planes winging overhead, or the boom of artillery, or crawling snake-lines of muddy soldiers out on the highway, plodding through the rain, if one grew weary of trying to write, to get into words these myriads of impressions before they were

lost. Then there was, of course, the night trip down the drive from the villa, cranking your car in the inky black, and creeping out into the black line of transport trucks and marching men, learning to use your eyes and all your instincts like a cat in the dark, and all night long going back and forth into the red fury of battle and out again with your living loads that cursed the bumps you could not avoid. You drove with your mouth open near the front, never knowing when some gun would half shatter your eardrums close beside the road. Even by day you could not tell—a clump of bushes might be a battery, and the gunners loved to make you jump. You jolted over the masonry debris in ruined villages, wondering whether the next shell would get you or not, and laughing when some wall you had just passed went crumbling under the explosion of the shell that had been snarling toward you. There were red nights when there was no sleep and man seemed fighting some vast volcano. One lived on the crater rim.

There were trips to Paris, too, in the lulls, when you saw France, beautiful, bleeding France, brave in her mourning, and felt still, in spite of all, the immemorial loveliness of her city. There, too, you met dozens of men you knew, older men, grave and busy, and aviators whose days of leave were no less lively than their days of service. Tom had never been in Paris before. There were times, after his return, when he wished he had not been then. But his remorse was short-lived. The villa where he camped seemed indeed but a spot of brief and insubstantial reality, "with darkness and the death hour rounding it." One bites at life eagerly, hectically, unquestioningly, in such a mood.

And always there was this great fact of war, just out there on the front, a vast, endless line of men and guns, from the Alps to the sea, standing against the flood-tide of barbarity—the red dike of civilization, Tom called it, and was proud of his phrase.

Tom got the wound that brought him the *Croix de Guerre* two days before Christmas, 1916. It wasn't much of a wound—the flesh and muscle on his shoulder torn by a shrapnel fragment,

but he got it while on service. The blow came while he was bringing out a load of *blessés*. He was conscious at the time more of rage than of pain, for he stalled his engine by a convulsive blow of his right hand on the gas-lever, and had to crank it again. He got to the base, and fainted. The surgeon attended to him, and sent him to the villa swathed in bandages. That night his shoulder pained him, his head ached, and he longed with a sudden homesickness for his mother's cool hand on his forehead, for the touch of Eunice's breast to his, for the sweet affection of her glance. The next day he wrote long letters to both women, penitently realizing that his communications had been brief of late.

On Christmas Eve—by some happy chance there had been no fighting that day—the unit had a feast, a jovial and yet a curiously wistful and sober feast. Dick Sorchon, a new arrival, tried to make a hero of Tom, and was hooted out of court.

"Him a hero!" cried Jim Bates, of Kansas City. "He's nothing but a lucky stiff! He'll get a *Croix de Guerre* because his blooming fliv was hit in the off hind wheel, and here I've been wounded twice, and don't get a blooming thing because I was off duty, on foot!"

Tom laughed. He knew he was no more a hero than any of them. Looking around, he saw a strange assortment of young Americans, from all ranks and places, all of them heroes—and all of them, on this evening, in the candle-light in the dim old villa, trying hard not to think of home. Somebody with a good voice began "Silent Night." He didn't get far.

"That's a damn German tune," a listener growled.

But what he meant was, it made him think of home.

Tom thought much of home himself in the next few days. Idle now, he grew restless. He began to hunger for Eunice. His wound seemed to be healing slowly, and he could not be sure, when it was healed, that he could drive again—a muscle had been torn. One bitter, cold, rainy day—forever it seemed to rain—he decided to get his release. He cabled from port, and took the first available boat.

He arrived in New York, and the

first thing which struck him was the normal pulse of life. After sleeping in a life-preserver, and by day swapping anecdotes with other returning drivers, or with men who had been close to that red dike, it was uncanny to walk up Broadway and see the theater signs ablaze, the Gargantuan electric beer-bottles popping, the cabs rolling by filled with jeweled women and fat men. Here was not the reality of life, but the unreality. Tom felt as if he were in a dream. He went to a play, and it was another of those innumerable plays we went to before the war, when the world was what it was. Didn't anybody know the world wasn't like that at all? He took the midnight train for home in a daze. Home, at least, would be real—and Eunice.

Home was real. His mother took him into her arms as if he were a little boy again, and wept and laughed, and wanted to send for the family doctor at once to see if his wound was getting along all right. His father, postponing his departure for his office, actually kissed him on the cheek, and Tom had a sudden recollection of how that same mustache used to feel when it was brown instead of gray and he was a very little boy. He sat in the old, familiar dining-room, with its Adam furniture and great, sleepy clock, and ate all the things he had always liked best, brought hot from the kitchen. Then his father departed, and his mother sat by him and made him tell her over and over about his life, about his wound, and reassure her over and over that it was properly healing, for his arm was still in a sling.

Later in the morning he slipped away, however, to see Eunice. She came hurriedly into the room where he was waiting, with a little smothered cry of greeting, and, running straight to him, she put both her soft arms around his neck and kissed him, not once, but over and over, while he folded his well arm hard about her waist and held her to him. She did not weep, she did not laugh, but all her reserve seemed gone. She simply looked into his face with big, hungry, shining eyes, and led him gently to a seat beside her on the sofa, and then held his hand tight clasped in both of hers, and said:



"I'M GOING OVER TO FLY, OR SOMETHING"

"Oh, Tom, when I heard you were wounded—I thought I should die because I couldn't be with you!"

"Pooh!" he laughed. "It was nothing at all. They gave me this because my ambulance was hit, the boys say. I mean it's just a token of a wound in service." And he showed her his cross.

"Oh, but how could we be sure it was nothing?" said she.

"Well, it's a chance we all have to take." He laughed once more. "I'll be fit to drive again, or maybe scrap, in a little while."

Eunice uttered a smothered cry and put her fingers on his lips. "Don't say that—not this morning," she said. "Oh, not this morning! It's been more than a year—more than a year!"

Tom was surprised at her passionate intensity. She did not seem like the quiet, reserved Eunice he had known. Glad as he was to see her, delicious and

thrilling as were her kisses on his lips, there was something about her which disturbed him. He was dimly conscious that in a year she had gone a way he had not gone, that her life had been centered in thoughts of him, and his had not been centered in thoughts of her. He was touched, he was profoundly moved—yet he was embarrassed. He could not think of the right word to say, and found himself refusing to stay for luncheon, on the plea that he owed his first day to his mother.

"I wouldn't give you up to anybody else!" said Eunice, coming with him to the hall and putting him tenderly into his overcoat. Again she kissed him with that hungry intensity, her eyes looking deep into his, a wistful little smile playing in the corners of her mouth.

Tom walked slowly home, confused and troubled.

During the next weeks he was greatly

in demand. His mother wanted him at home at tea-time, when her friends called. Her Red Cross branch wanted him to give a talk about his experiences; the Men's Good-fellowship Club of his father's church wanted him to talk at their monthly dinner, and so on. At first he went to these functions gladly enough, and made it a point to talk as well as he could, though he had no gifts as a public speaker. But presently they began to bore him. He could hardly complain that his audiences weren't interested in what he had to tell, but, as he explained to Eunice, "they are all sitting around so comfortably, and talking so much hate! Talk, talk, talk!—I'm sick of it. The men on the dike aren't talking hate. They're sweating blood and facing grim death, and they don't have time. But these comfortable females and their eternal teacups, and these bankers and their fat cigars, thinking if they knit a sweater or give a hundred dollars they've done their bit! Bah! it makes me weary!"

"But, dear, they can't all go to the front," said Eunice, "or even give sons to go. You can't blame them for being comfortable while they can."

"Oh, I don't blame 'em, I suppose. But they bore me, just the same. And then ma's friends—gosh! they make a *hero* of me! As if there weren't millions, on both sides, doing ten times as much as I ever did. If there's anything this war has proved, it's that every man is a hero. But 'round here they're still living back in the past, in the old world. They don't know it's a dead one."

Eunice was silent. She was trying hard now to understand him, and to her inexperience it was not easy. She only felt sure that he did not love her as she loved him, or as she had believed he loved her, when he went away.

As soon as the shoulder was declared well, his father asked him point-blank what he proposed doing, and suggested that he go back to college and try to make up a little of his lost time, so that he might perhaps get into the law-school in the autumn.

"Oh, what's the use?" Tom cried. "I couldn't get into the stride now, anyhow. Why, it's after mid-years already, and I couldn't even get credit for any

half-courses. Besides, I've been over to college, and it all seems a thousand miles away, and foolish—kid stuff. When you've been up against the real thing you can't go back to writing pale pink themes and studying the economics of nineteen-thirteen, which are out of date already."

His father looked at him sharply. "Very well," he said. "But I'm afraid you must do something, according to the rather severe economics of nineteen-seventeen. We can't waste any resources these days, material or human, and I am not a rich man. Will you come down to my office and read law there?"

"Oh, I suppose so," said Tom. "I was thinking of going back, though."

"That is as you like," his father replied, without the opposition the boy had expected. "I only ask you to remember that your own country has not called you yet, and I pray God it may not, though I fear the worst, and your mother sorrows for you more than you can ever guess while you are gone. You have already given France a year out of your life—very nearly given her your whole life."

Tom detected the note of emotion in his father's voice at these last words, and once again penitence seized him.

"I'll read law with you," he said, "until our country wakes up and sees where its duty lies."

And he honestly tried to study, going down-town every morning, and on the way contrasting his city, so normal, so drab, so colorless, with Paris, immemorably beautiful and inspiring even in her grief. One or two evenings he looked for old excitements he had once known, and found them flat and stale. The task of plodding through the foundations of law by day was utterly beyond his powers of concentration.

"Oh, what's the use?" he cried to Eunice, as she sat beside him, without taking his hand any more. "I can't keep my mind on the old book. The pater comes in with some dry explanation, and I hear old Beany Bowers roaring 'Tipperary' to a bunch of smelly *poilus* in a barn full of tobacco smoke, or see the red gun flares on the black rim of night, or hear the ripping silk of a plane over-

head. If it wasn't for mother I'd beat it back. That's my job."

"And don't I count a little, too?" the girl asked, in a low voice, not looking at him.

"Of course, dear," he cried, in another mood of penitence, attempting to embrace her.

But she moved from his side.

"I'm afraid I don't—not much," she said. "I met a little woman from Canada to-day, and she said—oh, with such pride and pathos!—that 'her man' was in France. But you aren't 'my man,' are you? You and I are just boy and girl friends, after all."

Eunice spoke simply, softly, with no reserves, looking at him with eyes that seemed to suffer.

What could he say? He loved her—he felt sure he loved her. But did he love her like this? What could he do but put a ring on her finger—yet where was he to get the ring? His father was just supporting him, that was all.

"I—I suppose we *are* young," he faltered. "Of course I'm not earning anything yet, and—"

"Oh, oh! You think I mean *that*!" she cried, and left him abruptly, in a burst of weeping.

He shrugged his shoulders at the mystery of women and started for home. It was a warm evening for March. A misty rain was falling. The yellow lamps of a picture-theater cast a golden reflection on the wet pavement and tempted him in. A battle picture was being shown, tame enough in contrast to the reality, but it made him restless. Going out with the throng, he reached home, went to his room, donned his dirty leggings and sweater and his leather jacket, went to the pantry and stuffed some bread and cold meat into his pocket, and then, leaving a note to his mother on the breakfast-table, slipped quietly out to the stable which opened on the alley behind the house. Here his mother kept a runabout which



HE TURNED TO SEE HER LOOKING AT HIM WITH TEARS BRIMMING INTO HER EYES

she used chiefly in the warm season at their summer place, while the large car brought his father to town. But since his arm recovered Tom had been using it to run about in. Now he quietly pushed it out and down the alley a short distance before starting it. Then he cranked it and sped forth into the night.

Once clear of the city, on smooth macadam leading west into the rolling country, he put on speed, with no idea where he was going at first, but intent on the sudden sensation of relief, the fantastic unreality of the road, the trees, the hedges, as they rolled up under his wheels in the wet glare of his headlights, or flashed dimly past on either side of his misted wind-shield. Presently he put the shield down, to feel the wet wind sting his face. After an hour he knew where he was going. This road was a turnpike across the state to a certain college where a man in the class above his now taught. He had known Baker rather well—they lived on opposite sides of the same dormitory corridor. He'd go there and see him. Baker understood poetry. He'd tell him about those rows of poppies.

The car sped on through the night. Presently he ran into a belt of fog and had to slow down and feel his way, uncertain of the turns and forks. This was even better than straight running. It was like France on a bad night, except he had headlights now. He would have turned them off, but he feared possible arrest. Finally he ran out of the fog and stopped to eat his bread and meat and light a cigarette. When he cranked the car again the lights would not come on. He examined the bulbs with a match. Burnt out!

"Hooray!" he cried, climbing back, and feeling his way forward over the unknown road, his eyes after a time once more regaining their old habit of cat-like vision.

Daylight found him far across the state, and hungry. On investigation, he unearthed a single dollar from his clothes, and some change. At the next town he bought some breakfast with the change, and gas with the dollar, and pushed on, into sunlight now, into wild, beautiful country, and over a great hill, where from the top he looked out into a

tumbled mountain world. Coasting recklessly down the long, steep grade, and passing through a town in the valley, he came to the college at ten o'clock. Baker was surprised to see him. He was just off for a class in English "lit." Yes, he could make himself at home, and Baker would show him around after lunch—luckily, for it was Saturday. Tom curled up in a Morris chair and read a new volume of poetry while he waited. He didn't feel sleepy. He felt tremendously alive. Maybe it was the result, he thought, of his long inactivity with his wound.

After lunch Baker wanted to take him to the Faculty Club, to tell some of the men about his experiences, but Tom refused.

"No. Take me up to the highest hill around here, by the steepest trail," he cried. "I want to use my legs and talk poetry."

So his friend led the way, through fields and then woods where the snow yet lay thick, and then up bare ledges and almost a cliff wall, to a naked summit overlooking the whole valley and showing wave after wave of blue ranges rolling against the horizon.

And then he suddenly said: "Bake, this war thing is the greatest thing I ever bucked. It's hell, and it's Shakespeare and Dante and Isaiah. It's a ghastly horror and a nightmare—and it's more real than you, and these hills, and mother, and the pater, and—and—God help me, the dark lady of my sonnets. Some day, maybe, I can write about it, but not now. It's too damn absurd to try! It's just got me, soul and body, till France is freed and the Hun is squealing on his back—he squeals, you know, when you stick him. Mother, pater, none of 'em can understand. I can't spiel a lot of fine talk about self-sacrifice and devotion and being an American Lafayette and all that. A fellow just goes to help, and stays because he can't quit. You can see that. It's like being dragged from your first Hardy novel when you're in the middle of the biggest chapter. I got pinked in the shoulder and a Christmas box and an attack of homesickness all at once, and beat it back here; and now they want me to stay; and mother's all cut



CREEPING OUT INTO THE BLACK LINE OF TRANSPORT TRUCKS AND MARCHING MEN

up when I'm away—I can see she's got a lot more gray hair; and the—the lady—Well, you know how it is. But I'm all over there yet. What shall I do?"

Baker did not reply for a long moment. "Damn a man who puts his cases of conscience up to me!" he finally said.

"I know—it's a low trick," Tom answered. "But I have."

"You'll do what you please, anyhow," Baker said, slowly, "so what's the difference? I'd say go back to France. If I didn't have a mother and sister to look out for I'd go with you."

They scrambled down the hill at sunset. Tom cheerfully "borrowed" ten dollars from his friend for gas, new lamps, and possible emergency, and after supper and a pipe (also borrowed), he cranked up again and headed east.

He ran all night, without lights after midnight on the lonely stretches, and reached home before his family were up. He put the car back, let himself in, left another note pinned on his door—a note of warning not to wake him—took a bath, and went to bed.

Just before dinner he appeared in the living-room. His father looked up in

silent expectation from his paper, waiting the explanation. His mother cried, "*Where* have you been?"

"I've been thinking," he answered. "Pater, I've got to go back. It's got me—France and—and all. I promise not to fly. I'll get another chance with a flivver, and if we come in I'll shift over to the Stars and Stripes. But I've got to go. You know I'm not getting anywhere in your office."

"Yes, I know," said his father, rather dryly.

"Oh, Tom—" his mother began.

"Now, Mary!" Mr. Dana cautioned. "Tom has to choose for himself. He's a grown man—we've settled that."

"Yes, I—I know, and he's a brave, noble boy—"

"Mother, please!" Tom pleaded.

"When do you want to leave?" his father asked.

"I'd like to go on the twelve-o'clock to New York to-night. I think I might get my passports fixed up and catch a boat early in the week."

His mother choked her handkerchief to her mouth, but his father took out his bill-case and examined it.

"I shall have to write you a check," he said. "Take it to the usual place in New York to-morrow."

Tom went back to finish his packing, which had engaged him since four that afternoon. At dinner he was too cheerful, even, to let his mother's silence oppress him, and though his face was grave and perplexed as he left for Eunice's house, he could not keep his feet from springing on the pavement.

Something in his manner, certainly, told her that a change had come over him, and she looked at him with quick questioning, and put her hand over her heart with an instinctive gesture.

"I—I'm sorry, Eunice," he said, "but I've got to go back. I'm leaving on the midnight to-night. I'm no good in a law office, or anywhere. I've just got to be back there in France."

The girl shook her head slowly. "No, you are not sorry," she replied. "You are glad."

"Well, of course I'm glad in a way," said he. "I'm glad to be back doing my bit for France. But I'm sorry to leave you, more than you seem to believe."

He looked hard into her large eyes, and a longing seized him to take her into his arms and kiss the sorrow from them. But she moved quickly from his side.

"It's you who will never know how much I want to believe," she answered. "But I'm not the kind of girl who finds any satisfaction in cheating herself. Your heart is not mine now. It—it—Oh, Tom, this is what hurts me!—it belongs to war. *You are going because you like war!*"

"Oh, hang it all! that isn't so!" he cried, in a perplexed effort to explain. "I'm not posing as any hero—you can't say I ever have—and I'm not denying that the terrible, ghastly thing is more frightfully interesting than anything on earth. But I've got some other reasons. I can't make an oratorical splurge about 'em, but you remember the old lyric—

"I could not love thee, dear, so much
Loved I not honor more."

The girl looked at him quickly and let her hand touch his for a second.

"I don't mean you don't love honor, Tom," she said, more gently. "I don't mean you don't love France. But I don't think you love me much any more, and I so want to hear you say the right word about war!"

"General Sherman said that," he cut in.

She shook her head. "No, no. I want you to prove that you don't love it."

"Of course I don't love it!" he cried, with a frown of impatience. "See here, are you a pacifist?"

"I don't know," she answered, slowly. "Of course, I realize the dike, as you call it, must be held. But I know that's not what God made us for. He made us for laughter and peace and—and love. Oh, I want you to be brave and go, but I want you to be sorry you are going, and you aren't sorry; you are glad, *glad!*"

She reiterated this, getting back in a circle to her original remark. Tom was annoyed, but a single look at her curbed his impatience.

"Can't you see," he reasoned, gently, "that anything so big and real and—*different* just *must* be the most interesting thing in the world now? Can't you see a man can't help being sort of glad to



"YOU ARE GOING BECAUSE YOU LIKE WAR!"

get back to this great thing, and watch it, and be *in* it?"

"No," she said, so simply that it hurt him. "I'm a woman, and I love you. I can only see that to-night. There is nothing in the world so big as love."

It was on his lips to retort, "Nothing in *your* world," and she seemed suddenly childish to him, and trivial. But he refrained from speech for a second, and then slowly rose.

"Well," he said, "I guess it will come out all right, when I get back—if I get back."

At these words a little, dry sob choked her, and he knelt down penitently and put his arms about her. She let him kiss her lips while her own scarce answered, and then she quickly put her hands about his head, pulling it to her bosom and kissing his forehead.

"Now go—go—" she whispered.

Tom went silently from the room.

When he had gone, the sobs shook her for some moments, and she slowly sank on the couch and buried her face miserably.

It was so her grandfather found her when he dropped in on his way home from a dinner. Colonel Huntington was anything but a military-looking man. Noted as a writer and philanthropist, he was a small, mild, little old gentleman with a white goatee and a black evening tie one end of which always dangled down across his shirt-bosom. He had twinkling eyes and a famous wit, and most people had quite forgotten that at the age of twenty he had led a charge at Fredericksburg. Now he came gently over to his granddaughter, who was the pride of his life, and touched her hair.

She sat up and looked at him.

"Can you tell an old fellow?" he smiled.

She told him, brokenly and incohe-

rently, and as she quoted Tom's words he looked past her, past the room, out into the years.

"That was terrible — and tremendous," he said. "I suppose this one is more terrible and more tremendous. We youngsters, some of us, couldn't leave it, or settle down when it was over. Too bad your grandma couldn't be here to tell you! Your Tom is young—what is it, twenty-two? I was twenty-three at the finish. He's right. Twenty-two!—I wish I were—"

The girl looked into his face for the first time. "Grandpa—you, too!" she cried.

His eyes still saw far off.

"Oh, oh, *all* you men *like* war!" she cried again.

His eyes came back to her face and rested there tenderly. A little smile crept into the corners of his mouth. "I don't know—perhaps we do," said he. "I do know, though, that if this one weren't for the right nothing on earth would tempt your Tom to go. Don't you believe that of him?"

"Yes," she whispered. "Yes—of course. If I didn't, I'd die."

"No," said the colonel, "but you'd forget him."

"I don't forget. It's he that's forgotten me. That's—that's really what's hurting me so."

"Yes, that's really what's hurting you," said the old man, patting her hand. "But let me tell you something. Your Tom will come back and go downtown every day with a green bag, by the same car precisely, with a dull-green bag, and bring the bag home at night full of briefs and lamb chops, and he'll love you more than anything on earth—except, of course, his golf."

"There seems to be always something, then," said Eunice, trying to manage a smile and making a sad mess of it.

"Well, we'll even cut out the golf," her grandfather smiled at her. "But just now this terrible red rival has got him. You mustn't be jealous and worry and grieve. He loves you, he loves right and honor and France, but above all he's twenty-two in the midst of tremendousness. If women could do the fighting wars would end, because in the middle of a charge the colonel would remember she hadn't told her husband to change his underclothes at Thanksgiving or where she put Bobbie's rubbers."

The girl did manage a smile this time. "You're a dear old grandpa," she said, "but you don't understand women very well."

"No," he answered, "I suppose not. I'm only seventy-six. But I know my little girl ought to go to bed. Come; I'm going to find your father and beg one of his legal cigars to last me home. My literary ones are too plebeian after I've dined with the rich and great."

He took her gently by the hand and led her to the foot of the stairs. At the landing she wiped her eyes and turned back with a hard-managed smile, waving him a brave good night.

"That's the old soldier's granddaughter!" he called up to her. "Don't you forget—green bag every day—same car—home to slippers by the hearth."

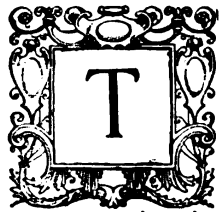
When she had vanished he stood in the hall a moment, the merriment quite gone from his face. He looked like a very old man.

"Poor little girl!" he said, aloud. "When will the damned curse be lifted from the world?"



Khaki Confidences at Château-Thierry

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD



THEY were detraining in dense brown crowds at what had been the station before German guns had knocked it into a shapeless heap of tumbled bricks; they were pouring in on foot along the road from the west; and when I made my way along the main street to the river I found other khaki-clad lines leaving the little town, marching heavily, unrhythmically, and strongly out across the narrow, temporary wooden bridge, laid hastily across the massive stone pillars which were all that remained of the old bridge.

An old, white-capped woman, who had been one of my neighbors in the days before the little town had known German guns or American soldiers, called out to me:

"Oh, madame! See them! Isn't it wonderful? Just look at them! All day like that, all night like that. Are there any people left in America? And are all your people so big, so fine?"

"Where are they going?" I asked her, taking refuge for a moment in her doorway.

"To the front directly, the poor boys. They'll be fighting in two hours. . . . Do you hear the big guns off there banging away? And they so good, like nice big boys! Their poor mothers!"

I addressed myself in English to a soldier loitering near, watching the troops pass, "So they are going to the front, these boys?"

After a stare of intense surprise, a broad smile broke over his face. He came closer. "No, ma'am," he said, looking at me hard. "No, these are the Alabama boys just coming back from the front. They've been fighting steadily for five days." He added: "My! it seems good to talk to an American woman. I haven't seen one for four months!"

"Where are you from?" I asked him.

"Just from the Champagne front, with the Third Division. Two of our regiments out there were" He began pouring out exact, detailed military information which I would not have dreamed of asking him. The simple-hearted open confidence of the American soldier was startling and alarming to one who had for long breathed the thick air of universal suspicion. I stopped his fluent statement of which was his regiment, where they had been, what their losses were, where they were going.

"No, no. I mean where are you from in the States?"

I raised my voice to make myself heard above the sudden thunder of a convoy of munition-camions passing by and filling the narrow street from side to side.

"Oh! From Kansas City, Missouri. It's just eight months and seven days since I last saw the old town."

"And how do you like France?"

"Oh, it's all right, I guess! The climate's not so bad. And the towns wouldn't be much off if they'd clean up their manure-piles better."

"And the people, how do you get on with them?"

The camions had passed, and the street was again filled with American infantry, trudging forward with an air of resolute endurance.

"Well enough. They don't cheat you. I forgot and left a fifty-franc bill lying on the table of a house where I'd bought some eggs, and the next morning the woman sent her little girl over to camp to give it back. Real poor-appearing folks they were, too. But I've had enough. I want to get home. Uncle Sam's good enough for me. I want to hurry up and win the war and beat it back to God's country."

He fell away before the sudden assault upon me of an old, old man and his old wife, with the dirt, the hunted

look, the crumpled clothes, the desperate eyes of refugees.

"Madame, madame, help us! We cannot make them understand, the Americans! We want to go back to Villers-le-Petit. We want to see what is left of our house and garden. We want to start in to repair the house . . . and our potatoes must be dug."

I had passed that morning through what was left of their village. For a moment I saw their old, tired, anxious faces dimly, as though across the long stretch of shattered heaps of masonry. I answered evasively:

"But you know they are not allowing the civilian population to go back as yet. All this region is still being shelled. It's far too dangerous."

They gave together an exclamation of impatience as though at the futilities of children's talk. "But, madame, if *we* do not care about the danger? We never cared! We should not have left, ever, if the soldiers had not taken us away in camions . . . our garden and vineyard just at the time when they needed attention every hour. Well, we will not wait for permission. We will go back, anyhow. The American soldiers are not bad, are they, madame? They would surely not fire on an old man and his wife going back to their homes? If madame would only write on a piece of paper that we only want to go back to our home to take care of it . . ."

Their quavering old voices came to me indistinctly through the steady thudding advance of all those feet, come from so far, on so great, so high, so perilous a mission; come so far, many of them, to meet death more than halfway . . . the poor, old, cramped people before me, blind and deaf to the immensity of the earthquake, seeing nothing but that the comfort of their own lives was in danger. I had a nervous revulsion of feeling and broke the news to them more abruptly than I should have thought possible a moment before:

"There is nothing left of Villers-le-Petit. There is nothing left to go back to."

Well, they were not so cramped, so blind, so small, my poor old people. They took the news standing, and after

the first clutch at each other's wrinkled hands, after the first paling of their already ashy faces, they did not flinch.

"But the crops, madame. The vineyards. Are they all gone, too?"

"No, very little damage done there. Everything was kept, of course, intact for camouflage, and the retreat was so rapid there was not enough time for destruction."

"Then we will still go back, madame. We have brought the things for spraying the vineyards as far as here; surely we can get them to Villers-le-Petit, it is so near now. We can sleep on the ground, anywhere. In another week, you see, madame, it will be too late to spray. We have enough for ours, and our neighbors', too. We can save them if we go *now*. If madame would only write on a piece of paper in their language that . . ."

So I did it. I tore a fly-leaf out of a book lying in the heap of rubbish before the ruins of a bombarded house (it was a treatise on Bach's chorales by the French organist, Widor!) and wrote: "These are two brave old people, inhabitants of Villers-le-Petit, who wish to go back there to work under shell-fire to save what they can of their own and their neighbors' crops. Theirs is the spirit that is keeping France alive."

"It probably won't do you a bit of good," I said, "but here it is for what it is worth."

"Oh, once the American soldiers know what we want, they will let us pass, we know." They went off trustfully, holding my foolish "pass" in their hands.

I turned from them to find another young American soldier standing near me. "How do you do?" I said, smiling at him.

He gave a great start of amazement at the sound of my American accent.

"Well, how do you like being in France?" I asked him.

"Gee! Are you really an American woman?" he said, incredulously, his young face lighting up as though he saw a member of his own family. "I haven't talked to one in so *long*! Why, yes, I like France fine. It's the loveliest country to look at, isn't it? I didn't know any country could be kept up so, like a garden. How do they *do* it without any

men left? They must be awfully fine people. I wish I could talk to them some."

"Who are these soldiers going through to-day?" I asked. "Are they going out to the front-line trenches, or coming back? I've been told both things."

He answered with perfect certainty and precision: "Neither. They are Second Division troops, from Ohio, mostly, just out of their French training-camp, going up to hold the reserve line. They never have been in action yet."

Our attention was distracted to the inside of a fruit-shop across the street: a group of American soldiers struggling with the sign-language, a flushed, tired, distracted woman shopkeeper volubly unable to conceive that men with all their senses could not understand her native tongue. I went across to interpret. One of the soldiers in a strong Southern accent said:

"Oh, golly, yes! If you *would* do the talkin' fo' us. We cyan't make out wheth' we've paid heh or not, and we wondeh if she'd 'low us to sit heah and eat ouh fruit."

From the Frenchwoman: "Oh, madame, please, what *is* it they want now? I have shown them everything in sight. How strange that they can't understand the simplest language!"

The little misunderstanding was soon cleared away. I lingered by the counter. "How do you like our American troops, madame?" I asked.

"Very much indeed, if only they could talk. They don't do any harm. They are good to the children. They are certainly as brave as men can be. But there is one thing about them I don't understand. They overpay you, often, more than you ask . . . won't take change . . . and yet if you leave things open, as we always do, in front of the shop, they just put their hands in and help themselves as they go by. I have lost a great deal in that way. If they have so much money, why do they steal?"

I contemplated making a short disquisition on the peculiarities of the American orchard-robbing tradition, with its ramifications, but gave it up as too difficult, and instead sat down at the table with the Americans, who gave me the greeting always repeated:

"Great Scott! It's good to talk to an American woman!"

A fresh-faced, splendidly built lad looked up from the first bite of his melon, crying: "Yes, suh, a cantaloup, a' honest-to-the-Lawd cantaloup! I neveh thought they'd *heahd* of such a thing in France."

They explained to me, all talking at once, pouring out unasked military information till my hair rose up scandalized, that this was their first experience with semi-normal civilian life in France, because they belonged to the troops from Georgia—volunteers; that they had been in the front-line trenches at exactly such a place for precisely so many weeks, where such and such things happened, and before that at such another place, where they were so many strong, etc., etc. "So we neveh saw real sto's to buy things till we struck this town. And when I saw a cantaloup I mighty nigh dropped daid! I don't reckon I'm likely to run into a watermelon, am I? I suahly would have to be ca'ied back to camp on a stretcheh if I did!" He laughed out, a boy's cloudless laughter. "But, say, what do you-all think? I paid fo'ty-five cents for this slice—yes, ma'am, fo'ty-five cents for a *slice*, and back home in Geo'gia you pay a nickel for the biggest one in the sto'!" He buried his face in the yellow fruit.

The house began to shake to the ponderous passage of artillery. The boys in khaki turned their staglike heads toward the street, glanced at the long motley-colored, mule-drawn guns, and pronounced, expertly: "The Forty-third heavy artillery going out to Nolepieds; the fellows from Illinois. They've just been up in the Verdun sector and are coming down to reinforce the One-hundred-and-second."

For the first time the idea crossed my head that possibly their mania for pouring out military information to the first comer might not be as fatal to necessary secrecy as it seemed. I rather pitied the spy who might attempt to make coherent profit out of their candor.

"How do you like being in France?" I asked the boy who was devouring the melon.

He looked up, his eyes kindling.

"Well, I was plumb crazy to get heah, and, now I'm heah, I like it mo' even than I 'lowed I would."

I looked at his fresh, unlined boy's cheeks, his clear, bright boy's eyes, and felt a great wave of pity. "You haven't been in active service yet?" I surmised.

Unconsciously, gaily, he flung my pity back in my face: "You bet yo' life I have. We've just come from the Champagne front, and the sehvice we saw theah was suah active. How about it, boys?"

They all burst out again in rapid, high-keyed, excited voices, longing above everything else for a listener, leaning forward over the table toward me, their healthy faces flushed with their ardor, talking hurriedly because there was so much to say, their tense young voices a staccato clatter of words which brought to me, in jerks, horribly familiar war-pictures, barrage-fires meeting, advancing over dead comrades, hideous hand-to-hand combats . . . all chanted in those eager young voices. . . .

In a pause, I asked, perhaps rather faintly: "And you like it? You are not ever home-sick?"

The boy with the melon spoke for them all. He stretched out his long arms, his hands clenched to knotty masses of muscles; he set his jaw, his blue eyes were like steel, his beautiful young face was all aflame. "Oh, you just get to *love* it!" he cried, shaking with the intensity of his feeling. "You just *love* it! Why, I *neveh* want to go home! I want to stay over heah and go right on killin' *boches* all my life!"

At this I felt stricken with the collective remorse over the war which belongs to the older generation. I said good-bye to them and left them to their childlike ecstasy over their peaches and melons.

The artillery had passed. The street was again solidly filled with dusty, heavily laden young men in khaki, tramping silently and resolutely forward, their brown steel casques, shaped like antique Greek shepherd hats, giving to their rounded young faces a curious air of classic rusticity.

An older man, with a stern, rough, plain face stood near me.

"How do you do?" I asked. "Can you tell me which troops these are and

where they are going?" I wondered what confident and uninformed answer I should receive this time.

Showing no surprise at my speech, he answered: "I don't know who they be. You don't never know anything about any but your own regiment. The kids always think they do. They'll tell you this and they'll tell you that, but the truth is we don't know no more than Ann . . . not even where we are ourselves, nor where we're going, most of the time."

His accent made me say: "I wonder if you are not from my part of the country. I live in Vermont, when I'm at home."

"I'm from Maine," he said, soberly, "a farmer, over draft age, of course. But it looked to me like a kind o' mean trick to make the boys do it all for us, so I come along, too." He added, as if in partial explanation, "One of my uncles was with John Brown at Harper's Ferry."

"How do you like it, now you're here?" I asked.

He looked at me heavily. "Like it? It's hell!" he said.

"Have you been in active service?" I used my usual cowardly evasive phrase.

"Yes, ma'am. I've killed some of 'em," he answered me, with brutal, courageous directness. He looked down at his hands as he spoke—big, calloused farmer's hands, crooked by holding the plow-handles. As plainly as he saw it there, I saw the blood on them, too. His stern, dark, middle-aged face glowered down solemnly on those strong farmer's hands. "It's dirty work, but it's got to be done," he said, gravely. "and I ain't a-going to dodge my share of it."

A very dark-eyed, gracefully-built young soldier came loitering by, and stopped near us, ostensibly to look at the passing troops, but evidently in order to share in the phenomenon of a talk in English with an American woman. I took him into the conversation with the usual query:

"How do you do, and how do you like being in France?"

He answered with a strong Italian accent, and I dived into a dusty mental

corner to bring out my half-forgotten Italian. In a moment we were talking like old friends. He had been born in Italy, yes, but brought up in Waterbury, Connecticut. His grandfather had been one of Garibaldi's Thousand, so of course he had joined the American army and come to France among the first.

"Well, there are more than a thousand of you, this time," I said, looking at the endless procession defiling before us.

"*Sì, signora*, but it is a part of the same war. We are here to go on with what the Thousand began."

Yes, that was true; John Brown's soul, and Garibaldi's, and those of how many other fierce old fighting lovers of freedom, were marching on there before my eyes, carried like invisible banners by all those strong young arms.

An elderly woman in well-brushed, dowdy black came down the street toward us, an expression of care on her face. When she saw me she said: "Well, I've found you. They said you were in town to-day. Won't you come back to the house with me? Something important. I'm terribly troubled with some American officers. . . . Oh, the war!"

I went, apprehensive of trouble, and found her house, save for a total absence of window-glass, in its customary speckless and shining order. She took me up-stairs to what had been a bedroom and was now an office in the Quartermaster's Department. It was filled with packing-cases, improvised desks, and with serious-faced, youngish American officers who, in their astonishment at seeing me, forgot to take their long black cigars out of their mouths.

"There!" said the woman-with-a-grievance, pointing to the floor, "just look at that! Just *look!* I tell them and I *tell* them, not to put their horrid boxes on the floor, but to keep them on the linoleum, but they are so stupid, they can't understand language that any child could take in! And they drag those boxes, just full of nails, all over the floor. I'm *sick* of them and their scratches!"

A big gun boomed solemnly off on the horizon as accompaniment to this speech.

I explained in a neutral tone to the officers, looking expectantly at me, what

was at issue. I made no comments. None was needed, evidently, for they said, with a gravity which I found lovable, that they would endeavor to be more careful about the floor, that indeed they had not understood what their landlady had been trying to tell them. I gave her their assurance and she went away satisfied.

As the door closed on her they broke into broad grins and pungent exclamations: "Well, how about that! Wouldn't that *get* you? With the town bombarded every night, to think the old lady was working herself up to a froth about her floor-varnish!"

One of them said: "I never thought of it before, but I bet you my Aunt Selina would do just that! I just bet if her town was bombarded she'd go right on shooing the flies out of her kitchen and mopping up her pantry floor with skim-milk! Why, the French are just like *anybody*, aren't they? Just like our own folks!"

"They are," I assured him, "so exactly like our own folks, like everybody's folks, that it's impossible to tell the difference."

When I went away the owner of the house was sweeping the garden path clear of broken glass. "This bombardment is such a nuisance!" she said, disapprovingly. "I'd like to know what the place would be like if I didn't stay to look after it."

I looked at her enviously, securely shut away as she was by the rigid littleness of her outlook from any blighting comprehension of what was going on about her. But then, I reflected, there are instances when the comprehension of what is going on is not blighting. No, on the whole, I did not envy her.

Outside the gate I fell in at once with a group of American soldiers. It was impossible to take a step in any direction in the town without doing this. After the invariable expressions of surprise and pleasure over seeing an American woman, came the invariable burst of eager narration of where they had been and what had been happening to them. They seemed to me touchingly like children who have had an absorbing, exciting adventure and must tumble it all out to the first person who will listen.

Their haste, their speaking all at once, gave me only an incoherent idea of what they wished to say. I caught odd phrases, disconnected sentences, glimpses through pin-holes. . . .

"One of the fellows, a conscript, that came to fill a vacant place in our lines, he was only over in France two weeks, and it was his first time in a trench. He landed there at six o'clock in the evening, and, just like I'm telling you, at a quarter past six a shell up and exploded and buried him right where he stood. Yes, ma'am, you do certainly see some very peculiar things in this war."

From another, "We took the whole lot of 'em prisoners, and passed 'em back to the rear, but out of the fifteen we took, eight died of sudden heart-failure before they got back to the prisoners' camp."

I tried not to believe this, but the fact that it was told with a laugh and received with a laugh reminded me gruesomely that we are the nation that tolerates the lynching of helpless men by the mob.

From another: "Some of the fellows say they think about the *Lusitania* when they go after the *boches*. I don't have to come down as far as that. Belgium's plenty good enough a whetstone for my bayonet."

This reminded me with a thrill that we are the nation that has always ultimately risen in defense of the defenseless.

From another: "Oh, I can't stand the French! They make me tired! And their jabber! I seen some of 'em talk it so fast they couldn't even understand each other! Honest, I did."

From another: "There's something that sort of *takes* me about the life over here. I'm not going to be in any hurry to go back to the States and hustle my head off after the war's over."

From another: "Not for mine. Me for Chicago the day after the *boches* are licked."

I listened to their home voices, running up and down the scale of all the American accents, and reflected on the universality of human nature. Just such entirely varying and contradictory sentiments, just such a mixture of ideal-

ism, materialism, narrowness, generosity, inevitably came clattering out from any group of French soldiers speaking their minds freely. There was a good deal of nonsense about this talk of racial differences, I thought to myself.

They were swept away by a counter-current somewhere in the khaki ebb and flow about us, and I found myself with a start next to a *poilu*, yes, a real *poilu*, with a faded, horizon-blue uniform and a domed, battered blue French casque.

"Well!" I said to him, "things have changed here since the One-hundred-and-forty-second used to come back from the trenches. The town's khaki, and not blue."

He looked at me out of bright brown eyes, smiled, and entered into conversation; and at once I was acutely aware of a strong, unmistakable racial difference. As we talked, I tried desperately with the back of my brain to analyze what it was that made him so different from all the American soldiers I had been seeing. He was a very ordinary little *poilu*, indeed, such as you see by thousands—a rather short, strongly built, well-knit man, with a rather ugly face, not at all distinguished in line, not at all remarkably clean as to bluish, unshaven chin, nor even as to dingy neck . . . but there was about his every accent, gesture, expression, an amenity, a finish, an ease that not one of the Americans had had, in spite of their perfect self-possession and fluency. Fresh from talking to so many of them, I had a vivid impression of difference.

What was the difference? I racked my brains wildly to put my finger on it, knowing that in a moment my perception of the phenomenon would pass, my familiarity with the type would reassert itself, and my interlocutor would slip back into the great mass of all other dingy, shabby, polite little *poilus* with whom I have chatted.

We talked, of course, of the American soldiers, one of whom came up and stood at my elbow, listening with amused astonishment to what seemed to him the insane volubility of our talk.

"Geel!" he said, when I stopped to talk to him, "I wish I could rip it off like that! I have got *combien* and *oui* down fine, but I don't get on any be-

yond that. Say, what does the Frenchman say about us? Now since that little affair at the Bois de Belleau they think we know a thing or two about the war ourselves, what? They're all right, of course mighty fine soldiers, but, Lord! you'd know by the way any one of them does business, as if he had all the day for it, that they couldn't run a war *fast*, like the way it ought to be run, like the way we're going to run it, now we're here."

I did not think it necessary to translate all of this to the bright-eyed little Frenchman on my other side, who began to talk as the American stopped.

"You asked my opinion of the American troops, madame. I will give it to you frankly. The first who came over made a very bad impression indeed. All who have come since have made the best of impressions. They are remarkably courageous, they really fight like lions, and there could be no better comrades in the world, but, oh, madame! as far as really knowing how to make modern war, they are children, just children. They make all the mistakes we made four years ago. They have so much to learn of the technique of war and they will lose so many men in learning it!"

I did not think it necessary to translate all this to the American, who now shook hands with both of us and turned away. The Frenchman, too, after a quick look at the clock in the church-tower, made his compliments, saluted, and disappeared.

I watched his back retreating fixedly, feeling that in an instant more I should have my hand on that slippery, inflexible, racial difference. There! It swam up, full and round under my fingers. I closed on it, held it triumphantly to look at it hard . . . and, lo! it was not a racial difference at all, but an infinite difference of age, of maturity. Not that the poilu was materially so much older than our boys, but between them lay the unfathomable abyss of four years of war experience. I realized that he alone, of all the soldiers to whom I had talked, had been able to look outside of himself and see another person there, that he alone had been in a normal frame of mind, had been conscious of what he

was saying, had really looked at the person to whom he was talking. This conscious recognition of social contact had given his manner that appearance of social ease which all the familiarity of the Americans had failed to have. They were not conversing, in spite of the fact that they were talking incessantly; they were simply so full of the exciting, rending, upheaving experiences of their lives that they must needs express their excitement, somehow, anyhow, to any one, or choke. The poilu, alas! had lived so long in the rending, exciting, upheaving experience that it was second nature to him, that he moved with ease among portents and could turn a phrase and make a gesture among horrors.

Pondering the meaning of this, I walked forward, and, coming to the church door, stepped inside.

It was as though I had stepped into another world. I had found the only place in town where there were no soldiers. The great, gray, dim vaulted interior was empty. After the beat of the marching feet outside, after the shuffling to and fro of the innumerable men quartered in town, after the noisy shops crowded with khaki uniforms, after the incessant thunderous passage of the artillery and munitions-camions, the long, hushed quiet of the empty church rang loud in my ears. I wondered for just an instant if there could be any military regulation forbidding our soldiers to enter the church; and even as I wondered the door opened and a boy in khaki stepped in . . . on . . . out of all those hordes. He crossed himself, took a rosary out of his pocket, knelt, and began his prayers.

Thirty thousand soldiers were in that town that day.

Whatever else we are, I reflected, we are not a people of mystics. But then I remembered the American soldier who had said that Belgium was a good-enough whetstone for his bayonet. I remembered the rough, gloomy farmer who did not want to shirk his share of the world's dirty work. Perhaps there are various kinds of mystics.

Once outside the church, I turned to look up Madame Larçonneur, the valiant market-gardener who had been one of my neighbors, a tired young war-

widow with two little children, whom I had watched toiling early and late, day and night, to keep intact the little property left her by her dead soldier husband. I had watched her drawing from the soil of her big garden, wet quite literally by her sweat, the livelihood for her fatherless little girls. I wondered what the bombardment of the town had done to her and her small, priceless home. I found the street, I found the other houses there, but where her little, painfully well-kept house had stood was a heap of stones and rubble, and in the place of her long, carefully tended rows of beans and cabbages and potatoes were shell-holes where the chalky barren subsoil streaked the surface and where the fertile black earth, fruit of years of labor, was irrevocably buried out of sight. Before all this, in her poor, neat black, stood the war-widow with her children.

I sprang forward, horrified, the tears on my cheeks. "Oh, Madame Larçonneur, how awful! How awful!" I cried, putting out both hands to her.

She turned a white, quiet face on me and smiled, a smile that made me feel infinitely humble. "My little girls are not hurt," she said, drawing them to her, "and as for all this . . . why, if it is a part of getting other people's homes restored to them . . ." Her gesture said that the price was not too high.

The look in her sunken eyes took me for an instant up into a very high place of courage and steadfastness. For the first time that day the knot in my throat stopped aching. I was proud to have her put her work-deformed hands in mine and to feel on my cheek her sister's kiss.

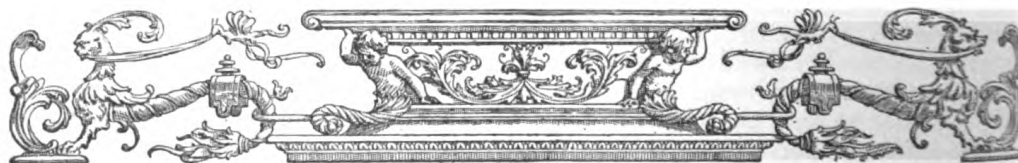
It steadied me somewhat during the difficult next hour, when in the falling twilight I walked up and down between the long rows of raw earth, with the in-

numerable crosses, each with its new, bright American flag fluttering in the sweet country air. I needed to recall that selfless courage, for my heart was breaking with sorrow, with guilt-consciousness, with protest, as I stood there, thinking of my own little son, of the mothers of the boys who lay there. A squad of soldiers were preparing graves for the next day. As they dug in the old, old soil of the cemetery to make a place for the new flesh come from so far to lie there forever, I looked away toward the little town lying below us, in its lovely green setting, still shaking rhythmically to the ponderous passage of the guns, of the troops, of the camions.

At one side were a few recent German graves, marked with black crosses, and others, marked with stones, dating from the war of 1870, that other nightmare when all this smiling countryside was blood-soaked. Above me, dominating the cemetery, stood a great monument of white marble, holding up to all those graves the ironic inscription, "Love ye one another."

The twilight fell more and more deeply, and became darkness. The dull, steady surge of the advancing troops grew louder. Night had come, night no longer used for rest after labor in the sunlight, night which must be used to hurry troops and more troops forward over roads shelled by day.

They passed by hundreds, by thousands, an endless, endless procession—horses, mules, camions, artillery, infantry, cavalry; obscure, shadowy forms no longer in uniform, no longer from Illinois or Georgia or Vermont, no longer even American; only human young men crowned with the splendor of their strength, going out gloriously through the darkness to victory through sacrifice.





*SKETCHES FROM THE
NAVAL TRAINING CAMPS*

*DRAWN BY
GEORGE WRIGHT*

VOL. CXXXVII.—No. 822.—99

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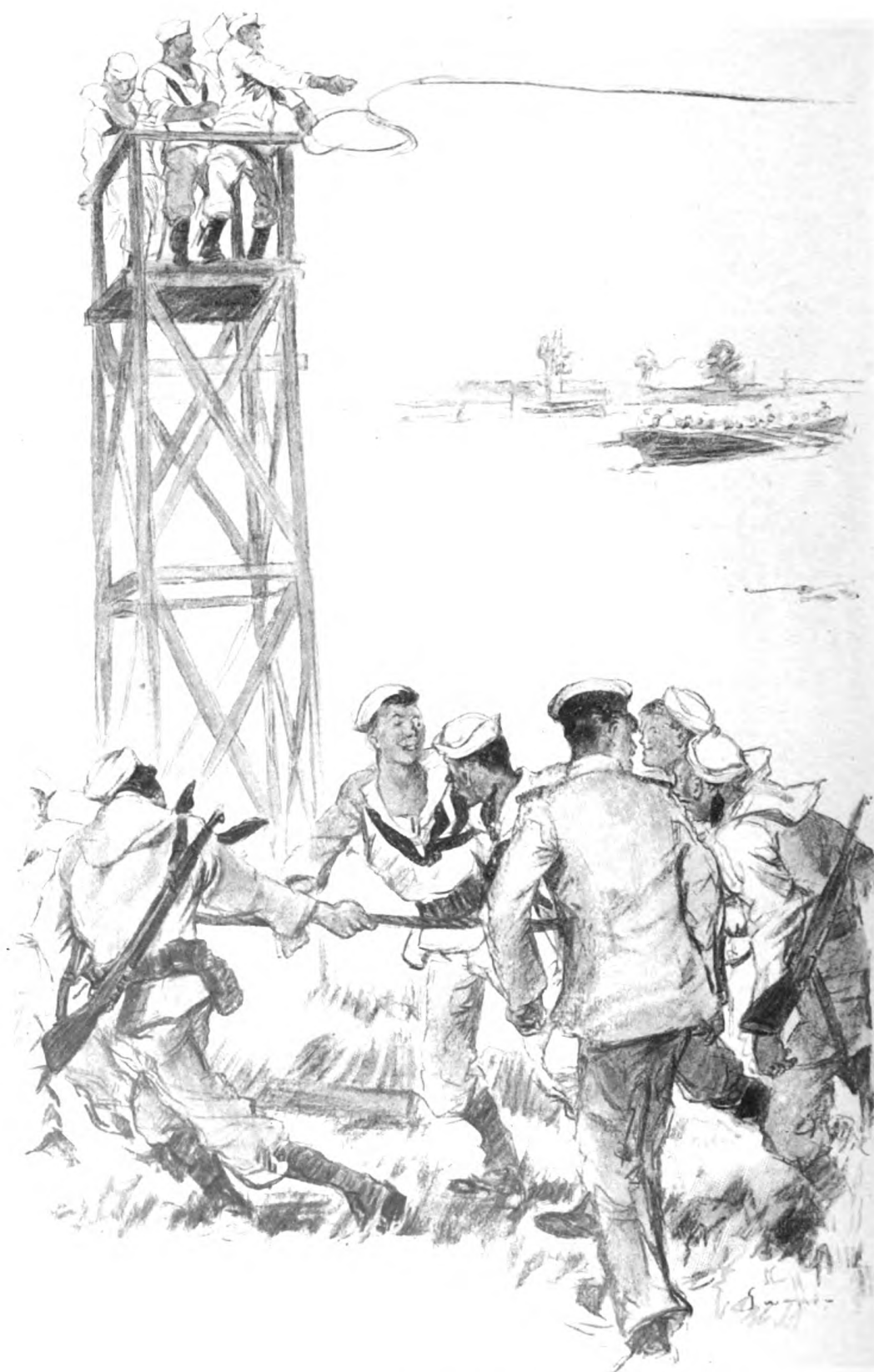
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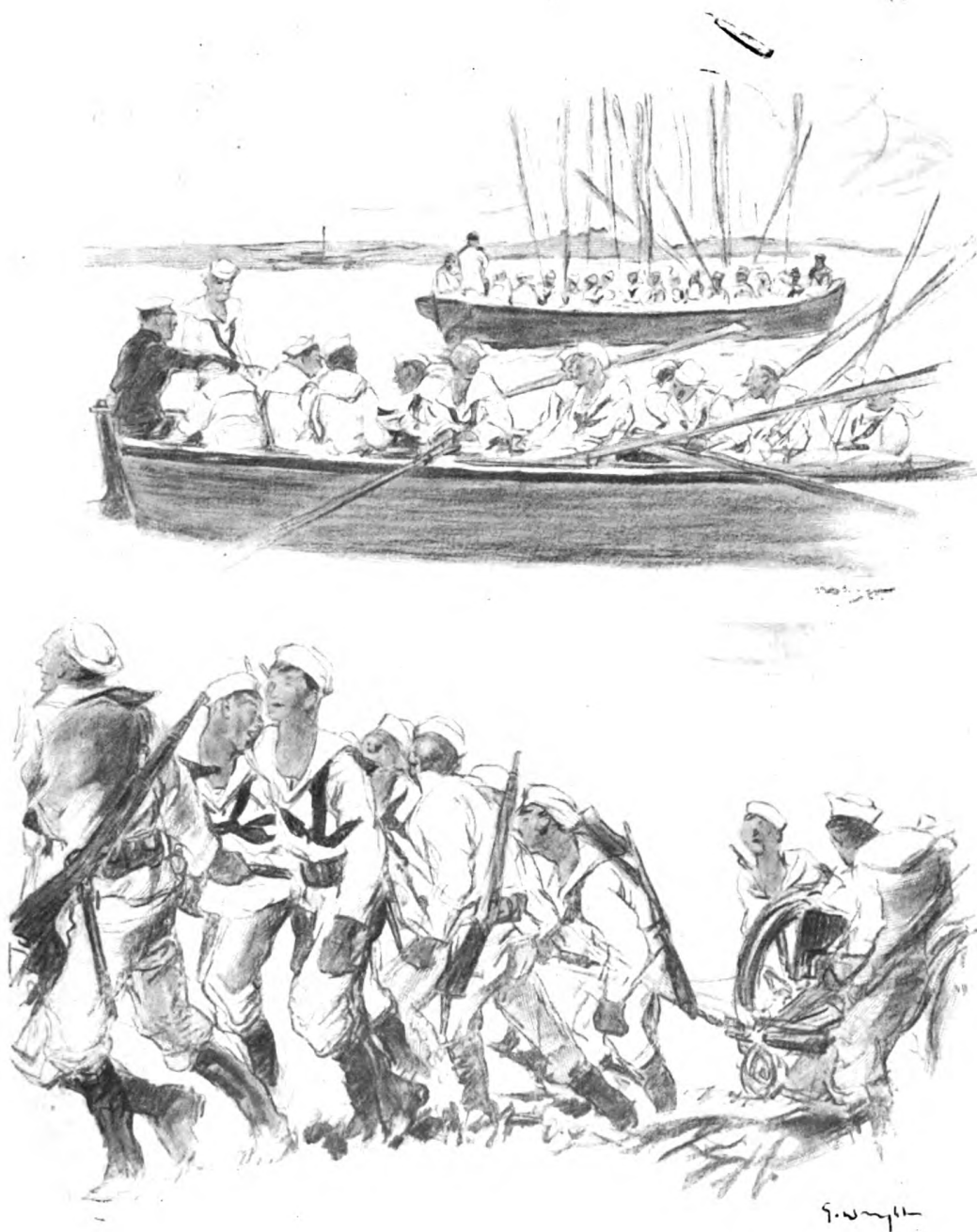
GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH THEIR NEW "TOGS" AND SOME OTHER
FIRST EXPERIENCES



A CLASS IN KNOTS AND SPLICES—THE A-B-C OF A SAILOR'S EDUCATION



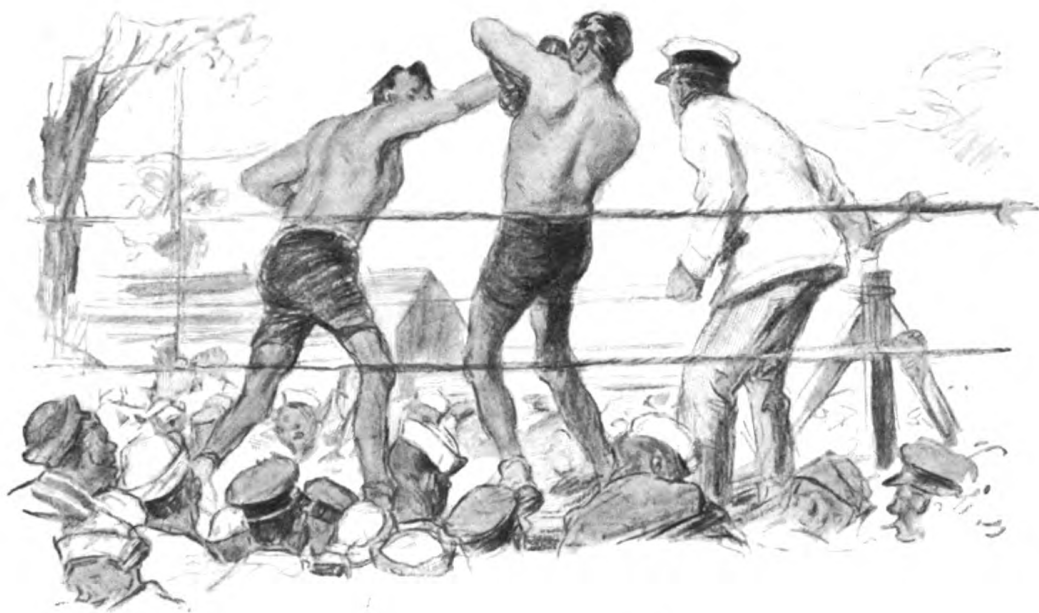
AMPHIBIOUS TRAINING FOR "WEB FEET"—



—GUN DRILL AND OAR PRACTISE



LEARNING TO GO TO SEA ON SHORE



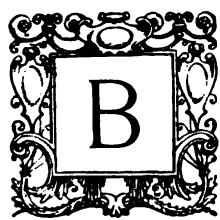
IMPROMPTU BOUTS AND BANQUETS



A PAGE OF OFFENDERS

The Dance on the Hill

BY ACHMED ABDULLAH



BEHIND him the Koh Haji-Lal, the "Mountains of the Red Pilgrim," closed like a ragged tide. In front of him the snowy peaks of the Gul Koh pointed to the skies in an abandon of frozen, lacy spires, while ten miles the other side Ghuzni dipped to the green of the valley with an avalanche of flat, white roof-tops, huddled close together beneath the chill of the Himalayas. The English doctor lived there, mixing his drugs and scolding his patients in the little house at the end of the perfume-sellers' bazar, in the shadow of the great bronze Mogul gun which both Afghans and Lohani Sikhs called the Zubba-zung.

Mortazu Khan thought of him as he came down the mountain-side, his rough sheepskin coat folded across the small of his back to give free play to his lungs; his short, hairy arms, sleeves rolled to the elbows, moving up and down like propeller-blades. He walked with the suspicious step of the hill-bred who reckons with inequalities of ground, lifting his rope-soled sandals gingerly over timberfalls and crumbling granite slides, putting on extra speed when he crossed a wide spread of rust-brown bracken that covered the summer hue of the slope like a scarf, again warily slowing as he forded a swift little stream bordered with scented wild peppermint and chini stalks and gray, spiky wormwood.

But straight through he kept up a steady clip, averaging well over five miles an hour, up-hill or down.

There was peace with the Suni Pathans who squatted on the upland pastures and so he had left his rifle at home, carrying only a broad-bladed dagger. He was glad of it, for a rifle meant weight, weight in the hills meant lack of speed, and speed was essential. All last

night his wife had moaned terribly, and the village wise-woman, at the end of her remedies, had told him that he needed the English *hakim's* skill before the day was out if he wanted his wife to live: his wife, and the little son—he hoped it would be a son—whom she was bringing into the world with such anguish.

Three hours he figured to Ghuzni. Three back. Rather a little more, since the foreigner was not hill-bred. Thus he would safely reach his village before the sun had raced to the west; and by night his wife would hold another little son in her arms.

Of course there would be a wrangle with the *hakim*, Mortazu Khan thought—and smiled at the thought.

First was spoken the ceremonious Afghan greeting, cut short by the Englishman's impatient, "Why haven't you come sooner?" and his reply that his wife was a stout hill woman who had borne children before this; also that he had called in the wise-woman.

"What did she do?"

"She gave her fish sherbet to cool her blood. She put leeches on her chest. She wrote a Koran verse on a piece of paper, lit it, and held it smoking under Azeena's nose—"

And then the *hakim's* furious bellow: "Of all the damned—! Good God! man, let's hurry, or your wife 'll go out before we get there!"

At the end of the imagined scene Mortazu Khan's smile twisted to a lopsided frown. The doctor would be rightly angry. He should have gone to him yesterday. He should not have called in the wise-woman. He had given her five rupees— He shrugged his shoulders. To-morrow he would make her eat stick and force her to give back the money—

He increased his speed as he reached the edge of the slope where it flattened to

a rock-studded plateau, with here and there little gentians peeping from granite splits and opening their stiff, azure stars. He bent and picked one to put in his turban for good luck, and as he straightened up again he smelled a familiar odor and saw two small, reddish eyes glaring at him from a clump of thorny wild acacia.

He stood quite still. Instinctively he fingered across his left shoulder for the rifle—which was not there. Then he walked on. At this time of the year the blue-gray, bristly haired mountain bears were not dangerous. They were busy filling their sagging bellies with prangus leaves and mulberries against the lean season. He would leave the bear alone, he decided, and the bear would leave him alone.

But when a moment later he heard the animal give tongue—a low, flat rumble growing steadily into a sustained roar, then stabbing out in a squeaky high note that sounded ridiculously inadequate, given the brute's size—Mortazu Khan, without looking over his shoulder, jumped sideways like a cat, cleared a heap of dry twigs, and made straight for a stout fir-tree that towered in lanky loneliness a dozen yards away. He reached it and jumped behind it. His hands gripped the rough, warty bark.

"Some cursed fool of a foreigner must have burned her pelt with a bullet of pain." He spoke aloud, after the manner of hillmen. "And now Bibi Bear has a grouch—"

He completed the sentence just as the bear tore out of the acacia clump and made after him with a huge, plumping, clumsy, bound and a whickering, whinnying roar.

"Allah be thanked because He gave me nimble feet!" ejaculated Mortazu Khan. "And praise to Him furthermore because He made this tree and caused it to grow thick!" He finished his impromptu prayer as he slid rapidly to the west side of the fir while the bear lunged, big flat paws clawing, gaping mouth showing the crimson throat, the chalk-white teeth, the lolling, slobbering tongue, ears flat on the narrow head—like the head of a great snake.

The bear missed the hillman by half a yard and, carried away by his weight

and impetus, she landed, paws sprawling, head down, on a bed of ochre moss studded with needle-sharp granite splinters. Her pointed muzzle bumped smartly against the ground, was torn by the ragged stone edges, and plowed a painful furrow through the moss so that it rose to either side in a velvety cloud.

She bellowed her disappointment and fury, sat on her hunkers, slid back half a dozen yards, using her fat hams with the speed and precision of roller-skates, then returned to the attack, launching her blue-gray bulk straight for the west side of the tree.

"*Ahi! Pig, and Parent of Piglings!*" shouted Mortazu Khan, as he rapidly made the half-circle around the tree to the opposite side.

"*Waghrrrrr-yi-yi!*" said the bear, very low in her throat and with a certain hurt, childish intonation.

"Pig!" repeated the hillman, wiping the sweat from his forehead, while the bear, who had again landed head down on the ground, wrinkled her ugly, thin-skinned nose where the warm blood was trickling down into her open mouth.

Mortazu Khan watched carefully. He knew that he was safe as long as he kept the tree between himself and the brute, knew, too, that he was the more agile of the two.

Not that the bear was slow, but her body was longer, her bulk larger. She could not make short turns in a whizzing, flying half-circle like the hillman. She could charge—with a thousand pounds of bunched muscle and brutal meat—but when she missed, the best she could do was to use her nose and forepaws as brakes, bump back, twist in a sharp angle right or left, according to what side of the tree Mortazu Khan had slid—and return to the charge. And always the man, keeping tight to the fir, got ahead of her, while the bear, squealing like an angry boar, landed on the ground, hurting her delicate nose and clawing with her paws till the moss was shredded to rags and the sand beneath seemed to look up with scared, yellow eyes.

Little stones clattered mockingly. Twigs crackled and whined. Somewhere from the higher branches a noise trembled—a gurgling, throaty noise. Doubtless the cry of a *buvra kurra*, a

black tree grouse, thought the hillman, cursing the bird because of its place of security, cursing the bear because of her wickedness.

"Dog! Jew! Drunkard! Illegitimate cow!" he yelled as he danced around the tree, left and right and left again, his fingers scraping the bark and the bark scraping his fingers—"Away! away!"—Bibi Bear after him, roaring, fuming, and always missing her aim.

The bear's little, narrow-lidded eyes glowed like charcoal balls. The hair along her back was thick and taut, her ears flat. There was something ludicrous in her appearance, too—something which spoke of iron, sinister resolution.

Plump! Down on her nose, paws furrowing the ground! Twist and squat and twist.

She tried to learn from Mortazu Khan, tried to whiz her bulk in shorter circles, to charge straight at her foe. But always she missed. Always she had to brake with head and paws and make sharp angles while the man danced away.

"Infidel! Parent of naughty daughters!" shouted Mortazu Khan as the bear missed him by less than a foot.

His hands were hot and raw. His heart was cold with fear. For back across the hills was the mother of his sons—and then he cursed again the little bird which gurgled in the branches. He could not see it. But the gurgle was becoming loud, insistent, blending curiously and malignantly with the bear's wicked bellow.

Underneath his duffle shirt sweat rolled in little icy balls. His feet hurt. Moss had been around the base of the tree, but he had worn great holes in it, the long furrows and grooves. Now the whole cover of moss was trampled away, and he was dancing on the naked ground. One of his sandals had split the heel-rope and had flown away and out, while he had stepped through the other so that it was around his ankles. His toes were bleeding—

And Azeena waited!

But what could he do with his bare hands, without his rifle? The dagger? He could throw it—yes! And what then? One does not kill a mountain bear with a single thrust of steel. So

he kept whizzing around the tree, and his thoughts whizzed along, his fears, his hopes—and then, quite suddenly, the bear changed her tactics.

"*Airrrh—whoof—airrh!*" she said with low, rumbling dignity.

"*Wheet-wheet!*" came the echo from the branches of the tree where the cursed, feathery thing was roosting in safety.

And Bibi Bear rose on her hind feet, fir needles and moss sticking to her pelt, belly sagging loosely, perspiration rising from her nostrils in a gray flag of steam. Straight toward the tree she walked, forepaws wide extended as if to embrace the fir and the miserable being who was clinging to it for dear life.

Something like a slobbering grin curled the brute's black, leathery lips, and Mortazu Khan watched. His skin seemed to shrink. Blue wheels whirled in front of his eyes. A hammer beat at the base of his skull.

Ahi! There was Azeena—who would not live out the day unless. . . .

"Allah!" he said. "It is not I who shall be a widower to-night, but Azeena who shall be a widow!"—and his knife flashed free while the bear came on, slow, ponderous, thinking in her ugly, twisted brain that all would be over in two crimson minutes if she could only tear the man away from the protecting tree.

Mortazu Khan knew it, too. "Assassin!" he cried. "Base-born and lean bastard!"

"*Waaghree!*" replied the bear.

She came on without haste, leaned smack against the tree, and tried to reach around it, right and left, with her murderous claws. But the tree was too stout, and for the moment the hillman was safe.

He smiled. Then he frowned. For the sun was rising higher, and he had to reach Ghuzni—the doctor—and back yonder Azeena was dying. . . .

"Unclean spawn of filth!" he cried. "Large and stinking devil!"—and quite suddenly, watching his chance, he flashed his dagger to the left. He brought down the point with speed and ferocity, straight into the brute's right eye.

Something warm and sticky squirted

up his arm. The bear, crazed with pain, jumped high in the air like a rubber ball, came down again, roaring, squealing, bellowing, slid lumberingly to the left, and again Mortazu Khan resumed his dance.

But this time it was another dance. This time the bear had no sharp angles to make. Both man and beast were close against the tree, circling, circling—

The sun rose and dipped. Far on the edge of the horizon the peaks of the Gul Koh flushed gold and lavender.

"*Waughrrr!*" snorted the bear, stamping her clumsy paws.

"*Wheet-wheet!*" chirped the echo from the uppermost branches of the fir, silly, mocking—and safe! And back beyond the bracken-clad slope, Azeena was dying hard, and his son was dying—dying before he was born—because Bibi Bear had broken the truce of the fat season.

Mortazu Khan trembled with rage and fear. But—away!—circling the tree, escaping the murderous claws!

He did not jump. No longer did he dance. He seemed to stream, to flow, like a liquid wave, his body scrunched into a curve while his lungs pumped the breath with staccato thumps. Only his hand was steady, taking crimson toll again and again, and the bear followed, roaring like forked mountain thunder. The blood on her huge body was caked with dirt and moss until the wounds looked like gray patches on a fur jacket.

A shimmering thread of sun-gold wove through the branches and dipped low to see what was happening. Far in the east a crane-pheasant called to its mate. The wind soared lonely and chilly.

They were out of breath, man and beast. Momentarily they stopped in their mad circling, the bear leaning against one side of the tree, a deep sob gurgling in her hairy throat, the blood coming through her wounds like black-red whips, while the man was huddled against the opposite side as tight and small as he could. He was tired and sleepy. His right hand felt paralyzed, but still it gripped the dagger. He knew that the end was near, knew that he himself must hasten it, that he must face Bibi Bear—face her in the open—

and kill or be killed. For back yonder was Azeena, and the minutes were slipping by like water.

He raked together the dying embers of his strength. "Allah!" he mumbled. "Do thou give me help!"—And then he heard again the cry of the cursed, feathery thing:

"*Wheet-wheet!*"

But it seemed less mocking than before, more insistent, as if the bird, too, had lost its sense of security, had begun to fear the shaggy murderer below.

Mortazu Khan looked up. Then he saw it. It had dropped to a branch lower down, and it was not a bird—It was round and toddling and fluffy and blue-gray. A little, fat bear cub it was; and then Mortazu Khan knew why Bibi Bear had broken the truce of the fat season, and a certain pity and understanding came to the hillman's simple heart.

Here he was fighting for his wife, his unborn son, and he said to himself that the bear, too, was fighting for the young of her body, for the thing which gave meaning to life. And it was without hatred—with respect, rather, and a feeling of comradeship—that Mortazu Khan stepped away from the protecting tree, deliberately to give battle in the open.

The bear followed, growling. And so the two stood there, confronting each other, both breathing hard, ready to leap, ready to finish the fight.

It was the man who leaped first. For the fraction of a second he balanced himself, his bleeding toes gripping the ground. Then he went straight into the bear's embrace, the point of his dagger ahead of him like a guidon. His lips were crinkly and pale, his tongue like dry saddle leather, his eyes cold and gleaming. But straight he jumped, and straight stabbed the knife, finding the brute's pumping, clamorous heart, while the claws met across his shoulder-blades and tore a furrow down his back.

Straight to the heart! With every ounce of bunched strength and despair, and as the bear, in mortal agony, realized her steely grip, he struck again and again and again. But there was no hatred in the blows.

"*Ahi!*" he sobbed, as the bear toppled sideways and fell, curling up like

a sleeping dog. "Ahi! Poor Bibi Bear! Brave Bibi Bear!"

His back bled and hurt. But he jerked the pain away with a shrug of his massive shoulder. The English *hakim* would have two patients instead of one, he told himself, and, dizzy, a little depressed, he turned to resume his walk across the plateau.

But something seemed to float down upon his consciousness, imperceptibly, like the shadow of a leaf through summer dusk, and he stopped and returned to the fir-tree. Standing on his toes, he reached up and caught the toddling,

fluffy cub which was trying hard to back up, to regain the security of the higher branches.

"Come, little Sheik Bear!" he crooned as he might to a frightened child. "Come! There is room for thee in the house of Mortazu Khan! Room and food and water—and soon, if Allah be willing and the *hakim's* medicine strong, a little man-child to play with thee!"

And, the cub nuzzling his heaving chest with a little grunt of satisfaction, Mortazu Khan walked toward the flat roofs of Ghuzni, leaving behind him a thin trail of blood, but hurrying, hurrying.

From Leaf to Leaf

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

I HELD my grief when the leaves fell
Close, close to my beating breast;
"Sharp pain," I said, "great sorrow,
To me God gives no rest!"
The fierce thorns pierced my bosom,
And burning drops of red
Sprang with each anguished heart-throb,
"But bring no peace," I said.

My low and bitter sobbing
Wearied both night and day;
I cried in the heavy darkness,
"Must it be thus alway?"
Comes there no light with daybreak,
No rest when the sun is set?
Must I for aye remember?
God! can I ne'er forget?

I held my grief when the leaves bud
Close—close to my silent heart;
"Sharp pain," I cried, "great sorrow,
Where is thine olden smart?"
I crushed the thorns 'gainst my bosom,
But there flowed no crimson tide,
Soft and slow were my heart-beats;
"Something is lost," I cried.

Then wild and fierce my sobbing
Broke on the fair spring day,
And I wailed with bitter passion.
"Must it be thus alway?"
What agony is like to this,
Oh, tears that fall so hot!
Not that I so remembered,
But that I so forgot!

Keeping Our Soldiers in Touch With Home

BY CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND



PERHAPS the most serious disease that can attack an army is failure of morale. An army which has lost morale is an impotent army; it is an army which cannot be trusted; it is an army which is beaten before the battle begins. Therefore, it may be safely said that next to instructing a soldier in his military duties and teaching him how to be a fighting-man stands the work of maintaining his morale.

No army has ever displayed a finer or more consistent morale than the American Expeditionary Force in France; few armies have ever maintained a high morale in circumstances more calculated to undermine morale. Our army is in a strange land, where a tongue is spoken that is jargon in their ears. They know that an ocean separates them from home and that by no possibility can they hope to see the shores of America while the war continues. Your Frenchman enjoys frequent leaves, when he is not only allowed to visit his home and his family, but transported by the government to his own neighborhood. Your Englishman is separated from his home by a day, and may look forward to seeing his loved ones and neighbors at not unbearable intervals. They have this anticipation, and it is an important factor in maintaining their fitness as soldiers.

This leave at home is impossible to the American soldier, and he knows it; he is resigned to it. But resignation to separation from his family does not mean that they are not very close to the surface of his thoughts. He thinks about his family, he talks about his family, he worries about his family. Again and again, in all parts of France soldiers have said to me, "I always traveled by myself, and I didn't give a hang about home, but, believe me, when I get back

to America I'm going to have a real home and stick to it."

If that is the attitude of the wanderer, the man with the itching foot, to whom home was an irksome restraint, what must be the feelings of the man who had made his own home and felt for his family the affection and pride of the average American father and husband?

Mails, of necessity, are infrequent. Long intervals pass with no word from home, either because the wife or mother or brother has neglected to write or because the letters have failed to reach the soldier as he moves about France with the army; and the soldier worries, and as he worries his imagination works until he sees dangers and ills that do not exist. Small worries become big troubles. He broods. . . . His morale is undermined.

It may be that his wife was ill when he left America and he has had no word of her recovery. He does not know if she is alive or dead. With such a thought in his mind, he cannot be a good soldier. It may be that some business transaction, to him of paramount importance, was left unfinished when he was called to the colors. He does not know how the matter has developed, and it works upon his mind until it becomes an obsession. A thousand minor troubles and questions worry him, constituting one of the most serious inroads upon his morale that the army has to face and master.

The solution of the private worries of the American soldier has been intrusted to the American Red Cross, and because of this the heart of the American Expeditionary Force, bared for kindly and sympathetic eyes to see, is passing through the Home Service Department of that great organization.

Home Service is that department of the Red Cross, authorized by General Order No. 17 of the War Department, "To relieve the anxiety and to sustain

the morale of soldiers who are worried about their families at home, and to promote the comfort and well-being of those families."

Its function is to discover the private worries and troubles of the American soldier, and to remove them, to the end that he shall be a better fighting-man. Its representatives are scattered through the army, and their duty is to discover what troubles are affecting the morale of individuals, to transmit the facts to the office in Paris, which, in turn, takes the matter up in America, and, through the tremendous organization there, runs the thing down and deals with it as seems best for the interest of the soldier and his family.

Suppose John Williams left America when his wife was ailing, and John has had no word from her since he landed in France. It is but natural that his thoughts should be of her. Her condition may not have been serious, but as he thinks and thinks, the thinking becomes brooding; the seriousness of her condition is magnified in his eyes and he sees her at the point of death. With this on his mind, his qualities as a soldier are affected; he takes no interest in his work. Nothing matters but his worry, and until it is removed he is as useless to the army as if he were actually ill of some incapacitating disease in a hospital.

Here the Home Service Bureau steps in. The reason for John Williams's failure of morale is discovered by somebody to whom John confides. It may be one of his officers. It may be a Y. M. C. A. secretary; it may be his chaplain or his comrade. In any event, the story is transmitted to the Home Service Bureau, which takes immediate action by cabling to the United States to have a representative call on Mrs. John Williams and to report at once on her condition. In America a telegram is despatched to White Springs, Indiana, where John lives, and where there is a chapter of the Red Cross. That very day a representative calls upon Mrs. Williams, discovers that she is abundantly well and happy and has written her husband frequently. This news is cabled to Paris and placed with as little delay as possible in John's hands—and John becomes an efficient American sol-

dier again—a soldier with a very real and lasting gratitude to the organization which has lifted a weight of care from his mind.

We have upward of a million of young men in France, and the worries and problems that may develop among that vast army are almost as numerous and varied and interesting as the men themselves. Chief of the worries, and most frequently to be met, is anxiety as to the health of wife or mother or father or sister. Letters require weeks to travel from America to France, and sometimes the postal service here is unable to locate the man to whom they are addressed as quickly as would be possible were it not for the rapid shifting of troops to meet the requirements of a tremendous war. No news to a man in a distant land is equivalent to bad news. The fact that no letter comes is apt to mean to him that the one from whom the letter is expected is ill, perhaps dead. The thing which at first is but a possibility, held in the recesses at the back of the head, grows and spreads until it becomes an obsession and a certainty. So, first in number of cases that come to the attention of the Home Service Bureau are those of soldiers made unfit by worry over the health of some loved one.

William Edwards, let us say, writes that he left home at a moment when his wife was in the hospital and an operation imminent. He has five children who are being cared for by friends. His transport sailed—and he has had no word from them since that moment. The Home Service Bureau takes the matter up. Its representative calls upon Mrs. Edwards and discovers that she has recovered from the operation and is in good health, that the five children are at home again, and that the family is receiving its allotment out of William's pay. They are getting along as well as could be expected. Three or five days later the facts are in William's hands. . . . And a soldier is restored to the American Expeditionary Force.

Next in number are the cases of soldiers who worry because they fear their families are not receiving their allotments, or of soldiers who have received letters from wives telling them that allotments have not been received.

These are very numerous and very pressing. Perhaps, to the man at home, safe in his weekly or monthly salary, these may seem commonplace. But to the soldier, separated by thousands of miles of ocean from his family, they are far from commonplace. He has always been a good provider. His family's comfort has been close to his heart—and now he fears or he knows that they are compelled to face want. It is difficult to conceive of anything more capable of undermining his morale and of rendering him unfit for service. These cases are attended to as promptly and carefully as are those where the trouble seems more imminent and more dreadful.

As one studies the reports in the Paris office of this department of the service, the thought that comes is that the heart of the American Expeditionary Force is passing through the hands of the Home Service Bureau, and is passing through bared and stark. As one follows the reports to their conclusion and sees how carefully, how efficiently, how tactfully, how tenderly they are cared for, the feeling grows that the work is in competent hands.

The variety of the cases is infinite. They run all the gamut of emotions and troubles from financial difficulties to disappointment in love; from the expected arrival of babies to the marriage of daughters; from business to divorce.

There is the case of Sergeant Budd (the name is fictitious), ill in a hospital with tuberculosis. He fancies he cannot recover, but his greatest worry is the little grocery business that he and his wife have established and built up—to turn it over to their son. Sergeant Budd promised to send home fifty dollars on a certain date—a sum necessary to the little business, but has been prevented from keeping his word on account of his illness, and because, being absent from his unit, his pay is three months in arrears.

His officer writes: "The family is not in poverty, but they have worked faithfully to build up this business for their son. Do what you can for them. If possible, lend the money. It will be repaid. And let me impress it on you not to tell the sergeant's folks that he is in the hospital. He will not have them

worried. This is the time for a good lie. I promised. This man Budd is a real man."

The cable carried the story to Washington; the little store was found and investigated, and within a week the necessary money was loaned—and his family was not told that the sergeant was in the hospital.

Private Good wrote from the hospital, and accompanying his letter was one from the doctor saying that it was hopeless to expect the man to take the road to recovery until his worry was removed.

This soldier wrote that he had been trying to keep his little sister in school, but that his wound and confinement to the hospital made it impossible for him to forward money. "I am going to send Ruth some money as soon as possible," he wrote. "Tell her I will help her through school all I can this summer, and have her not worry, but go ahead and do the right thing. Do her very best is all I ask of her. I know what it is to try to finish the school without money."

That is an example of the way our soldiers think; their worries are not for themselves, but for others; their own troubles they cast aside to make themselves ill because of harm that may come to another. One sees it everywhere, self-forgetfulness and altruism.

Private Jenkins's wife was expecting a child when he sailed, and he must know if it is a boy or a girl before he can be happy again. His officer reports that he is a splendid soldier, that he saved a man from drowning at the risk of his life, and that his record is clear. "Can't you help this man out? He deserves it." The cable made the inquiry, and within ten days Private Jenkins knew that the baby's name was Henry—after himself.

One can imagine the thoughts of a young father who has left behind a motherless daughter—and has gone five months without word from the child. It is possible to picture him in his dugout at night, a pair of spluttering candles on his cracker-box table, and between his elbows the picture of the little maid, wondering if she is well, if she thinks of him, what her situation is. And as he sits in his solitude and loneliness the one desire of his heart is to do something for

his baby, to make her happier, to prove to her his love.

So he writes a soldierly letter. He is not, he tells the Home Service Bureau, one used to asking assistance, and to open his heart to strangers is a difficult matter. He tries to hide his emotion under military forms, and to make his letter as stiff and formal as an order from General Headquarters. It is simply a list of questions numbered, but one can read through the disguise of form and peer between the lines to the heart of that young man. It is a singular document.

1. Is she well and happy?
2. Does she receive her allotment?
3. Does she buy five dollars' worth of Thrift Stamps each month, as I requested?
4. Has she started to school, and what school?
5. Is there anything she needs?
6. What sort of clothes and what sort of toys would she like me to send her from France?
7. Is there anything I can do to promote the child's well-being?

There it is, the heart of a reticent, reserved, proud young man, reduced by necessity to making an appeal to strangers. He is afraid to exhibit his tenderness and solicitude, but no form, no severity of diction, can hide it.

The questions were forwarded to America, and with tact the answers were transmitted to the writer of the letter with a cold formality equal to his own. The thing was handled with an impersonality which must have been a satisfaction to that proud and lonely man.

As one reads report after report, the letters telling about the difficulty in the first instance, the cables to America, the replies, the method of informing the soldier what has been done, it seems as if every conceivable trouble and worry was present in our army. The cases are not numbered by hundreds, but by thousands—and every case represents a definite attack upon morale. Every case well handled, every worry removed, means a good soldier fitted for duty. The Home Service Bureau, looked at from a purely military point of view, must be equal to many regiments of reinforcements.

The variety of the requests! A Rumanian enlisted in the A. E. F. writes to ask if his old mother can be traced. She was last heard of in Bucharest. There is the man whose wife was struck by an automobile just before he sailed, and who wants a lawyer retained to look after her interests. There is the young wife living with the stepfather, "who uses intoxicants to a very large extent, and who is very rude and hard to get along with." There are cases of real illness and suspected illness; of accident, of business worry, of suspicion. Everything is there, and every case must be handled thoroughly and efficiently to save a soldier for America.

A doctor writes from a hospital: "This is a very urgent case, and I hope you will be able to rush it through. This man cannot begin to get well till his family trouble is off his mind. His wife's father got her to his home under false pretenses and keeps her there for the sake of the money he takes from her allotment when it is paid. He is a drinker and a gambler. The man wants the wife returned to his parents, where she will be safe."

Here was a matter requiring delicacy and diplomacy—perhaps vigorous action. But the bureau was not dismayed. The necessary steps were taken, and within two weeks the bureau was able to notify the anxious husband that his wife was in friendly hands and was happy and well.

Then there is the other side of it—the man who has a grievance against his wife, or the man who has married in the haste of departure and repents in the leisure of the dugout.

"Could your bureau," writes a soldier, "help me to show the government that my wife is not entitled to any help from me? Before enlisting, my wife and I could not live together, for she carried herself in an unlady-like manner."

Another boy sends a long letter just received from his wife. His own note is brief, but is written from a heavy heart. The letter of the girl is pitiful. "I know," she says, "you will say you still want me, but, Jack, I am not worth bothering about. I feel like some canary-bird that will stay while caught, but, open the door, and no matter how good you are, it will fly away."

This particular bird was taking flight, and the young man, realizing the futility of further effort to hold it imprisoned, asks the bureau to secure him a divorce.

Then there is the Russian who wants an allotment of his pay sent to his old mother in Poland—in territory occupied by the Germans. There is the man who overdrew his bank-account and wants to make the matter right. There is the soldier who wants a certain trust fund assigned to his wife as soon as he shall become of age. An Italian wants his allotment sent to his family in Rome, and the matter attended to so that the money can be sent.

"I am about to marry a French girl near here," writes a private, "but the law says I must have my birth certificate. Will you get it for me right off, because I am in a hurry?" So the bureau aids romance as well as tragedy.

One soldier, whose character is indicated clearly by his simple letter, writes about his wife: "Her mother was never strong, so for seven years this girl toiled to support her mother and little sister. When her mother died she lost her only friend, and her health became undermined by worry and work. In fact, the terrible lonesomeness filled her soul with despair and must have warped her mind, because she tried once to take her own life with poison, but failed. After meeting her, my interest grew into admiration and then into love, for she had held on tenaciously to her womanly ideals, and I determined to help. While helping, however, there grew in her heart a liking for me, and I married her, and while I camped at Waco all was well. I forced the stormy waters of her life to subside. All too soon I was sent to France, and I sent her to one I thought was a friend. They treated her unkindly, and now she is in the hospital of a kind that is all right for a certain type of girl, but I cannot rest content while my wife is there, especially with my mother in England waiting with open arms to welcome her home. Try to get passage for her to England. Please try. I have the money. Surely one more

person in England will not make such a big difference."

Here was a difficult case, but the bureau got to work on it, and the last report is that the girl will soon be able to set sail for her new home and the welcoming arms of her husband's old mother.

A sergeant, worried almost out of his mind, writes that a woman in America is claiming to be his wife and is making determined efforts to secure an allotment of his pay. To complicate the matter, he has recently married a pretty French girl close to his station, and he needs his allotment for her. The government refuses to give money to either wife until the matter is settled to everybody's satisfaction.

The bureau took the matter up with its representatives in the town where the claimant lives; discovered her character and established the fact that no marriage ever took place. Now the little French wife is in receipt of proper support and the sergeant goes about his duties with an easy mind.

A Y. M. C. A. secretary writes to ask if inquiries cannot be made about the wife of Private Hodge, who was seriously ill in the hospital when he left America. "The man is nearly crazy with anxiety," he says.

A cable received from America by the bureau brought a weight of grief to one soldier. "Have chaplain notify Private Hicks his wife and sister killed in accident. Letter follows giving details."

The letter came. It gave details, not only of the accident and the funeral, but of the disposition of the property, and informed Private Hicks that his affairs would be properly handled for him in his absence.

And so the reports come in, piling up day by day, each requiring a special care and an efficient man's attention. They reach from France into every quarter of the United States, almost into every town. The Home Service Bureau is the tenuous thread which connects the soldier in the trenches with those in America to whom his thoughts are directed so constantly and whose welfare is the most important thing in the world.

The Spiral

BY ALICE COWDERY



HE might drive at her sewing with swift mechanical skill, but her eyes, as she pressed closer to the window, against the fading rain-silvered light, were on the eucalyptus-trees that formed the hedge of the narrow back yard. It seemed to her that, as she knew her own, she knew each mood of these trees—when they rested in the sunlight, iridescent, coral-tipped, swathed in powdery blue-mauve shadows, or stirred, like dim wraiths in the fog, or waited, with the stars, in tangled filigree against the night; but more she felt them, in these wintry dusks, when the high winds lashed them to dark, glistening monster shapes, tormented rooted things that, even as they writhed and tossed and twisted back upon themselves to sway with weary impotence, still flung out their wild gestures to the sky.

Something she felt there, haunting, insistent—something that made her throw down her sewing and, snatching up the palette and brushes from her bureau nearby, attack once more the picture shadowing forth from the canvas there. But she did so with strokes so nervous and futile as to convey almost the effect of furtivity—an effect not lessened by the glance she cast, through her open door and down the dark hall, to the profile silhouetted against another window—a profile like a handsome rocky cameo, but a profile whose classicality was belied in its present unguarded moment by a flaccid drooping of the lower jaw.

From it now issued the words, "You got that lining in, Mary?" and simultaneously and with the stately stride that matched her brow and nose her mother bore down upon her. "I promised Mrs. Bronson she'd have that pelisse for church to-morrow."

"She shall, mother." Mary's absorption in her painting was now slightly overemphasized.

"If you don't stop daubing and get out with it, you'll be caught in another storm."

"I don't care."

Her mother's lips tightened as one who forces self-control to the limit, and then her lower jaw and her dignity seemed to sag, even as she herself settled down on Mary's bed.

"You don't care for anything or anybody—nothing but for daubing. Self, self!" She shook her head mournfully. "What do you care if my head is nearly splitting with worry—me, who used to be the best dressed woman in San Francisco; me, sewing for my old friends, pitying me—" She paused. It was the customary trained and authentic pause for Mary's murmur of condolence, but Mary, for once, was in too tense a mood to fill it. "What do you care—" she reiterated, "my only spare room rented to a stranger, my very drawing-rooms converted to his offices, to keep this mortgaged, unprotected roof above our heads?" She regarded the ceiling with somber eyes.

"I know, mother, I know," Mary ventured, hastily. She was vividly conscious now of a definite line of construction forming under that plaint.

"Not, of course, that he seems like a stranger, after six months, but"—she sighed, hesitated, brought her eyes down to Mary's—"he's liable to be again—"

Mary caught up her palette-knife and with a stroke scraped off the fresh paint from her canvas, caught up the Bronson pelisse and fastened off the last threads.

"You're only twenty-five. You think you can play hot and cold with a good man, waiting—"

"Mother, for Heaven's sake!"

Her mother rose, stiffening. "Wait till you see sixty and all security gone, everything stripped, illness coming—"

Mary dragged down a box from her closet shelf, rammed it with tissue-paper and the pelisse, caught up her hat and wrap.

"I expect no confidence from my daughter. Why should I," she inquired, apparently of the ceiling, "I, who have sacrificed my life for her, expect it?"

Mary ran out of the room and half-way down the long stair-flight, then stopped abruptly, for the parlor door had opened and a shabby patient toddled forth (John Howard's patients were usually shabby), followed by John himself. Swift pleasure lighted his face as he turned back from the front door and saw her, but she had a feeling of being caught there between him and the listening creak in the hall above.

"You're not going out in this rain, Mary?"

She nodded, swinging the box by way of explanation. She could see the shine in his eyes as he looked up at her; the shine of white on the top of his head, the shine of silver in his close-cropped beard.

"I hate your going out." He looked at her package resentfully.

"I want to go." She was at the door.

He planted himself before it. "You want a prescription, that's what you want. You want this muddle you're in cleared up. You want a secure home and a man—me. I want a real home and a woman—you. Why, in Heaven's name— You're obstinate, Mary," he cried. "I can't understand you. You've told me you care. You *don't*. Is that it—you don't?"

Oh, couldn't he see it was no time to urge that question now?

Well, then, if she would go, let him go with her.

"Oh, can't you see I want to go alone?"

"Very well." He opened the door for her and stood aside.

Hidden by the malvia-bushes at the gate, she paused a moment, looking back, held by the consciousness of having hurt him. Then she struck out against the rainy gusts. Away, away, anywhere, from all these confusing cross-currents—away from love itself—just to feel in wild motion with the wild dusk; feel the rain dash at her upturned face; feel the wind whip at her skirts, the blood race to meet it. Was it love? Did not love shine out radiantly clear, one-purposed? Was it love that could so propel her from

it, could not down this voice that cried out against what had become, in the last months, so insidiously a part of her life, rousing at times to such waves of tenderness and passionate response—cried out, like a detached brain, "One life already clamped to yours by fate of birth is enough; freedom, more freedom, for the work you know you love. There is nothing so big as that for you. You know it when you listen."

The box crushed under her arm, she followed the limping trail of a lamp-lighter casting circles of liquid reflection before them over the pavements. Her shoes soaked up the wet of crossings unheeded; her eyes, wide, rebellious, shone to a sense of gleaming loveliness. If she could only wander on and on over the world, wander alone and forever, striving to put down the beauty that so gladdened and tormented her. Suddenly she stopped.

At first she had just absorbed that picture in the shop window as her clothes soaked in the moisture, and then her personal longing sprang alert again:

"Real as that, big as that. Oh, give me the power, dear God, give me the power!"

A man came out of the shop and, pausing to open his umbrella, he, too, stood before the picture. She glanced at him, her face vivid with emotion.

"You like it?" he remarked.

She nodded.

"You're a painter?" he asked, suddenly.

"I seem to be a dressmaker— Oh"—she had remembered the box under her arm with a little cry of dismay—"I forgot!"

Then they both laughed.

"Well, I'm a dealer and the owner of this shop."

She realized him then as Stanley Clifford, more than dealer, connoisseur and critic.

"Come in," he said, abruptly. "I'm opening an exhibition of this man's work to-morrow. I'll give you a private view."

"I suppose he hadn't a thing in the world to do but paint," her eyes shining, her voice wistful, she turned to him in the gallery.

Clifford, as if he read the motive be-



Drawn by A. L. Bairnsfather

SOMETHING SHE FELT THERE, HAUNTING, INSISTENT

hind that question, checked off with eloquence the gaunt and gloomy gamut of that painter's struggles.

"But he was a man," she sighed.

He had to admit that. "See here"—he still stared down at her—"what have you done? How have you studied?"

She was conscious then of talking as she had never talked before of her desire; of saying, once launched upon the subject, far more than she had intended; of a feeling that, although not much older than herself, he was the sort of man one *would* talk to of one's self—and yet, paradoxically, that, after all, one didn't seem to need to explain anything to him; of telling him of her father's death and the immediate necessity for her making use of the one definite supporting talent, her sewing, acquired from her leisurely girlhood, born of the vanity of self-decoration; of all the scattered dreaming attempts of years and spasmodic energy at study; of night classes at the local art-school; of home ties and responsibilities—no, not of John.

"Oh," she added, "if I had only known before, when I was frittering; but it seems to me you only find out what it is you really want to do when you *must* do things you hate—"

He nodded. "But see here, you will, you know, paint. If you want to more than anything else, nothing can keep you from it. Believe that."

She wanted those words. She needed them.

"Trample on obstacles, trample on 'em—and don't forget to let me see the results, will you?"

She rose at dawn that next day and slipped down through the silent house for crackers and milk, ate them as she dressed, behind her locked door, and then she began to paint. An hour—two—a thwarted turning of her door-knob and her answering voice: "You'll have to get breakfast, mother. I don't want any," and the sense of that lady's aggrievement dying away. Aha! she could trample! An hour, and renewed creaking without her door, the rustle of a silk train.

"On the Sabbath! A daughter of mine painting on the Sabbath! A mother even forced to go to church alone!"

"Leave *me* alone!" came the sharp impatient retort.

John's voice called presently: "Mary, have you forgotten our walk?"

"Not to-day."

"But, Mary, I may not have another chance this week!"

A wild glance and hesitant step toward the door, and then, "Please, John, oh, please go away!"

A longer break now in establishing connections, the necessity of forgetting his disappointed face that would come between her and the canvas, but a power beyond her, driving her, overriding fatigue, a consciousness of painting against time and confusion—of being like some vibrant instrument, of some universal truth, forcing all starved, inadequate glimpses to beauty—beauty coming at last into those dark, tormented trees, sweeping them apart to the promise of sun-gold waters and beyond, like a triumphant memory and prophecy, far lines of mountains, waiting, tranquil, immutable—not until the light had faded did she lay down her brushes, with tears of gladness and exhaustion.

She opened her door and looked into the silent hall. She very much wanted to share that picture now. John's bedroom was dark and empty. Her mother's door was shut. She approached it tentatively.

"Mother, I've finished. Don't you want to see my picture?"

No answer, save the faint creak of the rocker. What was it she had done? What crime committed out of the most complete joys she had ever known? Oh yes!

"Mother, I didn't mean to answer you so impatiently."

The creaking of the rocker stopped. She heard a throat-clearing, a little cough. She opened the door a crack then, greeted by a strong whiff of camphor. Her mother's head, very rocky, was bandaged in that fluid.

"Would—would you like me to go to prayer-meeting with you, mother?"

"With my head?" in tones of awful reproof.

Mary approached her and, with tired nerves shrinking before the fear of some prolonged scene, kissed the powdered cheek that turned from her.

"May you never know what it is to be a mother," said a hollow voice as she backed swiftly from the room. Careless slip, that apostrophe, in one so anxious for her marriage!

She sat down then at the head of the long stair-flight to wait for John, her head against the wall, her eyes on the front door, in the gloom accentuated by the bronze horror on the newel-post holding the light; she reached and opened her door that she might feel a closer relationship with her picture; but it seemed cold, aloof. If he would only not reproach her; if he would only just understand. She *was* so tired. She heard the click of the front-door latch. He, too, looked tired and depressed. Visions of his hard work, the lives he tended, merged into a depth of tenderness for him, stirred warm at her heart as he raised his eyes and saw her. She came down half-way to meet him. She heard herself murmuring explanation, contrition, and then:

"Don't you want to see my picture?"

"I don't want to see anything that's spoiled my afternoon with you. I only want to see you—you—"

Clifford unwrapped it and, placing it on his desk, stood back from it. She could feel all the doubt that she had forced down to gain courage to bring it to him, the dreadful doubt that, perhaps, after all, she had no talent, had been but the victim of her own hypnotic desire, rising, waiting, again, above the sudden hush in the world—rising as the blood seemed to sink from her face until her eyes could only fix upon one point of reality, and that where the muscles of his cheek, ever so slightly, twitched. He turned from her picture then, and looked down at her.

"Dressmaking! My God!" he said, and laughed. "You want the truth," he added, "straight from the shoulder?"

"Straight."

"It's life you've caught, the spirit of genius; it's your pledge to the future, your own standard to surpass; it's all that, but with all that it's student work. I don't want to exhibit it now, for your own sake—"

Oh, she hadn't thought of that.

"But I do want it for myself. May

I have it? I'll give you a hundred for it. All right?"

That part didn't matter, either.

"Go home and do some more." He shook her hands rather brusquely, the more perhaps to cover his knowledge of the lips that struggled for control despite her shining eyes. "And here, don't forget this mere detail." He made out her check.

Mere detail, but it waved like banners now. Money sprung from work one loved was made for joyful spending; stock up in long-coveted paints and canvas and brushes; and—what was joy but for the sharing?—gloves and veils for her mother and a book for John, that treatise he had so long desired and hesitated over; joy in the crowded streets and shops, in life opening so radiantly at last that nothing seemed too much to ask of it; life that was work one loved, to feed one's strength into, out of; life that was sharing, to feel all the world as happy as she. Oh, John might not understand her painting, but who more than he must share its resultant glow? What mattered anything now but this sense of freedom let loose about her, this sense of the fullness of life that drove her homeward, at last, to find him waiting at the window for her—drove her in upon him like a young and shining Christmas tree, to plant herself before him and flash at him the remnant gold within her purse, laugh, to his amazement, as she cried, "My picture, my scorned picture!" to meet the embrace with which he swept that all aside, meet his words, "Oh, Mary, how much longer must I wait?" stir to a wonder that she had dared so long, with niggardly half-measures, hold back from the challenge that so merged and swung all things together—there, in his arms, she, who held the power to find herself so happy, to make him so?

"No longer, John, no longer."

What mattered, after all, the dismay she had felt at the surprise he sprang upon her, during the swift and rather hectic acceleration of that long courtship, the surprise of paying off the mortgages on the old house and taking it over for their home? Must not the relief in her mother's eyes balance that vague disappointment, that vague hope of

somehow having a fresh start, in a new place, alone, with him? How, after all, could she have hoped for that? And how, even had there been any possible alternative, could she dampen his complete satisfaction in an arrangement whereby he should be spared all moving bothers and interruptions of his work?

"But, John, you do understand that I must have some place, absolutely my own, to go to for my work, don't you?"

"Why, you shall paint all your little heart desires, my darling; paint our home inside and out, roof to ceiling, me—everything!" Ah, he could joke and she laugh, but surely—?

"Why not make a paint-place of the attic?"

What mad notion had come to her that he might suggest a down-town studio of her own? What a foolish, impracticable dream?

"Of course," she said, brightly, to cover that dubious dream.

Swift week, carrying her to the day before her marriage, when her mother faced her and announced, with stony incomprehension, Stanley Clifford, and added:

"I told him I thought you were too busy—"

"You didn't send him away!" Mary turned, startled, at that possibility.

"That," replied her mother, with dignity, "is for you to do."

Over the banisters, she could see Clifford waiting in the hall. It struck her with impatience that she had no place to receive him save in the dining-room or John's front office when it happened to be vacant. But she greeted him vividly and, hearing John's voice in the rear office, opened the door of the front one and ushered him in.

He did not sit down. He stood before her, his arms folded, his stick and hat dangling from one crossed hand, smiling down at her, hesitating a bit, as if he chose his words. She wondered if he could hear the creak in the hall outside the door; if he caught the odor of iodoform.

"I've been thinking of you, oh, a lot." His eyes held her own now. "I have such faith in your talent—I believe in you and I want you so much to have a chance for fresh encounters, freedom

from money bothers, freedom for study." Something so startling came into her eyes then that he hesitated again, and then said, quickly, "It's all in my business, you understand."

She was conscious of John's voice in the hall now, of John standing in the doorway, but her eyes did not leave Clifford's, and he, as if he saw but hers, heard only the difficult eagerness of his own words, hurried on:

"It isn't from me; it's from a fund I am organizing for that purpose. It's business, too, remember. I—in short, I want you to go abroad for a year's study. Now's the time, when you've proved your own originality."

Under his words, with her eyes wide on him, he seemed to spread, to fill the room. No—it was the room that stirred, wavered, drew in like shadows, stale shadows, about where he stood, a point of light—his eyes, his words, like light, toward which those shadows converged. Then the consciousness of John looming there beside him, looming—and the odor of some drug; of her own words, introductory, coming from very far; of John's smile as he came toward her, drew her to her feet and slipped his arm about her; of the assured and proud conviction of his words as he turned, masterful and possessive, to Clifford:

"You see? We have made other plans."

But her eyes met Clifford's as he turned from his last felicitations, and even after his withdrawal and at John's swift embracing she could see, through the lace in the hall door and over John's shoulder, Clifford run down the steps, give a last look back at the house, jerk down his hat and stride away.

In ten years a hedge of eucalyptus may creep up until it darkens a near-by window. Even its young undergrowth may fill in the spaces between gaunt trunks and shut out all glimpse of sun-gold waters. There may be left a little strip of sky between the window and the stars, but on a black and rain-washed night you can see nothing but the stir of dark on dark. And to meet that dark the night light in the hall sends out flickering shadows across the playthings of a sleeping child that clutter the old bureau,

and to the accompaniment of the stertorous gasps that register the slumbers of an old lady in the room beyond.

Mary, lying on her own bed, across the hall, had thought she, too, might sleep that night. But this was not sleep; this was a gray veil, swathing and stifling over face and body, folds on binding folds of accumulative gray, as if he had that day passed on to her the numbness in which his flickering spark of life had been so long incased; veils that must be loosened; veils torn suddenly apart.

"Coming, John!" and she had swung to the edge of her bed, her feet finding her slippers with the habit of one long inured to night watches, her wrapper clutched about her. Then she remembered. She stood in her doorway, staring across into the dark of his vacant room. Never again.

But now she did not want to sleep. It was not only that if she tried she might hear that call again, or that the veil might tighten back, but a febrile energy stirred against sleep. Sleep! when there was so much to be thought out for tomorrow—and the whole chain of to-morrows, going on and on.

A gust of rain against the open window of the child's room startled her. She went into it and closed the window gently and stood staring through it at the night; dim forms, dark on dark, like rooted, tormented souls, and against that dark movement her own reflection, staring back at her, with hair fallen about its shoulders, and eyes like some desperately wondering child's cast out there into the night. It was not of tomorrow she thought then.

It was of those first passionate weeks, gone down so soon into the confusing bargain of love, when all her vitality seemed to have focused on the need for doing well what she had undertaken to do; when her mother's relaxation on her was complete, save in her capacity for goading the cheap and saucy servant until service became but one composite inefficiency, halting to harass between the front door and the back, and John's discomfort stirred her own sense of justice to the task of keeping house and peace; when life seemed to rush in two opposing currents upon her, sweeping her now toward her human bonds and

now toward the appeasement of that creative hunger. "Patience," she would murmur—"patience"—until she seemed to reach an apotheosis of busied lethargy in which her very soul grew flabby; until would come the all too violent emergence, in which she would drop duty and rush to the attic—and duty, like some confused, perverted conscience, would creep up the stairs, listen, urge, mock, at the door, until she had crashed the easel down to answer it; until the very visions that came, imploring expression, grew haunted by that fear of something always waiting to kill them.

"John, I want to go away."

"Go away, Mary!"

"For a few weeks."

"Ah yes, my dear. We'll try and make it this fall."

"But I want to go now, alone."

"Alone!"

"There's a painter, a very great painter, coming to give a summer course down on the coast. I want to take it—get away from everything and just paint."

"Why, you have your studio!"

"Can't you understand, John? I can't work here, with so many interruptions."

"Aside from my belief that your normal healthy place is here, I simply can't afford it. We must keep this place unmortgaged if it is possible. I wish I could give you many things, a good helper; but times are hard, Mary, and patients are poor. It seems to me that with a little planning you ought to get what you want right in your own home. Came then the prescription: "And I know what you do need—more fresh air. I'm thinking of getting a horse, a good, lively fellow that will give me a strong arm-pulling between visits, and I'm going to make you drop everything and drive with me. How's that, my darling?"

She could see the gleam of satisfaction that this solution had given him. Oh, when it dovetailed in with the excuse of his own work and needs!

But not go away! Stack back the muddled visions and stay to meet something more; meet it as if she stood a little aside from herself, watching with a strange sense of temporary peace another self focusing, valiant and proud,



Drawn by A. L. Bairnsfather

Engraved by S. G. Putnam

"I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW YOU'VE CAUGHT IT BACK AND SWEEP BEYOND IT"

to some high creative adventure. She had had some idea of her mother's relieving her of the child's care at times; but that lady's tendency to quiet Paula's obstreperous babyhood with surreptitious soothing-syrup, or to pinch her gently to make her lip quiver, that she might comfort her, seemed to negative that possibility. She had had at times a desire that this new life might so absorb vitality to its care that it might drain that other craving dead. But it had not. She had had too much freedom, too much joy out of that babyhood; it grew with her joy, that other craving, unrecorded but part of it. It had needed sterner repression. Life had been jealous of wasted force. Life cried, "Use or repress," and in the very cry chose for her—chose in one satiric shriek the means, chose that the fast horse which was to have needed a strong pull should need a stronger one than John could give it.

Strength! Who could not have found it to meet that first terrible year, as one met earthquakes and war and all the swift quickenings to abnormalities that left but stark and basic facts? Buoyed by the deep stimulus of pity, who would not, through the gray years that followed, have struggled to fight back thought in service; thought that, even as she mused and cooked, sent out courage to his clinging eyes, leaped to his broken call, and forced back that old, old money worry—of debts looming, piling up; thought, outcropping, lulled, outcropping, of waste, of terrible waste in strength gone to the patching up of living death; thought, outcropping, of being so right to him and them, so wrong to herself?

Stick up a fashion-plate in the window where his sign had hung, stare out and in upon those wild gesticulations of the night and see them form for to-morrow's need, like a great hand that swung a threaded needle in a twisted spiral back to its starting-point.

"Mother!" a real cry of fear, imploring.

Mary turned swiftly to the bed. "Mother's here, Paula." She knelt and took the child within her arms. "Mother's here. It's only a dream. Mother's always, always here," she whispered

until Paula slept again, until in that long clinging her own protectorate seemed to slip into Paula's; she to Paula, Paula to her—only one thought now, passionately rising and falling, never, never should Paula know what it was to be alone in the dark—they two, so close together, they two, so needing each other—they two, forever, come what might. And slept there, at last.

Letting herself in from a late Saturday's shopping, hoping that her mother might have summoned the energy to start the dinner preparations, Mary glanced down the hall and through the open door of the dining-room. The table, as she had anticipated, was not set. Paula sprawled half across it; her mother, in the rocker by the fire, was reading, profile presented, jaw slightly dropped. Mary was tired and not inclined to suppress irritation. That feeling merged into resentment at another discovery, that it was not paper dolls from fashion-plates upon which Paula was intent, but that she had evidently been prowling in the attic and had discovered her own old crayons and her precious drawing-paper. But as she looked at Paula's flushed, intent little face and the quirks of delight about her lips that dimpled up to frowns of concentration, Mary restrained her first impulse to snatch those bitter-sweet symbols away and drew a little farther back into the hall.

"There!" cried Paula. "Grandma, see!" and she flourished the paper.

"H'm!" murmured that old lady, without looking around. "That's nice. You got that ruffle grandma turned for you hemmed?" The ruffle, Mary now noted, bore strong evidence of having been used as a paint-rag.

"See!" cried Paula, starry-eyed and joyful, and this time Mary saw. It was a beautifully hideous caricature of the old lady, uncannily insistent on the uncanny retention of that sleek black hair, uncannily emphatic on the salient flaccidity of that jaw under the classic brows and nose. At first Mary's impulse had been to shriek at the fun of it, at the dawning irateness on her mother's face as she turned at last and saw it, but at Paula's oblivion to all but its happy

completion, as the undeniable cleverness of the thing struck home, that amusement turned to a strange listening clutch at her heart and she felt the blood creep up into her own face.

Her mother rose, snatched the drawing from Paula, tore it across, and flung it into the fire. "Now give me those chalks, you bad girl, you!"

But this time Paula was too quick for her. She slipped off to the other side of the table, with the box of crayons, and faced her, white, alert, defiant. "Hate to sew. Want to paint."

Her grandmother strode toward her around the table. Paula was a little frightened now, but, squashing the crayons to her, treading them underfoot as they ran down her frock, she dodged that irate stride. She was beginning to breathe in little tearful gusts, but she maintained her distance to the door, and there, beholding Mary, white and very still threw herself upon her, crying bitterly. Her grandmother put out a hand and shook her.

"Let her alone." Mary's voice was tense.

Her mother stared, speechless with indignation, and then cried, "A daughter of mine, abetting impertinence, in a great girl, to *me*!"

"Let her alone." But anger had slipped from Mary's words. It was as if there lay in her eyes the gleam from a far torch—a torch flickering, burning up again from out some smothering destiny; and as if her mother in that moment were the embodiment of that destiny, she repeated to herself and Paula: "She shall paint. She shall."

She did. Into Mary's sewing came such revival of spirit that in the very ardor of her energy she could wonder at her capacity for piling on more. Never, never should Paula be handicapped as she had been. Paula was finding earlier than she what it was she wanted; Paula should have all she had not had, all she could give; send her to school and art classes, rise with her to each acclaimed progress, hoard for her materials, send her out to paint while her own feet whirled on the machine. . . .

Her mother's ranting might sink to stony silences in which she inclosed herself for days, emerging stiffly for meals,

or, these periods temporarily mollified, to bemoanings of her quite fictitious neglect; she might take, at last, the one inevitable method of compelling attention, more and more to her bed, until she collapsed there, indignant at life—it was only one further need for strength, that Paula's vivid girlhood be spared the gloom of her care.

Clear out the attic now in secret moments, before Paula's eighteenth birthday, sweep back the waves of household junk that had piled through the years against her own studio corner. There Paula might be free from the room next her grandmother's and that lady's unflagging ingenuity in discovering some errand for her; find John's old ivory-headed stick, and the clever notion of placing it by her mother's bed that she might pound on the floor, and incidentally on the ceiling of the parlor work-room, for herself.

But Mary had not made much progress in clearing out on this late Saturday afternoon, for she had come on some of her own old sketches. She had sat on the floor, looking at them, for a long time. She felt that she was childish, but she had not been able to resist that impulse to take two of the best down with her that she might see how they looked on the mantel in the parlor.

"Not so bad—not half bad," she murmured, a little wistfully, as she regarded them. The girl who came in to help her had gone home, but perhaps when she came again she might like them. If she did, she would, very secretly, give them to her.

"Mother! oh, mother, where are you?" Mary was startled by Paula's call and her entering slam of the front door. She had not time to take her sketches from the mantel before Paula's arm came round her neck. Paula slung down her painting-kit and took out her own sketches.

"Look, mother, and see what you think of this day's catch." Paula turned with them to the mantel. "Why, where under the sun did those come from? Of course"—Paula checked the half-smile that had come with her words abruptly—"out of the attic, and yours, dear. They're sweet—but don't they seem old-fashioned, mother?"

Mary took them off quickly now. Paula, as she replaced them with her own, glanced at her.

"It's a pity, isn't it, mother, that you didn't keep up your painting. I think you had talent." Then she added, vividly, "Coming along, aren't I, mother?"

Mary, still holding her old sketches against her breast, looked at Paula's. She was not listening to Paula. She was listening to a voice within herself, "I once painted a picture that I think was better than these things of yours." She stirred slightly at that confusing sense conveyed, of disloyalty to Paula in loyalty to herself, like some competition, it seemed, between her very selves. "I think my way was more beautiful than this violent boldness of yours. I think you are more impatient for effect than truth. If I say this to you, I may be discouraging; perhaps, after all, it is I who cannot even follow—outgrown—

"Paula," she said, aloud, "are you really so satisfied with these?"

And almost simultaneously with her words came Paula's, as, frowning, she swept them off the mantel, "Oh, they're no good!"

Mary, with swift gladness at that agreement between them, sprang, vivid, however, to defense. "You'll do it yet," she cried. "You keep at what you know—" She went toward the kitchen to start dinner.

"Mother!"

Mary turned.

"But if you had been made to paint, you'd have done it, wouldn't you? I know you've been awfully tied down and all that, but somehow I feel, just the same, you'd have done it if you had wanted to the way I want to, the way I must," and Paula, immersed in that mustness, suddenly flung aside the curtains and stared out into the dusk.

"Oh, mother, wouldn't it be wonderful if I might just wander over the world, just stopping to paint in beautiful places, everything, everywhere?"

Mary, pausing there in the hall, stared back at Paula standing with arms outspread, like wings, against the dusk, and a thin trickle of fear seemed to circle slowly about her heart.

Fear that she thought she refused to

dwell on, but which came banking, retreating, banking again, like shadows, drawing closer; and always that sense of wings now, about Paula—struggling wings and restlessness so felt in her own nerves that, in the preluding silence in which Paula faced her, at last, she could have shrieked aloud the inevitable words that came:

"Mother, I've got to get away—I've just got to."

Mary's hand continued to move over the lengths of brilliant chiffon that clung against the drab stuff of her own gown, swathing her like an iridescent web. Paula stared at her a moment, turned away, then faced her again as if some uncontrollable voice, tense and rapid, drove words almost against her will.

"They can't help me any more here. They all say so, even old Gray—they say I need to get away." She did not look at Mary now, "And, besides, I must, mother. Something just makes me want to die, here in this house, caged. Oh, it just chokes me—everything gone stale, old and stale—" She turned now to meet Mary's eyes, "Mother, can't you understand how I must?"

Mary could not speak. She had no answer ready, but in that wild desire within her, struggling at her silent lips, "You shall—with me, you and I together, working, each in her own way—away, far from all this, but together."

Pound, pound of an ivory-headed cane on the floor above.

Paula started. "I'll see what she wants." But Mary was at the stairs before her.

"Mother," Paula faltered, "I know—you've done enough for me; you can't do any more."

Pound, pound, irate now. Mary turned at a run, but her feet grew heavier on the stairs.

"You can't do any more." It seemed to echo back through the long hours of that night. Summon all philosophy, sweep out all unworthiness that tempted her to dwell on the years of her own sacrifice, deny that word itself, fight down self-pity that reviewed her life and saw her old wild craving tamed and trampled by circumstance, raised to love, banked and based on it at last; refuse the vision of

herself that cried out, in distorted ugliness, that life had made of her but a thing to be crushed between the cold selfishness of youth and that of age—there still cried louder the final bitterness:

"She wants to leave me, leave me, here, to this; she wants to leave me and I can't do any more."

With a swift upflinging of her arms she went out into the dim-lit hall. Paula's door was shut; through her mother's there came the sound of stertorous breathing, and from the dark halls below an essence of shadow, creeping up. She stared at Paula's door, opened it gently, saw her dim form crouching on the old sofa before the open window. She stepped back, shutting the door as gently. Paula was right.

If it tore her apart, Paula was right—she must go. What mattered anything before this, this surety, that she wanted most for her every chance and every beauty? Oh, she must go—go before she, too, was inevitably clamped there, clamped by all the sucking vampire bonds. The least set-back in herself, accident, illness, and Paula would be caught. Somehow, some way, she must manage for her.

But why could Paula not see that somehow she would manage for her? Why must she now keep herself so shut away from her, shut in her room or in the attic for days, as if already trying to blot her out, or sit in moods of silence at meals, with brooding eyes upon her? Ah, Paula could trample!

"There, mother." Mary turned to see a Paula whose voice belied the tired flush upon her face. "Don't you want to go up and see my picture?" Paula's voice broke a little to an odd, sweet excitement. "I can't seem to tell you—it's the only way I can try to tell you how—how I feel about you, mother. Please go up and look at it."

And Mary went up the attic stairs.

Clifford unwrapped the picture Mary had brought him and placed it before them on his desk. He stood back beside her, looking at it—a slight figure in a drab gown sewing on lengths of brilliant chiffon that clung and coiled about it, but out of it Mary's face lifted with eyes

more vivid than all, eyes that paused, above busied hands, to look ahead at some one.

"You, in a mirror," he murmured, his eyes upon it.

She could see his cheek where the muscles, ever so slightly, twitched. Her eyes went back to the picture. Oh, could he not see, without her telling? Could he not see, as she, how it was so much more than she? This child—what but love could so have answered love; that face—love as she would have it, swung out of personal, caught into universal beauty.

"It's better?" She knew. Then why so shaken that she must reach and grasp the arm of the chair behind her? Did she not know?

"It's better?" she repeated. "Better than the one I brought you a lifetime ago?"

He turned and flung open his safe and, rummaging there, dragged out her own old picture.

"You kept it!" Mary's voice faltered a bit now as she looked at it.

"Kept it! I love it!" he cried.

"But this, this is bigger? Do you say it?"

"Bigger!" he was still staring at the pictures. "I should say it is. The freshness, the fire, the vision—I don't understand how you've kept it, caught it back, and swept beyond it. And there, in your eyes, through all these years." He turned to her. "Look at me. Let me see how real eyes can keep so young, so vivid, against all defeat. Look at me. I need it."

But she could not look at him then. She had sunk down upon the chair, her face hidden by the brim of her hat.

"It's my baby's—my daughter's—Paula's."

"It is," he said, quietly, after a moment, "nevertheless, yours."

"You'll do"—Mary looked up at him now—"you'll do what you wanted to do for me? You'll do it now for her?"

It was as if he stood listening to something very still and beautiful, something that had drifted away and had returned, drawn in a greater loveliness. He took her hands and helped her to rise. He brought them to his lips and held them there.



RUSSIAN SOLDIERS BEFORE THE RAILROAD STATION AT OMSK

Traveling Through Siberian Chaos

BY RICHARD ORLAND ATKINSON

I WAS walking down the main street of Vladivostok one morning when I noticed a large crowd collected on the sidewalk just ahead of me. Soldiers and sailors came running from every direction. A few civilians, happening along, stopped at the outskirts of the mob, to see what it was all about. But the soldiers and sailors held first place.

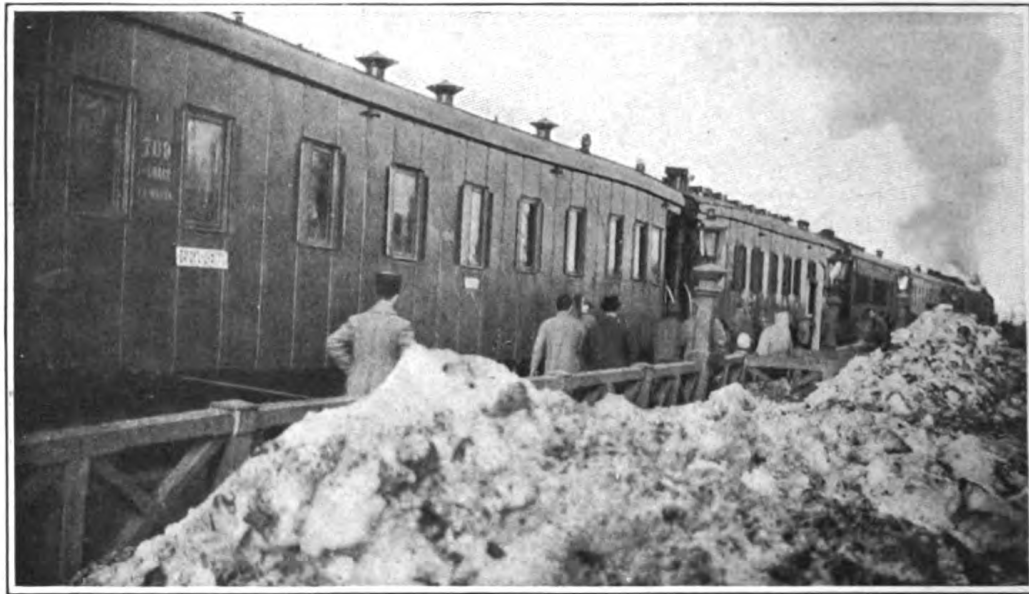
A young Chinese had snatched a purse from a lady as he passed her. He had been caught in the act and handed over to some soldiers. They were asking the boy all kinds of questions without waiting for any answer. They were abusing him with filthy phrases. They were beating him over the head and kicking him with their heavy boots, until I thought they would surely kill him.

Finally, the woman who had been robbed appealed to them to spare the

victim and take him away for trial. But nobody seemed to know where to take him. I wondered where the police could be, to allow such disgraceful scenes on the main thoroughfare. I asked a man who was standing a little apart.

"Police?" he replied, amazed at my ignorance. "There aren't any police now, except those brutes you saw abusing that poor devil. They don't even know where the lock-up is. Yet we citizens of 'Free Siberia' have only them to depend upon for the protection of our persons and our property. It is the soldiers and sailors that say what shall be done here in the East. And this is a sample. They claim to be policing this city efficiently. Bah!"

While he was talking, a half-dozen ringleaders were arguing in a loud voice as to the proper procedure in such a case. Finally, two soldiers sauntered up, claiming to be of higher civic authority, and, with the noisy throng following,



SIBERIAN TRAVEL IS A SLOW, CRAWLING PROCESS PUNCTUATED WITH INTERMINABLE HALTS

they dragged the prisoner off up a side-street.

Vladivostok was a city of soldiers and sailors. They were everywhere—on the streets, in the parks, in the trams. Red flags floated on all sides, and the soldiers had painted a little, bright-red daub over the old “eye of the Czar” on the fronts of their caps. They straggled along, looking for amusement; they had no drill; they refused to guard the harbor fortifications; there was nothing to do but draw their wages and spend them. The civilian got out of their way when he saw them coming, for they would brook no interference from any man.

I spoke of the Chinese incident that evening at dinner. I was fortunate in being the guest of a prominent English importer, and his charming Russian wife, who had been educated in California.

“Oh, you’re evidently just beginning to find Vladivostok out,” commented my hostess. “It’s still better than Petrograd and Moscow, I understand, but it’s getting to be bad enough. Most of the soldiers you see are deserters from the army, or men called for service and never transferred. They all gravitate toward Vladivostok. They live in hovels up on the hills, packed like sardines, and existing under the worst possible moral and sanitary conditions.

“Agitators arrived shortly after the revolution, and stirred up the men in uniform to violent mischief. Vladivostok used to boast a pleasant social life, on account of its being the port of the Pacific fleet. We have a good many English and American families, and we all enjoyed life together. We welcomed the revolution because we thought it would help those who were downtrodden. It is amusing to think that *we* have taken their places, and now we are living from day to day in danger of losing everything we possess, even our lives.

“The sailors ordered the admiral of the fleet to hand over his mansion to them. You know that large, brown-stone place overlooking the water, with its beautiful gardens. That is where most of the balls used to be given. The admiral left the building, but managed to take with him most of his furniture. He said the house might belong to the state, but the tables and chairs were his. The men seized his paintings, and you ought to see them now. They say they are cut and slashed, and fit well into the present general scheme of things there. The place is a club-room for the new owners.”

I had visited the mansion that day, in company with an English sailor of the Russian fleet. All was as Mrs. B—

had described it, except that she could not picture with words the dilapidated condition of the walls and ceilings. Stains, cuts, and broken frescoes gave an appearance of hideous ruin. The occupants were spending their time in ignorant idleness, wantonly destroying property, or flirting with some frowsy girl from the streets.

"Several times," continued Mrs. B——, "news has come from that house that there is going to be an organized 'confiscation' of the valuables from the homes of the *bourgeoisie* in the town. Finally, after some minor robberies and personal attacks, the men of the foreign colony persuaded their consuls to enter formal demand for protection against the proposed outrages. The Kerensky *Commissaire* was frightened, and did something to quiet things down for a while. If I could, I'd leave for America tomorrow; and I think you'd be wiser to travel in that direction, instead of toward the Urals!"

"What interests me most at present," interrupted Mr. B——, "is how this labor question is going to be settled. It's becoming a serious problem with us business men. For instance, the Canadian Pacific Railway used to pay its employees on the wharves, for loading and unloading its vessels, eighty copecks

a day. Well, after the change in affairs wages naturally rose—with everything else. Eventually, the employees asked four rubles for the first hour, five for the second, and so on, for an eight-hour day. That amounted to sixty rubles for the day, or seventy-five times the rate paid a year ago. The men ask some of us one hundred rubles a day, and it's useless to try to argue with them. I can't imagine where they think the money's coming from.

"Commodities are higher because of the abnormal cost in the unloading of imports. Then the family men come around and say: 'We've got to have another raise. Prices have gone up again!' And so it goes on indefinitely. In spite of all we can do, the men strike and refuse to work—say they're tired of working. Then the Mongolians or Manchurians get their jobs. Discontent seizes them in time, and they quit. After that, the women leave the farms in the surrounding country and hurry into the city after the 'big pay.' The result is a scarcity of food-supplies and a poorer quality of city labor. And I understand this sort of thing is being repeated in all the commercial centers of Siberia."

During the days that followed I saw much to confirm my friends' statements of the chaotic conditions in the port city.



SHOPPING AT A RAILROAD STATION WHERE POULTRY, MILK AND SPECIAL RUSSIAN DISHES ARE OFFERED FOR SALE

A large building, much the style of the Sailors' Club, bore a placard announcing that here the Committee of Soldiers and Sailors met to settle all municipal questions and disputes. I attended one afternoon session, but found little of interest in the talkative proceedings. Another fine old residence, formerly used as an officers' club, was now doing active service as a club for soldiers. Officers might go there as guests, if they so desired. The rooms were stripped of everything in the way of furniture, and it was difficult to see where the "club" part came in. But the soldiers could not allow the sailors to get ahead of them.

The freight-yards of the Trans-Siberian were choked with goods awaiting shipment. Transportation was steadily falling off, owing, I was told, to three reasons: the old Minister of Communications had neglected the lines, following an "economic" policy; many cars had been captured by the Germans, and few new ones were being built; and the new administration had adopted a *laissez faire* attitude toward the roads.

Indeed, all along the water-front I noted acres of provisions of every kind, from America, Japan, and the South, covered with sail-cloth, and left there. Shortage of cars, of labor, of system all conspired to promote general stagnation.

We had a car-load of materials from America, for use in our work in the army; we at least saw it safely on its way for Petrograd. It arrived there five months later, after tracers had trailed it all over Siberia. It reached its destination only to be hurried out of the city again to keep it from German hands. Yet the cities of Russia were depending almost entirely now upon the Pacific terminal and the Siberian road for their clothing, shoes, and food.

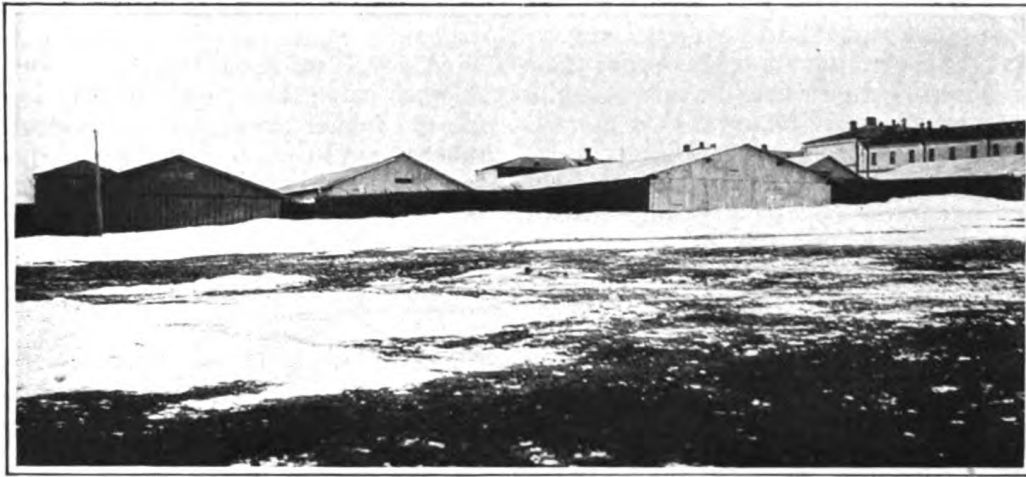
In these mountains of supplies in Vladivostok were millions of dollars' worth of American barbed wire and ammunition, *en route* to do battle for Russia and the Allies. It is all still there!

The local stores were appreciating the tremendous trading opportunities, but even their stock was getting low, while the goods they needed were rotting in front of their doors. When I remarked on the high price of any article, the merchants always answered with: "Wait until you reach Petrograd. You can't buy this there at all, or, if you can, you'll pay five times what we're charging you." And in most cases I found, later on, that they were right.

We left for Petrograd one Thursday evening, on the Siberian Weekly Express. The station is one of the finest in the East, but inside was a dirty, swarm-



SOLDIERS TRAVELING IN FOURTH-CLASS CARS



GERMAN PRISON CAMPS AT HARBAROVSK

ing mass of soldiers, provocators, and thieves, filling up every nook and corner of restaurant, waiting-room, and platforms. The majority were trying to arrange last-minute passage, or were there merely for the sake of loafing and making trouble. A Russian officer told me that we were more fortunate than the members of the Root Commission, whose train was despatched in secret from a point outside the station, for fear of a demonstration against the "American bourgeoisie."

At Harbin, twenty-four hours from Vladivostok, there was a lively hustling by the porters, trainmen, and many passengers, to load up with great quantities of Japanese loaf-sugar and all manner of non-spoilable foods. This, I learned, was the regular practice—people making the long trip for the sole purpose of smuggling across the Manchurian border thousands of rubles' worth of necessities for the hunger-stricken cities of Russia.

Among the passengers was Major D—, a Scotchman, born and bred in Russia. He always read the Siberian papers as we received them along the way, and often related tales of the plains he knew so well.

The major pointed out one station where several men had recently been killed by order of workmen who had come from the cities and found that too little had been changed from the old

routine. Faded, torn red flags floated from every station. The old station-masters, however, have never been removed. They still dress in their bulky black coats, and go about their business, leaving politics to those who have more time. The Bolsheviki have recognized, as did the Kerensky officials, that there was one institution it was unwise to interfere with too much; and so the trains have been left free to go along under their own momentum as long as they will.

We found most of the German prisoners quartered in the east; the Russians had taken no chance of their walking home. They were all securely interned and strictly watched. At Krasniarsk, a Danish prison-worker told us that he was looking after six thousand soldiers and four thousand officers. He remarked that they were receiving the same food rations as the poor classes in Petrograd, and they didn't have to stand in line all night to get it.

"But the men go mad without work," he added, "so I secured for many the privilege of helping on the streets. The Russian soldiers are really jealous, but they won't do the work themselves."

As we traveled on through the ever-fertile regions of waving meadows or through tracts of hardy woods, the weather became steadily colder, and in some parts fierce snow-storms were sweeping the country. We had left

Vladivostok bathed in the maple tints of sunny autumn, and four days later the Rumanian military guards on our train were struggling to keep from freezing as we crept through the network of tunnels around Lake Baikal into Irkutsk.

But as the cold increased, so did the multitudes of soldiers waiting at the stations through which we passed. Sometimes we would see ten trains a day coming from the war, their box-cars loaded with human freight. "*Bourgeois trains!*" they would call to us; and their animosity became so violent that before long we had to draw our shades carefully each evening, for fear our candles would serve as beacons for the stones hurled at our windows.

There were thousands of soldiers seeking to travel in the other direction as well. One evening, the major was explaining the difficulties of self-government among a people so intellectually dark and morbidly erratic, and he laid stress on the fact that the millions of freed soldiers and sailors constituted the great menace at present. "They are being led like sheep by a few idealists and clever traitors. I fear it is going to end in a terrible upheaval," he con-

cluded, as we pulled into the station at Taiga.

As usual, we got off to walk around. A much-bewhiskered old fellow was telling the soldiers from his perch on top of our car why they had a better right to ride in that express train than we had. He convinced them, and there was a wild scramble for places. One soldier caught my coat-tail as I disappeared through the door, and I left a piece of it with him. Usually the train guards kept the doors safely locked at the stations, but this time they were taken unawares, and only a few cars remained free from visitors. Strangely enough, the soldiers hesitated to break in the doors, although this little diffidence conveniently disappeared during the winter.

Those soldiers who got into the cars were generally content to travel in the aisles and block up the passageways. One confided to me that he had outstayed his leave from the line by more than a month, and was compelled to ride on the express to get back in time "to escape punishment." I discovered an under-officer hanging on the outside step, one bitter cold night, and I finally persuaded the attendant to let him come



GERMAN PRISONERS AND SOLDIERS OF THE RED GUARD POSING WITH THE AUTHOR

Mr. Atkinson is in the center; second at his right is Mr. Wiest whose photographs are reproduced with this article

inside. He stammered his thanks and fell on the floor, exhausted and half frozen. He had hoped to be taken in; and had hung on for two hours, with his bare hands, trusting to reach another station before he should have to let go and drop under the wheels.

He related how the engine-driver on one of the trains now ahead of us had been thrown into his own fire-box because he had taken his post-train out of a station ahead of a troop-train. At several stations we had been delayed while two or three trains went on ahead. Not that the men were hurrying to get anywhere, but they loved to jeer playfully at the belated express. The station-agents good-naturedly let them have their own way—and thus lived to see another sun rise. We were ten days going from Vladivostok to Petrograd.

Peace had been signed and spring had arrived when I crossed the Urals again and stopped at the mining city of Cheliabinsk. Situated at the upper end of a broad, bleak street are the great sheds formerly used to quarter prisoners before they were distributed over Siberia. Now the buildings fly the red flag, and in front of the massive gates, in the center of the square, are the graves of the Bolsheviks who fell in the winter capture of the city from Kerensky defenders.

In a leading store we talked with two young Jewish proprietors. They had returned, in 1917, from New York, where they had lived for several years.

Both were ardent followers of Trotzky, they boasted, and both expressed a fond hope that Germany would win this war.

"And she will, too!" exclaimed one. "She'll win in spite of you in America. What right had America to mix herself up in this affair, anyway? It was none of her business. Trotzky will show New York a few wrinkles before he's through."

We assured him that we were quite agreed that Trotzky had shown America, or any other decent nation, sufficient "new wrinkles," without attempting to add any more; and my California friend finally asked, with exasperation:

"If you love Germany so much, and favor her cause in this fight for world ideals, why don't you go and do your part to help her?"

"Oh," was the calm reply, "she doesn't need us, or we would."

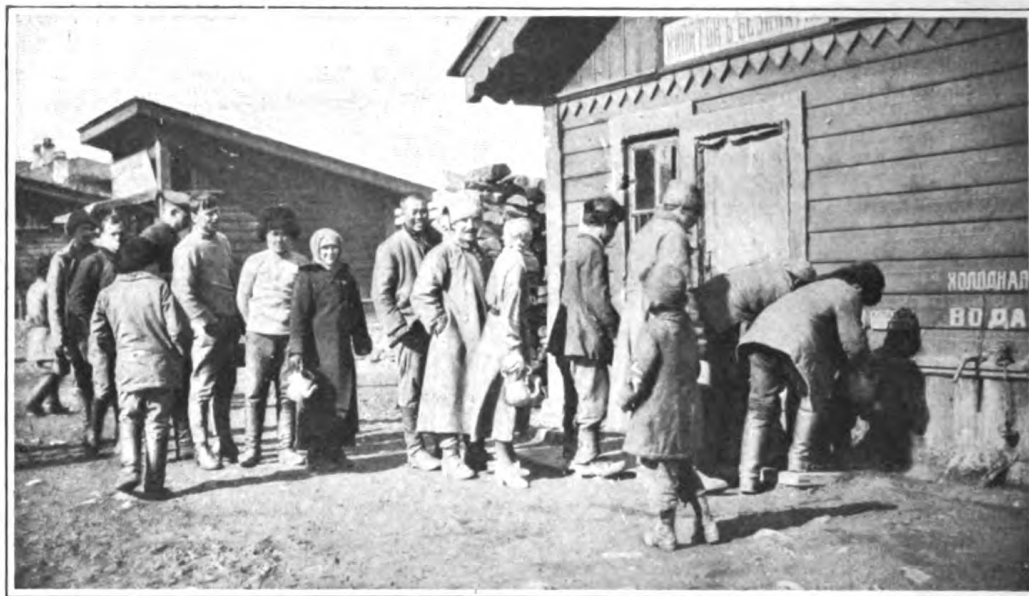
Afterward it occurred to us that they no doubt were doing consid-

erable to help Germany right there in Siberia.

We attended a picture show in the town, and there sat scores of German and Austrian prisoners with women friends, just as in the restaurant where we had eaten some hours before. In reply to my inquiries, the usher whispered that many of the prisoners had married Russian women and were preparing to settle down in Siberia after their formal release. Later we discovered a café run by the prisoners and equipped with an excellent Hungarian orchestra. And we were not surprised to find that the city was efficiently



A SIBERIAN SCHOOL-BOY



TRAIN PASSENGERS GETTING HOT WATER FOR TEA

“guarded” by fifteen hundred prisoners, acting under the Bolsheviks.

In every city much the same thing was true; Germans, Austrians, and Bolsheviks mingled in friendly council, and the erstwhile prisoners now dominated the streets and public places. Most of them knew that America was in the war, but professed ignorance of any reason why she had entered. Others whom we met did not know that we were their enemies. They presented a striking contrast to the Red Guard, in the neat appearance of their clothes and the clean, healthy glow of their faces. There were some complaints that they did not get enough to eat, but I saw no evidence of hunger among any of them in Siberia.

The crowds of Russian soldiers which had been so prominent about the stations had for the most part disappeared. Since the peasants had no other clothing, they were still wearing their faded and buttonless uniforms around the farms; and they will doubtless continue to wear them so long as the shreds will hang together. Thousands were safely within the Bolshevik fold, and were quarreling for the privilege of drawing fine wages to act as Red Guards.

By this time very few trains were crossing Siberia. Civil war and its attendant evils had hastened the ruin of

traffic. There was no longer any coal mined, and the engines burned wood, which had been cut by the women and piled for miles along the track. The engines were fast falling to pieces through misuse and neglect, and our journey was punctuated every few hours while we changed engines or awaited orders. Several times our engines were taken away from us by a stray *товарищ* train that did not want to go any farther with the old one it had.

Every station-master had become a law unto himself and had full control over all trains that came into his district. On more than one occasion I heard a loud uproar against the “chief,” who had uncoupled through freight-cars and hitched on local ones in their place, to accommodate special friends.

The lack of transportation had almost destroyed the business of the famous co-operative societies in Siberia. There are practically no roads through the country, so they did what little business they could with the trains passing through the villages. It was amusing to see the cheerful line-up of men and women at every little yellow station, offering for sale poultry, milk, eggs, butter, bread, apples, and all kinds of special Russian dishes.

At Omsk, where the Austrians were

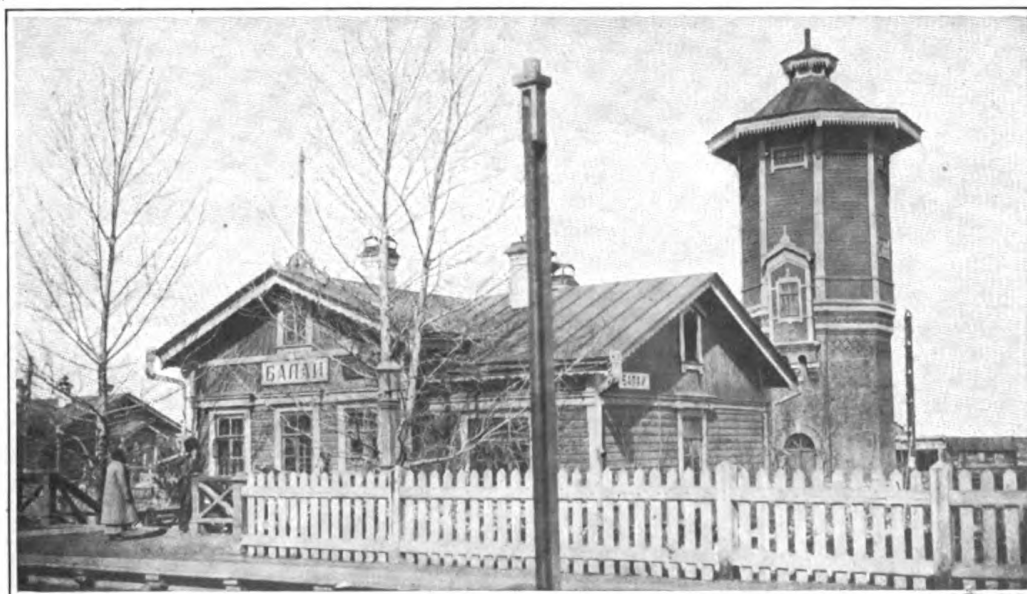
loafing about the station in full force, we encountered a very indignant representative of the International Harvester Company. His plant had been seized the night before, and his partner arrested. The consul got off the train and went with him to get the matter straightened up. Earlier that day we were all enjoying ourselves by entertaining the youngsters with a bit of American fun—and a baseball. A miscellaneous crowd quickly collected, but the Red Guard dispersed them with the angry accusation that we were American *bourgeois* making fun of them. One Russian gentleman, who had been enjoying the impromptu sports, turned away with an exclamation of annoyance.

"Wouldn't you think even our poor foolish peasants would know better than to be influenced by such rot? And yet they feel themselves highly capable of setting up and pulling down governments! This incident reminds me of what was done in the next village, where I live. Our peasant girls, you know, are now allowed to go to school. Well, the villagers took over a large manor-house down there, and decided to use it for a school for both boys and girls. A committee was appointed to get it ready, and went to visit it.

"What do you think they did? They reported that the house had so many doors that it was impossible to use it; the children would get lost in it. So they recommended that it be torn down or burned. And the peasants actually burned it. They haven't got their new school yet!

"They made the same mess of our mines down here. They insisted on taking them over completely, although they don't know the first rudiments of business. The owners lost patience and flooded the mines so that they can't be operated for five years or more. They preferred to ruin their own industries rather than leave them to slow destruction in the hands of irresponsible children."

It was at Krasniarsk that we barely missed a good joke on our Red Guard friends. They had received a telegram to prepare to receive sixty *barani*, which were to arrive on the train that day. Now, *barani* means "sheep," so the Red Guards made ready wagons and an abundance of hay and feed for the welcome animals. Instead of sheep, however, there stepped off the train sixty aristocratic nobles, heavily guarded. They were being sent into exile from the northwest province of Russia. The telegraph operator had made the mistake of



EVERY LITTLE YELLOW STATION HAS ITS HIGH, WOODEN WATER-TANK

reporting *barani* instead of *baroni*. But it made good fun for the crowd at the station.

The best insight into true conditions was given me by Izenkin, whom I had known as a soldier at the front, a few months before. I chanced to run across him near Tomsk. I knew him to be a shrewd, prosperous peasant, and I took time to get his views.

"Now, Izenkin," I said, after greetings were over, "you're a good Bolshevik, or Communist—pardon me!—so tell me about the reforms you're putting through here in Siberia."

He comically winked at me with both eyes.

"Oh *Gospodin Atkinson*, you know very well why I pretend to be Bolshevik—because it isn't safe to be anything else. Most of us here in Siberia are descended from political exiles, and we've always tried to keep up our education a little and be worthy of our ancestors' fight for liberty. And now it seems as if everything had gone to pieces.

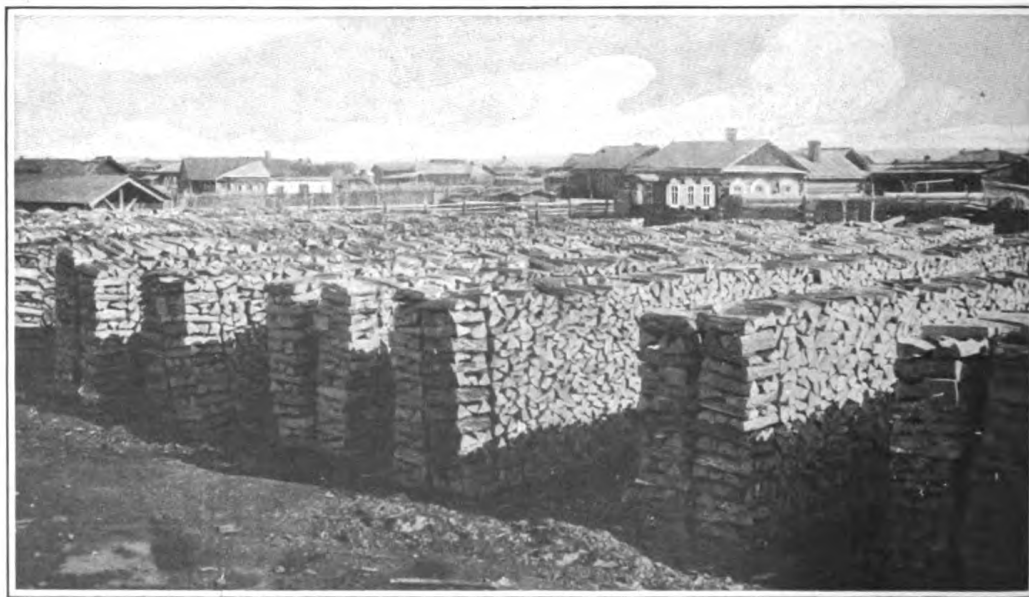
"My people tell me that even when Kerensky was in power a lot of low toughs from the Petrograd factories, to say nothing of Siberian convicts, were receiving pay from somebody to go through all our villages, trying to stir up the vilest kind of trouble. Deserting

soldiers were coming home, so they repeated to our home folk the lies we all used to hear from Germany and the Bolsheviks, all about America and Japan stealing eastern Siberia, and about the 'deliverers, Lenine and Trotzky,' who were going to keep us from becoming slaves to foreigners.

"Our people didn't believe these stories, nor did they like the way the provocators were acting; so they decided that they'd set up a republic of their own, with the capital near here, at Omsk or Tomsk.

"You know the rest," he continued, bitterly. "Trotzky, while he was talking internationalism and the rights of free peoples, sent cannon and guns and ammunition, and a blood-red gang of cutthroats—and what could unarmed Siberia do? Every city fought to the last, but it had to end sometime. Thousands of our soldiers turned traitor and joined the invaders, getting good money for it. Of course the criminal elements were happy. Some of the women believed the stories of the deserters and thought it was a great battle for their freedom. But most of them are just waiting, like the men, for a chance to throw off the despicable rule of these tyrants!"

"But," I objected, "you always vote



THE RAILWAY ENGINES BURN WOOD CUT BY WOMEN AND PILED FOR MILES ALONG THE TRACK



A HALT AT HARBAROVSK—GERMAN PRISONERS EN ROUTE PATROLLED BY RED GUARDS

Bolshevik at those elections for your town-meeting soviets."

"Yes, of course we do, but why? It's an open, hand-raising vote. Those who have thought the thing through and know how the present government is running our country, daren't vote against the Bolsheviks, because the Red Guards stand armed at the elections, a gang ready to start a riot to kill at a moment's notice. It's only a very few who are brave enough to face an issue like that more than once. Most of us prefer to sit around and wait until something happens from outside to break up this combination. It's bound to come, sooner or later, if the prisoners don't make Siberia a German colony before that time." And he laughed and sighed alternately at the confused predicament of his native land.

I recalled to mind the scurrying around corners to avoid machine-guns which were being turned loose down principal streets in cities I had visited, and lying down on the floor of cars while bullets whistled blithely through the windows; and I thought I could quite understand the lack of conscientious objectors at a Siberian open-air election.

When we reached Irkutsk we began to

feel we were indeed in "Little Germany." It was a marvel to us that our refuge trains were allowed to pass. I spoke of conditions to an American there.

"I don't understand, myself, why they don't get after us all," he said, "unless they think it's better policy to lie low a little longer. There are fifteen thousand German prisoners between Irkutsk and Tchita, and they've got access to Bolshevik arms. They have declared themselves Bolsheviks, and have been taken into partnership.

"We had a nice little fuss here in January," he went on, "at the time the Red Guards captured the city. Some of the finest buildings were shelled and three thousand citizens lost their lives, after a terrible siege in the public museum. Several Englishmen and Americans were killed. Living has been so abominable ever since that most of our foreign population has moved down to Harbin.

"I had a funny experience with the gang coming from Moscow. My passport was stolen, so I made a new one, myself. I knew it would be all right if I could find a seal for it. At last I thought of using a tomato-can that was

kicking around the floor in the car. I cut a large seal out of the red tomato picture, and pasted it on. It worked. These Siberian 'police' didn't examine it any further."

The news-stands were selling only Bolshevik papers, and those contained mostly German news, including despatches about the popular topic of the great American revolution sweeping the Western Hemisphere. In one issue the Siberians were warned to prepare for the

ing roadbed, as far as Tchita, and then threatened to stop. We could not pass through Manchuria because Seminoff's Cossacks were waging war against the Bolsheviks in that territory. Finally we were off again, on the newly finished road which runs up north of the Manchurian border to Harbarovsk, and then drops south to Vladivostok. It was the roughest railroad I have ever been on, and I was not surprised to hear that a train ahead of us had been wrecked and



BRITISH MARINES IN FRONT OF THE CONSULATE, VLADIVOSTOK

new double battle-front, to be situated on the boundary between Europe and Asia, and facing Germany on the one side and the Japanese-American menace on the other.

But the oddest papers discovered were two many-colored posters for sale in a station, illustrating the difference in the land under the Czar and under Messrs. Trotzky and Lenine. They were entitled "God Sleeps" (under the Czar), and "God Wakes" (under the Bolsheviks). The pictures illustrated the new blessings now enjoyed in family, business, and social relations. The idea was particularly startling, considering the atheistic attitude taken by the present government in Russia.

Our train rattled along over the wind-

many of the Austrian-German-Bolshevik soldiers, going to outflank the Cossacks, had been killed.

The little colonies clustering about the stations were very small, but remarkably well kept. New school buildings showed real fruits of the March revolution, and the men, women, and children gave the best impression for cleverness and energy that we had received in all Siberia. But the Red Guards were here also in all their absurd pomp and power. Once we caught them assisting in the unloading of vodka in barrels marked "Fish." Again, an insolent youngster in workman's clothes, and armed with a gun, revolver, and sword, ordered my friend and me into the car to have "our papers examined." He intended to show Amer-

icanitz that he must be obeyed in that locality. We knew the "paper" story was a bluff, and we decided to have his photograph as a souvenir. I stood in front on the car steps to hold his attention, while my friend used his camera to good advantage.

Across the long bridge that spans the River Amur, we swerved around into the city of Harbarovsk. This modern town was throbbing with life. At that time its population was swelled by refugees on their way to the coast. One "French-British Mission" train, that left Moscow two weeks ahead of us, had just arrived that morning. And we had been nearly a month on the road. At the station was gathered a most cosmopolitan assemblage: Englishmen with their monocles and canes, Frenchmen, Russians, Americans, Japanese with babies on their backs, Chinese with red faces and glossy pigtailed, Mongolians, fierce-looking Tartars with black pointed beards, and the usual motley rabble of Red Guards, Germans, and Austrians.

It was Sunday, and the thieves' market and horse-market were doing a rushing business up on the hills skirting the town. When we visited the horse-market, a scabby, old, dirty-white horse, attached to a low-wheeled nondescript vehicle, was the prime object of loud-voiced discussion. "Fifty rubles" appeared to be playing an important rôle in the proceedings.

We walked up the wide street along the ridge leading to the cathedral on the bluff that overlooked the bend of the broad river. The Swedish Red Cross was conspicuous as occupying the ground floor of one of the massive new business blocks. Across the valley, on another ridge, were situated the spacious detention camps of the German and Austrian prisoners.

The next afternoon we attended the exodus of German prisoners toward Irkutsk. There were privates and officers, with uniforms denoting every rank; men from the army, the navy, and the air fleet. Their clothes were practically new, rich and gay; there were fur coats, high hats, and spiked helmets. They were a clean, strapping-looking company; some extremely boyish, others imposing, distinguished officers.

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There was an endless stream of Germans crossing the tracks to the box-cars waiting on the siding. They were carrying small trunks, chairs, mattresses, 'cellos, mandolins, carved canes, kettles, pails, teapots, wash-pans, bags, and baskets. There were hurrying to and fro and saluting; there was much giving of orders. Young Red Guards were very much in control. Their bayonets were set, and they were enjoying the excitement immensely. I tried to imagine the thoughts of the German superior officers as these smirking, cigarette-mouthed boys prodded them now and again with their bayonets, to keep them within certain bounds. But I could only judge by the terrible looks of disdain with which they favored their guardian angels.

One young fellow insisted that I was a prisoner, and tried to keep me herded toward the train, with his "*nilsa! nilsa!*" ("no! no!") whenever I attempted to get back "across the lines."

"Hi, there!" I laughingly protested, "I tell you I'm no German; I'm *Americanitz!*" Finally persuaded, he was highly amused at the mistake, and voiced his intention to go to America soon himself.

We dogged the heels of the departing troops, and took snapshots of the outfit as best we could. Some soldiers were good-natured and "posed," but the officers considered it an outrageous insult, and urged their men to keep out of focus of the cameras. I had bribed the Red Guards to allow us to photograph the prisoners, by the simple expedient of expressing a keen desire for their pictures, also, as a remembrance of the occasion. The whole force gladly left the Germans to themselves and followed me some distance down the tracks, where my friend was waiting to "snap" them.

One German told me he had lived in North Dakota, but did not like America because it was so "greedy for gold"! Few of them were willing to talk, but at last I discovered a short, jolly-looking fellow with a heavy red beard. In answer to my questions, he told me his story in English.

"There are about sixteen thousand prisoners in this neighborhood, besides a considerable number of Austrians and

Hungarians. We were all captured in 1914 and moved out here in November of that year. The first winter we suffered terribly, without winter clothing or overcoats. The Russians gave us but little food. Then came the Swedish Red Cross and helped us to get clothes and supplies from our home government. And an American Y. M. C. A. man helped us to get books and other comforts. Several of us studied English from the Berlitz books he bought for us, and that is how I learned to speak English. Most of the Germans studied Russian by order of their officers; I guess a lot of them are to stay in the country for colonization. When America went into the war we lost our helper, and lost our touch with your people. I am a Hungarian wood-cutter. Some day I hope to go to America; I have only the warmest feeling for your country and its people."

"But why are you leaving here now?" I asked. "And why don't the Red Guards seem more friendly to you? All through Siberia they're arm and arm with the Germans."

"I'm not going away—yet," he answered. "I'm only down here to see one of my German friends off. There is not the best feeling between the German prisoners and the rest of us, as a general rule. They don't trust our loyalty altogether, and we're left behind until later. Word came from Irkutsk that the German prisoners were to leave for that city at once, to escape the Japanese and Americans, who are reported to be advancing from Vladivostok to cut off the railroad at Tchita. Irkutsk is the center for all German prisoners, anyway. An officer told me a few minutes ago that he thought you men must be an American scouting party."

"As for the Bolsheviks, they have kept us pretty well cooped up around here, but I think that's merely the idea of the local Red Guard. There was no trouble in securing these trains for the men to-day."

"Have you become a Bolshevik?" I pertinently inquired.

"I am still a soldier, and therefore must not discuss politics," he replied, with a shy smile. He saluted and went to join a comrade Austrian.

As their trains steamed out for Irkutsk, we called good-bys to the enemy refugees, but their words of answering farewell were not of a nature that is generally permitted to appear in print.

The American flag never looked so beautiful to us as when our cars skirted the shore and came into full view of the battleship *Brooklyn*, in the bay at Vladivostok. Alongside was the British *Suffolk*, and near by were the Japanese and Chinese war-ships.

I had read so many conflicting stories concerning the "allied outrages" in this port, that I immediately sought out Colonel S——, to learn the truth of the landings.

"There isn't much to tell," he explained. "The Bolsheviks ran things about as badly here as everywhere else. Things were even far worse than they were before. There are a good many German firms in eastern Siberia, and it looked as though the Reds were likely to help the Germans—actively or passively—to spirit away a lot of the valuable supplies lying around here. We were becoming rather restless. Then something happened which cleared up the situation."

"One morning, about ten o'clock, some Japanese merchants were murdered in their store. It was merely an incident in the crime that was being committed throughout the city. But the Japanese landed five hundred marines that night and announced that hereafter they would see to it that the lives and property of their people were protected. The marines spend their time quietly doing sentry duty in front of the Japanese Consulate and in Japanese quarters of the city."

"The British landed fifty marines to guard their Consulate. The Americans have so far kept their marines around the ship, fearing that the other course smacks somewhat of intervention."

Many changes could be seen in the city. The streets were alive with people, the population having almost doubled in a few months. All nationalities were clamoring for passage to Japan, on their way to America or "anywhere out of Russia." Yet there was an atmosphere of order abroad that had not been

there before. True, the Red Guards were parading the streets and making much the same mess of things as their predecessors had made with the Chinese pickpocket. But for the foreigner there was a new and definite sense of security emanating from those four vessels at anchor in the harbor.

Crossing a corner one day, my attention was drawn to the splendid appearance of the blue-jacketed Japs, with their white puttees, as they came along the street toward me. Approaching from the other way was a body of British sailors, in perfect marching order. Just as they met, a mob of about fifteen Red Guards, surly and rough, shuffled down the cross-street, out of step and with rifles sadly awry. The British and Japanese kept on their way with true military dignity. But the Red Guards halted, while they jeered and made faces at their old allies. A minute more and they had all passed by.

I was coming down Main Street one night, when I heard shooting close ahead of me. Reminded of daily events in Petrograd, I stopped to await developments. But the appearance of two or three Japanese marines, on the run, quieted the disturbance, and I heard nothing more.

Shortly afterward Japanese soldiers were shot at by a man who jumped into a waiting carriage and drove off with his accomplice. The Japanese flew after them like lightning, and did not give up the chase until they had captured the pair of bandits. But it was impossible to establish law and order in the surrounding country, under the limited program of the Allies, and the chaplain of the *Suffolk* lost his life outside the city while I was there.

When it came time for me to leave Vladivostok I learned that my passport must be deposited in the Bolshevik offices three days before being viséd. Wishing to leave the next morning, I urged the Chinese clerk to hurry it through for me that day. "No can do!" he insisted, and I had to be satisfied with that.

I went over to the noted old Lone

Dog Restaurant for lunch and thought of various ways and means of possible approach. Finally I went back to the office and hunted up a woman clerk whom I had noticed going in and out of the *Commissaire's* room with an air of unquestioned influence. When I found her I slipped a few rubles into her hand and carelessly remarked:

"Oh, by the way, do you suppose I can get the *Commissaire* to fix up my papers to-day? I've simply got to leave to-morrow."

She looked cautiously at the bill (to see that it was not bad "Kerensky money," perhaps), and sweetly replied that she certainly thought it could be managed. She led me into the *Commissaire's* presence and asked him please to attend to my case at once. He did, and I left on schedule time. I had already secured my Japanese visé in ten minutes, paying for the same just ninety-nine copecks.

I found Harbin, "the toughest city in the world," plainly endeavoring, in the present disorder, to prove worthy of its name. But however gay and dissolute it may be, it can be forgiven all, for there are now no Bolsheviki there!

Seminoff's officer-troops made a fine appearance on parade, with their short Japanese rifles, but they were pitifully few in numbers. Little could be expected of them, without much outside assistance, in their war against chaos in Siberia.

American engineers were also there, preparing to push on toward Irkutsk with their constructive operations, when the time was opportune to do their best work. And in all Siberian Asia there were just two emblems of hope and belief that the near future might hold some beautiful promise for the storm-tossed nation—those khaki suits on American engineers, and those mingled flags of sister Allies on the ships in the harbor of Vladivostok. Without them both it would take Siberia many decades to regain her balance and claim her rightful place among the fruitful regions of the world.

The Busy Duck

BY SUSAN GLASPELL



IF Mora Arthur hadn't been so pretty of course we never would have stood for all her talk about the needs of her mind. She had deep dark-blue eyes which I think might honestly be called violet, and a woman with violet eyes has a great many privileges. She had soft curly hair. I liked to watch the dip it made round her ear. I would be thinking of this when tired of listening to her plan for furthering the working of her mind. It made it possible for me to listen a long time—and I presume Hastings and all the others had their little compensations. Anyway it doesn't much matter what you say if you have a vibrant colorful voice for saying it. And she had such an intensity about the starved life of her mind that you felt it must end with "I love you!" It didn't seem the kind of intensity that could be getting anywhere else.

She had come from a terrible home. She would tell us about it with a fury that made you feel she was beating her hands together. So passionate were the pictures she drew of this pinched childhood that I would have the feeling I must instantly get up and knock somebody down. It was the way her mouth quivered while her eyes blazed. Then, when I was away from flashing eye and grieving mouth and would turn over just what it was she had said, I would come to feel that perhaps, after all, such cases could be more calmly dealt with.

Her parents were rich and unintellectual—a terse and unemotional statement of the facts.

"To think of it!" Mora would cry. "When I think of those wasted years I could *tear something apart!*"

Dear me! We would all get terribly wrought up about it, quite unmindful of the fact that most of our own years were wasted ones.

"And so," she would finish, plaintively, "you see what I have to make up for."

The trouble was, she made up for it so unceasingly. You couldn't venture upon an idea without getting Mora's determined eye and knowing that she was now making up for some fraction of her wasted years. Then you would have to halt your idea to think about her need of it—not a condition in which your mind can function happily.

Functioning was a word of Mora's. "My mind doesn't *function*," she would say in such angry distress that you would feel for your mind to go on doing what her mind couldn't do was not the part of kindness or good manners. Whenever a really interesting idea was put forth it left Mora indignant to think she had never heard this idea before. The night she met Hastings—a man of ideas—I walked home with her and she walked so fast I could scarcely keep up. She was absolutely outraged to think of how much had been withheld from her.

At her door I made a suggestion. "Don't you think," I said, "that it might be better now to think more about the idea itself and less about the fact that you never heard it before?"

She gave me the strangest look, getting *this*, and hard. Anything she got she got so hard that you almost hated to see her do it. "Why, *yes!*" she cried breathlessly, and laughed in her charming way. "Why—what a fool I am!"

"You're like a horse," I said "taken to a beautiful pasture, and so indignant to think of never having been taken to this pasture before that he can do nothing but run round snorting with indignation."

"And never eating a thing!" cried Mora, in that way of hers which gave you the feeling she was clapping her hands. Seeing more in it, "Yes," she said, very earnestly. Then, indignantly, "Now I never would have thought of

that!" And then, seeing she was doing precisely what she had been admonished not to do, she laughed at herself as she said good night.

She was really a charming child; she was younger than the rest of us, and her eagerness and her fury had much the quality of a child's. Of course, looks or no looks, we never would have put up with her if there hadn't been that freshness and charm in the avidity. And no denying that we were a good deal flattered at her being so bowled over by our knowledge and originality.

She came into our group through Edna Moore, who writes a good deal about what women ought to be and aren't. One night when I asked Edna to come to our place the next Sunday evening, to meet a fellow from South America who was lecturing at the university (no use trying any longer to conceal that I am a teacher), she asked:

"Oh, could I bring poor starved little Mora Arthur? I'm trying to get her into a different atmosphere—poor dear."

As I impolitely hesitated, not unfamiliar with the kind of woman Edna was trying to get in a different atmosphere, she added, "She won't do a bit of harm."

Now if there is anything you don't want at your party it is a girl who won't do a bit of harm. What Edna had said about the different atmosphere made me think this starved Mora Arthur was some one she had picked up on the East Side, and I hadn't meant it to be that kind of a party. If you know people from South America you will understand. So when Edna came in that evening with this young woman who knew so much more about coming in than Edna did, I was delighted to think there had been an exchange of prisoners, so to speak. And when she introduced me to Miss Arthur, of whom she had spoken, I wanted to say to Edna:

"Think you're clever, don't you?"

But before I had a chance to ask Edna what she was up to I rather came to see what she meant. There was something in the exquisite Miss Arthur's attention as humble and as eager as I should have expected from the young woman I had been anticipating. I wish to say that those of us who are university people are the sort of university

people who are always being suspected by universities, so an evening with us is not necessarily as dull as you may imagine. And many of my friends are people who maintain that universities and ideas have nothing in common—a position which I myself am inclined to think extreme. Anyway, that night people were talking interestingly, and suddenly I noticed that Miss Arthur's face had flushed as if she were excited about something. When she bade me good night she said sternly:

"You have talked about things here to-night which I never knew existed!" and she who had entered like a young ladies' finishing-school marched away, leaving her host in doubt as to her opinion of his hospitality. The more I thought about it the surer I was she had left in high dudgeon. I tried to recall what we had talked about that need send a young lady away offended. Of course Menger had giped at marriage; but even in society isn't that one of the ways of passing an evening? And had the young lady never been taken to the theater? It must have been the biological section of the conversation, when Door had such a good time explaining why certain Africans are what they are. But that was too dry to offend any one. Finally I hit upon it. It was the facetious allusions to our unsuspected depravity as recently revealed through the study of our unconscious minds. Well—next time she could stay away!

But when I saw Edna Moore she exclaimed, "My dear, it's *pitiful* the time Mora Arthur had at your house the other night!"

"I don't see that there was anything to get so huffy about", said I, huffily.

"Huffy? Why, she's at your feet!"

I should say, rather, she was at our throats demanding we give up all we had.

"My mind *needs* this" she would say, and with such simple fervor that it wasn't as absurd as it must sound.

After all, there aren't many people who can be naïve about their minds. She was one human being who did actually treat ideas as realities. She would go anywhere to get them—take up with any one. The trouble was, she treated them as the only realities. All the other

things which enter into our estimates of people simply didn't exist for her. She cared nothing about their morals or their clothes—not conscious of those extraneous things. She went about with me because she liked my mind and my friends. She told me so, not saying whether she liked me or not.

I lead what you might call a double life. At least there is a side of my life which is at loose ends, and at these loose ends are loose friends—people not tied to anything, people with a philosophy which sets them apart from a social order, men and women who not only carry their theories into personal relationships, but who have personal relationships as tests for theories. Some of them are tiresome frauds and some of them are the most brilliant people I know. One night I took Mora to a café where they hold forth, and after that I was compelled to go so often to this place that I would wonder how soon I was due to lose my position in the university. Mora simply ate them up—lapped them up, I want to say, for she always gave me the feeling of lapping up ideas.

And then she met Hastings. He's the biggest person of that queer crowd. Well, he's the biggest person I know. At least, now that I try to think of a bigger one and mull over the list of my distinguished friends, I don't find any one I can say matches Hastings. He sees things in new combinations which startle you out of old ones. He would be an important writer if only he would write. But he'd rather entertain himself thinking new things than bother himself writing down the ones already thought. He says that's what makes writers so tiresome and unprofitable—they are always writing about a stale thing. And all they care about in a thing, according to Hastings, is what they can write from it. Exploiters of life—feeling, vision, the whole terror and splendor of life—something to write about. So it is not possible for writers to be pure souls. Hastings has no money, and he makes his living translating various impure souls who lived and wrote in Europe. This is to him a subordinate thing, not threatening his purity. He also does a little frankly subordinate writing—a sort of journal-

ist of ideas. But the thing he cares about in himself—and has a right to care about—he doesn't try to capitalize, or even capture. Laziness probably has something to do with it—impure souls really have to work. But those of us who know him get a lot from him—busily lapping. He's splendidly prodigal, not having the slightest instinct for keeping ideas to himself in order to do something with them. What he cares about is his own satisfaction in seeing a thing. If you happen to be around while he's seeing it you're perfectly welcome to anything you can get out of it.

If Mora hadn't met Hastings, I think she would have married me. Did I want to marry Mora? I don't think I should have had much to say about it. Had she decided she could get more through me than from any one else, she should have made up her mind to marry me, and her violet eyes would have put it through. But of course I'm nothing compared to Hastings. What she gets through me I got through somebody else. I just happened to get it before she did. Hastings creates. She perceived the difference quickly enough.

One night, this after she had met Hastings two or three times, she stopped right in the middle of the street and cried:

"Why, it seems terrible to spend a moment away from him!"

Now you know most girls would never say *that*.

I suppose she came to see that the only way to save herself the pain of spending a moment away from him was to marry him. This wasn't simple. Hastings was forty-five and had never married. He wasn't at all for marriage. If there was anything he didn't want it was some one who thought it terrible to spend a moment away from him.

I don't think Mora would have got him if he hadn't at this time got a cough. The thing surely would have amused Mora's friends—those friends of her ill-spent youth—except that they would have been too outraged to be amused. Here was a beautiful well-brought-up girl of twenty-five, a girl with money and what they would call position, *trying* to marry a man almost twice her age, a penniless writer who had low

associates, a ne'er-do-well who sat around and talked! And I am unable to conceive what they would have said (I fancy they would have been speechless) could they have known that the only reason she finally got him was that he contracted a cough which made it possible for her to persuade him he needed to be taken care of!

Mora's father and mother were dead, which I think quite as well for them. Various aunts and cousins, who didn't understand a thirst for ideas, made an ineffectual fuss about "the life she was leading." A brother was what Mora called really troublesome at times, but to Mora these things simply weren't considerations. She didn't reject them—she didn't have to! They just didn't exist for her. The brother had this same singleness of purpose, only what he wanted was money—which, of course, makes him a great deal easier to understand.

So Mora turned her violet eyes upon Hastings, and there came a day when she said to me, "I'm taking John out of town."

"Taking John out of town?" said I, dazed.

She nodded. "Think of a mind like that being threatened! Why, just *think*," she expanded, in one of her bursts of fury, "what we should all lose if anything happened to him!"

I sat and stared. She struck me then as the most cold-blooded creature I had ever known.

"Do you mean that you're going to marry Hastings, Mora?" I asked.

"Oh yes," she said, indifferently.

"Does Hastings want to be married?" I asked, brutally.

She smiled. "He wants to be taken care of."

"But, Mora," I demanded, "are you in love with him?"

"I'm in love with his thinking," she said.

"And you think that's enough?" I scoffed.

"For me, yes." She paused. "Because it's all I care about."

Upon my soul, I believe it was! The next day I thought all the things any one naturally would think, and that evening I went to see Mora. But her

brother was there, saying, in his fashion what I had been prepared to say in mine.

"But what does he *do*?" he of course demanded.

"He talks," said Mora.

Her brother got up and moved from one chair to another, from that to the sofa, then stood up and whirled round.

"And you are going to marry a man because he *talks*?" he at last found it possible to say.

"What better reason for marrying a man?" asked Mora, quite honestly.

Then the brother talked. And no one would marry him for the way he talked then.

And then Mora talked. "Horace," said she, "you married for money. I want something else and I am marrying for that thing. I congratulated you because you got what you wanted, though it isn't at all what I want. You can't do as much for me because you aren't as practical as I am. So what is there for you to do but do nothing?"

Followed a few terse words about her life and her money being in her own hands. This being true, Horace took leave.

So did I, Horace having shown me how ridiculous you make yourself when you expend energy uselessly. But I was more practical than Horace; I made a little speech befitting the occasion.

"Mora," I said, "I hope with all my heart that your intellectual development will be very happy."

"Thank you," said the betrothed one, happily.

Mora didn't take John so far out of town as to make it impossible for us to go to see him. The first time I went I saw Mora bearing milk to John, who was in the hammock. It would not seem there should be anything disgusting in the sight. A wife carrying a glass of milk to an ailing husband—a beautiful young wife at that—why should an uncared-for bachelor not see this as a happy domestic picture? But I had a moment of wanting to go back to town.

"Feeding him up," thought I, sourly, "so he'll talk. Give him a glass of milk—he may give you an idea."

Quite so. Hastings was glad to see me in the mood for talking, and Mora sat by, getting visibly excited about her

increasing wealth. It grew cooler and Mora went to the house for a rug. I was irritated by the way she came hurrying back with it—afraid she would miss something! And yet, she did go for it; so much subordination was her grasping little ego equal to. But, I considered a moment later, if she didn't get the rug John might take a cold and cut off the supply of ideas for at least a week!

I suppose I'm unfair to her; in fact, I know I am—selecting these things from all the other things is a method as absurd as her own. Any one not understanding Mora would have seen her as a charmingly interested woman, quite humble before her husband's astonishing mind. But I did understand her, and I was so stirred up by what I understood that I set out to write an essay on Culture, the point of which was that you didn't get it by trying to get it. I saw that this was not a new idea, though Mora made it seem new. I gave up the essay and thought about Mora, wondering why I was now so down on her. Of course there was the fact that she had selected the crumbs from Hastings's table rather than from my own, but I should have been genuinely distressed had she not met Hastings and made up her mind to marry me. And after seeing her with her husband I was more than ever thankful I wasn't the husband. It would get quite dreadful to have your thoughts hung upon like that. I should think it might in time reduce one to something like imbecility—just as a protection. Fortunately there was little danger of its doing that to Hastings. He was too absorbed in the world of his constant remaking to be aware of a lapping little mind on the outskirts. So far, at least, he hadn't become enough aware of her to mind her. This unawareness was Mora's salvation, as well as his own—saving her from being pushed to farther outskirts. I wondered if she would ever guess how little she mattered. And yet would she mind? It was Hastings's counting for her that she cared about. A queer sort of egoist she was. She wasn't vain; she didn't want to show off. She wanted to *have*. I once knew a woman who wanted to have spoons. I never knew why she wanted to have them. She didn't show them,

she didn't do anything with them, and, so far as I could see, they didn't do anything to her. But the idea of there being a sort of spoon she didn't have was torture to her. Well, at least no one could say Mora didn't value the mind, and it seems odd a university man should be so upset by this trait.

As I had been all keyed up for writing something and the essay on Culture refused to be reborn, I wrote verses about a duck:

A duck, when first he saw the sea,
Cried, "This must all belong to me!"
To move it to his duck-yard pan,
He took a beakful and began.

He was too busy far to swim,
So light a thought unworthy him;
From dawn till dark he waddled fast,
Because the sea was wet and vast.

His legs grew thin, his mind *distract*,
His mother cried, "What *is* it, pray?"
"Oh, mother, do not bother me;
I'm busy bringing home the sea."

This put me in so good a humor as to give me more kindly feelings toward Mora. Thinking of her as a perturbed duck made me enjoy going to see her. When about to be irritated by a too fervent manner I would murmur:

"From dawn till dark he waddled fast,
Because the sea was wet and vast,"

and straightway I would have the most amiable feelings in the world. Perhaps my method would not have the indorsement of our best social usages, and still anything that gives you more kindly feelings must have something to be said for it. Each visit would result in a new verse, as:

Deeper grew the path he wore
Between the duck-yard and the shore;
His beak it was a little thin
To fit the sea quite neatly in.

This might have become one of the longest poems in history had Hastings not grown so much worse as to make it necessary that Mora take him to the Southwest. I couldn't write of her as a pop-eyed duck when her husband's life was in question; some usages of my own saw to that, peculiar though her marriage had been. I missed the fussy duck;

he had been such a companionable little absurdity. Now my speculations about Mora took on a more serious character. You have to call it pretty hard luck. She was to give him a glass of milk, he give her an idea; now the balance shifts so that her giving the glass of milk is the enormously important thing. Many things may seem more important than living, but nothing remains important before the possibility of not going on living—quite in line with our general absurdity. In Mora's eyes was the light of a fervent determination—the determination to get John well. I must say it was a light with which I was not unfamiliar; I had seen it in Mora's eyes many times when she was trying to wrench an idea from my possession. This does not mean that the determination to get John well was less than it should be, but merely that it was impossible for her to be more determined now than she had been before, there being, after all, a limit to determination. She made no complaint; she was far too zealous for complaint; and I saw them off with the feeling that John would get well—he would simply have to, that being part of Mora's program.

After they had been down there awhile I had a letter from him which worried me about Hastings and set me on a lot of new speculations about Mora. For Hastings wasn't in that letter. The distinctive, the unique thing just wasn't there. I never realized before what sickness can do to us. And Mora? How about it? I must confess I even went so far as to wonder whether Mora would stick. A monstrous wondering, I know, but monstrous, too, was her singleness of purpose. A sick husband might become one of the things which simply did not exist for her.

Later came a letter from Mora—very short, asking me to attend to something for her in New York, and beyond that saying only this:

"John hasn't begun getting better. He is very sick."

Most anything in feeling might be behind those terse sentences. I tried to see behind them.

Then another letter about a business matter, and only this which was personal:

"I think John is now beginning to get better."

I was exasperated by this brevity. Again I tried to figure out the most likely reason for it. Trouble was, you could figure it several ways, and if you knew Mora, you might not interpret it in the way most creditable to human nature.

One evening I met some interesting new people, one man, in particular, who could startle you out of stale thinking a little as Hastings used to. I came away all keyed up, and on the way home it occurred to me, "What a wonderful time Mora would have had to-night!" It brought up the old picture of the earnest duck, and I wondered what the indefatigable duck was doing now that there was so little to be indefatigable about. I got to thinking of Hastings, and it ended with my sitting down and writing them a report of the evening. I myself was much delighted with the letter. It was alive.

Mora's reply bore witness that she was still Mora. She sent me a check and commanded I come to New Mexico at once! It was precisely Mora not to have any of the usual feelings, and not to have any idea of my having them—about the check, I mean. She said my mind was just what she and John needed. As she needed my mind, it was to her a perfectly normal matter, she having money and I not having it, that she buy the ticket which could take my mind to New Mexico. She said, in conclusion:

"Let nothing stand in the way of your coming. John needs you—and so do I."

I enjoyed the "so do I." It was so like old times.

Well, I went. It was vacation-time—and why must one always go to Maine? Certainly, anything I could do for Hastings I should regard as time happily spent, and I had a curiosity to see what had really happened to Mora.

At first I couldn't tell whether anything had really happened to her. She seemed older, she was quieter; she was like one who has been much alone, and alone with worry. And yet I told myself she had not changed fundamentally, that these were but matters of circumstance and only brushed the surface. What backed me up in this was the reso-

lute light which had not died in her eyes; it was a deeper, a more intense light, but this was because she had been long biding her time. That first day I had the feeling that she was watching me, appraising. I would see her watching in her eager way when Hastings and I were talking, as if to see whether I was, after all, bringing as much as she had expected me to bring. Oh no, Mora had not changed!

The change in Hastings was the arresting thing. He was as one who has come back a long way, and he gave me a feeling that it was perhaps only a shadow of him which had come back. Through those first few days he was so much more like an invalid than he was like Hastings. He was pathetically glad to see me, and yet he seemed to be holding off from me. I wondered if it could be that the unique thing, that quality of his mind which was like a beam of sunlight darting through a veiled day—like an *escaped* thing—had itself been caught in gray. I could not bear to think this, but in those first days no playing thing shot light and color into our talk.

Oddly enough—or should I say neatly enough?—it was a talk about death which brought Hastings to life. I was telling him of a theory one of the men at the university was working on, and suddenly we had it, that dancing beam which could play through another man's thinking, lighting flaws, lighting beauty. Immediately the whole Hastings changed—exhilarated, confident, happy. Mora was there, but I was too delighted with the playing beam to give thought to her, beyond the amused thought that the busy duck was on the job, leaning forward with shining eyes, not going to let a thing escape! Then I forgot all about her—too interested.

I don't know how long we talked, but finally I saw that Hastings was tired, and then I noticed that Mora was not there. I was surprised that I hadn't known she was gone, but astounded at her doing such a thing! Mora *leaving*? when there were ideas to be had?

I went away, that Hastings might rest. They were living at the outskirts of a little town, in strange desert country which I didn't know whether I liked or

not. I walked along, still all aglow with the pleasure of my talk with Hastings. Ahead was a clump of those bushy things which grow in the desert, and as I made a turn, to go up the mound and sit there—I came upon Mora. Turned from me, she was lying there flat on the ground. I saw that she was crying.

I was too amazed to know what to do; but some sand slid down and Mora raised up and saw me.

She herself did not seem at all embarrassed by her red eyes. She smiled a little, then cried afresh.

"Why—Mora! Why—what did you go away for?" I asked, in the foolish way we try to make conversation with the weeping. "John was talking so wonderfully."

"That's why," she gulped.

I couldn't get my bearings, so I stayed still.

"I'd—waited too long," said Mora, crying under her breath. "I'd—been too afraid."

Well, that was possible, I suppose, given her preposterous intensity in having to have what she wanted.

"It's nice to have him himself again," I said, to fill in,

"Nice?" Mora stared at me, then laughed—a laugh which rather offended me, as if I were a person who could have no comprehension of how nice it was.

Then she jumped up. "I must go home. Did John seem tired?" She hurried along so fast it was hard to keep up with her.

As I thought of it I became increasingly puzzled. It wasn't what she had done, erratic though that was; it was her eyes—a light in them which no amount of zeal in intellectual affairs could quite account for. And still, I assured myself, would not the intense duck become emotional if taken back to the sea after long away from it?

Next day something struck me that struck hard. Mora came in the room with a glass of milk for John. It brought back that other time when I saw her with the glass of milk and said to myself, "Give him a glass of milk, he may give you an idea." But as she gave him this it struck me, hard, that she gave it as if expecting nothing in return.

Absurd! How could you tell a thing

like that? Every time I thought upsetting things I scoffed at them. Mora was one person I understood. On my understanding of Mora I would build my church!

But my church seemed built upon one of those balanced boulders which startle you anew every time you look at them. John and Mora and I had a long talk that night, and after I went to my room it occurred to me we had been three people talking, not two people exchanging ideas and a third clutching at them as they passed. Another notion! It was merely that Mora was a little out of practice in snatching.

But two days later the really outrageous thing happened. Mora and I were out on the porch; we had been talking for an hour or more. Suddenly I jumped up and cried, in hurt astonishment:

"But, Mora, you're a *restful* person!"

She was momentarily surprised at the violence of the attack, then smiled understandingly.

"But—but look here," I thundered on, "what's become of your *mind*?"

She smiled again; then her eyes went grave. She was looking over the desert, looking far, not thinking of me. Then she turned her grave eyes to me and said, simply, "I thought John was going to die."

Her eyes—no, I can't describe them. There's a certain *dumb* look that leaves you dumb.

"So I didn't care about anything else," she finally said. "And after that," she smiled, her face beautifully lighting, "oh, I knew I *had* the important thing, so—I could just take other things a little easier."

Again she seemed to have forgotten me, and it was quite as well I should be forgotten! A balanced boulder had tumbled on my brain.

"But," I finally began, "you cared about John for what John could give you. You were to give him a glass of milk," I went on, with growing indignation, "and he was to give you an idea."

Mora laughed. "And I got so interested in giving him the glass of milk—" She broke off, considered, then said, with something of her old eagerness, but not that thin, flurried eagerness: "Yes—how queer. You want something.

You will do anything to get what you want—but what you do shapes you to a thing that wants something else. Why—what a mean trick!" But Mora laughed, as if it were a trick at which she could afford to laugh.

I did not laugh. I could *not* afford to. Things were all muddled up and I was indignantly trying to straighten them out. I went back and interpreted in the light I now had, and each time this present light illumined a past thing I would feel newly betrayed. That dumb look in Mora's eyes told why Mora's letters had been so brief. There are things we can't talk about. Mora hadn't sent me the check to come to New Mexico because she herself thirsted for new ideas. I had been peremptorily summoned because I might be just what was needed to bring John back to himself. She hadn't watched me like a hawk to see whether my ideas were going to be worth their salt for *her*. I was just another kind of glass of milk she could give John! And when she finally saw John himself again she goes running away from what he has to offer to sob out her joy in merely seeing him himself!

Well, it served her quite right. Her means to an end proved a trap that had sprung, and in that trap serenely sat Mora, happily *serving*. She was so grasping that she had been willing to give in order to grasp, and then giving made her into something which was not grasping. One of life's very neatest little tricks!

My indignation thus settled down into comfortable and not unfriendly gloating; but I wasn't even left in peace with *that*. In the six weeks I was down there the wind was slowly taken out of the sails of my certitudes. I couldn't even complacently think of Mora's sweet womanliness as just punishment for her avidity, for each day it came home to me anew that, now that she had stopped lapping, she had begun getting. Her dreadful little lapping had dammed the tide. Now things had a chance to flow in. One day it came to me as quite preposterous that Mora actually *thought*. Fancy Mora taking time to think, and never worrying for fear she would miss something while taking this time off!

"Well, I must say, Mora," I said to

her, crossly, the last day I was there, "I never thought to see you become an interesting woman."

"Do you think I am?" she asked, wistfully. "I want to be—because I want to interest John."

Mora wanting to be something in order to *give* something! On what rock *could* one build a church? Perhaps the temple of truth would have to be a house-boat, and float.

This made me think of the wet, vast sea and the earnest duck, and so that last night I wrote out all the verses about the busy duck to leave as a farewell present for Mora. This might not seem a gracious return for hospitality,

but I knew Mora would enjoy the picture of herself bearing the sea to her duck-yard pan.

But the poem seemed unfinished, and that wistful note in Mora's voice made me want to write some new verses, leaving with her the picture of the hero triumphant. So thus the poem closes:

And then one day he stopped to swim,
It quite refreshed and changed him.
"It is not good to move the sea;
I'll leave it where it is," said he.

So now he rides upon the waves,
And knows that ducks should not be
slaves;
He contemplates the boundless sea,
And thinks, "This all belongs to me!"

All Souls

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

THERE were comrades three on the Western Front—
At the selfsame moment they had their leave.
They had often talked, as soldiers wont,
What they would do with their dear reprieve.

"There's an old, old house straight up from the shore—
And it's Devonshire Rose who is waiting for me!"
"I shall come whistlin' across the moor—
An' it's wild with joy will one colleen be!"
"I dream of my mither, ower and ower—
It's my mither's face that I first would see!"

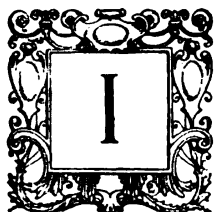
Out of the trenches—afar from the fire,
From the roar of the guns and the shells' red flare,
Away on the wings of the soul's desire—
Sweet to be gone to the ones that care!

There were women three who woke with a start;
And each arose, and each paced the floor,
For the dream of a voice had called her heart!
But no one was *there*, when she opened the door.

And each to her pillow turned her again,
Whether to sleep or to pray or to grieve;
And the night-wind sighed past the window-pane
And the moon went down . . . on All Souls' Eve.

Overland to Venice

BY W. D. HOWELLS



IN other places I have already told how I went to Washington in the late summer of 1861 with the hope of reconciling my application for the consulship at Munich with my appointment to the consulship at Rome, and how, at the suggestion of President Lincoln's secretaries, John Nicolay and John Hay, I gladly compromised on the consulship at Venice. Then I went home to wait for my commission, not to Columbus, but to the village in northern Ohio where my family lived. I promptly sent the Treasury Department a bond securing the nation against my malfeasance in office, and then I began taking interminable walks in the woods and reading all the novels of Scott. But my mind was so little on these that no sense of them remained in it, and long afterward I had to repair the loss by reading the best of them over again. Meanwhile I tried to fit myself for the duties of a commercial office by resuming the study of arithmetic, which I had ignored as much as possible during the few years of my boyish schooling. I became so skilled in it that when I revisited Washington years later I was praised by one of the Treasury authorities for the uncommon accuracy of my accounts. Perhaps the Treasury authorities were never very attentive in my case; after forwarding my bond to them I lost hope of any voluntary acknowledgment, and wrote to ask them if it had been received. They answered to some such effect as "Oh! Oh yes! Been mislaid," and I decided that in presenting a new bond I had better go on to Washington and do it in person. This was what I did, and when I had made my office secure in every way I went to New York to take ship for the first stage of my land journey to Venice.

I had somehow decided already that

when I had once crossed the Atlantic I should not like to sail from Marseilles to Genoa, and there take the train for Venice, but should rather go from Paris to Strassburg, to Stuttgart, to Munich, to Vienna, and so over the Simmering Pass to Trieste, which was then the only all-rail route to Italy; but how or when I divined the fact I should not like trying to say. I am certain only of New York as imperatively my starting-point, and there I am certain of nothing so much as seeing much and often our divine sculptor, as Vasari would have called him, Quincy Ward, whom I had known so well in Columbus. In New York he had a studio looking eastward over Union Square and down on a mild statue of General Worth, now lost to fame as a hero of the Mexican War. The Civil War, so actual in our defeats at the South, had somehow in New York not the pressure on the mind and soul that it had in Washington. In fact, everywhere in the North the sense of it was relieved by the cheerfulness of the national temperament. But it was evident in Ward and his work, which had a militant coloring in its devotion, for one thing, to the designing of sword-hilts. I remember also the figure of a soldier in some heroic attitude meant to express a higher emotion than the simple poetry of the John Rogers groups once so prevalent during the war and long afterward; and I recall Ward looking rather misgivingly, with his head on one side, at a tentative figure which he had modeled. I was so very little instructed in his art that I asked him whether the whole group it was designed for was to be in the nude; and he patiently explained, Oh no, but you always had to model your figures nude. I believe that this hero and the like of him never got so far as to have their clothes put on, though between my many visits to Ward's studio there were chances for it.

I saw so much more of Ward than of

any one else during my wait of a week in New York before I sailed that he remains chiefly in my mind. He came down to the ship with me, and he was the only one I knew in the sparse ten or a dozen well-wishers who lingered in the November drizzle to wish the *City of Glasgow* a good voyage. There was indeed one other acquaintance whom I saw putting out after the ship in a small boat after she had left her dock, and whom I divined as our vice-consul for Civit  Vecchia. The consulship at Rome had been given to the painter and critic, William J. Stillman, who wished to be consul at Venice that he might write a book about its art, but who was willing to take Rome when I got Venice in place of Munich. He needed a vice-consul; but whether he wished to have this particular painter (he was also a painter, and a very good one) for his vice-consul I am not sure. Years afterward in Rome he praised his art to me, but said that temperamentally he was of the nature of a pendulum which sways back and forth but never quite so far as to tick. In the event which was my last experience of him he attested the accuracy of this characterization, but when I first met him in New York I clung eagerly to his promise that if I would wait a week for him before sailing he would go with me by my chosen route to Venice, and then continue on to his own post.

The *City of Glasgow* was not a swift vessel; she was a fortnight in getting to Liverpool, but she now out-speeded the vice-consul in his small boat, though his boatman put forth a strength visibly frantic as long as his craft continued in sight. Before the distance of the dim afternoon swell swallowed it up I could not do less than my best to second his endeavor. As for the vice-consul, he sat, a black-cloaked bulk, in the stern of the boat, and he had no interest for me except as I ardently longed for his company across the unknown continent I was already too rapidly approaching. I hurried from one ship's officer to another, representing the case, but failing to interest any one till the friendly first mate pointed out the captain and bade me ask *him* to slow the ship. I did so, and urged that our pursuer was not

only my friend, but that he was also the American vice-consul at Civit  Vecchia. The captain turned with a Scotch ferocity upon me, and shrieked, "I wadn't stope ma ship for the Keeng!"

He was not a bad captain, or even a bad man, and, though I dropped his acquaintance for the moment, I believe we afterward became friendly enough when I realized how preposterous my suggestion had been. He did not take the head of the table where the first-cabin people sat down at the compromise hour of four o'clock, and either dined or supped as they chose to think. This was the custom on all the boats of that date; but there was a high tea afterward, and you could keep on ordering something from the stewards as long as you remained awake. On the *City of Glasgow* the table stretched the whole length of the saloon; and on either hand the doors of the state-rooms opened flush from it, so that you could burst from your chair to your berth at the slightest warning. But that day nobody seemed to mind the rolling of the ship, which never ceased afterward for fourteen days and nights. It was not yet Thanksgiving, but we had turkey for dinner in affection for the land we were leaving, and plum pudding in honor of the land we hoped to reach, and some one had heartened the others in the belief that there was nothing like a full meal against seasickness. Eventually it was not the specific which some of us boasted it, but who lost faith in it first I could not say. I know that I was not the last, and that I found a seat by the rail in the cold wet of the wild night far pleasanter than the thought of the warm state-room which I could share at any moment with my room-mate; he had already gone into it and he did not come out till the ship lay still in her dock at Liverpool, where he wavered forth, a pallid phantom of the sewing-machine agent he had entered. He was not a good traveling companion, but he had the worst of it, and I still have a compassionate regard for him.

The misery of seasickness in others may be joked away, but even when it has passed for one's self, and one's appetite has come back in all one's youthful voracity, the experience remains a

loathsome memory, though long before the first week was over I could look without blenching at the long pendulum in the gangway describing a vast arc as the ship turned half over, hesitated whether not to capsize entirely and then reluctantly reeled back. "She's built of rolling timber," was the one joke of our one stewardess when she found a passenger contemplating the play of the pendulum; and in the event the *City of Glasgow* never did roll entirely over, but burned peacefully to the water's edge in Cork Harbor. I once thought I should have liked to see her burn, but I am not sure now.

A sea voyage sixty years ago was not the sea voyage of to-day, and the steamers were not the steamers, with their luxuries, which are almost comforts, accumulated upon the passengers; but the *City of Glasgow* performed the chief use of a ship, which is to get you to the end of your voyage in safety; and so, peace to her very damp ashes! Of the densely thronging experiences of that fortnight little abides with me. One day we saw, no great way off, a vast and very dirty-looking iceberg, and we believed that it chilled the water about us, as any of us could have proved from the bucket of it which some of the crew pulled up over the ship's side. I think there were at times whales spouting at safe removes, but I will not be sure there were, or not so sure as of the amusingness of a little man from Washington who suddenly developed tipsiness one day at dinner and held the carving-knife under the nose of the first mate and bade him "Smell that!" He was killingly funny in his widely ranging talk throughout the meal, and touched nearly every one with his glancing wit, which would sober at times to a philosophy of life as he had not very edifyingly known it. After many years he took his place in a sea novel of mine with much imaginary detail, rounded out from nature's sketch by my invention. I think he was only occasionally sober, after that first spree, and I do not associate him with the young commercial Englishmen who form in the retrospect a large part of our passengers, and who made the smoking-room at the stern of the ship their resort. They were hardened against our

sea-cold by the habit of their land-cold at home, and were a kindly enough company at a time when there was so little kindness between their country and ours. I tried to get from them some knowledge of where and how to go in London for the brief stay I meant to make there, but they were not very useful in the matter. "One thing I can tell you," one of them said; "you won't find things as cheap in London as in New York," and he offered in proof the fact that just before sailing he had lunched on an oyster stew for twelve and a half cents. America, he held, was the cheapest country in the world, and I had no premonition that it was soon to become the dearest. The talk in the smoking-room was not more profitable, as a general thing, than as a particular study of life, but I suppose it was no worse than most young men's talk at that day; what such talk is at this day I would not venture to say, but I believe it is decenter.

There must have been other passengers on the *City of Glasgow*, but I specifically remember only a friendly family from one of the many Newtons near Boston—a minister with his wife and her gentle, elderly sister. We saw much of one another in such weather as permitted us to sit on deck; I suspect they were a good deal seasick, but this did not make them sad; we had laughing as well as talking, and our talk was somewhat of books, but they were religious rather than literary, and before we parted the minister said he would like to give me a Bible, and he sent it to me at Venice, where I confided that I was going officially to be. The incident is more important to me than it can be to the reader; but I think, with lingering regret, that I never saw these friendly people again, though I was twenty-five years near one of the Newtons when I went to live in Cambridge. While I was now with them, in the shelter of their friendship, I could not feel that I had altogether left home, and was fortified against the homesickness I was always dreading rather than feeling.

There was no one else on board whom I could have engaged in the talk of books and authors, then almost my sole talk. The human element partakes in my remembrance of the monotony of the

watery element that widened round me day after day, a sullen void without event or variety. Sea travel, even now with all the adventitious helps of modern invention, is wanting in social charm, and life on the *City of Glasgow* had even some advantages. There was, for one thing, no music, and one ate one's very good food without molestation from the wind and stringed instruments blaring and bemoaning themselves from soup to coffee. There was not even a piano on board, as how should there have been with only that vast dining-saloon serving for all the uses of modern music-room, library, lounge, and parlors, large and small, which now invite the miserable leisure of the voyage. There was a good stretch of flush deck with much more space for walking up and down than most of the largest ships of our day afford. I must have walked up and down, but if with any one else it was in a companionship which has utterly perished from the mind.

I suppose that I read a good deal, but what books I cannot think. I conjecture rather unreliably that I read *Les Misérables*, then a very popular new novel, but I make sure only of the Italian grammar which I studied in order to meet the Venetians on their own water. I studied it rather faithfully, expecting to use what little German I had the use of until I had mastered sufficient Italian, not imagining how this would socially disadvantage me with them in their hatred of the Austrians. It was more to the purpose that I much more diligently perused the manual of instruction for Consuls which the State Department had provided me with; I really mastered this, so that I could have entered confidently upon the duties of my office before I reached Liverpool, if I had been of a mind to assume them. But I had early decided to keep my consular office to myself; between me and me I was proud enough of it, but I must journey and sojourn cheaply, and I did not wish my official quality to share the humility of my personal economies. I had no need for anxiety; nobody on the ship cared to penetrate my reserve, and when once we had landed in Liverpool we were all, to all recollection of mine, wiped off the map of life together. My gentle

Newton friends vanished with the rest, and I suppose they are all dead now; nearly everybody is dead now. My consular dignity traveled incognito with me on my second-class ticket, and at London went with me for my stay at the Golden Cross Hotel, which I chose because, for one thing, I knew it was cheap, and for another because it was the hotel where David Copperfield stayed.

If I have told this before, the reader, knowing the fact from some one of my many books, must be patient. I do not believe I have told how I overheard, and could not help overhearing, the talk of a recreant American in the coffee-room who was denying his country to an Englishman because of the corruption of our suffrage in Rhode Island where he said the poorer voters notoriously sold their votes. He himself bought their votes, he said, and he did not seem to feel that he was a sharer in their guilt. The Englishman was not apparently much interested, except as most Englishmen wished, in those dark days of our Civil War, to think ill of us; and my youthfulness abashed me in the presence of the much older man who was defaming us. I would very willingly have defied the renegade for his proof, and I believe I should have declared that at least so far as concerned Ohio his words were false; for whole neighborhoods in Ohio had not yet trafficked in the suffrage; but much more possibly I said nothing. Though at twenty-four I still felt very young, I knew that it was with the pen, not the tongue, I was cunninger of fence. I have ever since taken out my indignation in wondering who, what, and why this renegade was, or how he hoped to profit by his exposure of our dishonor. Probably he was of that strange party of the perverse, which in every event is of the worse side; or may have thought that he acquired personal merit from our national ignominy. He remains an unknown quantity in the problem of my far past, and I can only be sure that he put me to shame before his English listener, and before the waiter who, in my first experience of his convention, was serving me my first English dinner "off the joint."

The incident is the only one of my stay in London which remains of special

distinctness. Yet I must have done the accustomed sights. Westminster Abbey still looms spectral in that pale, wintry air, and I am sure of riding on an omnibus-top under Temple Bar, which was still so far from demolition that it might have been lifting a row of traitors' heads on its parapet; but I am more aware of the red December sunsets, rich and dim, hurrying on the night at four o'clock, and of the belated fashion of spring-bottoms in the trousers which a Jewish clothier in Holborn tried to sell me, when all the other world was wearing peg-tops. No doubt I could tease things from my reluctant memory; nothing was probably lost upon it; but it will not be entreated now for more. After eighty memory serves mainly to make life a burden to others by the repetition of things told before from it.

The fear of this makes me shy of saying how much I was indebted to the friendliness of the young English commercial travelers who bore me company by land and sea on my second-class way from London to Paris. At Boulogne and beyond their apt French smoothed many a difficult step for me, and I was glad, and I hope fitly grateful, for their help on the way to Paris and in the hotel, both good and cheap, which these amiable fellows there led me to. They were for the South in our Civil War, but not offensively; they suffered me my patriotism and they came to see me off at the station when I left Paris.

In the mean while I had advised with our consul in Paris about the best way of getting to Venice by land and had met with more kindly interest than practical knowledge. He confessed he was a salad-consul in recognizing my tender leaf and owned himself of an ignorance concerning the several routes of travel which his vice-consul did nothing to repair; but I suppose he would have known better how to choose for me when I introduced him to the American Academy some fifty years later, for by that time he was in his early nineties, while I was still in my first seventies. He read a very brilliant paper on an interview with Alexander Dumas, and with his strong, full voice and his most impressive bearing added to the unique value of an admirably critical, quietly humorous,

characterization of the great mulatto romancer.

But we were yet far from that moment, and I had to rely upon the standard information of the time-tables in Bradshaw's Railway Guide rather than any instinctive knowledge of how to get where I wanted to go. I cannot understand why I should not have chosen to cross into Italy over the pass of Mont Cenis, instead of traversing the snowy breadth of Germany, to Vienna, and then descending over the Simmering Pass to Trieste and ultimately Venice. There is a turmoil of impressions, physical and spiritual, left of that experience, which I should seek in vain to detach from one another, and there remains a tangle of arrivals by night and departures by day at the heated and fetid stations, where I seem always to have been weighed down in soul and body by my two vast hand-bags among gobbling and gabbling phantasms of every age and sex in the waiting- and eating-rooms. There were no such things yet as the belated sleeping-cars of Europe; people propped themselves up in the cushioned seats of the first-class carriages and warmed themselves with the carpeted flasks of hot water under their feet; but second-class travel watched and shivered the long days and long nights through. I tried now and then to practise a colloquial German adopted from the German poets, and I rejoiced when I could translate to myself the phrases which I had caught from my fellow-wayfarers. It must have been when we were drawing into Stuttgart that a young girl called out at some answer to a question of hers, "*Ich danke schön*," in tones which remained long in my sense like an echo out of Heine's *Reisebilder*. She was pretty, and graceful as well as gracious, but who or what she was the past keeps for one of its secrets: the past which was and remains so young.

It was the prelude to my joyous sojourn at the little Suabian capital in the almost constant company of the resident consul who was even younger than myself, for he was twenty-two years old, while I was twenty-four. But he was matured by two or three months' service at a post where there was noth-

ing to do, and I had not yet begun to serve at another post where there was almost less than nothing to do. I went to find him directly after breakfast and I cannot recall any time spent apart from him, though there must have been solitary intervals of the sort. In that time I wished to see German life subjectively from Heine and objectively from Thackeray, who then almost equally formed my favorite reading, and I suppose I had not always my friend's company in their poetic and satirical points of view; but he made up to me for all loss by introducing me to the varied society of his fellow-foreigners at the resorts of their leisure. Among them was one of those English expatriates who used to abound in the continental countries, mainly from economical motives, and who in this instance had been giving his inventive genius to the perfection of a system for breaking the bank of Baden-Baden, then the great gambling center of Germany. His system, as he explained it, was infallible, but I never heard that it brought ruin to the grand-ducal institution which it was meant to destroy, and it was probably only one of the many devices for the same purpose which failed to enrich their inventors. I wish now I could have known the history of this gentleman, for it could not have failed of those phases which Thackeray loved to deal with, in studies and short stories of the minor German capitals, as these used to be.

I cared more for the phases of the local life, more immediately transferable to the literature I was always meditating, though without any very fixed purpose. But to this day I do not know quite what to do with the incident of being generously caught up from the barber's chair, and hurried to the barber's window, that I might not miss the sight of the old king of Würtemberg, who was pottering by on the sidewalk after a fashion he had of wandering unattended through his capital. It was said, but perhaps not very credibly, that an American who struck up against the sovereign one afternoon in ignorance of his sacred majesty upbraided him for the encounter as one of those demented Dutchmen who could not see

after four o'clock in the afternoon, anyway.

No doubt it was a story which was used to flatter our national vanity with every American tourist, and I had my crude pleasure of it, though now I do not think it so very amusing. But my sojourn in Stuttgart was not rich in suggestion, though I gave the place all possible occasions for it. The literary soul is always offering itself to the impressions of life, in the hope of using them sooner or later, and I still value for its youthful ingenuousness the share I took in an extra-consular action of my friend the local consul. I was afterward destined, in my own place, to use what judgment I could summon to the management of other abnormal phases of American citizenship, but I was not eager to anticipate them by advising what was best to be done in the case of an American boy who had run away from the school where his people had put him, and been retaken by the schoolmaster, and was now held against his will. He had managed somehow to make his appeal to the consul for protection, and my friend felt that it was an affair for his intervention. He did not conceal from himself or from me that he could not intervene officially, and I represented that I had still less the right to intervene, not being in any wise accredited to the government of Würtemberg; but he argued that it would strengthen his very shadowy authority in the matter if I would add another consular presence to his in the visit which he proposed making to the schoolmaster, and letting him realize that the United States, however distracted by civil strife, was not unmindful of the least of American boys. This boy, when we saw him in the presence of the schoolmaster, was not apparently afflicted by his plight, whatever it was, and the schoolmaster, though serious, did not seem severe. While the wholly officious inquiry went on I tried to engage one of the teachers present in a discussion of German poetry, more especially that of Uhland, and if I did not interest him very much, I at least eliminated myself from the case in hand. I believe the incident was closed by the boy's promise not to run away any more, but, however

it was, the consular dignities parted amicably with the school authorities by shaking hands, and went their way glad of getting out of the affair so lightly.

After I left Stuttgart I stopped two days at Munich on my way to Vienna, but so effectlessly, so adventurelessly to all recollection, that I might as well not have stopped at all. It had now begun to be very wintry, and the sense of the snowy landscape remains with me a dreary vision of white, broken by breadths of black woodland. I was aware that the scene was richly storied from innumerable wars, and I suspected it of all manner of romance, but I was preoccupied in keeping as warm as I could in my unheated compartment, and in all the famous and beautiful cities which I passed through I made no longer stay than the halt of the train at their several stations. When I arrived one black morning in Vienna, I became the prey of a misadventure, which with a garnish of fiction I used a few years afterward, but in the confidence I have come to feel that the present generation does not know my literature as well as I do, I will venture to recall it here. I had trusted implicitly to Bradshaw's Railway Guide for all information a traveler needs, not only in crossing Europe, but when I read in it that the Kaiserin Elisabeth was the only hotel in Vienna serving a table d'hôte dinner, I chose it for mine. I had learned to prefer a table d'hôte to any other form of dinner, not only because it was better than any I could imagine from a bill of fare, but because I distrusted the usefulness of the vocabulary I had gathered from my reading of the German poetry for choosing among the strange dishes which must be presented to me. Neither the great Goethe nor the good Schiller, as Thackeray had taught me to call them, nor Uhland nor Heine himself could help me in such a case; but at a table d'hôte I should simply have to eat of the dishes that came, one after another, and not trouble myself to make a selection. The Kaiserin Elisabeth became my first and remained my last preference, therefore, and when the driver of the fiacre to which the porter had led my stumbling steps asked where I wished to be taken, I answered confi-

dently (and a little indignantly, perhaps, as if he ought to have known without asking), "The Kaiserin Elisabeth," and he drove off without hesitation.

I fell asleep instantly in the comfortable bed which was given me at the hotel, and made up for so much of the time that I had lost during the night that it was nine o'clock in the morning before I woke to the delicious coffee and rolls of my breakfast. I did not try to vary their convention to something more American; I felt more than ever how wise I had been in choosing a hotel where I should not have to order a dinner of my choosing, and I readily complied with the portier's suggestion that I should have a guide to the American consulate, and such other places as I wished to visit.

In that simple day of a united North we consuls all knew one another politically if not personally, and I knew this consul at Vienna for a German-American from Illinois, high in the local esteem of the Republican party, and quite possibly a personal friend of Lincoln, who had given him his place. I found him in one of the great Viennese apartment-houses which, after much experience of different dwellings in many lands, still remains impressive in my remembrance. A gilded housemaster received me at the outer door, and after fit parley led me up the public staircase of the stately court to the consul's door and there left me to his instant hospitality. His hospitality was not only instant, but it was constant throughout the delightful day, and he showed me the sights of the very noble city, where I found none so distinctly memorable as the beautiful old church of St. Stephen, though I must have seen them all. The reader will please to reflect that the America of 1862 was far less historically and architecturally august than at present, and that I might very well have been impressed by the other monuments which I have now almost wholly forgotten. But it may well be forgiven me if after the church of St. Stephen there was nothing impressed me so much as the sight of the street police shoveling up the overnight snowfall into carts and then dumping it into the Danube. It was not till forty years later that Colonel Waring

taught our White Wings to shovel up the snow in New York (where it used to be piously trusted to the rain and sun for its removal) and cart it off and dump it into the North and East rivers.

Our long day in Vienna was white and shining, and I suppose we walked the place pretty well over, for I cannot think of any driving, except to the imperial suburb of Leopoldstadt, which also I remember in no manner of detail, unless it was for the overweening grandeur of the palaces. We were often tired, and then we stopped at the cafés for a tall glass of the coffee which the Viennese call a *mélange*, and which I suppose they still have so unsurpassably, so unapproachably, delicious. Memory does not support me in the supposition of lunch or dinner, but there must have been both, and then it came to be night and we agreed that I had better go to my hotel and rest a while before taking the train for Trieste and Venice. My friend said he would go with me, for the Kaiserin Elisabeth was just a block or two away, and we went gaily on in an exchange of thanks and refusals of them, which ended when we confronted the portier at his lodge in the court of the hotel. He did not seem the portier whom I had left in the morning, but this did not trouble me, for he might very well have been an alternate; it was his evident surprise when I bade my friend good-by and proposed going to my room that impressed me. With all civility he explained that there must be some mistake, for he did not recognize me as a guest of the hotel. Was not this the Hotel Kaiserin Elisabeth? I demanded, with some indignation, and the portier answered in his French that it perfectly was. "Very well, then," I began, but suddenly the place began to look strange to me, though I had left it so carelessly in the morning, that I might very well have failed to note its distinctive features. I looked from the portier to my friend for explanation, and he explained to the portier that I had arrived late the night before, and had spent the day with him, and now I wished to pay my bill and take the midnight train for Trieste; the whole affair was quite regular, for I had bidden the driver of my fiacre take me to the Kaiserin Elisabeth

and he had done so; the mistake, therefore, was the portier's. But the portier regretfully shook his head and maintained that no gentleman resembling me had passed the night at his house. He remained so firm in his position that we could do nothing better than ask, Where, then, had I stopped if I had not stopped there? The portier could not say, but he politely suggested several houses in the neighborhood where I might have stopped, and my friend led me away in my tacit grudge which I felt as from an indefinable injury at the hands of the portier. This grudge might well have mounted in my experience at the behavior of the successive portiers whose hotels we visited, if I had not been humbled by their refusal to recognize me. The consul patiently explained the circumstances of my arrival in the dark of the early morning, but none of them remembered these, and none of them remembered me, though I held myself up with what dignity I could for their scrutiny. I began to lose my courage, and I began to lose my temper, but, happily, the portiers were not persons with a keen sense of humor, and gave no sign of sharing my own feeling that the thing was a joke and might pass it at any moment. Whatever my friend felt he remained outwardly serious, and I had not the heart to suggest that there was no Hotel Kaiserin Elisabeth, and never had been. When the list of hotels which the first portier of that supposititious hotel had given us was exhausted, my friend thought of others, and we did not stop till we had visited all these. Then he said, "Let us go and get a *mélange*," as if there might be inspiration in that, and we stopped at the next café, where we were welcomed to a table by a Viennese gentleman whom he knew. My friend introduced me, and then confessed the strange adventure which we had been pursuing. "Why," this heaven-sent acquaintance, who spoke English perfectly, said—"why don't you go to the police? The landlord of the hotel he did stop at had to send in the gentleman's passport, and of course they have his address." My friend struck his forehead. "I never thought of that!" he said and I began to

feel an instant superiority to a consul who had failed in such an elementary branch of consular knowledge. But I forebore to patronize him, and went meekly away with him in the hope of rescue from my strange case. My friend was restored to his self-respect by the sympathetic politeness of the police, who would not regard the affair as at all out of the common; those rascally drivers of fiacres were constantly carrying strangers to hotels where the landlords were in league with them, they said; and I believe they offered to make an example of my landlord, but if they did I would not hear of it, and we hurried away to a hotel where the portier instantly knew me, and welcomed me like one whose feelings were relieved by the return of a wandering brother.

For my part I was only too glad to find myself anywhere, and I hurried my departure for the station, willing even to be driven there by the scamp who had brought me from it. But my day of anomalous experiences was not to end without another worthy of them. I bought my ticket for Venice for the price which Bradshaw had fixed for me, but when my train was well on the way I found, in counting up my expenses, that I was poorer than I should be by one of the pounds sterling which I had paid for my ticket. To be sure, we had to translate the English into Austrian

money, and I cannot be certain whether it was by the guile or the error of the ticket-seller that he remained the richer.

I was at an end, however, of my misadventures, unless I am to number among them my suffering from the bowl of scalding vermicelli soup which I hurriedly consumed at some station the next day where the train afterward halted long enough to let me repent my haste at leisure. I do not know what station it was, and I remember nothing of the country which we traversed in our long journey, for the window of my carriage was so thickly painted with frost that only when the door was thrown open at the stoppages did I see anything out of it. In the defect of the hot-water cylinders, the thick fur coats of my fellow-travelers did nothing to temper the freezing air for me in my winter wear of the milder climate of central Ohio. After the actual lapse of time I could not say now how many sleepless, but not dreamless days and nights I passed in this misery, when suddenly, one day or night, I woke from whatever dream it was in the soft air of Trieste where I changed to the train for Venice. It was as if I woke in another world, when I woke from another dream on the shore where my overland journey to Venice ended, and I embarked in a gondola for my hotel in the City in the Sea.



A Return to Constancy

BY MARY ELLEN CHASE



It was probably not by accident that Constancy had lost herself in the pasture swamp; but if it were (and Cynthia wished to be charitable) it was an accident that was fast developing into a confirmed habit. Of late Cynthia's patience had been sorely tried. At least on three nights out of seven, to state the minimum, Constancy had been knee-deep in the swamp at milking-time.

Cynthia, who had prided herself upon Constancy's distinctness from the other cows in the pasture, began to wish her charge less original. Benny Webster's "Co-boss!" screamed in a crescendo from the top rail of the pasture fence, seldom failed to bring forth a horned procession, which emerged like Roderick's men from pine thickets and huckleberry-bushes. But Constancy was just as seldom numbered among its ranks, and Benny Webster was at that deplorable age when chivalry is unknown.

To-night, as on many nights past, Cynthia watched Benny let down the bars and whistle nonchalantly as the Morton cow, the Davis, and his own stumbled across them. Then, while they sniffed the dusty roadside grass, he replaced the bars, grinned triumphantly at Cynthia, and started his charges down the hill. Cynthia did not watch him go. It was milking-time already, and her father was waiting for Constancy and her. Once more she hopelessly surveyed the pasture slope, but no cream-colored side was visible among the huckleberries and juniper, and no placid face, made a trifle sinister by one crumpled horn, gazed at her through a screen of friendly alders. So then there was no help for it. Constancy was in the swamp, and Cynthia must go in quest of her.

She stopped long enough to wrap the skirt of her gingham dress around her shoulders. It was her second-best ging-

ham, and must do for several afternoons before washing. Then she crossed the close-cropped open space by the bars, skirted the rocky gully where the pasture brook ran, and took the path which zig-zagged through the woods to the swamp.

Silence settled over the pasture. The two waiting cows at the bars were called for and driven away. Early evening came. Mists arose from the hollows. One star trembled from a golden sky and hung above the tallest pine like a Christmas star. A whippoorwill cried from a cedar thicket.

Just as dusk was wrapping the pasture in soft gray folds a meek face, surmounted by one horn and partially wreathed by another, parted the alders at the entrance to the wood-path and Constancy emerged from the thicket, placidly chewing her cud of swamp-grass. Her progress toward the bars was somewhat hastened by revengeful cuts from a small alder switch which Cynthia used at intervals upon her sleek sides. Cynthia's feet were wet and her stockings torn. In spite of preliminary precaution her second-best gingham was smeared with grass and mud stains. Her hair was disheveled from frequent contact with pine boughs and blackberry-bushes. Mosquito bites punctuated her flushed, perspiring face. She rubbed them savagely.

Constancy having stumbled across the bars, the journey homeward was pregnant with meekness on her part and with stern resolve on the part of Cynthia. This was the last time she would go to the swamp for Constancy. Or, to be more definite—for, knowing Constancy, one might as well face matters as they were—this was the last time she would go for her at all. She might make a concession by which she would continue in the morning journey until the end of the season. Early November, however, would eternally end her driving of cows.

Another star quivered in the sky, but

Cynthia did not see it. Her thoughts were not starry ones. Instead, they had to do with the instability of swamp hummocks which looked firm enough to bear one's weight, the horrid feel of muddy water circulating in one's shoes, the scratch of blackberry-vines on bare hands and arms, the irritating sensation of being held by the hair while trying to penetrate a thicket. These fresh memories seething in her brain aroused her resentment to the boiling-point and strengthened her resolve. She was going on fourteen! She would never drive a cow again!

A grotesquely clad figure at the entrance to the driveway almost startled her, but it proved to be her father in his blue - and - white - checked milking-togs. He was sorry for Constancy's annoyance and for Cynthia's evident plight. She would best go indoors at once for her supper and a change of clothes.

It was well that Cynthia had reserved her announcement until the morning. She could not speak for the lump in her throat. She did not mind the tiredness, the mosquito bites, the scratches, or even the injury to her clothes—time would mend them—but the exasperation of it all was quite too much. Indoors, her mother deplored the condition of the second-best gingham, but could not blame Cynthia. Constancy was a pesky animal, she said, as she placed a warmed-up supper on the table, but Cynthia mustn't mind.

Cynthia did mind, however. She minded so much that she refused to play checkers with Judith and declined to see the baby undressed. Directly she had finished supper she went to bed. For a few minutes she cried into the pillows. Then she thought.

Through no fault of her own she had been assigned to that most hopeless of family situations—the middle. She was too young to have her opinions respected, and too old to be petted. Her three older sisters had assumed the guardianship of the three youngest members of the family. Mary Louise and Hilda mothered Judith and Robert, and Barbara, who was but two years older than Cynthia, had adopted the baby. Middle children neither mothered nor

were mothered, Cynthia told herself, bitterly. They were just dividing-lines which separated the beginning of the family from the end of it. They finished the clothes which had come down from the top, and did homely, left-over duties that no one else wanted, like driving the cow and feeding the pig.

In the half-light of the room Cynthia spied a white garment spread over a chair. It was the once-blue sailor-suit which had reached Barbara the summer before and now had come to Cynthia to be finished. Her life had been spent in finishing things, she told herself with ironic philosophy—in finishing things and driving cows!

However, she dared to hope that the last-named curse was mercifully drawing to a close. As she planned her act of emancipation, which she should declare on the morrow, she wondered who would take her place. The substitute must be one of the family, for it was monstrous to think of outside help when there were those at home to give it. Certainly it could not be Hilda or Barbara. They coiled their hair occasionally and were in the Academy. As for Mary Louise, she would enter college in September. Judith was the only possibility remaining, for Bobby was only seven. It would be two years before he would be at the age where Cynthia had begun. Had it been only five summers that she had followed that hornèd torment from barn to pasture? It seemed a lifetime!

Of course, in all fairness to Constancy, Cynthia admitted that there had been compensations. There were no dishes to dry for the one who drove the cow, and Cynthia loathed the drying of dishes. Moreover, lingering on the way or in the pasture was seldom frowned upon, unless it interfered seriously with the night milking-time. Cynthia recalled May mornings at the pasture bars—the new grass wet with dew, the pink of the wild crab-apple tree, the thrilling call of a song-sparrow from the fence-post. There came back to her the evening fragrance of the hay in July, and the tragic history of the ground-sparrow who had nested in the meadow adjoining the pasture. She remembered the dwarfed and crippled maple by the gully, which, despite its ugliness, was intrusted with autumn

secrets long before its more stately neighbors in the field beyond. She would miss these things.

She returned to Judith as a possible substitute. Judith was eleven—quite old enough to receive the mantle of responsibility which falls early in a family of seven. And yet somehow Cynthia could not picture Judith as guardian to Constancy. Judith was pink-cheeked and slender. She wore her hair in curls and undressed her dolls every night. She was a clean little girl. Cynthia could not imagine her leaping from hummock to hummock and occasionally falling into the marsh. She could see Judith's eyes, big and round with fear, when she realized for the first time that Constancy was hidden away in the pasture woods or swamp. A great wave of tenderness swept through Cynthia's heart. She could not bear that Judy should undergo the hardships which she had endured.

The substitute problem was left unsolved while another anxiety came to trouble Cynthia. Emancipatory acts and declarations of independence were rare in her family. In fact, she could not recall a single instance where any member had declared what he would or would not do. Like the talents of the parable, duties were assigned to each one "according to his several ability," and remonstrances were not anticipated. Cynthia longed for precedent, but could find none. If her father refused to acknowledge her rights in the case, there would be no alternative but to continue with Constancy. Under those circumstances Cynthia would be sixteen and a sophomore in the Academy before relief could possibly come.

It might be well to modify her declaration, which she intended to make just before her father left for the office.

"Father," she had planned to say, "I'm going on fourteen. I've driven a cow long enough!"

Perhaps, existing conditions being what they were, the emancipatory speech would best take the form of a request.

"Father, do you think it would be possible for me to have a vacation from Constancy?"

She was rehearsing these remarks in a well-enunciated whisper, and weighing

their relative merits, when she heard her father and mother enter their room, which adjoined her own. She postponed further rehearsals until after her mother's usual bedtime "rounds," and nestled under the covers with her face toward the wall. She did not wish to be thought awake. But a remark from her father, spoken in a low tone and apparently continuing some previous conversation, brought her suddenly to a sitting posture.

"I don't believe she's ever been on a trip with me just by herself, and it seems to me she's earned it. That cow's been such a pest lately, and she's never fussed a bit about it—at least to me."

Cynthia's mouth was open and her eyes were staring into the darkness. She was half out of bed in her eagerness to hear.

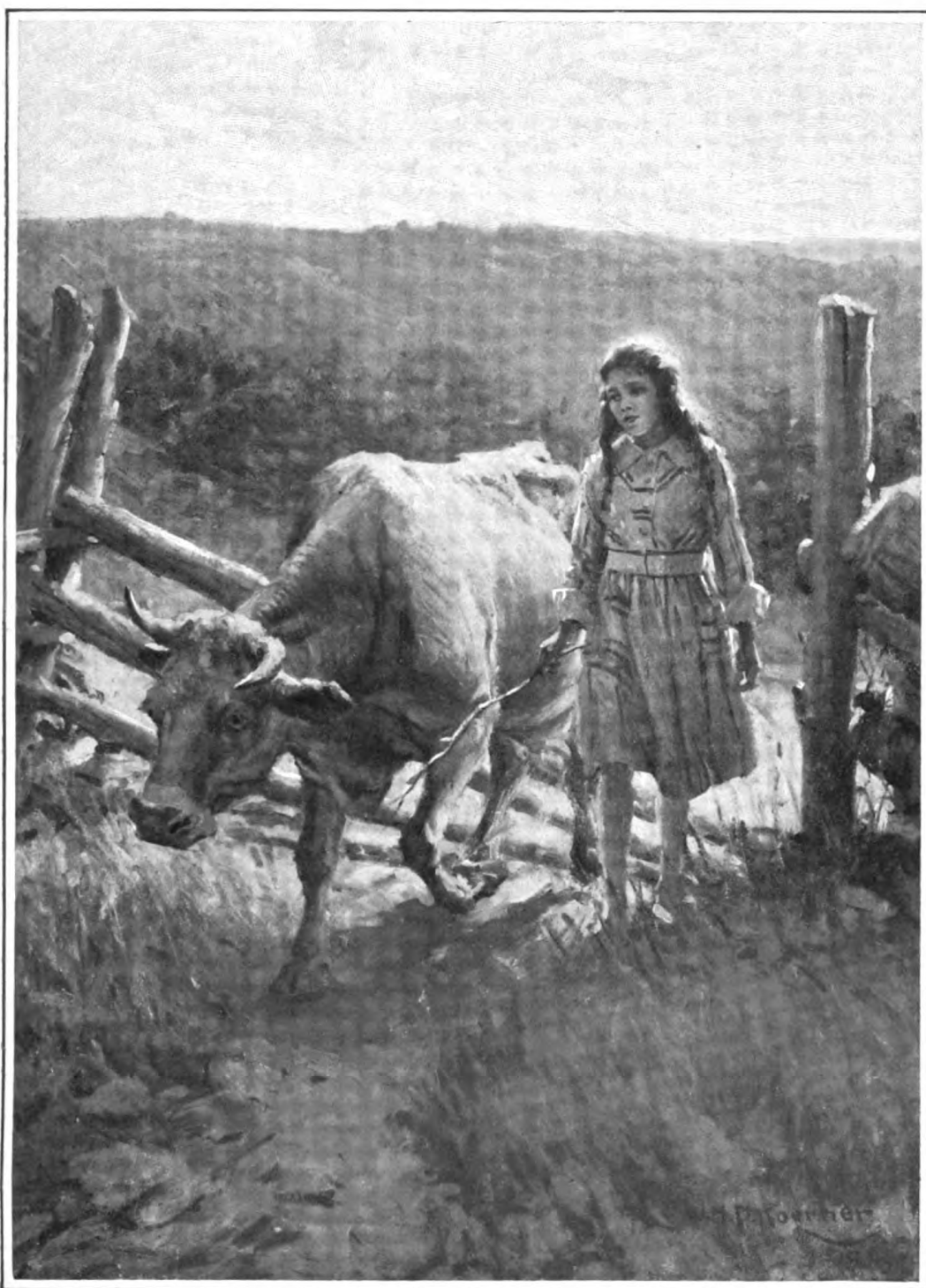
"She's been very patient," her mother said, in a half-whisper, "and the trip would be lovely for her, especially since it's to Augusta. Barbara and Hilda learned so much last time. I thought when you first mentioned it that I couldn't get her ready, but I guess I can. It's not likely to be hot, and her blue sailor-suit will do, I guess, with a fresh gingham. She really hasn't a coat, though, that's fit to wear, unless I let her have Hilda's brown one, and that isn't the right color."

"What's the matter with buying one in Bangor?" suggested Father, in a reckless fashion that brought a gasp from Cynthia.

"You could, of course"—Cynthia detected a dubious note in her mother's voice—"only, I hadn't planned on a new one for her this year. I thought she could wear Hilda's in the fall. Still, it's a good time to buy now, with the spring things so reduced. She'd be awfully pleased, I expect. She hasn't had a new one that's been bought for her for I don't know how long."

"Well," said Father, while Cynthia fairly held her breath, "we'll see. What's that place where we trade most? But maybe you wouldn't be satisfied with my choosing. Blue always looks well, don't you think?"

"Yes," Mother acquiesced. "Nothing wears better than a dark-blue serge. Go to The Fashion and ask for Mrs. Hop-



Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner

Engraved by H. Leinroth

HER PROGRESS WAS HASTENED BY AN ALDER SWITCH

kins. Ten dollars is plenty to pay, Edward, this time of year, and don't forget we get a ten-per-cent. discount there."

Cynthia heard her father open his book for his usual hour of reading in bed.

"Well," he said, "we'll decide in the morning, but I rather think I'll take her."

The warning scratch of a match indicated that her mother was lighting the bedtime candle. Cynthia snuggled deeper, turned her face to the wall, and closed her eyes. They were awful moments when her mother opened her door and stood beside her bed. She tried to control her breathing, but could not. She hoped that the covers deadened the sound of her heart. But Mother did not stay long. There were six other beds to visit. She smoothed Cynthia's covers and brushed back a stray lock of hair.

"Poor, tired child!" she whispered, and went to smooth more covers.

It seemed hours before Cynthia slept. She no longer rehearsed her emancipatory speech. Instead, she pictured herself in a coat all her own going to Augusta with her father. She reviewed the tales of Hilda and Barbara, who had gone the year before. She knew their experiences by heart—a hand-shake with the Governor; walks through corridors lined with the portraits of the great men of Maine; a stay in a hotel room where you rang an electric bell for ice-water and monogrammed stationery, and then, as unobtrusively as possible, gave a tip to a boy in brass buttons; a visit to a wonderful supply-office where tiers of tablets and thousands of pencils awaited fortunate legislators who paid nothing for them, and where it seemed the most natural thing in the world for the man in charge to say:

"Judge Blair's daughters from Petersport? Well, well! Could you young ladies make any use of a fountain-pen?"

But the glory of it all would lie in being for a few days, not one of seven, and the middle one at that, but the sole and selected companion of her father. Family honor and respect would rest upon her shoulders. Instead of receiving one-third or one-fourth of the attention given on various shorter and far less important excursions, she would for once

receive it all. Even the dream of it was too great in view of a possible disappointment, for the promise had been only a "perhaps" one, and no one would consider the disappointment since no one knew that she had heard. Perhaps she must suffer for the wrong of listening

Sleep mercifully put an end to this new and most terrible fear. It was still gray outside when Cynthia awoke. She had been dreaming of contented legislators whose pockets exuded pencils of various hues and who drank numberless glasses of ice-water. She crept to the window. The yellow light in the east convinced her of a good day. The responsibility of being as nearly ready as possible when her father should announce his intention of the night before weighed upon her. She opened the top drawer of the bureau inch by inch and drew out a strange object which in the half-light sprawled across the chair like an octopus—Cynthia's clean, unmended stockings—knotted in the middle.

In the Blair family children began at ten to mend stockings and to sew on buttons. Four years of experience had not made Cynthia realize the efficacy of a stitch in time, and the holes in her stockings invariably widened until at mending-time, which was usually indefinitely postponed, strange tucks and a drawing together in the heel, doubtless not peculiar to Cynthia, seemed unavoidable. She examined the stockings with no small misgivings, but was relieved to find one pair which at least promised possibilities. These she darned as carefully as she could, being somewhat hindered by lack of practice. The sun was up when she had finished, and Anna bustling about in the kitchen. But Cynthia crept back into bed and lay still until she had heard her father and mother dress and go down-stairs. Her anxiety was too great for her to meet them before it was time to take Constancy to pasture.

At half past six she was waiting at the barn door. Her father gave Constancy an approving pat as he picked up the milking-stool in one hand and the brimming pail of milk in the other. Then he came toward Cynthia, whose cheeks grew pink from fear and hope.

"I'm going to Augusta for three days, Cynthia," he said. "I've been wondering how you'd like to go along."

It had come, and even with all her dreams Cynthia was unprepared for the joy of it.

"Oh, Father!" she gasped. "I'd like to if you really think I could."

Father considered a moment. "I don't see why not," he said. "Of course, there's Constance. Could Judith manage her, do you think? Maybe not—at night."

Cynthia had partially recovered herself. "Mornings would be all right," she assured him. "She could go along now with me and see just how I do it. But she couldn't at night, Father. Of course, it doesn't matter about me. I'm used to the swamps and the thickets, but Judy's too little. Don't you suppose Benny'd bring Constance for three nights? I could pay him something, you see, out of my allowance. I'd be glad to do it."

Father smiled at Cynthia. "We won't worry about that part. You run along with Constance, and I'll see Benny when he goes by with his cow. We ought to be starting by nine o'clock, so you'd best not take too much time."

By nine o'clock, while Constance browsed among late buttercups in the pasture swamp, Cynthia sat by the dining-room window and awaited her father. The family surrounded her—attentive, advisory, and a little envious. She emanated an unwonted dignity in her blue sailor-suit and her white straw hat. Her hands were incased in Hilda's gloves, which were a trifle small and which called forth warnings from Hilda.

"Please don't bend your hands any more than you have to, Cynthia," she begged, "and if it gets hot take them off. Most girls of your age go barehanded, anyway."

"And if you should curl your hair, be sure you tie the ribbon in just the same creases," warned Barbara. "It'll be my school ribbon all the fall."

"I thought she was going to wear my coat, Mother," Hilda suggested, anxiously. "She needs one, and if she'll be careful—"

"Father may buy me one in Bangor," Cynthia ventured, as casually as

she could, and then stopped suddenly. She was not supposed to know. She glanced at her mother, who was too much occupied in folding her clean gingham for the suit-case to notice her confusion.

"For goodness' sake!"

"Is he really?"

"I'm glad, Cynthia. Now you insist on a Norfolk! Remember! That's what's the most stylish nowadays. Priscilla Alden wore one to church the first Sunday after they came. It has a belt, you know, and straps."

"Please get a color that's becoming to me, too, Cynthia," piped Judith from the porch.

"Of course, in a way, you'll have a nice time all by yourself," vouchsafed Barbara, with just the right degree of patronage, "but it's almost more fun when there's some one else to talk things over with."

Cynthia glanced nervously at the clock. Even the most remote possibility of a companion at this eleventh hour startled her. But her father drove into the yard just then, and there was no more to fear. She kissed them all with the strange sensation that she was some one else—her mother returned from Boston or Aunt Elmira down for Old Home Week.

"Don't forget the discount at The Fashion if Father buys the coat," warned Mother when her turn came. "We've had it for years, and they'll understand."

"What'll I say?" queried Cynthia.

Hilda was more ready with an answer than her mother.

"Don't say anything until you've decided which one to take, and then when you've told her, just say: 'This is for Mrs. Blair of Petersport. I'm Miss Blair. You will remember that you have favored us for years with a ten-per-cent. discount!'"

Cynthia stared in admiration at Hilda, who was always so ready with everything. She seemed nearer twenty than seventeen.

But all fears of discounts and the announcement of such privileges vanished as she drove away with her father. The fourteen miles to the nearest railway station were quiet ones. Cynthia was too

happy in the reality of the present and in the dreams of the immediate future to talk; and her father was absorbed between the ways and means of committing Miss Sophronia Haskell to the State Insane Asylum with the least possible notoriety, and the matter of the Treworgys' recent quarrel with the Perkinses over a certain much-disputed boundary-line. But in the half-way village of Dorset, where they stopped to water the horses, he set aside all such minor matters and asked Cynthia as to the state of her finances.

"Twenty-five cents a month is all very well for an allowance when one isn't traveling," he said, "but we've got to reckon on more when we're away from home. Better take this for spending-money." And he handed Cynthia a new two-dollar bill!

At Bangor, where they were to wait two hours for the Augusta train, the second mile-stone was erected and labeled in Cynthia's memory, for, in accordance with her father's suggestion, they went to The Fashion to look for coats. During the all-too-short elevator journey to the second floor Cynthia rehearsed the announcement of the Blairs' time-honored discount, and was quite sure of herself when they stepped out upon the heavy carpets and made their way toward some long mirrors, countless uninhabited garments, and a few well-built, delicately tinted ladies who rustled audibly as they tripped about on the highest of heels among lifeless, well-dressed counterparts of themselves.

Father, prompted by Cynthia's bashful whisper, asked for Mrs. Hopkins, who, they were informed by a stout, highly colored lady in blue satin and ear-rings, had just left for luncheon. Would not she do as well? She would be glad to show them what they wanted. Father concluded that she would and accepted meekly the chair provided for him. Cynthia folded and unfolded her hands until Hilda's gloves cracked ominously. The stout lady, whose name, she told them, was Miss De Gracey, brought out a surprising array of coats which she spread in a nonchalant fashion across some chairs and began to array Cynthia in one after another.

It was a trying half-hour. Father and

Cynthia, added to the unusual responsibility thrust upon them, were both seized with embarrassed meekness in the presence of Miss De Gracey. The astuteness which Father showed in all matters of mortgages, boundary-lines, and town-meeting discussions was deplorably lacking. He was putty in the hands of Miss De Gracey, and was ready to pay a price unheard of in the annals of the Blair family for a white polo-coat had not Cynthia risen to the occasion.

"Mother wouldn't like white," she whispered to him, as Miss De Gracey swished into the coat-cases for more possibilities. "It wouldn't be suitable for Petersport and me, and we can't get red, Father. That's too loud and easily soiled, and besides it isn't becoming to Judy. I think we'd best insist upon blue."

Father nodded helplessly, and Miss De Gracey, coming across the floor with a new idea and an armful of clothes, caught the last word.

"No one can make a mistake if they get blue," she announced, sweetly. "It's so good this year, too. I've been wondering, sir, why not a suit? These blue Norfolk collarless models are all the rage this year for young ladies of this young lady's age. Sha'n't we try some? You'd like a suit, girly?"

"Y-yes," stammered Cynthia, Judith still on her mind. "But I don't know that Mother'd think best. What do you think, Father?"

"Let's slip on one before we ask him what he thinks," interrupted Miss De Gracey, genially, with a sidelong glance at Father. "This blue model's just in from New York—a stunning thing for a young girl like you. Lots of style and serviceable. Fits like a glove, too. Just look at that back!"

She had clothed Cynthia as she chatted, and now turned her around like a pivoted model for her father's inspection.

"A darling suit, and a bargain at eighteen-fifty. 'Twas twenty-five, but it's a little late, and we're able to make prices on that account. You couldn't do better in Boston or New York."

"Where's the collar?" asked Father, finding his voice with an effort.

Miss De Gracey hurried from the

scene with the assurance, coupled with another glance from her china-blue eyes, that she would show him. Cynthia gazed at her father with troubled eyes.

"Do you like it?" he asked, courage returning with Miss De Gracey's absence.

She gave a worried sigh. "I love it," she said, "but I'm thinking of Judy. Maybe she wouldn't be old enough for it when I'm done with it. Maybe Mother wouldn't like it for me as well as a coat. And, Father"—Cynthia went nearer and whispered in his ear—"eighteen fifty is more than we can afford, don't you think—sixteen sixty-five with the discount?"

The return of Miss De Gracey postponed Father's reply. She bore a black tie, two white linen blouses, and the same number of broad linen collars.

"The Buster Brown collar," she explained to Father, who rose uncomfortably at her approach. "This is worn with the suit, coming on the outside—so—and the black tie gives the finishing touch. There! So sweet and girlish! If she hasn't waists, she'll need these two—one ninety-eight each. A special price for to-day. With these and that suit she's fixed beautifully."

"Have you waists, Cynthia?" asked Father.

"No, Father," said Cynthia.

"I'm so glad you've decided on that," cooed Miss De Gracey. "She'll look so well dressed—simple but elegant. Now sha'n't I send her sailor suit, and help her dress right here? Then you'll only have the extra waist to carry. That's best, don't you think?"

Ten minutes later Cynthia emerged, a little conscience-troubled, but radiant, from the box-like dressing-room into which Miss De Gracey had conducted her. The new coat had straps and a belt and was therefore in accordance with Hilda's injunction; the new skirt was pleated; the collar was snowy white and vastly becoming; the tie was tied in the jauntiest of bows.

"Well!" greeted Father, frankly pleased.

"Well!" echoed Miss De Gracey, beaming upon Father. "We've some fine young lady here. The bill is twenty-two ninety-six in all, sir, and cheap at that."

Father took out his bill-book, but Cynthia laid a detaining hand upon his arm. She tried to remember Hilda's sentence. Failing in that, she strove to convey in simpler terms the fact of the Blairs' discount, but no words would come, and Miss De Gracey went toward the cashier's desk with bills amounting to twenty-five dollars.

They did not speak until they were going downward. The elevator-boy being less terrifying, Cynthia approached her father on the matter of the discount.

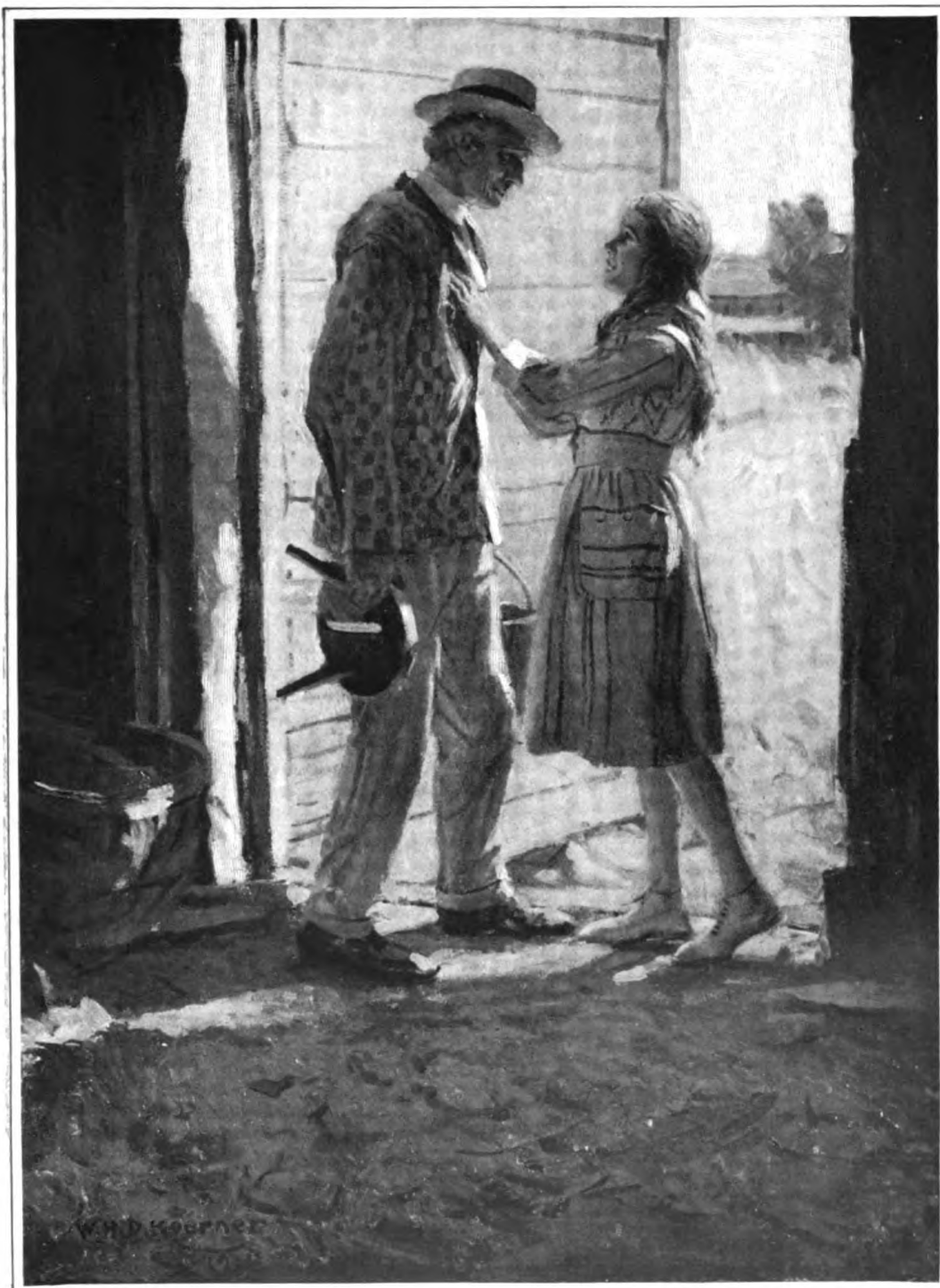
"Mother'll be so sorry," she said. "She told me to be sure and ask for it. I don't know why I didn't."

"I do," said Father. "I know exactly. Never mind. I guess we're poor shoppers, but we won't tell Mother, and you do look nice, Cynthia."

There was a lump in Cynthia's throat and tears in her eyes as they went into the street and walked toward the station. She could not have told why, except that at her father's words they sprang up together—from somewhere. She carried her head higher and walked more carefully. She tried to choose windows which were showing interesting things, for she could not help but look at herself, and she wanted the passers-by to think that she was gazing at the things displayed. Her imagination flew to the following Sunday when she should walk down the church aisle in her new suit. Priscilla Alden, whose forefathers were of Plymouth name and fame, and who wintered in New York, must realize that style sometimes reached even Petersport.

The early lights were flashing in the Augusta streets when they reached the capital. Conscious of her pride in him and of his in her, Cynthia followed her father across the station platform and into a waiting cab, which bore them in state to an imposing brick building several stories high—the hotel of Cynthia's dreams.

At nine o'clock that evening, after a dinner of soup and steak and salad and dessert, Cynthia returned to the red-carpeted room which adjoined her father's. While he smoked and discussed state politics in the lobby, she unpacked his grip for him, pulled his curtains, and turned down his covers. Then, going to



Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner

Engraved by F. A. McGowan

CYNTHIA'S CHEEKS GREW PINK FROM FEAR AND HOPE

her own room, she searched for a moment in her purse, and with a beating heart rang the electric bell. Almost instantly there was an answering knock, and the door opening revealed a boy in brass buttons.

"Did you wish anything, Miss?"

"Yes," said Cynthia. "Some ice-water, please, and some paper with the name of the hotel."

Her requests were fulfilled and Cynthia gave her first tip as unobtrusively as her sisters. No longer, she told herself, would Hilda and Barbara have the advantage over her. She, too, had rung for ice-water and for monogrammed stationery.

The next morning they went to the Capitol. Cynthia followed her father through the great doors, down the corridors lined with the portraits of great men, and into a room with red velvet chairs, high ceilings, mahogany desks, and an air of distinction.

"This is the Council Chamber, Cynthia," her father explained, "where the Governor and the Councilors discuss matters. Ah, here's the Governor now."

Cynthia trembled. Her father spoke familiarly, quite as though the Governor were the Petersport minister or the second selectman. A tall, gray-haired man had opened the door of an inner office and was coming toward them.

"Well, Judge Blair," he said, "I'm glad to see you. And this must be your daughter. She looks like you."

Cynthia shook hands, but words did not easily come. She was proud to find that governors were known to her father, but she had not been prepared for such cordiality. Hilda and Barbara had been delighted with a mere hand-shake. But it might be that governors, like school-teachers, had extra good days. And just then a man in blue called to her father and she was left alone with Maine's Chief Executive.

"Is this your first visit to Augusta, Miss Blair?" asked the Governor.

"Yes, sir," said Cynthia, recovering herself, "and it's proving very delightful."

The Governor smiled. "You should be proud of your father," he told her. "He is very highly respected in the state."

Cynthia beamed with pride. "He's first selectman of Petersport," she said, "and moderator at every town meeting. And he's working now to consolidate the district schools. That's very much needed in our part of the state."

The Governor agreed with her, and they talked about district-school teachers and poor salaries and spring mud.

"You're not the only daughter, are you?" asked the Governor. "It seems to me I remember some other girls being with your father when he came before."

"There are seven of us," Cynthia explained, strangely proud of them all. She had longed to be the only one so often. Now that had gone and she told the Governor of Mary Louise and her entering college, of Hilda and Barbara and their success in debating, and of Judith and the boys. "If you are ever down near Petersport, Governor Hall," she concluded, "we'd be honored to have you call, or even visit us."

"That reminds me," said the Governor, springing from his chair. "Why couldn't you and your father lunch with me to-day? Mrs. Hall would be pleased, and there are no guests except two Massachusetts legislators here on business. Here's your father now. Judge, what's the matter with you and your daughter lunching with me to-day?"

Father looked at Cynthia. "That's more than we were reckoning on, isn't it, Cynthia?" he said. "It's very kind of the Governor. What do you say?"

"It would be very wonderful, Father," said Cynthia, her heart in her eyes.

"I guess we'll go right along, then," said the Governor. "The carriage is outside now and it's about time."

It was with a strange feeling of being happily out of place that Cynthia sat between the Governor and her father and opposite the two Massachusetts legislators in a barouche drawn by two white horses, and was carried noiselessly along the streets toward the Executive Mansion. Every now and then she looked at her father. No one would ever dream but that he lunched with governors as a daily pastime. Cynthia held her head higher. She would help him to uphold the honor of the family and the standard of Petersport. He might belong in the office of a country lawyer or

on the platform of the Petersport town meeting, but now he was to lunch with the Governor, and such matters as the Treworgy-Perkins boundary-line and the mortgaging of Deacon Osgood's cow for the loan of twenty dollars were dropping from him like a cast-off garment. Cynthia might drive Constancy night and morning on ordinary days, but this was no ordinary day, and she, like her father, put away the memory of cows and pasture swamps and exasperating hours of search.

It was a little terrifying to enter the great hall lined with portraits and set about with rare vases on mahogany tables; but Cynthia traversed the length in safety, and found herself shaking hands with a gracious lady—the first of the state of Maine. It was even more terrifying when luncheon was served, and when from her seat at the Governor's right she saw a bewildering array of silver on her right and on her left as ominous as the cannon on either side of the famous Light Brigade. Since she could not quite believe Father, in his position at Mrs. Hall's right, entirely infallible, she decided to watch her hostess, which she did with all success.

The men smoked, after what seemed numberless courses to Cynthia, and she and Mrs. Hall withdrew to the library. As she passed her father's chair he spoke to her in an amused undertone. She bent to listen.

"How do you suppose Constancy is?" he whispered.

Cynthia's cheeks grew pink. "I expect she sort of misses us," she whispered back.

"Who's Constancy, my dear?" asked the first lady of the state as they sat in the great library. "It must be a joke. Who is she?"

Cynthia's cheeks grew pinker. "She's our cow," she explained. "You see, I drive her—that is, I have, though I'm thinking of giving it up. I'm getting too old, and she *will* be a nuisance and hide in the swamp."

"Don't!" cried the Governor's lady, and she squeezed Cynthia's hand ever so lightly and smiled into her eyes. "Don't give it up even if she does hide in the swamp. I drove a cow, too, when I was a girl. I drove her till I was sixteen, and

I'll never forget the lovely things I used to see going back and forth to pasture."

Cynthia was staring at her. "*You*," she cried. "*You* drove a cow! I never supposed you could do a thing like that!"

"Why not?" asked the Governor's lady. "Think of all the girls who have driven cows. Joan of Arc and Priscilla of Plymouth and Abraham Lincoln's mother and lots of others. I'm sorry for girls who can't drive cows. Think of the lovely mornings in the pasture. Do you find song-sparrows' nests and May-flowers and pink lady's-slippers the way I used to?"

"Oh yes!" cried Cynthia. "And did catbirds have two families then? There's a new brood just hatched in the cedar-tree by the gully. They'll be likely flying when I get back home again."

"And the whippoorwills in the evening?" asked the Governor's lady. "Do you hear them nights when you're late?"

"Yes," breathed Cynthia. "They're very lonely and make you think of sad things. But I like that sometimes. And were you ever so late that the stars came out before you got home?"

"One night in September the moon had come up," said the Governor's lady, "and the pasture was so still that I could hear nothing except the insects singing. I never knew before that insects could sing so beautifully."

"I've never listened to them especially," said Cynthia, "but I shall this September."

The Governor, the Massachusetts legislators, and Father were ready to go long before the Governor's lady and Cynthia had finished, but not before an invitation had been given to Cynthia to spend a week the next winter in Augusta, and not before a great love for Constancy had filled Cynthia's heart. It was well that the barouche carried only her and her father back to the hotel, for she could not speak, and the Massachusetts legislators were detrimental to silence.

The two days that followed brimmed over with experiences. There was an evening at the theater—the first play Cynthia had ever witnessed—when her joy was divided between the performance and a frequent smile sent in her direction by a pink-clad lady in the Governor's box. The man in the mar-

velous supply-room felt that she might make use of a pound of stationery and a dozen pencils of assorted colors as well as the longed-for fountain-pen. The librarian in the State Library discussed with her the days and the exploits of Sir William Phipps and Sir William Pepperell quite as though she were an authority on either subject. And one morning, quite by herself, she went shopping among the Augusta stores, and invested her two dollars in presents for the family.

When she and her father, in the late afternoon of the last day, reached the summit of the last hill on the fourteen-mile drive to Petersport and saw the white houses of the village below them, the heat of Cynthia's joy had cooled to glowing embers of happiness. The sun was nearly down. A song-sparrow sang from the alders. Her father smoked silently.

They drove down the hill, the horses' feet scraping in the gravel. The sparrow followed them and sang on. They passed a boy driving home his cow. Cynthia turned to her father. She must say something—must try to tell him—

"We're pretty good traveling companions, don't you think, Cynthia?" he said.

She smiled proudly. At last words came. "It's been lovely, Father—just you and I. Do you suppose it could ever be just us again—I mean after all the others have gone with you—maybe years from now? You see the one in the middle doesn't have a little one like Mary Louise and Hilda and Barbara. You see, Father, I—"

Father threw away his cigar, and smiled at Cynthia. "Well, how about you and me?" he said. "Suppose we pair off once in a while. You and I, with Constancy for a mascot, eh?"

"Yes," breathed Cynthia. "We couldn't leave out Constancy!"

They drove into the yard, and a moment later into the midst of the family, whose interest in Cynthia's return was lost in astonishment over her appearance.

"A suit, Cynthia!"

"Mother, you know you said a suit wasn't appropriate for me when I wanted one so much."

"I'm going to shop with Father now—see if I don't!"

"Was it expensive, Father? I'm afraid you've been extravagant!"

"'Twas eighteen-fifty, Mother," said Cynthia, bravely.

"That's a great deal. Still, with the discount"—Mother figured silently—"it wasn't quite so bad."

Cynthia looked at Father, and Father at Cynthia.

"You must be very careful of it, Cynthia," warned her mother. "It must be your best for a long time."

"I will, Mother," Cynthia promised. "There's no point in finishing this, you see. It's mine!"

"Benny wants to see you, Cynthia," called Judith, and Cynthia went to the door to meet the astonished eyes of Benny Webster, who stared in silence for several moments, and then, overtaken by a strange shyness, dug his toe into the gravel.

"Shall I get Constancy to-night, Cynthia? I'd just as soon."

She thanked him. "I'd rather, though," she said. "Has she been in the swamp since I've been gone?"

"Twice," said Benny.

Half an hour later Cynthia, in blue gingham, found Constancy tied to the pasture bars. In the half-light she deciphered a message traced on a dilapidated trunk-tag tied to Constancy's up-right horn.

DEAR CYNTHY,—She was in the swamp, as usual.

B.

With her hand on Constancy's sleek side Cynthia listened to a whippoorwill deep in the woods and watched the star tremble out above the big pine before she let down the pasture bars. Then, as the cow stumbled across them, she put her arms around the big, warm neck.

"Oh, Constancy," she whispered, "it's going to be Father and you and I now! Father and you and I!"

A Vanilla-Bean Comedy

BY WILFRED A. JOUBERT



I was shortly after his college days that Stock and I found ourselves in Paramaribo, Surinam, representing some Wall Street rubber interests. We had secured from the government of this Dutch colony a concession for the exploitation of balata gum. This was in the month of June. Our concession would not become effective until the following January. Six months to wait before commencing active operations! Stock groaned. By nature he was impatient, impulsive, and impetuous. He now fretted and fumed over our enforced idleness. His fertile brain produced scheme after scheme whereby we might improve our time and enrich the enterprise by pre-balata activities. Being a Massachusetts-Missourian, I discovered flaws in all his plans, till he lost patience with me and my "chronic pessimism." My more conservative point of view was undoubtedly assisted by the climate. Here I was, almost on the equator, melting away like a snowball in a frying-pan, and my chief interest centered in finding cool retreats where I might hope to survive by total inaction. I look back now with a sweaty shiver on those perspiring days when I went about like a human summer dew. The prospect of early and energetic action found me not at all enthusiastic, and I blessed those Dutchmen for dating our concession so far ahead. And yet Stock was fretting to get busy. He got on my nerves.

One day he burst into our domicile, excitedly exclaiming: "I have it now, old man. You can't do anything to *this* scheme." And he proceeded to relate how he had spent the forenoon with a member of the Kolonial Staaten, and how Mijneer Muller had told him of a fortune hanging on the jungle vines of the upper Cottica—in the form of wild

vanilla-beans. A concession to gather beans could be readily obtained. Vanilla-beans sold for eight dollars a pound. An expedition required but three men and only one month's time, and would not cost over one hundred and fifty dollars. We could expect to gather from one thousand to five thousand pounds of beans, so that the work of a month with a little attendant hardship would bring us in between eight thousand and *forty thousand dollars*. Picking vanilla-beans was described as being very simple, and Stock proceeded to illustrate the rapid and easy method of gathering by grabbing handfuls of imaginary beans from the atmosphere in motions similar to those used by the colored ladies of Surinam when engaged in acrimonious discussion.

Prompted by my slightly Missourian mind and my desire to remain quiescent, I raised a question, "Well, Stock, that sounds all right, but how does Mijneer Muller know that there are vanilla-beans up the Cottica River?"

"He was up there a few years ago for the government, and in some places the trees along the river-bank were actually hidden by vanilla-vines, and the beans so thick that a boat could be filled in no time. Why, he said you could pull them off like this," and again Stock went through the pantomime of picking vanilla-beans by the rapid-fire process.

"But see here, Stock, if vanilla-beans are so easily obtainable in such large quantities and can be sold for eight dollars a pound, why don't some of these colonials go up there and raid that Christmas tree? Why doesn't Mijneer Muller go himself?"

"Confound it! you're nothing but a wet blanket! Every time I try to start something you try to stop it. All you can think of is objections. Don't you realize that we are Americans? We have energy and pluck and ambition. That's why we are here. These people are lack-

ing in energy and ambition, and they haven't the nerve to go up into the jungle. If they were as smart and enterprising as Americans, we shouldn't have any reason for being here, should we? Can't you see that?"

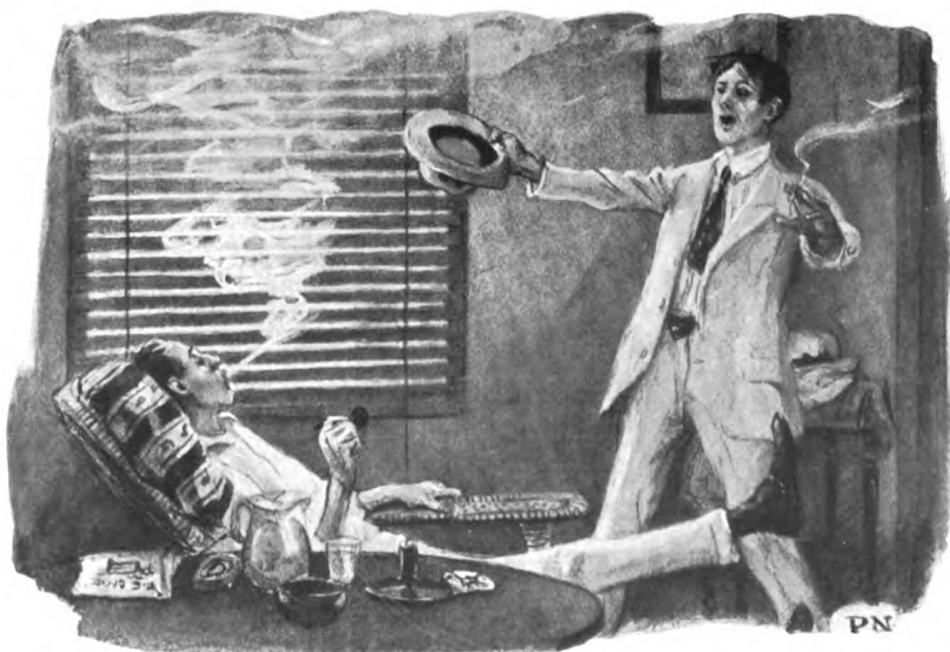
Among the blatantly provincial and unsophisticated American "patriots" who have been let loose on the helpless and unsuspecting foreigner, I suppose I must be numbered. I firmly believed that in every phase of human endeavor the people of the United States were superlatively superior, and all other peoples were to be either pitied or despised. And I had imbibed this tommyrot in the public school, from press and pulpit and the political spellbinder. When I looked my last upon Miss Liberty as we steamed out of New York Harbor, I felt that my lot was to be cast among the tyrannized, the ignorant, and the stupid.

My smug complacency and preconceived notions had been jarred from the start. I met those of my own class from various parts of the globe, all of whom refused to be pitied. I was quite surprised to find them proud of, and satisfied with, their own countries and governments. I met Englishmen who were not bullies, Frenchmen who were

not silly, Spaniards who did not try to stick me with a knife, and Dutchmen who were not stupid. It was a revelation! I started right then to jettison my dead-weight dunnage and to restow my mental hold with something more worthy of cargo space. These weeks of disillusionment had left me in no mood to accept Stock's explanation of why so much easy money was dangling from the vines of the Cottica wilderness and clamoring for some one to come and take it away. I voiced my skepticism regarding wild vanilla, and my conviction that so good an opportunity would not have been overlooked by those whose accomplishments, as evidenced on all sides, indicated that they had not been wholly lacking in initiative and push. Ignoring my arguments, Stock opined that I had become an enervated victim of the tropics, and expressed the wish that he had a partner with vision, spunk, and enterprise to assist him in his plans.

Upon this hint I spoke. I offered to take part in the vanilla expedition on condition that he have all the profit and honor if we succeeded, and that he take all the responsibility if we failed. He agreed, and we set about our preparations.

The initial steps were most encourag-



PICKING VANILLA-BEANS WAS DESCRIBED AS BEING VERY SIMPLE

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ing. Within a week we received a favorable response to our petition for a vanilla concession, the entire cost being about two dollars for an engineer's chart attached to our petition. We engaged three boatmen and bought a fishing-boat, at the stern of which our men constructed a thatch canopy for our protection against sun and rain. Leaving only sufficient room for the oarsmen to work their sweeps, we filled the remaining space with those red gin-boxes, familiar to travelers the world over, that are used to incase the famous Schiedam schnapps. We next bought all the tissue-paper to be had, with which to wrap the beans, and laid in a big stock of thread for winding purposes. As a matter of foresight we decided upon some pruning-shears, to be operated from a pole, should we find any pods beyond our reach. This latter was promising to be a fruitless quest when, in a small shop the proprietor eagerly resurrected from a top shelf six pairs of rusty shears of ancient vintage. He pressed them upon us at a price that admitted of no haggling, his chief concern being to hasten us on our way before we changed our minds. Six weeks' supply of provisions, and a camping outfit for each of us, to be packed in two canisters, completed our preparations.

We embarked one morning on our get-rich-quick voyage. Dropping down the Surinam River with the last of the ebb, we reached Fort Solmsdijk in about two hours. A short wait for slack water and then under way again, proceeding up the Commewijne River, assisted by the young flood. The coastal regions of the Guianas are so low and flat that the tidal flows extend to long distances inland, and one regulates his river travels according to the tides. It was late in the afternoon when the ebb set in so strong that we had to bivouac for the night, which meant landing on a muddy river-bank, clearing a space of bush and tangle, and swinging our hammocks between the trees. The mosquitoes had been apprised of our coming and had arranged a joyful welcome. They came from miles around till the camp was uncomfortably crowded. They were as cordial as if they had known us for years.

After a miserable night, we got away shortly after daybreak. Mosquito and other insect bites kept us active, while the discordant cries of the parrots overhead but reflected our own jarred nerves and spirits. Cramped under our canopy, with the hot sun already beating down and our bodies just one big itch, vanilla-beans at eight dollars a pound seemed too ridiculously cheap. Before noon we came to the confluence of the Commewijne and Cottica rivers, and after having our documents viséd here by the Brigadier of Post Oranje Nassau, we headed up the Cottica. We had left behind us the last picket of civilization and were entering the realm of the Juga and the jungle beasts.

The water soon changed from its yellow mud color of the sea-coast to clean, black bush-water, and the tides were displaced by a swirling current. The river-banks were becoming more distinct and interesting when we reached a fork in the stream. A reference to our chart showed that the stream ahead was the River Coermotibo, while the Cottica, like the Commewijne, turned south and inland.

Then up spake Henry, the steersman, with an inquiry as to which arm of the stream it was our pleasure to proceed upon. When duly informed, he evidenced great reluctance to pursue the voyage farther. In this attitude he was supported by each of the twin screws who propelled our craft. Henry was a Demerarian, who informed us in his native English that "Dis liber be too bad, boss; et make we arll go dead, suh, arlla we niggers en you two bakras." After dilating on the many uncanny perils that would attend further progress into this forbidding region—the vivid narrating of which had afforded me the luxury of a cold sweat in a hot climate—Henry admitted that he had never been up that way before, nor had he ever met anybody who had.

His dire forebodings were based on a "gadoo" that he now pointed out on the spur of land that separated the two streams. It was this "gadoo" that had fired his imagination and let loose his native eloquence, with results that would have induced instant flight on my part had I possessed a pair of wings.

The Jugas we knew were negroes who had escaped from the plantations in the old slave days, fled to the jungle, and there established their villages, reverting to many of the ways of their Congo forefathers, including the worship of idols. The little wooden gentleman we now made out, calmly surveying the scene from within his cleared circle protected by the magic leaves of the rustling palms strung around the clearing, was undoubtedly the Juga god or "gadoo" of one or both rivers. Henry insisted that they must be bad rivers, to require a "gadoo," but after much talk with his crew he decided that if we made "obeisance" we might take a chance and perhaps come out unscathed.

Without any clear idea of what this "obeisance" might prove to be, we readily assented to having it performed, impelled both by curiosity and by a desire to remove this suddenly arisen obstruction to the prosecution of our plans. Henry first called for a bottle of Geneva, which, I hasten to explain, was good Holland gin, carried by law as part of our supplies. Uncorking the bottle, Henry poured a full half-pint into his calabash, then swinging his end of the boat toward the shrine, and standing out on the overhang, with his gin-filled gourd outstretched toward Mijnheer Gadoo, he burst forth into a lengthy and touching exhortation.

The prayer opened something like this:

"O gadoo of dese libers, we tree niggers en dese two bakra, we arll go parss op dese warters. O gadoo, make we no heb dem feber; make we no heb eny ob

dem sickness; make dem big snake hev no eye fo' see we w'en we parss en de bush; make we no fa' down; make we arlla time hev eat."

At the conclusion of his supplication, with a sort of "here's-looking-at-you-old-top" flourish, he cast that most excellent



THE PROPRIETOR RESURRECTED SIX PAIRS OF RUSTY SHEARS OF ANCIENT VINTAGE

Holland distilled firewater upon the placid bosom of the thirsty stream, and in the general direction of the heathen god—a shameful waste of perfectly good liquor, or the best disposition that could be made of it, according to one's point of view.

We now rang for "full speed ahead," but the engines didn't move, and Captain Henry informed us that the next thing in order was an "ablution," the

"obeisance" not being deemed sufficient. Again having recourse to the Netherlands strong water, our master of ceremonies refilled the calabash. This time his petition was personal rather than general, and fairly brief. At its close he quaffed a draught from the calabash, like a cavalier taking his stirrup-cup, which was more in keeping with the intention of the distillers and Henry's usual custom. It was evident that all were expected to take part in this service, for our port and starboard engines, each in turn, made their supplications to Little Woody, followed by copious draughts from the punch-bowl. While Henry furnished the mental and vocal effort in our behalf, Stock and I had to scald our throats in performing the final portion of the rites.

Henry was now kneeling in the bottom of the boat and leaning over the gunwale, engaged in a new incantation which terminated in scooping up water with his hands and tossing it in the air to fall upon his head, thrice repeated. About this time it occurred to both Stock and

myself that worshipping a heathen god, and a wooden one at that, was scarcely a proper proceeding for Christian gentlemen, but while we were discussing the propriety of our acts the last ebony neophyte of our crew had completed his "ablution" and called to Stock to take his turn. Stock hesitated, but, having gone so far, I decided to see the thing through, and carried out my part as I had seen the others do. Following my example, Stock started to play his part in the ceremonial, in the midst of which there was a splash—and Stock arose, crying:

"What was that? Gosh! my watch is gone! That's what comes of this nonsense and heathenism. That watch has been in my family four generations and I was to pass it on—to think I lost it in this fool way! Say, why can't you dive for it?"

The real tragedy of the watch and Stock's anguish would have induced me to take considerable risk for its recovery, but sounding revealed a depth that rendered an underwater search impossible,



WITH HIS GIN-FILLED GOURD OUTSTRETCHED, HE BURST INTO A LENGTHY EXHORTATION

had not the swiftly running and eddying waters in themselves told me that any attempt to reach bottom would be futile or suicidal. This final tribute to foolishness and wooden gods ended the ceremonies, and without more ado we headed up the Cottica River. That night we made bivouac under better conditions, mosquitoes being few and our landing a higher bank and drier soil.

We had not proceeded far the next morning when we arrived at our first Juga village, where we learned that "banilly" actually was to be found in this region, but at some indefinite distance beyond. Encouraged by this information, we pushed on. It was some hours later when Henry's voice broke the silence with a wild yell. He was directing the boat toward a point inshore to which he excitedly pointed as often as he could spare a hand from his oar. At last we saw it. Trailing down from a lofty tree that grew near the water's edge was a lonely vine bravely supporting two pods. The pods were not wholly dissimilar in appearance to string-bean pods, the vine having a green stem and light-green leaves with a sheen like that of some rubber-plants. We gazed upon it with great interest, and when we felt that we would now know a vanilla-vine the next time

that we met one, ordered Henry onward.

From this point we encountered lone vines, twin vines, triplets, and even quadruplets, but nothing approaching "a solid bank of vanilla" that looked like forty thousand dollars. Henry was evidently

much concerned over our recklessness in ignoring all this unappropriated wealth, while Stock urged the boatmen to greater exertions, straining his eyes as we rounded every bend, eagerly searching for a sight of his vanilla El Dorado. At last there came into view a tree more generously draped than any we had yet passed, and I suggested that we begin operations at this point in order to familiarize ourselves with the *modus operandi* and thus prepare against the time when we might encounter solid walls of vanilla. The sarcasm was lost, but the motion won.

The vanilla-vine climbs over trees. Trees grow—with few exceptions—on *terra firma*, and the jungle posts some of its mightiest arboreal sentinels near the

river's edge. But a close approach reveals that the real bank is flanked by a false bank of from ten to fifty feet, and through this camouflage a way must be cut to make a landing. The beautiful floating hyacinth is easily forced, and the pithy moco-moco yields readily to the



I MADE THE FIRST TRIAL AND WAS SUCCESSFUL
IN PULLING DOWN A BUSHEL OF LEAVES

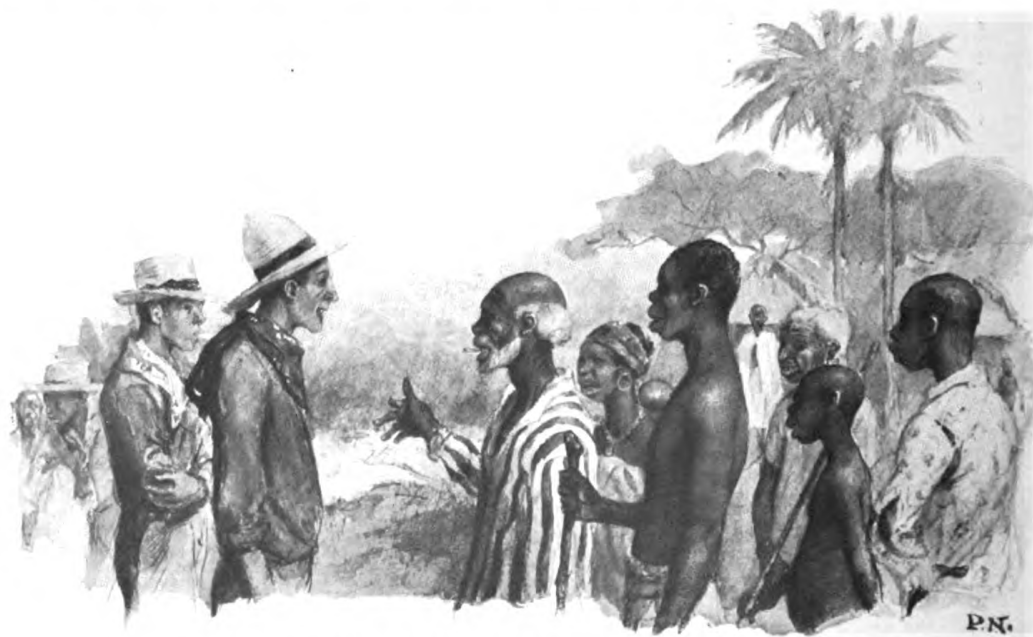
cutlass, but then comes sterner stuff bound and interlaced with the sturdy bush-rope and other vines, with many thorny growths thrusting out a hedgehog resistance. To effect a landing at times is no mean accomplishment.

Our immediate vanilla objective we found well protected against vandals, and it required much effort to gain the shore. We discovered no pods hanging within reach of our hands, and so had immediate recourse to the shears which we attached to long poles cut for the purpose. It was necessary to stand in the boat in order to get at the pods, most of which climbed far beyond reach of our pole. The sun was high in the heavens and a blinding glare reflected from the water, while the little pods danced about in diabolical glee in anticipation of the coming skirmish. To uphold several pounds of junk on the end of a bending twenty-feet of pole, and with blinded eyes slip those short, stubby blades over an unseen stem, and then maintain the blades in place while one pulls the lanyard—one's footing in the mean time being the thwart of a rocking boat—in short, to land a pod, places one automatically in the front rank of clever sportsmen.

I made the first trial and was successful in pulling down a bushel of leaves

after a prolonged and wearying effort. Stock took his turn next, but didn't get as many leaves as I did. We now turned the job over to Henry and the crew, and in the mean time I temporarily lost all commercial interest in the venture while I studied the variety of insect life that arrived with each leafy aeroplane or twiggy Zeppelin. My naturalistic investigations were interrupted by the successful nipping of a pod by some one, but the joyful shout died away as the pod slowly dropped from branch to branch and fell into the water and escaped. A second evaded us in the same manner. When the sun sank low we had six pods as the result of nearly a day's work. As we sought a camping-place I felt that one might purchase Stock's interest in the enterprise for about fifty cents on the dollar.

At another Jugu village the next morning we again heard the story of wonderful quantities of "banilly," but "farther up." All day we pushed on, the vanilla-vines being in no greater quantity than the day before, and the prospect of six more beans not sufficiently attractive to attempt further gathering. That night we were hospitably received and housed in a large Jugu village, where Stock's waning faith was revived when the Jugu chief, a venerable and impressive mon-



THE CHIEF WAS QUITE CONVINCING IN HIS ACCOUNTS

arch, was quite convincing in his accounts of vast expanses of "banilly"—farther up.

We remained at this village for several days, during which we arranged with the chief to have hismen gather vanilla and also pilot our men to the regions of which he had spoken. Stock became impatient to return to town, so, leaving Henry fully instructed regarding the care of the beans, and taking only our hammocks and three days' rations, we embarked one morning in a small dugout and, propelled by the powerful strokes of two muscular Jugas, we were paddled back to Paramaribo.

A month later I was awakened at midnight by a knock at the door. I descended and inquired, "Who's there?"

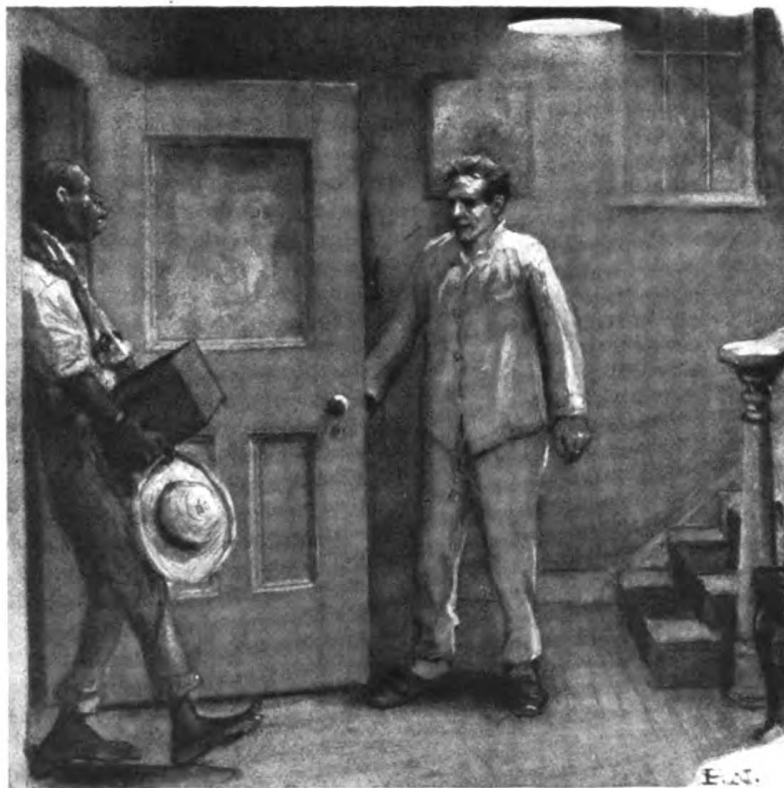
A voice replied: "Me, suh. Henry, suh."

I unbarred the door and greeted the returned voyageurs. "Well, did you bring any vanilla-beans?"

"Oh yas, suh, a plenty, suh."

Lifting lightly a red gin-box, Henry walked in and deposited it upon the floor. The light from my lamp disclosed that the box was little more than half filled with vanilla-beans.

Regarding the provisions, he informed me none were left, as "dem Juga peoples be too greedy, suh. Dey eat we food lek dey hev big hunger, suh. En dey no gi' we banilly of we no pay dem big, suh. One banilly, one kilo poke; one banilly, one kilo beef; two banilly, one han' tobacco; four banilly, one shut; sex banilly, one hammik; ten



I UNBARRED THE DOOR AND GREETED THE RETURNED VOYAGEURS

banilly, one—what yo carll dat a-ting hem look lek a watch?"

"Gee whiz!" I exclaimed, "you don't mean my compass! Say, did you give away the things in the canisters, too?"

"Most arlla dem tings, suh. Some dem tings, dose Juga no like, but doan' got vex, boss. We breng fetch bark dose canister."

Dismissing the men, I aroused Stock and told him of the expedition's return with "plenty" of vanilla-beans, adding that they had all been brought up from the boat and were in the hallway, down-stairs.

Jumping from his bed, Stock hurried down the stairway, calling out as he landed on the lower floor:

"Where are they, old man?"

I was close at his heels and led him to the lonely red box. Stock gave one look, and without a word returned to his couch and the sweet oblivion of sleep.

The Gentlest Art

BY W. L. GEORGE



I le mariage n'existait pas il faudrait l'inventer is a legitimate parody of an old French saying, for marriage, that most abused institution, does respond to elementary needs, and it is difficult to conceive a world where the relationships of the two sexes could be evanescent. But we are not here concerned with the course that marriage must travel so as to be garnished for the new times; rather must we consider that it is one of the fixed stars of our social system, a star that should shine as Venus, yet often glowers as Saturn or blazes as Mars. Thus we need to accept it as it is, a perishable bond, and ask ourselves how we can strengthen it, leaving it yet light as a daisy chain

"Bond," "chain," perhaps these are improper words, and maybe that already I wander a path of thorn that should be of primrose; perhaps the creator of the phrase "marriage bond" did as great disservice to mankind as the cynic who originated "single blessedness," and the sentimentalist who conceived "wedded bliss," both of them passionate and excessive men. Indeed, I believe that the word "bond" embodies falsity; none are bound save those who should never have been linked, and in that word "link" doubtless lies the civilized conception of matrimony. Other attitudes, still common—that of surrender, that of conquest, that of ownership—are purely neolithic; it seems that the current fret against marriage arises not only from the unfitness of marriage for modern men, but also from the unfitness of modern men for modern marriage. Too many enter upon this great adventure with incredible lightness. In most *revues* and musical comedies a young couple meet in some hotel garden, "fall in love," and are married in the last act. Charge me not with lack

of humor if I suggest that many marriages are so made. In my note-books are several confessions. Among them is that of a young girl who pledged her hand on board a liner because there was nothing else to do. (She was wrong; she could have jumped overboard.) People do marry as casually as they learn to play golf; but they take more pains with golf. In that negligence hides the nightmare that shall haunt them; they blunder into marriage; they think to conduct it without travail or diplomacy into the detachment of mature years. Therein they go astray, for marriage is a tool with many edges, and none shall use it with impunity that treat it without regard. For it may close as many doors as it can open.

That marriage can close doors none should deny, and it is folly to overlook its limitations, notably those which bear on individual freedom. No skill or tolerance can make of marriage a state akin to celibacy, and it is well to agree that the married are not free people in the sense of the unwed; this is not a reflection on the conjugal condition, for freedom is a word, and Silvio Pellico in the Spielberg found wings for his spirit that no Austrian peasant could fasten to his shoulders. To be free is sometimes to be derelict, and as in marriage such dereliction seldom arises, the loss is undamning to the state. But the married must, after the ceremony, realize "that they have this day lit a candle which cannot be put out"; accepting a new condition, they must be ready to adopt new manners, which is not easy when creatures are adult, differently bred and nurtured, perhaps rooted out of dissimilar social strata, even brought together across continents. They must abandon the idea that they may, unchecked, change their dwelling, their occupation, the circle of their friendships; all these things they may still do, but only in consultation. Or if they do not consult,

if one imposes upon the other his will or the thrall of a nagging tongue, then shall victory turn as dust and ashes in his mouth.

Leaving aside joint habits that affect lodging, dwelling, such like material symbols, the main achievement is that of common thought; a couple usually begin as playfellows, but can attain partnership only if their respective "I" can be absorbed within "We." I do not by this mean that either should sink his or her individuality, for the penalty is dullness; along that road lies the tragedy of Tchekoff's *Olenka*, who ended by never having an idea unless she could obtain one from a creature she loved. No, the health of marriage does not prosper when two people hold the same opinion, but only when two people weigh it together. As they are likely somewhat to differ, and as nuptials cannot be converted into debates, they must be ready to compromise—at the price of a little of that golden dust which falls from freedom's wings. Notably they must forego adventure, in the exquisite as well as in the vulgar sense; there is no more room for romantic but indiscriminate loves, no more hungry search, no more anticipation or excitement; if the marriage is to succeed, then must each have discovered Canaan and be content with its milk and honey. Adventure is dead, and if the couple regret it they must part. But this does not mean that all color has gone out of life. Mr. Bertrand Russell says that you can kill a passion only through another passion; if we apply to marriage this profound idea, it would seem that for adventure the couple must substitute the harmonious play of mutual understanding. Mutual understanding is not easily defined, for it must attain much more than a knowledge of each other's fads and oddities; it serves a couple little to discover each other's politics, theatrical preferences, or liability to colds in the head. Nor is it restricted to sympathy, in the common sense of the word; to echo the trite suggestion that one should share woes but not grumbles does not carry one far enough. As nearly as possible mutual understanding exists when a couple maintain an everlasting curiosity of each other's feelings and thus enter into an

unexplored field, rich in adventure undefiled—the discovery of each other's spirit.

The key to mutual discovery lies in conjugal love, a sentiment akin to the bond of lovers, yet different. During courtship the bond of lovers is a fiery tie that smolders away, and it is the work of marriage to weave another strand that shall hold when the mates have burned through the early bond. It is impossible to keep up courtship in marriage, but it is possible to substitute a courtship of another kind; the early courtship cannot subsist, because the charm mainly consists in a desire to discover and conquer, while in marriage the discoveries are not obvious to the meaner eye and conquest is deemed done. So courtship is transformed. Often the process is cruel and disillusioning, amounts to an inept assumption that all barriers are broken down, that two people, strangers a year before, have no mysteries to unfold. It is a strange assumption. Year after year men return to the town of their birth, or again and again read the same book, finding always a different satisfaction, and yet they think to have exhausted the impressions their wives can give them. (I fear no challenge as to this. A man of forty is not the man he was at twenty; if through twenty years he is moved by the same pumpkin-patch, it is not because the pumpkin-patch is giving him the "good old" sensations, but because it is giving him brand-new sensations meet for his present age.)

When marriage is successful, courtship evolves into the intimate understanding bred of habit and joint interest; when marriage is ideal, courtship evolves into community of emotion. But for this an almost wilful process must be favored; the young couple enter life as Camaralzaman and Badoura, amazed by the delight of mutual association, and tend to stress that side. Because they have secured each other they tend to be content with that particular conquest and do not suspect that when it has become habitual it will cease to satisfy; during courtship the equilibrium of their relations has been disturbed by a too exclusive focusing on mutual conquest. It is the business of marriage to restore that equilibrium. In short, two people who

were strangers must be united so that they may ultimately turn into friends. This does not at all amount to saying that marriage is a cure for love; rather is it, in the sense of Mr. Bergson, the channel that shall convert an unruly torrent into a broad, flowing river.

In one sense only must marriage act as a cure for the vulgar definition of love; that is in the sense of Sophocles as reported by Cephalus, whom Plato asked whether he did not regret youth, now that age cut him off from love. Cephalus replied that, like Sophocles, he did not regret youth, therefore love, for age had delivered him from a fierce and furious enemy. I suspect that Cephalus had little understanding of Platonics, or he would have qualified his reply, but he spoke truly from his own point of view, probably all physical. For in conjugal love the physical must matter less than the mental; a relation based entirely on physical attraction can neither endure nor satisfy, because "all men kill the thing they love," always on the morrow require a stimulus greater than on the previous day, while the morrow must inevitably give them less. Physical love is best served by mental hatred,—and I need not stress that in marriage there is no room for mental hatred. If this arises the marriage must end.

The wedded must recognize that marriage was specially ordained in the days of man's innocency to relieve him of such hungers, to free him from the illusion (which he conjured up by conceiving it) that the conquest of another creature was the primary object of his life; marriage enables him to say with Descartes that he thinks, therefore is, while in the thrall of physical attraction he is not capable of thought but only of will. So he arrives at the principle that shall transform courtship into marriage; that marriage liberates him from the need to conquer. Men need to know this more than women, for women almost universally turn to the physical only if their mental side is unsated. Women accept facts in a manner more symbolic than do men; to take a simple instance, most men receive a bank-check with uniform satisfaction, whatever its source, while most women appreciate it much

more when it comes from one dear to them because they prize higher than the check the tribute to their power or vanity, the love feeling that prompted the gift. They are not concrete, and therefore not always easy to understand. In the marriage relation they eternally seek mental satisfactions; they want to feel that they are understood as well as loved, that they awake curiosity, provoke cogitation, because all this is a tribute to their power. This does not reflect on them. Few human beings know happiness without sense of power, but men generally find satisfaction in the ownership of money or the control of subordinates, while women seek it in the mental interest of a particular man. If women fail to secure this they tend to desiccate mentally and in a forlorn spirit to turn to the physical side; if, on the other hand, they are secure in the interest of a man, they easily escape from the purely physical realm. To them the physical is a makeshift, a vain attempt to attain the mental bond; if they are mentally content the physical takes, not a secondary, but the second place.

So pleasant a condition can be achieved only if Daphnis and Chloe succeed in harnessing Cupid to the chariot that shall bear them until they are muted into Philemon and Baucis. Therein steps the gentlest art, which infuses love into common things. I have among my friends a husband who, while mending the harness, can look up to his wife and say, "I love you." He is still a lover, not only because he still gives chocolates and theater stalls, but because his wife feels that *all through his occupations runs his interest in her*. This is the pure golden lode that lies athwart the barren country rock, and when it so outcrops, irrelevantly, she is once more assured of her importance; she realizes that she is alive. Let no self-consciousness invade the wedded; graceful words are as easily spoken as the churlish, and form naturally, if each one will now and then perform the examination of his or her conscience, and ask, "Am I so beautiful, so gifted, so noble that he, that she, should have chosen me?" Except in the most arrogant humility ensues; the one grows aware of the other's charms and, if honest, pays them the verbal tribute

that is soft as dew. Also the lover so forges a true shield, for by enhancing in his consciousness the charms of his mate he dwarfs the charms of rivals; thus he insures against inconstancy.

But the gentlest art demands of its adepts sacrifices other than humility. Mainly it demands effort. Not without labor is mutual exploration achieved, is the lovely unknown transformed into exquisite discovery; effort, indeed, is the blood of the gentlest art, though the skilful conceal it; effort to understand another creature presupposes a prior understanding—the one who was worth fighting for to win is worth fighting for to retain. And much more, it demands, too, that an effort shall be made to cause the loved one to strive as hard to retain his conquest. Thus the physical, if relegated to the second place, must not be spurned; indeed, they will fail who make no study of their power to attract and do not maintain it by the only means that give it life, by satisfying . . . almost. I mean by this that self-revelation may be too brusque, and that it is well to grant it sparingly, so that always some rosy cloud of mystery may swathe the brow of the loved one. Therefore, each needs always to be the tempter by looking his or her best; the gentlest art allows slippers, but not ugly slippers; it demands slippers so beautiful that strangers shall wonder at them and so honor the beloved.

Effort is well spent in attraction, and the pursuit of beauty is not its only weapon, for beauty needs to be crushing and rare to survive the vulgarization of daily intercourse. Each must use the natural powers given to his or her sex for the charming of the other. Thus no man will suffer if, occasionally and of set purpose, he proves dictatorial, shows himself firm, if only he will take care to be right in his decision and above the cruel criticism of an intelligent woman. Likewise, if she has wisdom, she will sometimes madden and fascinate her partner by sowing in him a seed of insecurity; a flirtation within her command will not harm her and will suggest to her partner that her eyes might turn elsewhere. This will lead him to efforts born of jealousy, perhaps to that self-examination from which arise humility and the

effort to justify his preferment. In those simple wiles, which are those of lovers, lies the natural call of man to maid, and it will not suffer if animated by somewhat less of instinct and more of art.

Art demands that both shall recognize their powers of growth. The English use in relation to marriage a horrid phrase that may be current, too, with you; they call it "settling down." To settle down is to me an appalling idea; it suggests that the gay caravel of youth, laden with hope and illusion, having shed her cargo in the ports of chance, now comes at last empty to anchorage, to rest upon a fore-shore and slowly settle down into mud. Those who can use such a phrase, with all it implies of previous mean adventure, who have indeed lost their waywardness, who aspire only to sodden rest, who think to find in marriage the docks of peace and cannot imagine that their last cruise may be the sweetest, are criminal and unfit; encountering another who is full of hope, they entrap her. Woman usually pays for this "settling down," for she always wants to settle—up, always would live the adventure of the day as if it were her last. The gentlest art admits of no such laxities; it bids you realize that the adventure of life ends only with life, and that, when linked with another, adventure shall arise from the fleeting kaleidoscope of that stranger's spirit. It bids you understand that the woman of thirty is not the girl of twenty; that she has gained and lost in charm, in intelligence; that her interests have changed; that her views have changed; briefly, that she has grown. So the wedded artists will always be watchers, true romantics peering at the horizon, ready to perceive a foreign sail. Each will succeed in this if he will always consider the creature allied to him in comparison with its past, if he will foster memory and justly say: "He, she, spoke differently once upon a time, more wisely or more idly, certainly otherwise. How interesting! I wonder why." In this "I wonder" lies much art. The quality of wonder that is in the child too easily vanishes in the grown man as he becomes self-assured, and so age overtakes him; for the man who has ceased to wonder what manner of life is led by his fellow-passenger in the train, who no

longer paints a mental picture of the girl he meets when twenty years shall have elapsed, is an old, dulled man. Likewise, in marriage, the one who, confronted with his partner's singularity, no longer feels surprise, who no longer *deliberately stimulates his curiosity*, has whirled asunder from his mate.

This execrable "settling down" into stolidity and indifference often arises from a dull life, against which the gentlest art is fiercely arrayed. Youth being a charm by the side of which pale both beauty and wit, the wedded artist will always strive to be young; for this shall serve less the powder-puff and the wig than the keenness of interest and the desire to amuse; the adept will ever be collecting facts and ideas that will please the other, present them only at suitable moments, know when to suppress a jest that fatigue or depression makes unseemly; he should be ready to provide, as required, domestic vaudeville or private encyclopedia, and, above all, he should know how to produce the immense restfulness of friendly silence. He will realize that pleasure must not turn into routine, and that an excursion every Saturday is torture. He will know that *les petits cadeaux entretiennent l'amitié (et l'amour)* and will model himself on a husband known to me, whose wife, at every important stop between San Francisco and New York, received from his messenger a bunch of roses.

The gentlest art knows nothing of mutual forgetfulness; it insists that each shall be often, if not always, in the other's thoughts, that entertainments shall be organized much for another and a little for self, so that contact with strangers may by contrast enhance the intimacy of the wedded pair, and, above all, so that the search-light of the public eye may encourage pride of body. Pride of body is immensely important. It is really humility masquerading as pride, for when we strive to remain physically fit, to keep our cheeks fresh, eyes bright, to dress ourselves beautifully, we confess that we are not naturally fair as Adonis and that all our energy is none too much if we are still to please. In practice pride of body means that the wedded may not, like that lost caravel, sink into the mud of self-complacency and abandon the

desire to please the eyes of the familiar; it means the reverse—namely, that they must realize that after a while they will please less easily those familiar eyes and so must take pains tenfold; that the time for careless ways passed away with courtship; that marriage is a condition more critical; indeed, that the artist courts his partner more keenly after marriage than before.

Such cares as those cannot be spared when the child intervenes. The child is a horrid temptation to abandon the gaieties and graces, for many men seem to feel that the child provides a wife with everlasting satisfaction, while as many women imagine that the child places a husband in their debt. The gentlest art tells both that they err, that the child is a third and free personality who must be skilfully incorporated into the early duet. The birth of a child is a harsh test for lovers; often it enchants one more than the other, and then a bitter jealousy easily arises in the one who was once the axis of another's world. Thus it is worth remembering that the object of marriage is not primarily the child, but the need for fellowship through life; that as the years pass the child will more and more take its own courses, leaving behind to their devices those who fostered it. Therefore the wedded lovers must resolutely give each other their share of attention; I purposely say "attention" rather than love, because attention is so difficult to give, consisting as it does in pretty words, forethoughts, the planning of minor pleasures, the sparing of small tasks; it translates itself into an interest in ailments, doings, movements, into questions which the mate wishes to answer. So no mother can also succeed as a wife unless she sometimes clothes herself in the garb of an actress; she may cast herself, if she likes, in the part of Medea. Her husband may seem shocked if she loves her children so little and him so well, but he will be flattered and assured that he still possesses what Mrs. Anna Wickham calls "a beautiful thing that will never grow old."

The word "actress" may in some breed anger, but the gentlest art must affront them. It does demand honesty between two people, but entire honesty

may be excessive, for love is founded on truth with a dash of mendacity, and truth alone may prove arid if all illusion is removed. The tendency of lovers is too utterly to expose their innermost being, to tear away every affectation . . . until at last they may reveal to each other their ordinary quality that was for a moment shrouded by a rosy veil. I suspect that truth has its limitations and that one of its uses is to provoke. Some may think that I lay too much stress on provocation, but I submit that courtship is mainly mutual provocation, and that marriage without provocation is marriage without courtship. Thus it may be well to allow in another knowledge of some early escapade, for this implies future risk and therefore enhances value, but it is not well to set forth so much as will leave nothing to the imagination.

To stimulate the imagination the power of all art is there, and the art of marriage is no exception. So, brutal exposure must be restrained, for the imagination flies best in a medium of film and cloud. Also, imagination has no scope if the mind is depressed; harsh criticism cripples it and fills with a sense of injury the one whom gentle comment might brace. The gentlest art demands honest judgment between husband and wife. No two people can live long together without mutually discovering features that irritate. Some of us use a pet word or phrase the repetition of which exasperates; some have regrettable manners in the street or at meat, arising from self-indulgence rather than ill-breeding. It is dangerous to overlook such trifles, for their unpleasantness accumulates like compound interest, but it is equally dangerous to tear at their old roots; there is only one way, and that again is humility and self-examination. I know an ideal couple who from time to time sit down in joint humility; each asks the other what ways he or she might abandon so as to awake in the other a greater fondness. Recently the wife has abandoned hackneyed quotations, the husband has foregone puns; this sounds burlesque, but how tragic it would be if neither were honest and preferred to wither under the infliction of those quotations and those puns!

In such criticism danger lies, for it is easy to press too hard; sometimes a quarrel must be faced. There is for this no remedy save to face it. One hears couples boast that no cross word ever passed between them, and I hear this with distress, for I am assured that these are truthful but not honest people; if a man and a woman are honest in the ideal sense they must inevitably differ often and quarrel sometimes; if they have never quarreled, then they must have suppressed their feelings, sinned against the conjugal canon of sincerity. I do not suggest that a multiplicity of quarrels indicates a community of spirit (indeed, this indicates an ill-matched or maladroitness pair), and the meanest skill should tell the wedded that they must learn to ignore, to accept small remissions and damages, this in the name of humility, for they, too, err likewise. But I do suggest that where no quarrels form, at least one is pampered, flattered, spoiled, and that great harm is done him by the encouragement of his minor tyrannies. So the artist must know when to quarrel, when to quarrel deliberately; he will choose always a case where the grounds for quarrel are not futile, indulge, revel in the quarrel, and at last emerge into the balmy air of reconciliation, having vented perhaps an accumulation of small angers.

Marriage needs occasional liquidation of grievances, for these heap up, and the artist should know that when a woman weeps, apparently because her husband is late for dinner, she is actually bewailing a score of trifling offenses. Tears are usually a culmination, and it is well that women should weep, that men should swear; tears and oaths relieve the tension, satisfy the one that releases them, the one that affronts them. I know one couple who are never so well united as when the husband has made his wife cry; her tears satisfy in him an obscure sense of retribution, while they slacken her own tension. Besides, tears and oaths are a language, the means of expression of inarticulate people of narrow vocabulary. In such conflicts the artist will eschew humor, unless the occasion is obviously futile; a husband known to me, confronted with his wife's tears when he half refused to buy her a

cold-cure because he thus might miss his morning train, brought her to smile by remarking that evidently her tears came from a sore nose rather than a sore heart. But humor is a dangerous weapon, and the wedded artist will do well to introduce into his relation a lyric, a rhetorical touch. Let humor aim at all things, but not at the mate, lest the missile return laden with offense, as a boomerang.

Such renunciations demand a certain generosity of mind in which many are lacking, as a rule because they are unpractised in love. Marriage arising from first love has distressing implications, and I would suggest that marriage is better founded on last love. For the roots of wedded happiness are not set in innocence, spontaneity, unsoiled sincerity; they thrive better in the oft-turned garden of experience. There is more hope for those who have suffered, have been betrayed, or have betrayed and repented, than for the hot-blooded, nursed in illusion, who commit themselves to a state to which their past offers no parallel. I have in mind more than one such case. I think of a man whose youth and ignorance made his past wife's unhappiness; whom another woman taught the meaning of pain; who now, knowing both remorse and pain, has made a third woman's delight. I think of a woman who expected "all" of her first love, gathered from him what he could give, expected little of her second, and is rewarded beyond her dreams.

First love is tremulous and lovely, but inexpert; it is a hunger and has no time for the generosity of gifts. The young lover wishes to take, however much he may wrap up his desires and tell himself that he wishes to give. So he does not love; he desires. One can, if you will pardon the contradiction, love only if one has loved; that is to say, few can ever accede to the august of love save by a strait and winding path. The ideal course is that of the lover who learns from repeated error and grief, not that others are unworthy of him, but that he is unworthy of them; that he has failed in quality, striven too little, asked too much, been niggardly of gifts.

That love is giving cannot too far be

stressed, nor is it a platitude. True love says not, "Will you be mine?" but, "May I be yours?" True love must light a white fire that shall consume, and its beacons must be fed from the flame of generosity; there is in love no debit account, but only amazed delight that a fair hand has extended to accept all that is offered it. The artist asks of his lover no service, no subservience, no mercy; he seeks neither housekeeper nor protector, nor social advertisement, nor gay acquaintance; no roadmaker to power, no harbor of rest. He craves but one favor—that he shall be allowed to give. If a creature cannot, will not accept of another all the tender feelings and good material things it can give, then they are not for each other, cannot fling open the casement of life. So the artist will serve; his spirit rather than his body will serve. The artist will dress in a north light so that she may see herself cruelly, strive her utmost to achieve beauty. The artist will understand that happiness is the seed of beauty, that beauty is the seed of love; he will bury little griefs that disturb, so that the loved one may not share them; but in wisdom the artist will, sometimes too grudgingly, vouchsafe to his mate some of those griefs, so as to endow his mate with the subtlest of gifts—the faculty of giving in return. To give and to receive gifts, such is the alternative to conquest.

The perfectly mated are well aware of material thralls. Bred in humility, they know that life can fray the edge of the choicest stuffs; that much room is held in it by headache, unreasonable worry, depression, unfulfilled longing, the sense of slow-passing hours; briefly, that often existence lies heavy on the shoulders and that in such moments spirit does not leap up to meet spirit. They will strive to repress and conceal those moments when life is not, as Mrs. Humphry Ward gracefully puts it, "a pleasant promenade between two eternities," and still more, they will remember that their partner shares their affliction. So they will not expect of that partner perpetual gaiety or quick interest; they will understand and accept ill-humors which they can parallel, learn, as Mr. H. G. Wells says, "to love Isabel ugly,

Isabel broken." For if they fail they cannot love her at all.

The course of the wedded artist is an endless tolerance, a joyful self-abnegation. The ideal of marriage is the optimistic nihilism of Schopenhauer; the old German thinker found only three cures for life: art that decorates it, love that inflames it, philosophy that annuls it. Marriage should draw on all three, and in the love offering must first of all be generous. Negative generosity is more potent still when it takes the form of constancy, and notably when it jealously respects what Ibsen called the rights of the soul. Constancy is a compliment; it is hypocrisy or illusion to pretend that a choice, however happy, can forever blind a lover to foreign charms; indeed, I doubt that a man can love a woman greatly unless he love all women a little, and there is much truth in the remark that Mr. Marcel Prévost puts in the mouth of Françoise's elderly relative: "My dear child, there are only two kinds of men—those who love women, and these make you unhappy; those who do not love women, and these bore you." Complete mental constancy is unattainable, but it should be held up high as an excelsior banner, as the greatest offering. Material constancy is a common thing, that all may through a firm will achieve, while mental constancy is the land of Canaan that all shall see from the hill, but few enter into. It is best to face it simply and to emulate a couple known to me who have gaily exchanged a pledge to be as constant as they can.

Constancy, fruit of true love, is best secured by the free to whom no fruits are forbidden. The free are those who enjoy "the rights of the soul"—namely, liberty of opinion, of taste, of friendships, of movement. The artist must school himself to trust enough to ques-

tion the legitimacy of no point of view, however much he contest its rightness; he must fuse in the crucible of love the strangeness of the creature he has bound to him; and he must be ready for the harshest demand upon love—that he shall accord his mate privacy. The cultivation of privacy is, for vivid people, the most difficult of tasks; the lover has captured a lover, and may not easily understand that within that lover's being still hides a foreigner; that a secret life is led in what Mr. Maeterlinck calls "the keep." If he fails to understand this he will intrude when his mate wishes to retire into private thoughts; he will scent depression where there is only meditation, and meaning to dispel it will produce the most hideous enemy of marriage—the sense of caging. The true artist will be humble enough to know that his partner has, equally with him, brooding thoughts that none other, however dear, may share, because the essential beauty of memories and dreams is that they have a monarch and can accept no condominium. So he will not chafe if for hours his partner desires solitude, or even refuses him her company; if he be truly wise he will favor his mate's withdrawals, know that it is better to be absent when wanted than present when not wanted, and cultivate the genially cynical hope that his partner's self-indulgence will soon require his collaboration, if only as a witness.

Is it worth while, all this? many will say. Complex and subtle as are the demands of the gentlest art, I think the answer is "yes." For did we not, earlier in this paper, suggest that the mate who was worth fighting for to win is worth fighting for to keep? He that has merely won shall clasp a shadow; he that has retained shall for the rest of his life hold in his hand the fragrant ashes of incense.



Letters to a Boy

III.—ON "BUSINESS AS USUAL" AND THE USES OF MONEY IN WAR-TIME AND OTHER TIMES—ON THE ADVERSARY IN THE LOOKING-GLASS

BY JOHN PALMER GAVIT



Y DEAR BOY,—It is appropriate that your account of the debate in the literary society and of the triumph of the arguments in favor of "Business as Usual During the War" should remind me to send you this check for your allowance. You will have to decide for yourself whether to spend it in the "usual" ways on the strength of the victory of those who supported that view. No doubt you will observe in due course the fact that you cannot get ice-cream soda any more at the "usual" prices, and that you will have to pay more for the extra eatables that you get between-meals to keep body and soul together. I note that already the Liberty Loan campaign and the sleepless demand that you buy War Savings and Thrift Stamps have diverted a considerable part of the money that in former times you have contributed to the support of the local merchants of Ex-over!

Now that the Philomathians in their wisdom have settled the question and decided that in the interest of the nation and the world "money must be kept in circulation," it probably is superfluous for me to say anything calculated to disturb the complacency of that settlement; but there are aspects of the question which I judge to have been somewhat overlooked, and, inasmuch as they have application even in ordinary times, I take advantage of the opportunity to get them off my mind for what they may be worth.

Undoubtedly it is true, as you say, that boys have no idea of the purpose and value of money. Nor is that to be wondered at. In the first place, very few boys have had any occasion to think about the matter. So far as their experience goes, there is a dependable supply

of cash in Father's pocket; they know about how much that supply is good for so far as they are concerned; they spend all they can get and then go without until they can get some more. In the second place, those who might have taught them something about the subject very likely know little more than their boys do on the subject, and manage their money in very much the same way—get all you can and spend it. In the gaps between gettings they go without, or borrow cash or credit against the time when they will get some more. To most people the money question is a field of mystery and magic. How could they teach their children any more than they know themselves?

It seems to me that one of the good things that will accrue to the American people out of their participation in the war will be a better understanding of the function and meaning of money. Also they will come to realize more fully their relation to the government and the fact that it is *their* government—as fully their very own as their homes and farms and factories. We talk of "Uncle Sam" and of our devotion to him, our willingness to lend him money by the purchase of bonds and War Savings Stamps, and even to give our lives for him, as if he were something outside of and separate from ourselves; something that we must "love, honor and obey," willingly or under compulsion, as the case may be. It requires an effort to remember that the United States, "Uncle Sam," "Our Country," and so on—whatever poetic phrase we use to represent the nation, is just *us*, *ourselves* in our own proper persons, working and saving and applying our joint strength to a common purpose, agreed upon in council of those whom we have chosen to represent us—for *ourselves*, our children, and our children's children.

Now, every dollar, every cent that we have in our hands stands for some effort that we or our fellows have made, some value that we have created, some service that we have rendered. Money is nothing in itself—just paper and metal. It is useless unless somebody else will accept it in exchange for something he has or something he can do. And the measure of its value to you is the other fellow's need of the materials or the services which it will in turn command for him. Spending money is the way we have of getting from other folks the things that they have or the work that they can do. So our responsibility with reference to money is of three kinds—first, that we shall give equivalent value for it in goods or services; second, that we shall choose rightly and wisely the kind of things and services for which we exchange our money; and third, that we shall give due consideration to the time and circumstances in which we exercise that choice. The man who wilfully gives less than equivalent value in exchange—plans to get something for nothing—is a thief; the man who spends his money without thought of the value of what he is getting is a fool and a waster; the man who takes no thought of the time and the circumstances in which he spends it is, to say the least, no patriot.

We have been a very wasteful and extravagant people; as a rule, we have not thought much about the effect upon ourselves, our neighbors, and the nation as a whole, of the ways in which we got and spent our money or the time and circumstances in which we spent it. The war is compelling us to think about it—about the whole question. And one thing that we are learning is that not even the greatest nation, or the most powerful government, or the shrewdest financiers, can make something out of nothing. It is bad enough when industry, agriculture, and exchange of goods and services go on normally, as we are pleased to call the hit-or-miss fashion in which we ordinarily live; but when war, the most insatiable form of waste that mankind has devised, comes along to take millions of men away from the farms, the factories, and the activities of exchange, and to set them with all

their might to the business of consumption and destruction—even when, as now, the underlying purpose of it is felt to be quite worth the cost in life and property—something has to give. There simply are not in the country material and labor enough to permit the continuance of the old kinds of expenditure and the taking on of the new. For the purposes of the war the government—*our* government, *ourselves* in our organized capacity—must have enormous quantities of labor and materials, and they cannot be had if the people generally are to have as much materials and work for their private use and enjoyment as they have in ordinary times. Every cent that we spend for something we could do without competes in the market with the government, and by just so much impedes the task to which we have set our hand—the task of destroying autocracy and setting the world free.

Awhile ago we had some correspondence about the new spirit in which the boys who are too young to have active part in the war will devote themselves henceforth in preparing for the work they will do in the new world that those who are older are fighting to make for them; you wrote me that you intended to regard your school this year as “military duty for Uncle Sam.” Well and good! And I'd like to have you look at this money that I am sending you now from exactly the same point of view. The dollar in your hand is a tool with which you can exercise a definite power. You can choose the way in which to use it. With it you can command a certain amount of the labor of your fellow-men. You can encourage them to keep on making relatively foolish and useless things for your enjoyment and that of other selfish and thoughtless people—things that you and they can go without, and would better go without. Or you can withhold it until you need something that really is necessary to your health and efficiency. You can devote it definitely to a public use. The choice is yours to make.

Even if you saved the money and buried it in the back yard, you would be helping the government, by refraining from making other people sell you unnecessary things and labor and by com-

selling them to put those materials and labor into the kinds of products and work which the government must have to win the war. But you can do a better thing with it. The government must have money, in immense amounts, in order to buy materials and work, to equip and transport and feed and pay the soldiers and bring them home again when their work on the fighting-front is finished. A good part of the money is taken in taxes, directly from the people. That is as it should be; the larger share of the cost of war ought to be paid by the living generation which decides to have war. That happens to be my worry, not yours, at present. But a large share, too, is borrowed from the people, to be paid back in due time, with interest for the use of it, payable at certain fixed intervals. That is where the Liberty Bonds and the War Savings Stamps come in, to make your savings twice effective for Uncle Sam, and doubly valuable for you. It is right that the future should pay some of the cost of making the world a cleaner and better place to live in for all time to come. For the coming generation will have to pay the debt.

In the meanwhile we are learning a much-needed lesson; about choices and responsibility in the use of money. Even a little child can be taught the difference between exchanging his money now for the gratification of some momentary impulse or desire, and holding it until tomorrow or next week or next year for some better thing or for some good reason. And when that reason involves the highest sentiment and emotion—the desire to help his fellow-men, to do his share in a great common cause, it is of the highest benefit to him and to the world. So you see that there is a lot to be said on the question of “Business as Usual During the War,” and I hope you see, too, that underlying all this matter is something that applies just as well to times other than war-times.

I think that the miser is about the poorest sort of human creature; that stinginess, the love of money for its own sake, is about the meanest of the vices. It's hard to choose between the money-clutcher and the waster. But the man who has learned to deny himself *now* for

some future good, or some other sound reason—especially a reason embodying a desire to do his part for the common welfare—has gone a long way toward the most essential purpose of education; for, after all is said, the degree of one's self-control and the wisdom of one's choices in the expenditure of his effort and of the possessions that he gains through that effort, come pretty near being an ultimate measure of character.

Think about this as you spend this money, but don't be so absorbed in these momentous cogitations as to forget the abiding love of your devoted

FATHER.

MY DEAR BOY,—I received yesterday from Doctor Parker, Principal of Exover, the usual letter, such as I have received each year since you first went to school there, asking me to fill out and sign a certain printed form, specifying the shops at Exover at which I was willing to have you get things on credit, and the amount to which I desired such credit to be limited in each case. I never have filled out the blank, and I shall not fill it out now. I have written to remind Doctor Parker of what I have told him before—that I do not intend to set any restriction upon your contracting of debts at Exover or elsewhere; that I leave that matter to your judgment of the necessity in the circumstances of each case. As I have told you before, I trust there will be no need of your contracting any debts at all, but I do not intend to bind you with any hard-and-fast restrictions. If I did, I should expect one or both of two results: First, that you would in occasional or perhaps frequent bursts of desperation, when it was clearly absolutely necessary for you to have a new necktie, or to “stand treat” with some distinguished gang of athletes, or exhibit financial prowess in the presence of some fair damsel or other, borrow money or run up a bill somewhere and not tell me anything about it, trusting to settle the matter from your next remittance from me. Or, perhaps as likely, that you would go without something that you really ought to have, or suffer some unnecessary humiliation through not being able to hold up your end reasonably with your

fellows, in obedience and loyalty to my instructions.

I shouldn't want either thing to happen. And there is a deeper reason behind my attitude. We have sent you away to school with the idea that you will be more upon your own resources and responsibility there than at home. You never will know how hard it was for your mother (of course it was a trifling matter to me!) to let you go; but she saw that it was best for you to be somewhere on your own feet, making your own decisions, using your own judgment in the expenditure of time and money, fighting your own battles with other boys and with conditions generally. And upon that basis we leave you to judge what is necessary in the stupendous emergencies of school life, for you to have and to do. You know enough of the family's financial resources to know that there isn't a dollar to spare for follies; it costs a good deal for your travel, tuition, and board. But it is all worth while if out of it in the long run you acquire a sense of responsibility, judgment in the use of reason ble means for worth-while ends, a modicum of useful information and knowledge of the ways and sources of getting still more of it; a lot of good and helpful friends—and a wholesome measure of fun the while!

I would advise you to avoid debts—whoever in the last analysis may have to pay them. They are the beginning of a slavery that has ruined as many good men as drink. You never feel quite the same toward a man to whom you owe money. If you are of the right sort, you always realize that he owns some of your future. I think he cannot help a feeling of the same kind toward you. Debt poisons friendship. For that reason I never lend money. Oh yes, I frequently let people have it. But my father taught me never to lend any sum that I couldn't afford to lose. When I give it to my friend I kiss it altogether good-by, and tell him that he can suit himself about returning it—I shall stay awake no nights about it, and I don't want him to, either! I have found that when I *lend* money to my friends, I am likely to lose the friends, and I haven't any friends to spare! I don't want any

good fellows dodging around the block to avoid me because they owe me money. And I don't want you to be doing it because you owe it, either. But whatever you do, I don't want any hard-and-fast rule laid down now, once for all, to stand between us. And so I shall continue cheerfully to take your word and your judgment about what it is necessary for you to do.

I told Doctor Parker substantially this. And I told him something else: That from your earliest childhood we had tried to make you understand that your word must need no corroboration. You will remember that never since you first went to school have I given you a "written excuse" for absence, tardiness, or any other thing requiring explanation. I had many a hard battle with school-teachers before I could get them to understand that *your* statement must be taken for its face value. If there was a good reason for your absence or tardiness, you could tell what it was; if there was none, I certainly ought not to fabricate one! I always maintained that you had a right to be believed until some one proved that you were lying; that a child as well as a man has a right to regard as an insult a demand for proof that he is telling the truth. How can a boy be expected to regard his own word as unimpeachable if all his elders take it for granted that he is a liar?

So I told Doctor Parker that if at any time he should have reason to believe you were untruthful I should expect him to deal with you accordingly, and inform me so that I could have a hand in the treatment; but that meanwhile I should continue myself, and expect him and the school authorities generally, to accept your statement on any subject as 100 per cent. good. On that basis you and I have got along so far, and I trust will continue to the end. But on any basis be sure of the unfailing love of

YOUR FATHER.

UNLUCKY CHILD!—Just after I mailed my ponderous Utterance to you on the weighty subject of the Use of Money in War-time, I received your note announcing the smashing of your mirror while at bayonet-practice in your room. Counting my favorite hand-glass which you

dropped out of the window while heliographing to Cousin Henry, and the big mirror in the spare room which chanced to be exactly in the trajectory of the baseball with which you were practising the full-arm method of throwing hand-grenades, that makes three looking-glasses that you have sacrificed within as many months to the cause of military preparedness!

I have always scoffed at the superstition about the breaking of mirrors, but I have to yield; at the present prices of looking-glass, I should say that it was distinctly unlucky. As I remember the one in your room at school, it would appear to be unlucky to the extent of about two dollars. The big mirror that the baseball broke came to eight dollars, and the original cost of my double-sided hand-glass was somewhere in the neighborhood of five. Fifteen dollars all told. Fairly unlucky, I admit!

Reminds me of that old story of the Irish witness whom the lawyer was trying to lead into saying that a certain happening was a miracle.

"If you saw a man fall out of a tenth-story window, strike on his head, and walk away unhurt, what would you call that?"

"Well, I'd call that an accident."

"But suppose the next day you saw him do exactly the same thing, and again walk away unhurt. What would you call that?"

"I think I'd call that a coincidence."

"Oh, very well; now, suppose that on the *third* day you saw the same man fall the same way out of the same window, and again walk away unhurt. What would you call *that*?"

"By gorry! I'd call it a habit!"

So we'll charge fifteen dollars to habit and rejoice in the lively hope that it's three times and out as regards mirrors.

But I thought the bayonet-practice was with dummies of burlap and straw! Is it required that you exert your offensive against the looking-glass in your own room? Can you make an adequately German expression of face—to say nothing of rotundity of form—therein, to excite yourself to the required degree of fierceness against the adversary? With your habitually good-natured cast of countenance I should

think it would be a bit difficult to scare up a convincing likeness!

However, I don't know but that it is in the looking-glass that one sees the adversary with whom he has most to battle. If he can overcome that fellow in the long run, he hasn't much to fear from the rest of the human race. I imagine very few of us bother to find out who that chap is that each of us sees in the mirror; fewer still really understand him. We attribute to him qualities that he hasn't got, we prink and smirk in the effort to make him look like something and somebody that he isn't, doll him up in all manner of clothes and neckties to embellish the outside of him; but rarely do we grapple with the question of just what manner of chap he is. And when, as you have done, we even take a bayonet to him and punch right straight through him as he stands before us, we blot him out of sight in a crash of glass—and haven't touched him at all!

Sometimes a man thinks that if only he could go to some other place, amid new surroundings, away from all the bothersome folk who make it so difficult to live up to our best intentions, he would get along better, would see another kind of fellow in some new looking-glass. Nothing doing. The same old face grins at him from the new mirror, and if he stops to think carefully he will realize that the fellow he tried to escape from is only the stronger and the meaner because he didn't fight him to a finish right on the old battle-ground. You have heard me tell many times the story of the Grand Vizier who petitioned the Sultan to allow him to go to Bagdad.

"And why do you want to go to Bagdad?"

"Because, Commander of the Faithful, I have a strong presentiment of death, and I feel that at Bagdad I should be safe."

The Sultan consented and the Grand Vizier salaamed and withdrew. Then the Sultan turned to the Angel of Death, whom he had had the power to see standing in the shadow, and asked:

"Why were you looking so intently at the Grand Vizier?"

"I wondered what he was doing here. I have orders to kill him—in Bagdad."

Neither by fleeing to Bagdad nor by

punching a bayonet through your mirror in the privacy of your own room can you get the best of the fellow you see in it. And to get the best of that fellow is the whole struggle of life, the whole purpose of education. Even when we have thrashed the Germans and secured the future of the world against the aggressions of International Pirates, we shall still have the old battle of each man with himself. Military training to the *n*th power will be only a mischief if it merely teaches each of us and all of us how to lick somebody else. That was what the Germans thought it had done for them! Military skill in the possession of men who have not conquered themselves is only a menace, as the Germans have demonstrated. To the man (or the nation) who "wants what he wants when he wants it"; who believes that any act is right if only he has the might to get away with it; who interprets "survival of the fittest" as meaning the right of the biggest to do as he pleases, military training adds only greater powers of evil. With our present military training we believe we are only giving neces-

sary physical power to a certain set of ideas; just as we effectuate the theories of electricity by applying them to certain combinations of metals, levers, gears, wires, etc. And those ideas, for the interplay of which we are trying to make room and freedom in the world, are the ideas of self-control, mutual consideration, and fair play, good faith and honesty of dealing between men and nations, general recognition of the fact that in the last analysis, Right is Might.

The cultivation of these ideas, and the stamping out of those that stand in their way, constitute the struggle with the Fellow in the Looking-glass. It is rather characteristic of us to think we can lick him by smashing the glass. Man always does that—takes it out on the person or thing that tells him the truth. Go right on with the battle, and if now and then you jam your bayonet through the glass by mistake, I shall not begrudge the cost of a new one—if the fight is a real fight, with the real adversary!

Yours for the war that never ends,
FATHER.

[THE END.]

Madeleine

BY MARJORIE MEEKER

YOU were like wind or flame; you could not rest;
Now you lie quietly; now sleep is best.

Something you always sought and never found . . .
Was it, perhaps, the gray peace of the ground?

You could not keep a creed, or bend a knee
To any God . . . Now are you wholly free?

You never loved— You said you did not dare,
Life was so strange. . . I wonder if you care

For love, at last, and things that love can reap,
Or light, or life, or anything but sleep. . .

Or if, perhaps, the soul of you has gone
In flame and foam and quick, keen winds at dawn,

Seeking and mocking still, unshriven, unblest,
Part of the changeless, changeable unrest!



EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

TWO Citizens, First and Second, as they would have been named in a Shakespearean sequence without regard to their respective importance, met one morning in their coming and going at their summer post-office. The First Citizen hailed the Second with a gay fluctuation of the half-open newspaper which he held in his hand.

"Well, you see they've taken over the telegraphs and telephones."

"I haven't, yet," the Second Citizen answered. "But I suppose I shall, when I get my paper—unless you're joking. Wasn't it to be expected?"

The First Citizen sat down on a space of the whittled benching beside the post-office door, which was also the door of the country store. "Well, I don't know," he dissented (if we may be allowed to coin, or counterfeit, a word), as he smoothed his paper wholly open on his knees and bent over it. The paper was of that questioning liberalism, tending in a socialistic direction which represented fairly enough the thinking, or at least feeling, of the First Citizen.

The Second Citizen passed on into the store and found his way among the agricultural implements, and nail-kegs and kitchen utensils, and rolls of carpeting and oil-cloth, past a counter piled with dress-goods, and posts hung with tinware, to the small window of the post-office, and asked for the paper he saw in his box. It was a paper of strictly capitalistic opinions which it had no hesitation in voicing, as it called the operation, in season and out of season. He glanced at the large-type headings of the war-news on his way out to his friend, and he said, when he reached him, and beat the first page open with a downward wipe of his disengaged hand, before he sank beside the First Citizen on the whittled bench, "Well, you seem to be right, for once."

He spoke with the tender roughness which they used in the habit of a friendship based on the diametrical opposition of their opinions. "It had to come, I suppose, as a war measure. The wires had to follow in the way of the mines and roads and foods and shipyards."

His tone was a little defiant in his prompt acceptance of the situation, and his friend took up the gauge of battle with the pleasure of differing from him on a point where, logically, he ought to have so eagerly agreed with him. "Oh yes. But I didn't know you were so ready to acquiesce. I expected that as an ingrown individualist—"

"I am an individualist, but I am not a fool," the Second Citizen retorted. "The government has taken over those public facilities not as a matter of principle but of necessity, and every good American must approve of its action. But you speak as if you had some objection in the back of your mind."

"Not at all, not at all!" the First Citizen chuckled. "I was merely amused at your prompt acceptance of the accomplished fact in spite of your lifelong conviction of the iniquity of anything like the people's management of their own affairs."

"Accomplished fact, nothing! It's the only thing that could be done under the circumstances. Didn't you want it done? It seems to me that I've heard you wreaking yourself in favor of what's been done ever since I knew you."

"Yes, yes," the First Citizen assented. "But I can't help thinking of those poor Vested Interests that you've always been so tender of."

"They're safer than ever in the keeping of the government, aren't they?—You miserable, semi-concealed Pacifist!"

The First Citizen bowed himself in joy of the abuse. "Quite right; I've always agreed with you on that point,

even when you didn't agree with yourself. But I'm thinking of all those poor corporation presidents who've been left to earn a living in some other way. They're not used to *earning* a living in any way, and they will feel it."

The Second Citizen glared at him through his glasses. "Well, has there been any objection from the men who've done the hard work of the mines and mills and roads and now have had their pay put up out of those big salaries? My individualism covers their case like a glove. It seems to me I've heard more past talk from you about them than about the presidents."

"Quite right, quite right!" the First Citizen laughed on. "But didn't I hear you criticizing the administration when it pushed that law through Congress favoring the labor interests at the expense of the vested interests while we were still all good Pacifists together?"

"Yes, you did!" the Second Citizen almost shouted. "And for the very good reason that there was no military necessity for it."

"That's true," the First Citizen allowed. "We hadn't even come to preparedness then, and better pay for less labor couldn't be regarded as a war measure by the wildest imagination. But what I can't understand is, how you, as an individualist, assent without a murmur to the wholesale governmental control of the great public facilities."

"Well, you Socialist wolf in patriot's clothing, don't you assent, too?"

"Who? I? Of course I ought logically to rejoice in it."

"Well, why don't you? Why don't you stand up and take off your hat?"

"The band isn't playing the 'Star-spangled Banner' at the moment. But you mustn't suppose I don't approve of it. I do, but I wonder how you, and the like of you, set such a good example to the rest of us in taking your medicine—remedy I call it. Here you are buying your coal from the state when the state consents to sell it, and traveling in day-coaches, with a surtax on your railroad tickets, when the state runs two or three trains a day less than the corporations did, and feeding on bran bread from Mr. Hoover's hand, and standing in line for hours at your grocer's door for your

two lumps of sugar to your tea or coffee."

"Well!" the Second Citizen broke in. "Don't we do it willingly, cheerfully?"

"I should think so! You do it exultantly. Our ideal of government with the consent of the governed was never so implicitly realized before in the history of the world. You set us poor socialist wolves in patriot's clothing an example which we follow with admiring eyes and overflowing hearts. But the good time we've been waiting for so long has come with such a rush that it almost overwhelms us. We can only ask ourselves how long the millennium—*our* millennium—is going to last."

"Well, I'll tell you" the Second Citizen said through set teeth. "It is going to last just as long as the war lasts."

"And no longer?"

"Not a day, not an hour longer! Do you suppose I *like* bran bread, or steam heat by the almanac, or day coaches with a surtax on my ticket?"

"Well, I'm sorry," the First Citizen said. "I did hope you might get so used to the savor of self-sacrifice that you would like it, and when you had once known 'how salt the bread of others is'—such bread as capital has doled out to labor ever since men began to work for their betters' living—I did hope that you would like the look of a human family when you saw it, and would see how divine the principle of liberty, equality and fraternity was when you had it in practice. But I suppose you think we're going back to the old order when the war is over?"

"I do!" the Second Citizen responded. "Do you think I want—well—State Socialism forever? What would be the difference between God's country and the Devil's, if we kept up the status forever?"

"Oh, there would always be the consent of the governed, you know. There could still be that difference."

"Well, after the war is over, I shall consent to be governed only on a full stomach of wheat-bread and all the sugar I want, in a steam-heat temperature of eighty degrees, at home, and the equivalent of a Pullman car when I start on my travels."

The First Citizen laughed. "I don't

think you're so bad as you sound. I predict that you will consent in the future as you consent in the present. You say, after the war we shall get back to the things of yesteryear, but just how long after the war?"

"Heigh?" the Second Citizen parried.

"Do you suppose that we are going to pay our national debt the day after the treaty of peace is signed and be free of all the accruing taxation? To be sure, there will be labor enough to mine the coal when our troops are disbanded, and the bloody fields of France and Italy are smiling in harvests that will leave us our wheat. We can have back our corporations with their super-salaried managers if we want them. But do you really think we shall want them?"

"That's neither here nor there," the Second Citizen said.

"It *will* be both here and there if you have your way."

"And suppose I don't *want* my way? You've got *your* way *now*, and you don't seem to want it."

"Why yes," the First Citizen mused aloud, "and it's very odd, isn't it? You'd think, wouldn't you, that I'd be throwing my cap—my liberty cap—into the air the whole time, and celebrating the new status as if it were one continuous Fourth of July, with a Wheat Harvest Home of happiness for all its pursuers. And yet—yet—"

"Yet what?"

"Well, the accomplished fact doesn't seem so very accomplished after all."

"What ails it?"

"Nothing. Something seems to ail *us*—if I am still for the reform that I wanted brought about."

"You've got your wish, haven't you?"

"Yes, we have; but not quite in the way we wanted. We ought to make some formal acknowledgment to the government as a party, a creed, and we don't. Shall I say we're afraid it's too good to last? If it were to last, it still wouldn't have come about in the way we imagined."

"And what was the way you imagined?" the Second Citizen demanded.

But before the First Citizen could answer, a Third Citizen came upon the scene from the delayed and unexpected triumph of matching a piece of floss. This citizen had been not quite a year in

the enjoyment of the suffrage, but she spoke with an air of experience to the other citizens.

"What are you two men quarreling about?"

"We're not quarreling; we're agreeing," they replied together, in almost the same terms, and their eyes turned with the same pleasure on the face and figure of their fellow-citizen. Her face was as bright as a face could be in the cloud of a shade hat as big around as the head of a barrel, and was full of an amiability which made the other citizens glad that in their differing ways they had supported the cause of votes for women. She tilted a little apart from them before stepping from the platform where they sat, and looked down on them from a height of five feet three, where art had assisted nature with two inches in the heels of the pretty white shoes which she wore. Her charming summer costume somehow recalled the legend under a figure in the Society Section, "Was \$37.50; now \$25.00." On her slender arm hung by its large celluloid rings her gay silk work-bag full of yarn for the soldiers' socks which she never lost a moment from knitting.

"Well, if you're not quarreling," she mocked, "what are you agreeing about so savagely?"

The individualist made a noise like an answer, but really left it to the other, who said, "Oh, merely State Socialism—if you know what that means."

"I don't know whether I know what State Socialism means, but I know what Socialism *generally* means." Then she hesitated in her confidence. "It's the same as Anarchism, isn't it?"

"But what is Anarchism?" the First Citizen pursued.

"Why, it's the same as Socialism, I suppose. Anyway, I'm glad you two have agreed about it. It's the first time you've agreed about anything, isn't it?" she gaily twitted them, as she tripped down the steps of the platform, almost eclipsed by the circle of her hat.

The other citizens smiled after her. "I'm glad," the Second Citizen said, "that I worked for the suffrage."

"Yes," the First Citizen concurred. "That is what will always support me in any doubt I have of the status."

EDITOR'S DRAWER

Civilized War

BY GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM

"THIS," said Captain Power, "is an utterly rotten war."

The rain was dripping through the roof of the shed which had been allotted to the mess as a billet. The mud outside was more than ankle-deep. The damp inside was chilly and penetrating. Ned Waterhouse, a second lieutenant, the only other occupant of the shed, looked up from an old newspaper which he was trying to read.

"All wars are rotten," he said.

Power stretched himself on the wire netting which formed the bed on which he sat. He looked at Waterhouse with a slow smile.

"Not at all," he said. "A properly conducted war run in a decent way by civilized men is quite agreeable—rather fun, in fact. The last one I was mixed up in was very amusing."

Waterhouse eyed Power suspiciously. He suspected that he was being made the victim of some kind of joke. Waterhouse was an Englishman and it was not of his own choice that he was an officer in the Hibernian Light Infantry. He felt himself out of place among Irishmen, whom he never quite understood. He was particularly distrustful of Captain Power. Power was an expert in the art of "pulling the legs" of innocent people. Waterhouse had several times found himself looking like a fool without knowing exactly why.

"What I call a civilized war," said Power, "is waged in fine weather and men have a chance of keeping clean. The combatants show some regard for the other side's feelings and don't try to make things as nasty for each other as they can. The business is done in a picturesque way, with banners and bands and speeches. There are negotiations and flags of truce and mutual respect for gallant foemen instead of this damned cold-blooded scientific slaughter."

"No war was ever like that," said Waterhouse. "Novelists and other silly fools write about war as if it were a kind of sport; but it never really was."

"The last one I was in was," said Power.

"I don't believe you ever were in a war before," said Waterhouse. "You're not nearly old enough to have gone to South Africa."

"All the same, I was in a war," said Power, "though I didn't actually fight. I was wounded at the time and couldn't; but I was there. You forget that we had an Irish war at Easter, 1916."

"That footy little rebellion!"

"You may call it what you like," said Power, "but it was a much better war than this one from every point of view except mere size. It was properly conducted on both sides."

"I suppose you want to tell a yarn about it," said Waterhouse, "and if you do I can't stop you; but you needn't suppose I'll believe a word you say."



HE WAS STOPPED BY A SENTRY

"The truth of this narrative," said Power, "will compel belief even in the most skeptical mind. I happened to be at home at the time on sick leave—wounded in the arm. Those were the days when one got months of sick leave, before some rotten ass invented convalescent homes for officers and kept us in them. I had three months' leave that time and I spent it with my people in Ballymaher."

"The whole of it?" said Waterhouse. "Good Lord!"

"You'd have spent it in the Strand Palace Hotel, I suppose, running in and out of music-halls. But I prefer the simple joys of country life, though I couldn't shoot or ride properly, on account of my arm. I used to watch sunsets and listen to the birds singing, which I liked. Besides, I was absolutely stony at the time and couldn't have stuck it out in London for a week. As it happened, it was a jolly good thing I was there. If I'd been in London I'd have missed that war. Perhaps I'd better begin by telling you the sort of place Ballymaher is."

"You needn't," said Waterhouse. "I spent three months in camp in County Tipperary. I know those dirty little Irish towns—twenty public houses, two churches, a workhouse, and a police barrack."

"In Ballymaher there is also a court-house and our ancestral home. My old dad is the principal doctor in the neighborhood. He lives on one side of the court-house. The parish priest lives on the other. You must grasp those facts clearly in order to understand the subsequent military operations. The only other thing you really must know is that Ballymaher lies in a hole with hills all round it, like the rim of a saucer. Well, on Monday afternoon, Easter Monday, the enemy—that is to say, the Sinn-Feiners—marched in and took possession of the town. It was a most imposing sight, Waterhouse. There were about eight hundred of them. Lots of them had uniforms. Most of them had flags. There were two bands and several rifles. The cavalry—"

"You can't expect me to believe in the cavalry," said Waterhouse. "But, I say, when they came, supposing they really did come, didn't the loyal inhabitants put up any kind of resistance?"

"My old dad," said Power, "was the only loyal inhabitant, except four policemen. You couldn't expect four policemen to give battle to a whole army. They shut themselves up in their barrack and stayed there. My dad, being a doctor, was, of course, a non-combatant. I couldn't do anything with my arm in a sling, so there was no fight at all."

"I suppose the next thing they did was loot the public houses," said Waterhouse, "and get gloriously drunk."

"Certainly not. I told you that our war was properly conducted. There was no looting in Ballymaher, and I never saw a drunken man the whole time. If those Sinn-Feiners had a fault it was over-respectability. I shouldn't care to be in that army myself."

"I believe that," said Waterhouse. "It's the first thing you've said that I really have believed."

"They used to march about all day in the most orderly manner, and at night there were sentries at every street corner who challenged people in Irish. As I didn't know the language, I thought it better to stay indoors. But my dad used to wander about. He's a sporting old bird and likes to know what's going on. Well, that state of things lasted three days and we all began to settle down comfortably for the summer. Except that we got no newspapers or letters, there wasn't much to complain about. In fact, you'd hardly have known that there was a war on. It wasn't the least like this beastly country, where every one destroys everything he sees and wretched devils have to live in rabbit-holes. In Ballymaher we lived in houses with beds and chairs, and looked after ourselves properly. Then one morning—it must have been Friday—news came that a lot of soldiers were marching on the town. Some country girls saw them and came running in to tell us. I must say for the Sinn Fein commander that he kept his head. His name was O'Farrell and he called himself a colonel. He sent out scouts to see where the soldiers were and how many of them there were. Quite the proper thing to do. I didn't hear exactly what the scouts reported; but that afternoon O'Farrell came round to our house to talk things over with my dad."

"I thought you said your father was a loyal man."

"So he is. There isn't a loyaler man in Ireland. You'd know that if you'd ever seen him singing 'God Save the King.' He swells out an inch all over when he's doing it."

"If he's as loyal as all that," said Waterhouse, "he wouldn't consult with rebels."

"My dad, though loyal, has some sense, and so, as it happened, had O'Farrell. Neither one nor other of them wanted to have a battle fought in the streets of Ballymaher. You've seen battles, Waterhouse, and you know what they're like—messy things. You can understand my father's feelings. O'Farrell was awfully nice about it. He said that the people of Ballymaher, including my father and even the police, were a decent crowd and that he'd hate to see licentious English soldiers rioting through the streets of the town. His idea was that my dad should use his influence with the commanding officer of the troops and get him to march his men off somewhere else so as



HE STOOD US DRINKS AND ALLOWED O'FARRELL TO LOOK AT THE GUN

to avoid unnecessary bloodshed. O'Farrell promised he wouldn't go after them or molest them in any way if they left the neighborhood. My dad said he couldn't do that and even if he could he wouldn't. He suggested that O'Farrell should take his army away. O'Farrell said he was out to fight and not run away. I chipped in at that point and said he could fight just as well in some lonelier place where there weren't any houses and no damage would be done. I said I felt pretty sure the soldiers would go after him to any bog he chose to select. O'Farrell seemed to think there was something in the suggestion and said he would hold a council of war and consult his officers."

"What amazing things you do think of, Power," said Waterhouse.

Captain Power took no notice of the interruption. He went on with his story: "The council of war assembled next morning," he said, "and sat for about four hours. It might have sat all day if an English officer hadn't ridden in on a motor-bike about noon. He was stopped by a sentry, of course, and said he wanted to see the C. O. of the rebel army. So the sentry blindfolded him—"

"What on earth for?"

"In civilized war," said Power, severely, "envoys with flags of truce are invariably blindfolded. I told you at the start that our

war was properly conducted, but you wouldn't believe me. Now you can see for yourself that it was. The sentry led that officer into the council, which was sitting in the court-house. I told you, didn't I, that the court-house was the rebel headquarters?"

"You didn't mention it; but it doesn't matter."

"It doesn't matter? As you'll see later on, it's a most important fact. Well, O'Farrell was frightfully polite to the officer and asked him what he wanted. The officer said he came to demand the unconditional surrender of the whole rebel army. O'Farrell, still quite politely, said he'd rather die than surrender. Everybody present cheered at that. The officer said that the town was entirely surrounded and that there was a gun on top of one of the hills which would shell the place into little bits in an hour if it started firing. O'Farrell said he didn't believe all that, and accused the officer of putting up a bluff. The officer stuck to it that what he said was literally true. That brought the negotiations to a deadlock."

"Why the devil didn't they shell the place and have done with it, instead of talking?"

"That's what would happen out here," said Power, "but, as I keep on telling you, our war was run on humane lines. After the officer and O'Farrell had argued for half an

hour my dad dropped in on them. He's a popular man in the neighborhood and I think every one was glad to see him. He sized up the position at once and suggested the only possible way out. O'Farrell, with a proper safe-conduct of course, was to be allowed to go and see whether the town was really surrounded and especially whether there was a gun on the hill as the officer said. That—I think you'll agree with me, Waterhouse—was a sensible suggestion and fair to both sides. But they both boggled at it. The officer said he had no power to enter into negotiations of any kind with rebels and that all he could do was to take 'yes' or 'no' to his proposal of unconditional surrender. O'Farrell did not say as much, but he seemed to think he'd be shot no matter what safe-conduct he had. It took the poor old dad nearly an hour to talk sense into the two of them; but in the end he managed it. O'Farrell agreed to go if the safe-conduct was signed by my dad as well as the officer, and the officer agreed to take him on condition that my dad went, too, to explain the situation to his colonel. I went with them just to see what would happen."

"I suppose they made O'Farrell prisoner," said Waterhouse.

"You're judging everybody by the standards of this infernal war. That English colonel was a soldier and a gentleman. He stood us drinks and allowed O'Farrell to look at the gun. It was there, all right, and it was perfectly true that Ballymaher was entirely surrounded. We got back about five o'clock with an ultimatum written out on a sheet of paper. Unless O'Farrell and the whole army marched out and laid down their arms before 8 P.M. the town would be shelled without further warning. You'd have thought that would have knocked the heart out of O'Farrell, considering that he hadn't a dog's chance of breaking through. But it didn't. He became cheerfulest than I'd seen him before, and said that the opportunity he'd always longed for had come at last. His men, when he told them about the ultimatum, took the same view. They said they'd never surrender, not even if the town was shelled into atoms and they were buried in the ruins. That naturally did not suit my dad—or, for that matter, me. The soldiers were sure to begin by shelling the rebel headquarters, and that meant they'd hit our house. I told you, didn't I, that it is next door to the court-house? My poor dad did his best. He talked to O'Farrell and the rest of them till the sweat ran off him, but it wasn't the least bit of good. They simply wouldn't listen to reason. It was seven o'clock before he gave the job up and left the court-house. He was going home to make his will; but on the way he met Father Conway, the priest. He's a

youngish man and a tremendous patriot, supposed to be hand in glove with the rebels. Dad explained to him that he had less than an hour to live and advised him to go home and bury any valuables he possessed before the shelling began. It took Father Conway about ten minutes to grasp the situation. I chipped in and explained the bracket system on which the artillery works. I told him that they wouldn't begin by aiming at the court-house, but would drop the first shell on his house and the next one on ours so as to make sure of getting the range right. As soon as he believed that—and I had to swear it before he did—he took the matter up warmly and said he'd talk to O'Farrell himself. I didn't think he'd do much good, but I went into the court-house with him just to see what he'd say. I'll give him this much credit; he wasted no time. It was a quarter past seven when he began, so there wasn't much time to waste.

"'Boys,' he said, 'will you tell me straight and plain what it is you want?'"

"O'Farrell began a long speech about an Irish republic and things of that kind. I sat with my watch in my hand opposite Father Conway. Every now and then I pointed at the hands so as to remind him that time was going on. At twenty-five past seven he stopped O'Farrell and said they couldn't have an Irish republic just yet, though they might later on—on account of the gun the soldiers had on top of the hill. Then he asked them again to say exactly what they wanted, republics being considered a washout for the moment. You'd have been surprised if you'd heard the answer he got. Every man in the place stood up and shouted that he asked nothing better than to die for Ireland. They meant it, too. I thought it was all up and that Father Conway was done. But he wasn't.

"'Who's preventing you dying?' he said. 'Just form fours in the square outside and march up the hill and you'll all be dead in less than half an hour. But if you stay here a lot of other people who don't want to die for Ireland or anything else will be killed, too, along with having their houses knocked down on them.'"

"Well, they saw the sense of that. O'Farrell formed his men up outside and made a speech to them. He said that if any one funk'd it he could stay where he was, and that only those who really wanted to die need go on. It was a quarter to eight when he'd finished talking and I was in terror of my life that there'd be some delay getting rid of the men who fell out. But there wasn't a single defaulter. Every blessed one of those men—and most of them were only boys—did a right turn and marched out of the town in column of fours. I can tell you, Water-



"BOYS," HE SAID, "WILL YOU TELL ME STRAIGHT AND PLAIN WHAT IT IS YOU WANT?"

house, I didn't like watching them go. My dad was standing on the steps of the courthouse, blubbering like a child; and I never heard anything like the language that Father Conway was using—in the excitement of the moment, of course. I don't mean to say he usually swears."

"I suppose they weren't all killed?" said Waterhouse.

"None of them were killed," said Power. "There wasn't a single shot fired. You see, when the English officer saw them march out of the town he naturally thought they'd come to surrender and didn't fire on them."

"He couldn't possibly have thought that," said Waterhouse, "unless they had laid down their arms."

"As a matter of fact," said Power, "hardly any of them had any arms, except hockey-sticks. I suppose the colonel thought they'd piled them up somewhere. He seems to have been a decent sort of man. He made prisoners of O'Farrell and a few more and told the rest of them to be off home and not behave like silly asses."

"Ireland," said Waterhouse, "must be a damned queer country."

"It's the only country in Europe at the present moment," said Power, "that knows how to conduct a war in a civilized way. Now if a situation of that sort turned up out here there'd be bloodshed."

"I suppose O'Farrell was hanged afterward," said Waterhouse.

"No, he wasn't."

"Shot, then? Though I should think hanging is the proper death for a rebel."

"He wasn't shot, either," said Power. "He's alive still and quite well. He's going about the country making speeches. He was down in Ballymaher about a fortnight ago and called on my dad to thank him for all he'd done during the last rebellion. He inquired after me in the kindest way. The old dad was greatly touched, especially when a crowd of about a thousand men—all O'Farrell's original army and a few new recruits—gathered round the house and cheered, first for an Irish republic, and then for dad. He made them a little speech and told them I'd got my company and was recommended for the M. C. When they heard that they cheered me like anything and then shouted, 'Up the Rebels!' and, 'Down with England!' for about ten minutes."

"I needn't tell you," said Waterhouse, "that I don't believe a word of that story. If I did I'd say"—he paused for a moment—"I'd say that Ireland—"

"Yes," said Power, "that Ireland—?"

"I'd say that Ireland is a country of lunatics and that there ought to be an Irish republic. I can't think of anything worse to say about you than that."



CHARON: "I'll take you across, gentlemen, but the Styx is infested with U-Boats, and you travel at your own risk"

The Gods Overruled

"THERE was a young African prince," related a college graduate as an illustration of the terrors inspired by examinations, "who entered one of our big universities and amused himself with motor-cars and bulldogs until examination-time drew near.

"Now exams frightened the young prince horribly. He began to study, and he cabled home to the king, his father:

"'Examinations next week. Most difficult. Implore aid of gods in my behalf.'

"A few days later this reply came back from the West Coast monarch:

"'Rites performed. Ten picked youths, all sons of nobles, have been sacrificed. Omens propitious.'

"Yet, would you believe it?" the Yale man added, "the young prince flunked!"

A Good Slogan

AN imposing cemetery was opened in a young and thriving town in the Middle West. The mayor, who had charge of the laying out of the grounds, was puzzled for an appropriate inscription to be placed over the gate. Riding along in his car one day he was cogitating over different holy texts, which were not entirely satisfactory; so he explained his difficulty to his chauffeur, an intensely practical man. Without hesitation the chauffeur suggested:

"We have come to stay."

Net Profit

IN a certain New England town there dwells a man as careful of a nickel as a man can well be. He is in comfortable circumstances, and being thrifty and industrious, he was considered the most eligible bachelor in the neighborhood in spite of his exactness in matters financial. Finally he married a widow worth \$30,000 in her own name. After the ceremony a friend met him, and said:

"Allow me to congratulate you. Your wedding was worth a clear \$30,000 to you."

"No," replied the exact man, "not quite as much as that."

"Indeed! Why, I thought there was every cent of \$30,000."

"Oh no," said the groom, "I had to pay out two-fifty for the marriage license."

Something Soulful

"YOU are going to say something soulful," declared the new fiancé. "I can see it in your lovely eyes."

The girl smiled. "What I was going to say is this: Won't you please wear a rubber band around your head at night, so as to train your ears not to stick out?"

Fruits of the Field

A YOUNG boarding-school girl, walking through an art gallery, paused before a copy of "The Angelus" and said:

"Just look! This says 'millet.' I always thought it was supposed to be a potato-field."

Makes a Difference

"MEN are so queer. Tell them a month after the honeymoon that your love is growing cold and they never glance up from the paper."

"That is so," a friend agreed, "but tell them the soup is getting cold and they jump about ten feet."

A Little Late

"BRIDGET, Bridget! How often have I told you to wash your hands before making a pudding!" cried her mistress, in hygienic despair.

"Please, mum," the cook replied, in a grieved tone, "you 'ain't never told me till afterward."

Why He Looked Astonished

A FRENCHWOMAN living in Brooklyn, but none too conversant with English, engaged a carpenter to do some work for her. But the bill, when received, was far in excess of the price agreed upon. She attempted to remonstrate with him, and was astonished at the expression that came over his face when she warmly protested: "You are dearer to me now than when we were first engaged."

Ask the Pigs

THERE is a certain politician, formerly a farmer, whose reputation is none of the best. A colleague, meeting an old man from his district, asked, confidentially:

"What do you think of him down your way? Is he an honest man?"

The countryman stroked his whiskers, smiled, and said nothing.

"Would you call him a liar?" asked the other.

Another stroking of the whiskers, then he replied:

"Well, now, I don't know that I'd go so far as to call him a liar, but those as knew him down our way do say that when he wanted his pigs to come for their feed, he had to get somebody else to call 'em."

His Pursuit

A CLERICAL-LOOKING person who bore an armful of tracts entered a New York office where a number of clerks looked up from their ledgers to see what he wanted.

That he was seeking out the unregenerate was apparent by the question he put to the clerk nearest him:

"What is your pursuit in life?"

The clerk scratched his head in perplexity. "Well," he finally said, "that depends upon whether I am coming or going. It's the six-thirty in the morning and the five-thirty train in the evening."

How He Looked

A YOUNG woman was telling a friend about an acquaintance, a young man named Francis, whom the second girl had never seen.

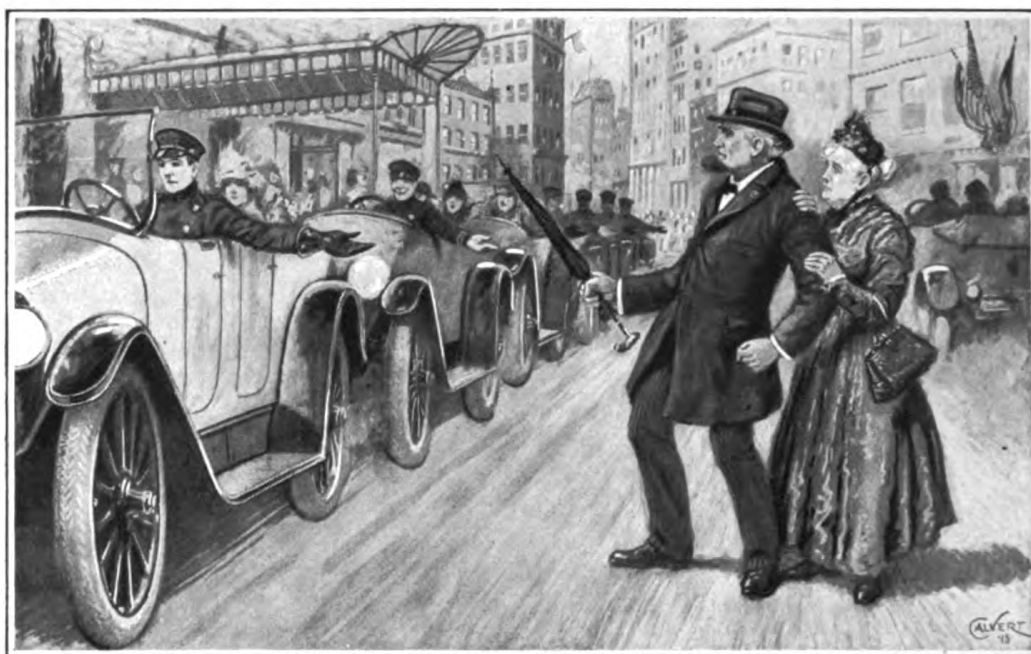
"What sort of a chap is Francis, anyhow?" asked the listener.

"Well," the other replied, after a moment's thought, "if ever you see two men in a corner and one looks bored to death, the other one is Francis."



"Say! Ed, tell this guy his rooster wakes us up every morning. You speak French; don't you?"

"Sure! Look ahere, old sport. Sapristi! That rooster o' yours faisez too sacré much noise"



WILLIAM: (who has just escaped from a metropolitan hotel):
"I'll be dinged, Mary, if I'm going to give any more tips."

A Steady Job

A NEW-YORKER, whose business takes him occasionally to an isolated region of the Southwest, started a conversation with an old man sitting on a sugar-barrel in the corner store by asking:

"What do you think of the political situation?"

"What are they doin' to it?" was the reply.

"Why, haven't you read the papers?"

"Well, I used to, but 'bout a year ago I stopped off. They got to be too frivolling. Since then I've been took up readin' a book."

His Revenge

AUNT JANET was not sweet-tempered and always found fault with little Jimmie. Jimmie had been neglecting his own dinner to watch his aunt, who was very fond of lettuce. Turning to his father, he asked: "Papa, are caterpillars good to eat?"

"Why, no! Behave yourself. What makes you ask?"

"Well," defended Jimmie, "Aunt Jane had one on her lettuce. I just wondered if she ate it on purpose."

Knew the Symptoms

"MADAM," announced the new maid, "your husband is lying unconscious in the reception-hall, with a large box beside him and crushing a paper in his hand."

"Ah!" cried madam, in ecstasy, "my new hat has come!"

The Maiden Who Told

THE brook that comes dancing through forest and marsh

Where thrushes are tuneful or grackles are harsh,

Still babbling of secrets that nobody hears,
 Though pitcher-plants listen with wide-open ears—

When young were the beeches as now they are old,

That garrulous brook was a Maiden Who Told!

By moss-rooted bunch-berries, ruddy and ripe,

And waxen elf-candles of Indian-pipe,
 The chipmunk steals down of the waters to drink,

And so does the partridge, and so does the mink;

But none of them dream that the rill of the wold,

Their crystalline brook, is a Maiden Who Told.

She told, and you needn't be asking me, what;
 She told, and she shouldn't—the rest is forgot.

And they that are seeking may guess for themselves

Who changed her with magic, the witches or elves;

For speech may be silver, but silence is gold.
 The chattering brook is the Maiden Who Told!

ARTHUR GUITERMAN.



Painting by Frank E. Schoonover

Illustration for "The Broken Soldier and the Maid of France"

"GOD COMMANDS YOU," SHE CRIED. "IT IS FOR FRANCE"

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The Broken Soldier and the Maid of France

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

I THE MEETING AT THE SPRING



LONG the old Roman road that crosses the rolling hills from the upper waters of the Marne to the Meuse a soldier of France was passing in the night.

In the broader pools of summer moonlight he showed as a hale and husky fellow of about thirty years, with dark hair and eyes and a handsome, downcast face. His uniform was faded and dusty; not a trace of the horizon blue was left; only a gray shadow. He had

no knapsack on his back, no gun on his shoulder. Wearily and doggedly he plodded his way without eyes for the veiled beauty of the sleeping country. The quick, firm military step was gone. He trudged like a tramp, choosing always the darker side of the road.

He was a figure of flight, a broken soldier.

Presently the road led him into a thick forest of oaks and beeches, and so to the crest of a hill overlooking a long open valley with wooded heights beyond. Below him was the pointed spire of some temple or shrine, lying at the edge of the wood, with no houses near it. Farther down he could see a cluster of white houses with the tower of a church in the

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center. Other villages were dimly visible up and down the valley on either slope. The cattle were lowing from the barnyards. The cocks crowed for the dawn. Already the moon had sunk behind the western trees. But the valley was still bathed in its misty, vanishing light. Over the eastern ridge the gray glimmer of the little day was rising, faintly tinged with rose. It was time for the broken soldier to seek his covert and rest till night returned.

So he stepped aside from the road and found a little dell thick with underwoods, and in it a clear spring gurgling among the ferns and mosses. Around the opening grew wild gooseberries and golden broom and a few tall spires of purple foxglove. He drew off his dusty boots and socks and bathed his feet in a small pool, drying them with fern leaves. Then he took a slice of bread and a piece of cheese from his pocket and made his breakfast. Going to the edge of the thicket, he parted the branches and peered out over the vale.

Its eaves sloped gently to the level floor where the river loitered in loops and curves. The sun was just topping the eastern hills; the heads of the trees were dark against a primrose sky.

In the fields the hay had been cut and gathered. The aftermath was already greening the moist places. Cattle and sheep sauntered out to pasture. A thin silvery mist floated here and there, spreading in broad sheets over the wet ground and shredding into filmy scarves and ribbons as the breeze caught it among the pollard willows and poplars on the border of the stream. Far away the water glittered where the river made a sudden bend or a long smooth reach. It was like the flashing of distant shields. Overhead a few white clouds climbed up from the north. The rolling ridges, one after another, enfolded the valley as far as eye could see; pale green set in dark green, with here and there an arm of forest running down on a sharp promontory to meet and turn the meandering stream.

"It must be the valley of the Meuse," said the soldier. "My faith, but France is beautiful and tranquil here!"

The northerly wind was rising. The clouds climbed more swiftly. The pop-

lars shimmered, the willows glistened, the veils of mist vanished. From very far away there came a rumbling thunder, heavy, insistent, continuous, punctuated with louder crashes.

"It is the guns," muttered the soldier, shivering. "It is the guns around Verdun! Those damned boches!"

He turned back into the thicket and dropped among the ferns beside the spring. Stretching himself with a gesture of abandon, he pillowed his face on his crossed arms to sleep.

A rustling in the bushes roused him. He sprang to his feet quickly. It was a priest, clad in a dusty cassock, his long black beard streaked with gray. He came slowly treading up beside the trickling rivulet, carrying a bag on a stick over his shoulder.

"Good morning, my son," he said. "You have chosen a pleasant spot to rest."

The soldier, startled, but not forgetting his manners learned from boyhood, stood up and lifted his hand to take off his cap. It was already lying on the ground. "Good morning, Father," he answered. "I did not choose the place, but stumbled on it by chance. It is pleasant enough, for I am very tired and have need of sleep."

"No doubt," said the priest. "I can see that you look weary, and I beg you to pardon me if I have interrupted your repose. But why do you say you came here 'by chance'? If you are a good Christian you know that nothing is by chance. All is ordered and designed by Providence."

"So they told me in church long ago," said the soldier, coldly; "but now it does not seem so true—at least not with me."

The first feeling of friendliness and respect into which he had been surprised was passing. He had fallen back into the mood of his journey—mistrust, secrecy, resentment.

The priest caught the tone. His gray eyes under their bushy brows looked kindly but searchingly at the soldier and smiled a little. He set down his bag and leaned on his stick. "Well," he said, "I can tell you one thing, my son. At all events it was not chance that brought me here. I came with a purpose."

The soldier started a little, stung by

suspicion. "What then," he cried, roughly, "were you looking for me? What do you know of me? What is this talk of chance and purpose?"

"Come, come," said the priest, his smile spreading from his eyes to his lips, "do not be angry. I assure you that I know nothing of you whatever, not even your name nor why you are here. When I said that I came with a purpose I meant only that a certain thought, a wish, led me to this spot. Let us sit together awhile beside the spring and make better acquaintance."

"I do not desire it," said the soldier, with a frown.

"But you will not refuse it?" queried the priest, gently. "It is not good to refuse the request of one old enough to be your father. Look, I have here some excellent tobacco and cigarette-papers. Let us sit down and smoke together. I will tell you who I am and the purpose that brought me here."

The soldier yielded grudgingly, not knowing what else to do. They sat down on a mossy bank beside the spring, and while the blue smoke of their cigarettes went drifting under the little trees the priest began:

"My name is Antoine Courcy. I am the curé of Darney, a village among the Reaping Hook Hills, a few leagues south from here. For twenty-five years I have reaped the harvest of heaven in that blessed little field. I am sorry to leave it. But now this war, this great battle for freedom and the life of France, calls me. It is a divine vocation. France has need of all her sons to-day, even the old ones. I cannot keep the love of God in my heart unless I follow the love of country in my life. My younger brother, who used to be the priest of the next parish to mine, was in the army. He has fallen. I am going to replace him. I am on my way to join the troops—as a chaplain, if they will; if not, then as a private. I must get into the army of France or be left out of the host of heaven."

The soldier had turned his face away and was plucking the lobes from a frond of fern. "A brave resolve, Father," he said, with an ironic note. "But you have not yet told me what brings you off your road, to this place."

"I will tell you," replied the priest, eagerly; "it is the love of Jeanne d'Arc, the Maid who saved France long ago. You know about her?"

"A little," nodded the soldier. "I have learned in the school. She was a famous saint."

"Not yet a saint," said the priest, earnestly; "the Pope has not yet pronounced her a saint. But it will be done soon. Already he has declared her among the Blessed Ones. To me she is the most blessed of all. She never thought of herself or of a saint's crown. She gave her life entire for France. And this is the place that she came from! Think of that—right here!"

"I did not know that," said the soldier.

"But yes," the priest went on, kindling. "I tell you it was here that the Maid of France received her visions and set out to her work. You see that village below us—look out through the branches—that is Domremy, where she was born. That spire just at the edge of the wood—you saw that? It is the basilica they have built to her memory. It is full of pictures of her. It stands where the old beech-tree, 'Fair May,' used to grow. There she heard the voices and saw the saints who sent her on her mission. And this is the Gooseberry Spring, the Well of the Good Fairies. Here she came with the other children, at the festival of the well-dressing, to spread their garlands around it, and sing, and eat their supper on the green. Heavenly voices spoke to her, but the others did not hear them. Often did she drink of this water. It became a fountain of life springing up in her heart. I have come to drink at the same source. It will strengthen me as a sacrament. Come, son, let us take it together as we go to our duty in battle!"

Father Courcy stood up and opened his old black bag. He took out a small metal cup. He filled it carefully at the spring. He made the sign of the cross over it.

"In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit," he murmured, "blessed and holy is this water." Then he held the cup toward the soldier. "Come, let us share it and make our vows together."

The bright drops trembled and fell from the bottom of the cup. The soldier sat still, his head in his hands.

"No," he answered, heavily, "I cannot take it. I am not worthy. Can a man take a sacrament without confessing his sins?"

Father Courcy looked at him with pitying eyes. "I see," he said, slowly; "I see, my son. You have a burden on your heart. Well, I will stay with you and try to lift it. But first I shall make my own vow."

He raised the cup toward the sky. A tiny brown wren sang canticles of rapture in the thicket. A great light came into the priest's face—a sun-ray from the east, far beyond the treetops.

"Blessed Jeanne d'Arc, I drink from thy fountain in thy name. I vow my life to thy cause. Aid me, aid this my son, to fight valiantly for freedom and for France. In the name of God, Amen."

The soldier looked up at him. Wonder, admiration, and shame were struggling in the look. Father Courcy wiped the empty cup carefully and put it back in his bag. Then he sat down beside the soldier, laying a fatherly hand on his shoulder.

"Now, my son, you shall tell me what is on your heart."

II

THE GREEN CONFSSIONAL



FOR a long time the soldier remained silent. His head was bowed. His shoulders drooped. His hands trembled between his knees. He was wrestling with himself.

"No," he cried, at last, "I cannot, I dare not tell you. Unless, perhaps"—his voice faltered—"you could receive it under the seal of confession? But no. How could you do that? Here in the green woods? In the open air, beside a spring? Here is no confessional."

"Why not?" asked Father Courcy. "It is a good place, a holy place. Heaven is over our heads and very near. I will receive your confession here."

The soldier knelt among the flowers.

The priest pronounced the sacred words. The soldier began his confession:

"I, Pierre Duval, a great sinner, confess my fault, my most grievous fault, and pray for pardon." He stopped for a moment and then continued, "But first I must tell you, Father, just who I am and where I come from and what brings me here."

"Go on, Pierre Duval, go on. That is what I am waiting to hear. Be simple and very frank."

"Well, then, I am from the parish of Laucourt, in the pleasant country of the Barrois not far from Bar-sur-Aube. My word, but that is a pretty land, full of orchards and berry-gardens! Our old farm there is one of the prettiest and one of the best, though it is small. It was hard to leave it when the call to the colors came, two years ago. But I was glad to go. My heart was high and strong for France. I was in the Nth Infantry. We were in the center division under General Foch at the battle of the Marne. *Fichtre!* but that was fierce fighting! And what a general! He did not know how to spell 'defeat.' He wrote it 'victory.' Four times we went across that cursed Marsh of St.-Gond. The dried mud was trampled full of dead bodies. The trickling streams of water ran red. Four times we were thrown back by the boches. You would have thought that was enough. But the general did not think so. We went over again on the fifth day, and that time we stayed. The Germans could not stand against us. They broke and ran. The roads where we chased them were full of empty wine-bottles. In one village we caught three officers and a dozen men dead drunk. *Bigre!* what a fine joke!"

Pierre, leaning back upon his heels, was losing himself in his recital. His face lighted up, his hands were waving. Father Courcy bent forward with shining eyes.

"Continue," he cried. "This is a beautiful confession—no sin yet. Continue, Pierre."

"Well, then, after that we were fighting here and there, on the Aisne, on the Ailette, everywhere. Always the same story—Germans rolling down on us in flood, green-gray waves. But the foam on them was fire and steel. The shells

of the barrage swept us like hailstones. We waited, waited in our trenches, till the green-gray mob was near enough. Then the word came. *Sapristi!* We let loose with mitrailleuse, rifle, field-gun, everything that would throw death. It did not seem like fighting with men. It was like trying to stop a monstrous thing, a huge, terrible mass that was rushing on to overwhelm us. The waves tumbled and broke before they reached us. Sometimes they fell flat. Sometimes they turned and rushed the other way. It was wild, wild, like a change of the wind and tide in a storm, everything torn and confused. Then perhaps the word came to go over the top and at them. That was furious. That was fighting with men, for sure—bayonet, revolver, rifle-butt, knife, anything that would kill. Often I sickened at the blood and the horror of it. But something inside of me shouted: 'Fight on! It is for France. It is for "*L'Alouette*," thy farm; for thy wife, thy little ones. Will you let them be ruined by those beasts of Germans? What are they doing here on French soil? Brigands, butchers, apaches! Drive them out; and if they will not go, kill them so they can do no more shameful deeds. Fight on!' So I killed all I could."

The priest nodded his head grimly. "You were right, Pierre; your voice spoke true. It was a dreadful duty that you were doing. The Gospel tells us, if we are smitten on one cheek we must turn the other. But it does not tell us to turn the cheek of a little child, of the woman we love, the country we belong to. No! that would be disgraceful, wicked, un-Christian. It would be to betray the innocent! Continue, my son."

"Well, then," Pierre went on, his voice deepening and his face growing more tense, "then we were sent to Verdun. That was the hottest place of all. It was at the top of the big German drive. The whole sea rushed and fell on us—big guns, little guns, poison-gas, hand-grenades, liquid fire, bayonets, knives, and trench-clubs. Fort after fort went down. The whole pack of hell was loose and raging. I thought of that crazy, chinless Crown Prince sitting in his safe little cottage hidden in the woods

somewhere—they say he had flowers and vines planted around it—drinking stolen champagne and sicking on his dogs of death. He was in no danger. I cursed him in my heart, that blood-lord! The shells rained on Verdun. The houses were riddled; the cathedral was pierced in a dozen places; a hundred fires broke out. The old citadel held good. The outer forts to the north and east were taken. Only the last ring was left. We common soldiers did not know much about what was happening. The big battle was beyond our horizon. But that General Pétain, he knew it all. Ah, that is a wise man, I can tell you! He sent us to this place or that place where the defense was most needed. We went gladly, without fear or holding back. We were resolute that those mad dogs should not get through. *They shall not pass!* And they did not pass!"

"Glorious!" cried the priest, drinking the story in. "And you, Pierre? Where were you, what were you doing?"

"I was at Douaumont, that fort on the highest hill of all. The Germans took it. It cost them ten thousand men. The ground around it was like a wood-yard piled with logs. The big shell-holes were full of corpses. There were a few of us that got away. Then our company was sent to hold the third redoubt on the slope in front of Fort de Vaux. Perhaps you have heard of that redoubt. That was a bitter job. But we held it many days and nights. The boches pounded us from Douaumont and from the village of Vaux. They sent wave after wave up the slope to drive us out. But we stuck to it. That ravine of La Caillette was a boiling caldron of men. It bubbled over with smoke and fire. Once, when their second wave had broken just in front of us, we went out to hurry the fragments down the hill. Then the guns from Douaumont and the village of Vaux hammered us. Our men fell like nine-pins. Our lieutenant called to us to turn back. Just then a shell tore away his right leg at the knee. It hung by the skin and tendons. He was a brave lad. I could not leave him to die there. So I hoisted him on my back. Three shots struck me. They felt just like hard blows from a heavy fist. One of them made my left arm powerless. I sank

my teeth in the sleeve of my lieutenant's coat as it hung over my shoulder. I must not let him fall off my back. Somehow—God knows how—I gritted through to our redoubt. They took my lieutenant from my shoulders. And then the light went out."

The priest leaned forward, his hands stretched out around the soldier. "But you are a hero," he cried. "Let me embrace you!"

The soldier drew back, shaking his head sadly. "No," he said, his voice breaking—"no, my father, you must not embrace me now. I may have been a brave man once. But now I am a coward. Let me tell you everything. My wounds were bad, but not desperate. The *brancardiers* carried me down to Verdun, at night I suppose, but I was unconscious; and so to the hospital at Vaudelaincourt. There were days and nights of blankness mixed with pain. Then I came to my senses and had rest. It was wonderful. I thought that I had died and gone to heaven. Would God it had been so! Then I should have been with my lieutenant. They told me he had passed away in the redoubt. But that hospital was beautiful, so clean and quiet and friendly. Those white nurses were angels. They handled me like a baby. I would have liked to stay there. I had no desire to get better. But I did. One day several officers visited the hospital. They came to my cot, where I was sitting up. The highest of them brought out a Cross of War and pinned it on the breast of my nightshirt. 'There,' he said, 'you are decorated, Pierre Duval! You are one of the heroes of France. You are soon going to be perfectly well and to fight again bravely for your country.' I thanked him, but I knew better. My body might get perfectly well, but something in my soul was broken. It was worn out. The thin spring had snapped. I could never fight again. Any loud noise made me shake all over. I knew that I could never face a battle—impossible! I should certainly lose my nerve and run away. It is a damned feeling, that broken something inside of one. I can't describe it."

Pierre stopped for a moment and moistened his dry lips with the tip of his tongue.

"I know," said Father Courcy. "I understand perfectly what you want to say. It was like being lost and thinking that nothing could save you; a feeling that is piercing and dull at the same time, like a heavy weight pressing on you with sharp stabs in it. It was what they call shell-shock, a terrible thing. Sometimes it drives men crazy for a while. But the doctors know what to do for that malady. It passes. You got over it."

"No," answered Pierre, "the doctors may not have known that I had it. At all events, they did not know what to do for it. It did not pass. It grew worse. But I hid it, talking very little, never telling anybody how I felt. They said I was depressed and needed cheering up. All the while there was that black snake coiled around my heart, squeezing tighter and tighter. But my body grew stronger every day. The wounds were all healed. I was walking around. In July the doctor-in-chief sent for me to his office. He said: 'You are cured, Pierre Duval, but you are not yet fit to fight. You are low in your mind. You need cheering up. You are to have a month's furlough and repose. You shall go home to your farm. How is it that you call it?' I suppose I had been babbling about it in my sleep and one of the nurses had told him. He was always that way, that little Doctor Roselly, taking an interest in the men, talking with them and acting friendly. I said the farm was called '*L'Alouette*'—rather a foolish name. 'Not at all,' he answered; 'it is a fine name, with the song of a bird in it. Well, you are going back to '*L'Alouette*' to hear the lark sing for a month, to kiss your wife and your children, to pick gooseberries and currants. Eh, my boy, what do you think of that? Then, when the month is over, you will be a new man. You will be ready to fight again at Verdun. Remember they have not passed and they shall not pass! Good luck to you, Pierre Duval.' So I went back to the farm as fast as I could go."

He was silent for a few moments, letting his thoughts wander through the pleasant paths of that little garden of repose. His eyes were dreaming, his lips almost smiled.

"It was sweet at '*L'Alouette*,' very

sweet, Father. The farm was in pretty good order and the kitchen garden was all right, though the flowers had been a little neglected. You see, my wife, Josephine, she is a very clever woman. She had kept up the things that were the most necessary. She had hired one of the old neighbors and a couple of boys to help her with the plowing and planting. The harvest she sold as it stood. Our yoke of cream-colored oxen and the roan horse were in good condition. Little Pierrot, who is five, and little Josette, who is three, were as brown as berries. They hugged me almost to death. But it was Josephine herself who was the best of all. She is only twenty-six, Father, and so beautiful still, with her long chestnut hair and her eyes like stones shining under the waters of a brook. I tell you it was good to get her in my arms again and feel her lips on mine. And to wake in the early morning, while the birds were singing, and see her face beside me on the white pillow, sleeping like a child, that was a little bit of Paradise. But I do wrong to tell you of all this, Father."

"Proceed, my big boy," nodded the priest. "You are saying nothing wrong. I was a man before I was a priest. It is all natural, what you are saying, and all according to God's law—no sin in it. Proceed. Did your happiness do you good?"

Pierre shook his head doubtfully. The look of dejection came back to his face. He frowned as if something puzzled and hurt him. "Yes and no! That is the strange thing. It made me thankful—that goes without saying. But it did not make me any stronger in my heart. Perhaps it was too sweet. I thought too much of it. I could not bear to think of anything else. The idea of the war was hateful, horrible, disgusting. The noise and the dirt of it, the mud in the autumn and the bitter cold in the winter, the rats and the lice in the dugouts! And then the fury of the charge, and the everlasting killing, killing, or being killed! The danger had seemed little or nothing to me when I was there. But at a distance it was frightful, unendurable. I knew that I could never stand up to it again. Besides, already I had done my share—enough for two or three men.

Why must I go back into that hell? It was not fair. Life was too dear to be risking it all the time. I could not endure it. France? France? Of course I love France. But my farm and my life with Josephine and the children mean more to me. The thing that made me a good soldier is broken inside me. It is beyond mending."

His voice sank lower and lower. Father Courcy looked at him gravely.

"But your farm is a part of France. You belong to France. He that saveth his life shall lose it!"

"Yes, yes, I know. But my farm is such a small part of France. I am only one man. What difference does one man make, except to himself? Moreover, I had done my part, that was certain. Twenty times, really, my life had been lost. Why must I throw it away again? Listen, Father. There is a village in the Vosges, near the Swiss border, where a relative of mine lives. If I could get to him he would take me in and give me some other clothes and help me over the frontier into Switzerland. There I could change my name and find work until the war is over. That was my plan. So I set out on my journey, following the less-traveled roads, tramping by night and sleeping by day. Thus I came to this spring at the same time as you by chance, by pure chance. Do you see?"

Father Courcy looked very stern and seemed about to speak in anger. Then he shook his head, and said, quietly: "No, I do not see that at all. It remains to be seen whether it was by chance. But tell me more about your sin. Did you let your wife, Josephine, know what you were going to do? Did you tell her good-by, parting for Switzerland?"

"Why, no! I did not dare. She would never have forgiven me. So I slipped down to the post-office at Bar-sur-Aube and stole a telegraph blank. It was ten days before my furlough was out. I wrote a message to myself calling me back to the colors at once. I showed it to her. Then I said good-by. I wept. She did not cry one tear. Her eyes were stars. She embraced me a dozen times. She lifted up each of the children to hug me. Then she cried: 'Go now, my brave man. Fight well. Drive the damned boches out. It is for us and for France.

God protect you. *Au revoir!* I went down the road silent. I felt like a dog. But I could not help it."

"And you were a dog," said the priest, sternly. "That is what you were, and what you remain unless you can learn to help it. You lied to your wife. You forged; you tricked her who trusted you. You have done the thing which you yourself say she would never forgive. If she loves you and prays for you now, you have stolen that love and that prayer. You are a thief. A true daughter of France could never love a coward to-day."

"I know, I know," sobbed Pierre, burying his face in the weeds. "Yet I did it partly for her, and I could not do otherwise."

"Very little for her and a hundred times for yourself," said the priest, indignantly. "Be honest. If there was a little bit of love for her, it was the kind of love she did not want. She would spit upon it. If you are going to Switzerland now you are leaving her forever. You can never go back to Josephine again. You are a deserter. She would cast you out, coward!"

The broken soldier lay very still, alas most if he were dead. Then he rose slowly to his feet, with a pale, set face. He put his hand behind his back and drew out a revolver. "It is true," he said, slowly, "I am a coward. But not altogether such a coward as you think, Father. It is not merely death that I fear. I could face that, I think. Here, take this pistol and shoot me now! No one will know. You can say you shot a deserter, or that I attacked you. Shoot me now, Father, and let me out of this trouble."

Father Courcy looked at him with amazement. Then he took the pistol, uncocked it cautiously, and dropped it behind him. He turned to Pierre and regarded him curiously. "Go on with your confession, Pierre. Tell me about this strange kind of cowardice which can face death."

The soldier dropped on his knees again, and went on in a low, shaken voice: "It is this, Father. By my broken soul, this is the very root of it. I am afraid of fear."

The priest thought for an instant.

"But that is not reasonable, Pierre. It is nonsense. Fear cannot hurt you. If you fight it you can conquer it. At least you can disregard it, march through it, as if it were not there."

"Not this fear," argued the soldier, with a peasant's obstinacy. "This is something very big and dreadful. It has no shape, but a dead-white face and red, blazing eyes full of hate and scorn. I have seen it in the dark. It is stronger than I am. Since something is broken inside of me, I know I can never conquer it. No, it would wrap its shapeless arms around me and stab me to the heart with its fiery eyes. I should turn and run in the middle of the battle. I should trample on my wounded comrades. I should be shot in the back and die in disgrace. O my God! my God! who can save me from this? It is horrible. I cannot bear it."

The priest laid his hand gently on Pierre's quivering shoulder. "Courage, my son!"

"I have none."

"Then say to yourself that fear is nothing."

"It would be a lie. This fear is real."

"Then cease to tremble at it; kill it."

"Impossible. I am afraid of fear."

"Then carry it as your burden, your cross. Take it back to Verdun with you."

"I dare not. It would poison the others. It would bring me to dishonor."

"Pray to God for help."

"He will not answer me. I am a wicked man. Father, I have made my confession. Will you give me a penance and absolve me?"

"Promise to go back to the army and fight as well as you can."

"Alas! that is what I cannot do. My mind is shaken to pieces. Whither shall I turn? I can decide nothing. I am broken. I repent of my great sin. Father, for the love of God, speak the word of absolution."

Pierre lay on his face, motionless, his arms stretched out. The priest rose and went to the spring. He scooped up a few drops in the hollow of his hand. He sprinkled it like holy water upon the soldier's head. A couple of tears fell with it.

"God have pity on you, my son, and bring you back to yourself. The word of



Painting by Frank E. Schoonover

THEY ALSO WERE PILGRIMS DRAWN BY THE LOVE OF JEANNE D'ARC TO DOMREMY

absolution is not for me to speak while you think of forsaking France. Put that thought away from you, do penance for it, and you will be absolved from your great sin."

Pierre turned over and lay looking up at the priest's face and at the blue sky with white clouds drifting across it. He sighed. "Ah, if that could only be! But I have not the strength. It is impossible."

"All things are possible to him that believeth. Strength will come. Perhaps Jeanne d'Arc herself will help you."

"She would never speak to a man like me. She is a great saint, very high in heaven."

"She was a farmer's lass, a peasant like yourself. She would speak to you, gladly and kindly, if you saw her, and in your own language, too. Trust her."

"But I do not know enough about her."

"Listen, Pierre. I have thought for you. I will appoint the first part of your penance. You shall take the risk of being recognized and caught. You shall go down to the village and visit the places that belong to her—her basilica, her house, her church. Then you shall come back here and wait until you know—until you surely know what you must do. Will you promise this?"

Pierre had risen and looked up at the priest with tear-stained face. But his eyes were quieter. "Yes, Father, I can promise you this much faithfully."

"Now I must go my way. Farewell, my son. Peace in war be with you." He held out his hand.

Pierre took it reverently. "And with you, Father," he murmured.

III

THE ABSOLVING DREAM



ANTONINE COURCY was one of those who are fitted and trained by nature for the cure of souls. If you had spoken to him of psychiatry he would not have understood you. The long word would have been Greek to him. But the thing itself he knew well. The preliminary

penance which he laid upon Pierre Duval was remedial. It belonged to the true healing art which works first in the spirit.

When the broken soldier went down the hill, in the blaze of the mid-morning sunlight, toward Domremy, there was much misgiving and confusion in his thoughts. He did not comprehend why he was going, except that he had promised. He was not sure that some one might not know him, or perhaps out of mere curiosity stop him and question him. It was a reluctant journey.

Yet it was in effect an unconscious pilgrimage to the one health-resort that his soul needed. For Domremy and the region round about are saturated with the most beautiful story of France. The life of Jeanne d'Arc, simple and mysterious, humble and glorious, most human and most heavenly, flows under that place like a hidden stream, rising at every turn in springs and fountains. The poor little village lives in and for her memory. Her presence haunts the ridges and the woods, treads the green pastures, follows the white road beside the river, and breathes in the never-resting valley-wind that marries the flowers in June and spreads their seed in August.

At the small basilica built to her memory on the place where her old beech-tree, "Fair May," used to stand, there was an ancient caretaker who explained to Pierre the pictures from the life of the Maid with which the walls are decorated. They are stiff and conventional, but the old man found them wonderful and told with zest the story of *La Pucelle*—how she saw her first vision; how she recognized the Dauphin in his palace at Chinon; how she broke the siege of Orléans; how she saw Charles crowned in the cathedral at Rheims; how she was burned at the stake in Rouen. But they could not kill her soul. She saved France.

In the village church there was a priest from the border of Alsace, also a pilgrim like Pierre, but one who knew the shrine better. He showed the difference between the new and the old parts of the building. Certain things the Maid herself had seen and touched.

"Here is the old holy-water basin, an antique, broken column hollowed out on top. Here her fingers must have

rested often. Before this ancient statue of St. Michel she must have often knelt to say her prayers. The curé of the parish was a friend of hers and loved to talk with her. She was a good girl, devout and obedient, not learned, but a holy and great soul. She saved France."

In the house where she was born and passed her childhood a crippled old woman was custodian. It was a humble dwelling of plastered stone standing between two tall fir-trees, with ivy growing over the walls, lilies and hollyhocks blooming in the garden. Pierre found it not half so good a house as "*L'Alouette*." But to the custodian it was more precious than a palace. In this upper room with its low mullioned window the Maid began her life. Here, in the larger room below, is the kneeling statue which the Princess Marie d'Orléans made of her. Here, to the right, under the sloping roof, with its worm-eaten beams, she slept and prayed and worked.

"See, here is the bread-board between two timbers where she cut the bread for the *crouûte au pot*. From this small window she looked at night and saw the sanctuary light burning in the church. Here, also, as well as in the garden and in the woods, her heavenly voices spoke to her and told her what she must do for her king and her country. She was not afraid or ashamed, though she lived in so small a house. Here in this very room she braided her hair and put on her red dress, and set forth on foot for her visit to Robert de Baudricourt at Vaucouleurs. He was a rough man and at first he received her roughly. But at last she convinced him. He gave her a horse and arms and sent her to the king. She saved France."

At the rustic inn Pierre ate thick slices of dark bread and drank a stoup of thin red wine at noon. He sat at a bare table in the corner of the room. Behind him, at a table covered with a white cloth, two captains on furlough had already made their breakfast. They also were pilgrims, drawn by the love of Jeanne d'Arc to Domremy. They talked of nothing else but of her. Yet their points of view were absolutely different.

One of them, the younger, was short and swarthy, a Savoyard, the son of an Italian doctor at St.-Jean de Maurienne.

He was a skeptic; he believed in Jeanne, but not in the legends about her.

"I tell you," said he, eagerly, "she was one of the greatest among women. But all that about her 'voices' was illusion. The priests suggested it. She had hallucinations. Remember her age when they began—just thirteen. She was clever and strong; doubtless she was pretty; certainly she was very courageous. She was only a girl. But she had a big, brave idea which possessed her—the liberation of her country. Pure? Yes. I am sure she was virtuous. Otherwise the troops would not have followed and obeyed her as they did. Soldiers are very quick about those things. They recognize and respect an honest woman. Several men were in love with her, I think. But she was *une nature froide*. The only thing that moved her was her big, brave idea—to save France. The Maid was a mother, but not of a mortal child. Her offspring was the patriotism of France."

The other captain was a man of middle age, from Lyons, the son of an architect. He was tall and pale and his large brown eyes had the tranquillity of a devout faith in them. He argued with quiet tenacity for his convictions.

"You are right to believe in her," said he, "but I think you are mistaken to deny her 'voices.' They were as real as anything in her life. You credit her when she says that she was born here, that she went to Chinon and saw the king, that she delivered Orléans. Why not credit her when she says she heard God and the saints speaking to her? The proof of it was in what she did. Have you read the story of her trial? How clear and steady her answers were! The judges could not shake her. Yet at any moment she could have saved her life by denying the voices. It was because she knew, because she was sure, that she could not deny. Her vision was a part of her real life. She was the mother of French patriotism—yes. But she was also the daughter of true faith. That was her power."

"Well," said the younger man, "she sacrificed herself and she saved France. That was the great thing."

"Yes," said the elder man, stretching his hand across the table to clasp the

hand of his companion, "there is nothing greater than that. If we do that, God will forgive us all."

They put on their caps to go. Pierre rose and stood at attention. They returned his salute with a friendly smile and passed out.

After a few moments he finished his bread and wine, paid his score, and followed them. He watched them going down the village street toward the railway station. Then he turned and walked slowly back to the spring in the dell.

The afternoon was hot, in spite of the steady breeze which came out of the north. The air felt as if it had passed through a furnace. The low, continuous thunder of the guns rolled up from Verdun, with now and then a sharper clap from St.-Mihiel.

Pierre was very tired. His head was heavy, his heart troubled. He lay down among the ferns, looking idly at the foxglove spires above him and turning over in his mind the things he had heard and seen at Domremy. Presently he fell into a profound sleep.

How long it was he could not tell, but suddenly he became aware of some one near him. He sprang up. A girl was standing beside the spring.

She wore a bright-red dress and her feet were bare. Her black hair hung down her back. Her eyes were the color of a topaz. Her form was tall and straight. She carried a distaff under her arm and looked as if she had just come from following the sheep.

"Good day, shepherdess," said Pierre. Then a strange thought struck him, and he fell on his knees. "Pardon, lady," he stammered. "Forgive my rudeness. You are of the high society of heaven, a saint. You are called Jeanne d'Arc?"

She nodded and smiled. "That is my name," said she. "Sometimes they call me *La Pucelle*, or the Maid of France. But you were right, I am a shepherdess, too. I have kept my father's sheep in the fields down there, and spun from the distaff while I watched them. I knew how to sew and spin as well as any girl in the Barrois or Lorraine. Will you not stand up and talk with me?"

Pierre rose, still abashed and confused. He did not quite understand how to take

this strange experience—too simple for a heavenly apparition, too real for a common dream. "Well, then," said he, "if you are a shepherdess why are you here? There are no sheep here."

"But yes. You are one of mine. I have come here to seek you."

"Do you know me, then? How can I be one of yours?"

"Because you are a soldier of France and you are in trouble."

Pierre's head drooped. "A broken soldier," he muttered, "not fit to speak to you. I am running away because I am afraid of fear."

She threw back her head and laughed. "You speak very bad French. There is no such thing as being afraid of fear. For if you are afraid of it, you hate it. If you hate it, you will have nothing to do with it. And if you have nothing to do with it, it cannot touch you; it is nothing."

"But for you, a saint, it is easy to say that. You had no fear when you fought. You knew you would not be killed."

"I was no more sure of that than the other soldiers. Besides, when they bound me to the stake at Rouen and kindled the fire around me I knew very well that I should be killed. But there was no fear in it. Only peace."

"Ah, you were strong, a warrior born. You were not wounded and broken."

"Four times I was wounded," she answered, gravely. "At Orléans a bolt went through my shoulder. At Paris a lance tore my thigh. I never saw the blood of Frenchmen flow without feeling my heart stand still. I was not a warrior born. I knew not how to ride or fight. But I did it. What we must needs do that we can do. Soldier, do not look on the ground. Look up."

Then a strange thing took place before his eyes. A wondrous radiance, a mist of light, enveloped and hid the shepherdess. When it melted she was clad in shining armor, sitting on a white horse, and lifting a bare sword in her left hand.

"God commands you," she cried. "It is for France. Be of good cheer. Do not retreat. The fort will soon be yours!"

How should Pierre know that this was the cry with which the Maid had rallied

her broken men at Orléans when the fort of *Les Tourelles* fell? What he did know was that something seemed to spring up within him to answer that call. He felt that he would rather die than desert such a leader.

The figure on the horse turned away as if to go.

"Do not leave me," he cried, stretching out his hands to her. "Stay with me. I will obey you joyfully."

She turned again and looked at him very earnestly. Her eyes shone deep into his heart. "Here I cannot stay," answered a low, sweet, womanly voice. "It is late, and my other children need me."

"But forgiveness? Can you give that to me—a coward?"

"You are no coward. Your only fault was to doubt a brave man."

"And my wife? May I go back and tell her?"

"No, surely. Would you make her hear slander of the man she loves? Be what she believes you and she will be satisfied."

"And the absolution, the word of peace? Will you speak that to me?"

Her eyes shone more clearly; the voice sounded sweeter and steadier than ever. "After the penance comes the absolution. You will find peace only at the lance's point. Son of France, go, go, go! I will help you. Go hardily to Verdun."

Pierre sprang forward after the receding figure, tried to clasp the knee, the foot of the Maid. As he fell to the ground something sharp pierced his hand. It must be her spur, thought he.

Then he was aware that his eyes were shut. He opened them and looked at his hand carefully. There was only a scratch on it, and a tiny drop of blood. He had torn it on the thorns of the wild gooseberry-bushes.

His head lay close to the clear pool of the spring. He buried his face in it and drank deep. Then he sprang up, shaking the drops from his mustache, found his cap and pistol, and hurried up the glen toward the old Roman road.

"No more of that damned foolishness about Switzerland," he said, aloud. "I belong to France. I am going with the other boys to save her. I was born for that." He took off his cap and stood

still for a moment. He spoke as if he were taking an oath. "By Jeanne d'Arc!"

IV

THE VICTORIOUS PENANCE



It never occurred to Pierre Duval, as he trudged those long kilometers toward the front, that he was doing a penance.

The joy of a mind made up is a potent cordial.

The greetings of comrades on the road put gladness into his heart and strength into his legs.

It was a hot and dusty journey, and a sober one. But it was not a sad one. He was going toward that for which he was born. He was doing that which France asked of him, that which God told him to do. Josephine would be glad and proud of him. He would never be ashamed to meet her eyes. As he went, alone or in company with others, he whistled and sang a bit. He thought of "*L'Alouette*" a good deal. But not too much. He thought also of the forts of Douaumont and Vaux.

"*Dame!*" he cried to himself. "If I could help to win them back again! That would be fine! How sick that would make those cursed boches and their knock-kneed Crown Prince!"

At the little village of the headquarters behind Verdun he found many old friends and companions. They greeted him with cheerful irony.

"Behold the prodigal! You took your time about coming back, didn't you? Was the hospital to your taste, the nurses pretty? How is the wife? Any more children? How goes it, old man?"

"No more children yet," he answered, grinning; "but all goes well. I have come back from a far country, but I find the pigs are still grunting. What have you done to our old cook?"

"Nothing at all," was the joyous reply. "He tried to swim in his own soup and he was drowned."

When Pierre reported to the officer of the day, that busy functionary consulted the record.

"You are a day ahead of your time, Pierre Duval," he said, frowning slightly.

"Yes, sir," answered the soldier. "It costs less to be a day ahead than a day too late."

"That is well," said the officer, smiling in his red beard. "You will report tomorrow to your regiment at the citadel. You have a new colonel, but the regiment is busy in the old way."

As Pierre saluted and turned to go out his eye caught the look of a general officer who stood near, watching. He was a square, alert, vigorous man, his face bronzed by the suns of many African campaigns, his eyes full of intelligence, humor, and courage. It was Guillaumat, the new commander of the Army of Verdun.

"You are prompt, my son," said he, pleasantly, "but you must remember not to be in a hurry. You have been in hospital. Are you well again? Nothing broken?"

"Something was broken, my General," responded the soldier, gravely, "but it is mended."

"Good!" said the general. "Now for the front, to beat the Germans at their own game. We shall get them. It may be long, but we shall get them!"

That was the autumn of the offensive of 1916, by which the French retook, in ten days, what it had cost the Germans many months to gain.

Pierre was there in that glorious charge in the end of October which carried the heights of Douaumont and took six thousand prisoners. He was there at the recapture of the Fort de Vaux which the Germans evacuated in the first week of November. In the last rush up the slope, where he had fought long ago, a stray shell, an inscrutable messenger of

fate, coming from far away, no one knows whence, caught him and ripped him horribly across the body.

It was a desperate mass of wounds. But the men of his squad loved their corporal. He still breathed. They saw to it that he was carried back to the little transit hospital just behind the Fort de Souville.

It was a rude hut of logs, covered with sand-bags, on the slope of the hill. The ruined woods around it were still falling to the crash of far-thrown shells. In the close, dim shelter of the inner room Pierre came to himself.

He looked up into the face of Father Courcy. A light of recognition and gratitude flickered in his eyes. It was like finding an old friend in the dark.

"Welcome!—But the fort?" he gasped.

"It is ours," said the priest.

Something like a smile passed over the face of Pierre. He could not speak for a long time. The blood in his throat choked him. At last he whispered:

"Tell Josephine—love."

Father Courcy bowed his head and took Pierre's hand. "Surely," he said. "But now, my dear son Pierre, I must prepare you—"

The struggling voice from the cot broke in, whispering slowly, with long intervals: "Not necessary. . . . I know already. . . . The penance. . . . France. . . . Jeanne d'Arc. . . . It is done."

A few drops of blood gushed from the corner of his mouth. The look of peace that often comes to those who die of gunshot wounds settled on his face. His eyes grew still as the priest laid the sacred wafer on his lips. The broken soldier was made whole.



The New Simplicity

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD



Y first caption was "Democracy, Plumbing, and the War." That will hardly do as a title, for it does not hint the heart of the matter; though the war has precipitated conditions which our special form of democracy has long been preparing us for, and plumbing is perhaps as symbolic as it is ubiquitous in the American domestic scene. All three, with all their implications, are factors, certainly, in our present problem of living, and if war has brought that problem to acuteness, democracy and plumbing (and what they may be taken to stand for) have made us ripe for upheaval. Edison and his like are as responsible, in their way, as Thomas Jefferson or William Haywood. All three have, without doubt, contributed to the present and future dilemma of educated people in moderate circumstances. War has, of necessity, turned moderate circumstances to actual poverty; but democracy and plumbing were already preparing the *débâcle* for this group. All of us—the educated classes as well as the uneducated—are guilty together, that is, of pampering ourselves with physical comforts; and democracy always makes for materialism, because the only kind of equality that you can guarantee to a whole people is, broadly speaking, physical. Democracy and plumbing, as well as war, make the problem of our immediate future a rather special one. We do not share all phases of it with our Allies. Let me explain, a little, what I mean.

If America has led the world in labor-saving devices, it is because America is democratic on a bigger scale than any other country. The person who profits by the labor-saving device is the person who does the work. The fact that France and England have not kept pace with us in plumbing and tiled

kitchens and electrical appliances does not mean—as we have sometimes fatuously taken it to mean—that they are less civilized than we. It means only that personal service has been, with them, cheaper and more a matter of course. Where prosperous Americans multiply vacuum cleaners and electric washing-machines and garbage-incinerators, prosperous Europeans multiply their number of servants. The Englishman really prefers a huge tin tub in his bedroom of a morning. We prefer to walk into the bathroom and turn on the tap. That preference may well have become so natural that we cannot explain it. But the origin of the American preference is surely that in America only the very rich could afford a personal servant whose duty it was to set up the tub, fetch in huge cans of water, and remove all traces of the bath as soon as it was done with. Even a few years ago, I remember having great difficulty in a London hotel of the better sort (but very English and almost totally unfrequented by Americans) in getting the chambermaid to procure me a slop-jar. The hotel was much too British to run to numbers of private baths. Hence the crying need of a slop-jar. The maid finally stole one for me from a room across the corridor, and assured me that the gentleman from whom she stole would not miss it. Nothing would induce her to resume, in his behalf, the treasure. I am informed, by friends who have more British social experience than I, that slop-jars are not in the best English tradition—because, theoretically, in the opulent old-fashioned household, as soon as you have washed your hands, the water in which you washed them, the towel on which you wiped them, mysteriously and gracefully disappear. Perfection of service lies in having plenty of dexterous servants lying in wait to discover your needs; so many servants, and such well-trained ones, that you

cannot wash your hands without their becoming aware of it and, with the least possible impinging on your notice, removing the traces of your ablutions. Perfection of service does not involve your emptying your own wash-basin, even into a slop-jar. Hence, no slop-jar.

Now there are very few of us who would take the trouble to invent a tiled bathroom if our tubs were automatically fetched, filled, and removed for us, all at the proper instant; or if a hot-water can miraculously sprang into being as soon as the desire for hot water seized us. There is no labor-saving device so perfectly convenient as ringing a bell and having some one else do the thing for you with complete competence. It is by no means strange that well-to-do Europeans have been content to be supremely waited upon, instead of making practical tasks mechanically easier for themselves. The goddess of the labor-saving invention is the woman who does all, or a good share, of "her own work." Old-fashioned English and French houses are cold; but (climate apart) nothing like so cold as American houses would be if Americans depended on open fires. For in England or France there are ten people to make the fires, to one in America. We simply dare not—again, climate apart—depend, as our British cousins have been wont to, on open fires. The average household cannot afford the servants to do incessant fire-making all over the house.

So we have multiplied devices, from the modest kitchen cabinet up; because that majority which advertisers and inventors are always trying to reach does a lot of things for itself. Even those Americans who always have had, and perhaps still will have, plenty of servants, have indulged in these devices. For pure philanthropy's sake? Well, I am afraid not quite. Rather, because the standard having been set by the mistress who is also the servant, the standard must be lived up to, or bona fide servants would complain. The interesting point is that in America the standard is set by the woman who does her own work or a part of it, or who may, at any given moment, have to occupy herself thus. We are, you see, a democracy beyond the democracies of other lands.

For it is not simply a question of money; it is a question of our all being in the same boat.

I am not going into the servant question, for that is a question as trite as it is tragic. But, as we all know, even before the war it was growing acute. The best servants we had in the old days came from the countries where personal service was a tradition—chiefly from the territories of Great Britain. But northern Europe is ceasing to enter domestic service; rather, it seeks to employ. One has only to read the pathetic testimony in the daily press, in the "women's magazines," even sometimes in philanthropic periodicals. What they all say is that the only way you can keep your cook in your kitchen is to treat her as if she were the governess, or to give her factory hours and factory freedom—to put her on a level, that is, with the more independent worker. At that, they do not give us much hope of keeping her. But I fancy that, before we turn the whole house over to the cook, we shall dispense with her and get our meals from co-operative kitchens.

I have noticed of late years in the magazines that deal with architectural and decorative problems increasing stress on the absurdity of having a dining-room. Why absurd? For only one reason: that here is a room which must be cleaned, which, therefore, means more service. If you have your meals in the "living-room," you dispense with so much floor-and-wall space to be gone over. In only that sense is it absurd. For most of us will agree that while English lodgings are all very well, especially for a solitary creature, it is a painful business for a large family to eat three meals a day in a room which has to be lived in otherwise. All people may not have the prejudice known to some of us against social consumption of food; but any one will agree that the best dinner in the world leaves a smell behind it. A dining-room may be a luxury, but it is not an absurdity, so long as you can by any means afford it. If the esthetic and pseudo-esthetic experts in domesticity are telling us that a dining-room is ridiculous, it is only because they wish to prepare us for an inevitable contraction of our comfort, an unavoidable mitigation of de-

cency. The one most aristocratic element in life, physically speaking, is spaciousness; it has always been in the best tradition to be frugal to starvation in a corner of a palace. But we have come nowadays to care more for what we eat (I fear) than for how or where we eat it. The abolition of the dining-room is only a further step on the road we entered when we moved *en masse* out of houses into flats. It has been hard to get service; and meanwhile we have grown soft and would rather do without those amenities which are not conveniences than to furnish them for ourselves.

It must in fairness be admitted that two things have combined to bring us to this pass. The most obvious fact is this of the labor situation, which is now immensely accentuated by the war. But another force has always been at work. Except in that part of the country which imported slaves early and kept them as long as it could, more or less pioneer standards prevailed. We were a new country; we dispensed perforce (as in other colonies) with many of the inherited comforts. Our love of personal (I do not mean political) independence was a kind of protective coloring. The enforced simplicity of the pioneer scene bred in us a distaste for being waited on too importunately. Because we had to do certain things for ourselves, we developed a preference for doing them, a distaste for the constant interposition of another human being among the more private processes of existence. Even in the South, some modification of the tradition must have been necessary, for the South must always have been badly, though exuberantly, served. Here and there a butler, a lady's maid, may, after years of struggle, have been highly trained; and the colored race has a gift for cooking. But in many ways Southerners must have contended with the disheartening conditions faced by all English households in the outposts of empire, dependent on another and a stupid race for the satisfaction of their needs. Southern luxury lay in having a score of inadequate menials to keep the masters as comfortable as three or four really good servants would have done. It was slave labor, and slave labor reaches competence only by sheer force

of numbers. There was never an ideal of domestic service there, because there was never the rounded conception of civilized domestic comfort in any slave's mind. And nothing is more slovenly or incompetent in domestic service than the younger generation of free-born negroes. I do not think the colored race is going to prove our domestic salvation.

We welcomed the labor-saving device, in the first place, for the reasons I have given. By the labor-saving device we have been brought insensibly to an almost animal dependence on creature comforts. With all our theoretical glorification of simplicity, we have really prided ourselves supremely on our physical luxuries, and most of all, it must be said, on those physical luxuries which have no esthetic value. Our plumbing has been our civilization. The European aristocracy is for the most part not so "comfortable" as the American middle class; and therefore we have considered ourselves the greatest nation in the world. We have been snobbish about many things, but about nothing so much as our electrical appliances and our skyscrapers. We have sinned; all of us together, as I said before; and now we are paying. Simplicity, austerity, even, are forced upon us; and it behooves those of us who really care, in spite of temporary apostasies, about real values, to take thought and to plan. The vital question is not whether we shall simplify, but how. On that depends our civilization.

Neither the new war millionaires nor skilled labor can teach us that. We shall have need of all our trained perceptions, of all our first-hand and all our book knowledge, of what money has been most wisely spent for in the past, to make our choice intelligently. The new millionaires and the enriched laboring-man will not, for the most part, be able to help us; for, by and large, having no experience of the finer things of civilization, they will not know. For ourselves, it does not much matter—for us who have seen a world in ruin and can never "care" for anything in the same way again—but this is perhaps our first duty to our children. They cannot have all the things we were brought up to crave and expect; but they must have the

essentials. What, in a practical sense, are those going to be?

The Pennsylvania miner, making from forty to seventy-five dollars a week, buys an automobile—not necessarily a Ford—which waits for him at the entrance to the mine. His wife buys finery. Both buy the best food they can get. It has been publicly said, I understand, by a distinguished representative of the Food Administration, that almost every class of the community was doing its duty in the way of food conservation, except skilled labor. That is the class which cannot be reached by appeal. The very poorest are still very poor, and they have neither the money nor the knowledge to enable them to indulge in forbidden gastronomic luxuries. The rich are apparently—in most cases—making it a point of honor to help out. But skilled labor, which is so necessary to the prosecution of the war, which has never in its life been so pampered, so flattered, so kowtowed to, so overpaid (yes, I mean that; it is overpaid, and I will explain what I mean presently), has lost its head. It probably believes the things the politicians and its own leaders have been saying to it. It will work, and consider itself patriotic for working—but it will exact from the rest of us, the public, a price it has no right to, and, lest the honor of our country and the ideals we fight for be lost, we shall pay it. It may be that the reckoning will come later; or it may be that we are so sunk in materialism that skilled labor will continue to rule the earth. Just so long as we feel our greatest need to be of the things it furnishes us with, and its greatest need is for the things we cannot furnish it with, our necks will be bowed under labor's yoke. Our only chance of emancipation lies in finding some of our greatest goods in fields not under labor's control. In other words, to live at all, in any peace, in any equanimity and longanimity, we must be as little materialistic in temper and desire as possible. We must teach our children that the greatest goods are not the things that skilled labor produces. That is not only truth; it is self-preservation. Labor will have the motor-cars and the delicacies of the table, the jewels and the joyrides; we must see to it that we keep

something else, and learn to feel the importance of our treasure. If we can maintain a prestige value for the things of our choice (frankly, I doubt if we can) "the lords of their hands" may come to desire the things we have chosen, and help to make them accessible. But we must be careful to make no concessions; we must not take one step, ourselves, in the materialistic direction.

This is not snobishness; it is a matter of life and death. No one is going to have leisure, any more, to be a snob or any such non-essential thing. At least, if any one has the time, it will not be the educated classes. We shall have to work as we have never worked before, physically as well as mentally. We shall have to learn to co-operate with one another, too; to make an almost religious brotherhood. For it is our children who matter, and we cannot begin too soon to prepare them for a world which has nothing in common with the world we knew. Only by joining in utmost effort with the like-minded can we hope to protect them.

I know there are Utopians who see in the socialization of Anglo-Saxon governments hope, along Marxian lines, for Anglo-Saxondom. They foresee, I suppose, the kind of Paradise that the Admirable Crichton (in Barrie's immoral and delightful play) must have experienced on the desert island. There is going to be only one party in England, Mr. Arthur Henderson has recently said—the Labor party. It may be. Let us hope that some of the "unattached leaders" will at least preserve logic if they do not preserve majorities. Mr. Henderson's own argument is about as convincing as though one should say: in certain abnormal conditions martial law is the only régime that will work; therefore, since civil law has been found inadequate to conditions of riot and pestilence and famine, we must give it up altogether, and make martial law perpetual.

The real arguments against private, and for public, ownership are, of course, quite other than those Mr. Henderson offers. The point is that Mr. Henderson evidently does not know bad logic when he sees it. Let Mr. Henderson and his

followers keep the motor-cars, one is inclined to say, and we will keep the logic he discards. Private perception of the laws of logic is something we shall not be taxed for; though—let us not deceive ourselves—we shall have to make sacrifices to keep it. If we can acquire logic, we may have it. It may be increasingly difficult to maintain the methods of acquiring it: the best education, moral and intellectual, was becoming endangered before the war, and there is no telling what may become of it afterward.

I seem to have wandered far afield from plumbing; and yet plumbing (as a symbol of materialistic comfort) is more than germane to the question. The group whose problem I am concerned with is a very large one, though always, anywhere, a minority: the professional man, the man in the smaller business positions, the man on a salary, who has been decently bred, and who can never look forward to any real financial fortune. I do not include every one who has to economize strictly, for a large proportion of the people who have to economize strictly are totally uneducated as to real values. But distinctly I include any of the last mentioned who are alive to something besides materialistic needs. I do not include the people who want intellectual and esthetic goods only for social and snobbish reasons or out of blind jealousy. That group, in any case, will cease to exist if intellectual and esthetic goods cease to have a social value—as is more and more definitely coming to be the case. They were never anything but paid mercenaries in the struggle.

How are we going to save, for our children and our children's children, the real amenities of life? Hitherto the new millionaires, for reasons of social prestige, have tended to link themselves to the group of the civilized. But the new millionaire has always been an individual case, and has, therefore, had to make concessions to the group already established. What we have never had before is the proletariat suddenly becoming, overnight, in its vast numbers, at once richer and more powerful politically than the little "educated" aristocracy. We all know what happens when that happens; if we had forgotten the French

Revolution (and since 1914 a good many of us have) we have the Russian Revolution to remind us. In this morning's newspaper I saw that the daily bread ration in Petrograd was one-half a pound for the proletariat, one-eighth of a pound for the bourgeoisie. That may or may not be true, but there is nothing in known facts to make it incredible. Even granting that skilled labor is not going to Bolshevikiize itself completely, there is no doubt that the minority of which I speak is going to be virtually, if not theoretically, discriminated against. Labor is not going to draw distinctions between employers of labor; the college professor is going to have to pay the plumber, the carpenter, at as exorbitant rates as the great manufacturer. Any one who employs labor at all—even if it is only to repair a leak—is going to be gouged. All along the line, the producers of every necessary element in civilized physical existence are going to rob the ultimate consumer. It is labor that is responsible for the high cost of living. Labor may say that the high cost of living is responsible for its increased demands. In point of fact, there is every evidence that labor at present is demanding money, not for the necessities of life, but for the luxuries—just like the capitalists they have so inveighed against. One would have to be a professional reformer to be shocked. Any knowledge of human nature leaves one perfectly unsurprised by this phenomenon. Most men have always wanted as much as they could get; and possession has always blunted the fine edge of their altruism. That is what labor has always said about the employers of labor; and the employers can say it quite as truly of the employed. So long as you make the basis of life materialistic this law will prevail.

What, then, are we going to do about it? We shall not be able to afford many of the luxuries we once thought necessities, and we must decide, with the utmost possible wisdom, what are necessities and what are not. We had better make our list as short as possible, at that. Obvious luxuries we shall not have: motor-cars, fine clothing, plenty of domestic service, the joys of travel. It is costing us more, all the time, to provide

the hygienic necessities for our children; pure milk, nourishing food, good air, healthful recreation, seasonable clothing. I do not mean complicated food, or extravagant amusements, or elaborate clothing; I mean the irreducible minimum required for health and simple comfort and decency. And we cannot all—especially the professional people—go back to the farm and live on our own produce. We have to struggle along as best we can in the communities to which our work has called us.

In some ways the life of the spirit and the life of the intellect have always been expensive. The more obvious material comforts—rich food, for example—have not been necessary to either. Neither, in a sense, has fine clothing or expensive furniture. Yet it must be remembered that both the life of the spirit and the life of the intellect tend, in most cases, to develop the sense of beauty; and that too much ugliness can become a pain and an obstacle to calm. There is a simplicity that is pleasing, and a simplicity that is hideous. Leaving aside the social importance of good clothes and good furniture, there is, in downright ugliness, a power to fret the soul, a power to lessen the power to work. But we will neglect, for the moment, the esthetic side of it. In the matter of food we will willingly simplify. In the matter of adornment, whether of our persons or of our houses, we shall have to simplify, and we can only hope that our simplification can be conducted more along quantitative than along qualitative lines. We shall try to omit rather than commit; to be austere rather than cheap.

The matter of servants is going to hit us harder; for only with "help"—in the quite literal sense—can we manage to get any peace or any time, in the hours left free by our wage-earning, for reading, for contemplation, for conversation. The "general houseworker" has tended to disappear; which is an acknowledgment that when a great many different things have to be done, one human being cannot stand the strain. Only by her being helped out by the family, only by some features of household service being scanted or ill done, could the general houseworker ever manage to keep out-

side her job. The good cook could not also be the perfect parlor-maid and the perfect child's nurse. Neither can the good physician, the good lawyer, the good clergyman, also be the perfect choreman, the perfect gardener, and the perfect butler—with hours of casual bookkeeping, plumbing, and carpentering. Even if he had the talent, he would not have the time; for the physician, the lawyer, and the clergyman are not safeguarded by an "eight-hour day." His wife, moreover, even if she has no private intellectual interests, cannot suffice to all the modern domestic tasks any more than can the general houseworker, who has faded out of existence precisely because she could not. We shall modify as we can; shall have our food sent in from outside where that is possible; shall buy vacuum cleaners (on the installment plan); shall win occasional hours of freedom by hiring some safe person to come in and watch over the children while they sleep. Hospitality will, of necessity, be much curtailed. Our personal freedom—in any familiar sense of the term—will be almost *nil*. We might defy our house, our garden, our table, our door-bell, to shackle us; but we cannot defy our children to shackle us.

In these ways, we shall probably intrigue for the life of the spirit, the life of the intellect. But, still, they are expensive. Education—good education—is, in the first place, expensive. I do not know how much it costs to make a man a good plumber or a good coal-miner or a good carpenter; but I am sure it does not cost so much as it does to make him a good doctor or a good clergyman. It takes seven years after the "prep" school or the high school to start the professional man on his road, costing fairly heavily all the time. That is why I said that skilled labor is overpaid—it gets an exorbitant return for its expenditure. Most of us hope to have college for our boys, even if they do not take up a profession—just because we think that education is going to matter to a man, all his life, no matter in what field he works. The joys of travel, as I intimated, are going to be cut out for most of us; the opera and the play will become infrequent blessings. But we shall have to

have some books—even if we do not start the furnace until December. Indeed, the books we have ourselves are perhaps going to be our best guarantee of our children's being educated at all. To be sure, we shall be taxed on them, with increasing heaviness; but then, the coal-miner will (let us hope) be taxed on his motor-car.

It may be that we shall come to state-endowed motherhood, and all the rest. But the trouble is that all these socialistic schemes are based on a lower-class demand on life. State endowment of motherhood will perhaps have to come; but what does it guarantee except the child born under decent conditions? The health of the mother, and through her of the child, is to be safeguarded. Very well. *Et après?* Pure milk may be provided at municipal stations; there will be a day nursery and then a public kindergarten. There will follow—if modern “educators” have their way—the whole desolating career in the public schools, where real education is reduced to a minimum, and “vocational” training is substituted. The child will, in time, be graduated into the ranks of skilled labor, and perhaps will eventually have his motor-car and his tiled bathroom and his “movie” every night.

Yet for some of us this is not a supremely cheering prospect, because it is a wholly materialistic vision. Certainly it is a good thing to start with health as a requisite. Certainly everything that can be done to insure a healthy childhood, in every case where it is physically possible, should be done. But the great mistake of the reformers is to believe that life begins and ends with health, and that happiness begins and ends with a full stomach and the power to enjoy physical pleasures, even of the finer kind. It may be that the enormous expense of guaranteeing health to all children born in our vast American community will take all the money that the community has. It may be that no one will ever be free to devote his health to pursuing the life of the mind and the spirit—to the purposes, that is, of civilization not purely physical. But we have not come to that yet; and the war is there to remind us that we really do not know precisely what will come. If real social-

ism—as distinguished from our temporary utilization of certain socialistic methods—comes, we shall inevitably turn our backs on civilization for a time. Successful socialism depends on the perfectibility of man. Unless all, or nearly all, men are high-minded and clear-sighted, it is bound to be a rotten failure in any but a physical sense. Even though it is altruism, socialism means materialism. You can guarantee the things of the body to every one, but you cannot guarantee the things of the spirit to every one; you can guarantee only that the opportunity to seek them shall not be denied to any one who chooses to seek them. And socialism, believing as it must (to hold its head high) in the spiritual as well as the political equality of men, is not going to create special opportunities for the special case. “To hell with the special case” is implicit in the socialist slogan. Do you see any majority, anywhere, in this imperfect and irreligious world, admitting that the minority is precious? That any minority is precious? Is there any evidence whatever that the socialist is less avid of personal political power, less averse to demagogic methods, than the other person? Does he himself go far to prove his perfectionism? A good many socialists are calling other socialists names because they put nationality before internationality; though any one with any sense could have told them beforehand that they would, because human beings are—fortunately or unfortunately—like that. Lenin and Trotsky are disappointed because the German socialists do not rise to betray their rulers; and some socialists are disappointed because Lenin and Trotsky appear to be selling Russia out to Germany in order to keep themselves—two individuals—in places of power. Every one is calling names all round; and if socialism were anything in particular, it would (one would think) be very sorry for itself.

What is clear is this: that the socialization of governments places vast power in the hands of the skilled laborer. It is only in order that labor shall produce as fast and as furiously as possible that we have socialized our national organization. We need, chiefly for war's sake, certain physical things—food, muni-

tions, coal, khaki clothing, and transportation for the same. We are calling for Y. M. C. A. men, and K. of C., and chaplains; but what we really expect of them, more than anything else, is to go under fire, if necessary, to give the soldiers tobacco and hot chocolate. The newspapers lay eager and delighted stress on the unclerical nature of the services these gentlemen find themselves cheerfully performing. War, you see, is a physical business. Of the spiritual side of it I am not going to speak. No one really can speak of it in terms of actual achievement until the armies have come home and we see what manner of men they are. You cannot tell from the straws you see which way the great last wind of all is going to blow. Some wise people doubt whether the veterans of this war are going to spiritualize the world. Many of them will have had, at this or that supreme moment, something akin to a spiritual revelation. But the spiritual adventure is a desperately and exclusively personal thing; you cannot socialize it. It is incommunicable, and for the most part inexpressible. The attempt to socialize a spiritual experience ends in the camp-meeting; it goes no farther. Like all mental ecstasies, it cannot be felt simultaneously by millions of people. I fancy that the opinions the veterans are going to express at the polls are quite unforeknowable. We are all willingly kow-towing to the materialists for the sake of the armies. Whether the armies will wish to kow-tow to them when the war is over is a question more difficult of present solution than the Balkan boundaries. Certainly, if the armies have developed an *esprit de corps* and a philosophy of their own, they will be listened to. We shall inevitably be very sentimental about them. Whether we shall continue to be sentimental about the man who selected this moment to hold up his country and his compatriots for exorbitant pay, and demonstrated his patriotism by earning it, I do not know. We can deal only with the present situation.

What, the present outlook being what it is, can we count on for our children? We shall be practically aided, in time, as I have said, by all sorts of co-operative schemes—invented for the use of

the very poor, and adapted and expanded, of necessity, for the not quite so poor. Some of the amenities of life, some of the space and the privacy, will have gone irretrievably. After considerations of health come considerations of education. We shall not be able, probably, to afford private schools for our children; and our sole comfort must be that most private schools are not much good, anyhow. They are a little safer gamble, in most communities, than the public schools. That is all. We, the parents, must supplement the bad teaching as best we can, must keep at least some spark of intelligent interest in the universe alive by the gas-log. It may well become our painful and subversive duty to inform our children, from the beginning, that what is being offered them by the state as education is not really education at all; and that teaching a boy how to make bookshelves is in no sense a substitute for teaching him to read and appreciate Latin. (Better not mention Greek!) It is very desirable, if not absolutely necessary, for our daughter to know how to cook; but we must not permit her to consider that domestic science is education, in the proper sense. We must keep the fact before ourselves and before the next generation that the training of the mind does not mean quite the same thing as the training of the muscles. Time was when a cobbler—and I do not mean anything so remote and legendary as Hans Sachs—found philosophy a very natural complement to cobbling. I knew a cobbler in my childhood who was much in demand among the intellectuals, as being one of the few people who could expound Emerson's transcendentalism in a completely satisfactory way. He went about—I can still recall the spun snow of his hair, the canny saintliness of his much-modeled face, the thin figure under the long black cloak—to philosophical conferences to discuss metaphysics with the metaphysicians; and returned to sit in his little shop and cobble shoes. But one has yet to hear of philosophy's coming from a member of the lasters' union. Machinery means specialization; and it is an old story that there is no mental comfort or development in repeating the same gesture for

eight hours a day, even if one has time and a half for overtime. The single gesture is not educative. When you saw the shoe as an entity, when it grew under your hands and you built up the whole consciously from the related parts; even when you were a mere cobbler, a physician to sick shoes, and had to know the whole shoe-organism—there was something in that humblest, most physical of tasks which demanded a conception in the brain. That time is gone, and if William Morris in the flesh could not bring it back, certainly his ghost will not. But if you think for a moment of the difference in mental attitude and mental grasp, it shows up skilled labor for what it is.

I am far from saying that, in this much simpler world which the increasing complication of life is going, paradoxically, to create for some of us, it is a bad thing that children should be "vocationally" trained. (You cannot say "vocationally educated," for that is virtually a contradiction in terms.) Even so, it is only to a very limited degree that our sons can be, in the intervals, their own plumbers or their own carpenters or their own masons, for the unions will never allow it. It is a very minor tinkering that is permitted to the private person. You cannot help to paint your own woodwork in your own house, for the union painter will leave his job if you touch your private paint-brush in his presence. What good, after all, is this famous vocational training, except as you definitely choose to follow through life some one of the trades they teach you? It will not really make the whole man more efficient; for he will not be allowed to use his potential efficiency. It may teach him whether he prefers to be a steamfitter or a bricklayer; but it cannot guarantee him any power to practise either steamfitting or bricklaying, unless he is willing to forsake all else and cling only to that. Never was such nonsense talked by any one as by the new "educators." Labor frankly uses the argument of might and the big stick; but labor, as far as I know, does not pretend that it is something else. It rests its case cynically on our own pampered inability to get on without it.

"Philosophy can bake no bread," re-

plied some philosopher to his critics, "but it can give us God, freedom, and immortality." Those are the last things, I take it, that modern philosophy is really concerned with giving us; but the perversity of one generation need not obscure all history. It is possible for the contemplation of great ideas, of great art, of great poetry, of the epic motions of the human race as revealed in history, to mitigate physical deprivation. It is possible to have plain living and high thinking together—though it is not easy, and never has been, and some of the best-known exponents of that theory have been pitiful failures. Certainly we of the minority must accept for ourselves austerities we were not bred to in our easy-going, materialistic generation. Without taking, like St. Simeon, to the wilful discomfort of a pillar, we must learn to do without a hundred "necessities" that Dante and Shakespeare never dreamed of. We must keep it possible for our children to delight in Dante and Shakespeare; we must not let the authentic intellectual thrill disappear from the world. And, for that, we must insist that the past be not closed to them, and that learning shall not be an unknown good. They will have to do it on bread and milk, not on caviare; but it can be done on bread and milk. That is the point.

I confess that as I look forth in these distressed times on the vast American scene, I find myself pinning my hope to two things—the self-consciousness of this minority, and the older Eastern universities. For unless we plan our simplicities cannily, the other people will have won out; and unless the older universities keep up a standard of learning, hold the door open, by main force, to the past, the garnered lore of the world will fail us. We shall progress—but blindly, as the brute creation. The fact is that we are living in an obscurantist epoch. For surely it is obscurantism to deny the legitimacy of any field of knowledge or of virtue, and those folk who would reduce everything to a physical basis are as deadly foes of light as their ancestors who saw in physical experiments nothing but the black art. Every sane person wants science left free to accomplish its marvelous work;

but no sane person past early youth would say, as a young woman fresh from her college laboratories said to me a few days since, that chemistry is the root of all knowledge. The Protestants, when they were on top, were as given to obscurantism, and its accompaniment of persecution, as the Catholics.

In the matter of education, as I have suggested, we shall have to rely on the older colleges of the East. We cannot count on the West to help us, for the West is cursed with state universities. It is by no means my intention or my private inclination to minimize the value of the state universities. The point is that they are uncertain; they are not free; they are dependent, in the last analysis, on public favor, which means public funds, on a kind of initiative and referendum. They may have good luck and become great schools of learning; they may have bad luck and become indifferent and negligible places. They are not really allowed to set their own standards; they must ever be compromising with the personnel of state legislatures. The private colleges and universities of the East at least are not dependent on politics. Their funds are for the most part inadequate, but they do not have to change their curricula to please people who know nothing about what a curriculum should be. As long as their private fortunes last, they can afford to say the thing which they believe to be true. One of the most heartening things that have happened since 1914 is the acquisition of great wealth by Yale University. It means—one hopes—that one at least of our old academic foundations can snap its fingers at ignorance enthroned; that it can send out its thousands endowed with some sense of intellectual values. Intellectual values are not the only ones; but most sane people believe that only by the rigid training of the mind can human beings be taught wise living and moral values. There is no morality by instinct, though there can be morality by inherited inhibitions. There is no social salvation—in the end—without taking thought; without mastery of logic and application of logic to human experience. These things, because they are not the natural man, are not carelessly

come by; they must be deliberately achieved. You will not learn them from the Bolsheviki, or from the I. W. W., or even from Mr. Arthur Henderson. A great deal is said nowadays about practical politics and the rôle of the practical man in building the social structure. Before you can carry out an idea you must have the idea. You cannot get rid of the world of abstract thought. One after the other, leaders of the Church are laying more and more stress on religion's being a strictly social matter. Perhaps it is, though I do not believe it. I should have said that social regeneration was a by-product of religion, not religion itself. But even the folk who think that Christianity means no slums, and means little else, derive their sanction—or think they do—from Christ, who dealt in abstract ideas more exclusively than any other religious teacher the world has had.

We must, then, seriously facing the moral, political, and physical conditions of our time, be frankly ascetic. We must make our children healthy, first of all—if only because specialists will be beyond our pocketbooks. I have implied that the combination of plain living and high thinking is a difficult one; I fancy it is the most difficult in the world. "The hand of less employment hath the daintier sense." We shall obliterate the coarser contacts, as far as possible, not by engaging other people to take the burden of those coarser contacts, but by buying, as we can, the machinery that will suffice to them impersonally. We shall "co-operate" to the limit of our incomes, losing thereby, I repeat, many of the amenities which tend to civilize. We shall not sleep soft, we shall not live high, and we shall do without external beauty to a painful extent. We shall exist in cramped quarters, and if we achieve the dignity of one spacious room, that will be a great deal. We cannot hope to furnish it fittingly. But if we have a dollar to spend on some wild excess, we shall spend it on a book, not on asparagus out of season. If we have a holiday, we shall not go to Europe or Asia, which would be beyond our means; but we shall find some quiet spot where there will at least be trees and sky and no motor-cars or aero-

planes. We shall, I hope, ameliorate our lack of space and privacy by a very perfectly developed courtesy and by the capacity for silence. It sounds monastic, and, at its best, monastic it will be. Certain things we shall have given up at the start; certain ambitions will have been erased from our tablets. We shall not compete with, or interfere with, the lords of this world. We shall do our modest work, and receive our modest pay, and by a corresponding modesty of life and temper we shall disarm, we hope, the unsympathetic and uncomprehending. Our kingdom cannot be of this world; and instead of complaining and criticizing, we must apply ourselves to realizing that our compensations can be made greater than our losses. We shall be passionately concerned with humanity; the more so, that we shall endeavor to be aware of the voice of God as well as of the voice of the people. We shall not be snobs in any sense; for we shall have the same charity for other people's choices that we beg them to have for ours. Besides, snobbishness dies out quickly—in America, at least—among the impoverished.

Even those who find all this an intolerable idea will dub it Utopian. A counsel of perfection it certainly is. But the higher the standard we set for ourselves the less likely we are to put up with a low one. And if we merely drift, I fear we shall find ourselves getting nothing—wearing ourselves out in the unequal, familiar race for physical privileges, and leaving to one side the intangible goods. We can guarantee our children nothing except that they shall be armored against certain kinds of suffering; the lust of non-essentials, for example. I do not say that we shall not lose much

that our best interest would suggest our having; but we shall not lose everything. And with the new simplicity will come some of the compensations of earlier simplicity. The man who has three things gets more pleasure out of one than does the man who has a hundred. Perhaps we shall capture the "joy in widest commonalty spread." A rose will always be cheaper than an alligator pear, and it is quite possible to enjoy it as much and as vividly. We shall be very grateful, I have no doubt, to Thomas Edison and the other genii of democracy. In some ways we shall fare better than folk of our clan in Europe. We must thank our stars for plumbing—itsself a "joy in widest commonalty spread." But we shall value it chiefly as it releases time for better things, and those better things not physical pleasures.

Not only shall we not glorify our plumbing with marble; we shall see that there is really no sense in marble when porcelain will do as well—that marble has better uses and should be kept for them. Not only shall we have no ermine to shield us from the cold; we shall see that ermine was more beautiful when rarely and ritually worn. We shall learn to take pleasure in beautiful things that do not and never can belong to us; and we shall purge ourselves of the ignoble passion of envy. But the power to discriminate between the truth and a lie—which is the foundation of all moral and intellectual enjoyment—we shall cling to with greed. For in keeping that we rob no one, and insult no law. I am far from believing that any group of people can achieve all this with completeness. But I believe we shall do well to set it before us as a goal.



A Spree D'Esprit

BY SOPHIE KERR



TO begin, this story happened in those incredible, hardly-to-be-remembered days before the great war, when women did not carry knitting-bags, when fires and floods and murder trials were still to be seen on the front page of our metropolitan press, when sugar and coal were negligible necessities, and when the prancings in shining armor of William II were smiled at as a mere harmless personal idiosyncrasy. It is difficult indeed to recall those days, and to none perhaps is it more difficult than to the two chief personages of this story. Victor, erstwhile chief captain of the Rose Room of the Hotel Palais, is now the greatly beloved and greatly daring captain of a company of bearded, fierce, fighting poilus, and Count Leopold, true to his tradition, has voluntarily followed into exile one Nicholas Nicholaievitch, once a royal grand duke and generalissimo of Russia. Neither of them is likely to chance upon this pleasant tale, but if they should, I know that each will smile a smile of hilarious memory.

He was aged, yet ageless, Count Leopold. Looking at him, it was impossible to think that he had ever been a wee, cuddlesome baby, a skinny-legged, shrill-voiced school-boy, or even a young man-about-town, with little mustache and cigarette. He seemed always to have been old. Yet he was not decrepit. His physician saw to that. He did not suggest decay or senility. But he did suggest, to a superlative degree, entire sophistication, decades of experience and a calm indifference to all save his appetite.

Count Leopold was short and thick. His head was bald and pink and round, and he had long white side whiskers, cut knowingly in a foreign fashion. His clothes were *du monde*, oh, very much

so. The dullest eye might comprehend that he employed a superlative tailor. He had a monocle, had Count Leopold, and he managed it without difficulty.

When he came to live at the Hotel Palais, in one of the best suites, it was whispered about that he was a Russian nobleman, here on a diplomatic mission of the greatest delicacy. His tips were princely. Also constant. On holidays he double-tipped—every one—the bell-boys, the housekeeper, the maids, the floor clerks, the elevator men, the cloak-room attendants, the doorman, the cab-starter—all experienced his bounty.

In the dining-room he tipped most lavishly of all. There was a reason for this—namely, the count was a gourmet. He adored food. He spent hours over each meal, and solemnly ordered and counter-ordered and consulted with the waiter and the captain and sent careful messages (and more tips) to the chefs. A new flavor was to him as blessed as sunshine and blue sky, or even more so.

Yet, though Count Leopold was a gourmet, he was no gourmand. His doctor forbade it. Of the array of dishes he ordered, he frequently took no more than the merest nibble. He might select three vintages and take only one swallow of each. But he extracted ecstasy from his tastings and sippings and playings with his food—greater than a hungry man who eats a steak for the first time in a month. A true epicure, Count Leopold.

By all the rights of the dining-room, he should have been served by Victor, chief captain of the Rose Room, and a very great man indeed in his knowledge of food and how to serve it and how to manage the captious public who eats. Yet it so chanced that when Count Leopold came to the Palais he chose a week when Victor was at home, sick with grippe. Judge of Victor's annoyance when he returned, still a little feverish and inclined to be peevish, to

find that this lavish new-comer, a permanent guest, had fallen into the clutches of Christakos, one of the under-captains, a Greek, and a wily one.

Victor, a true Frenchman, had long watched with dismay the intrusion of the Greek waiters into the Hotel Palais and the city's restaurant life generally.



"FOR W'AT SHOULD THIS FAT OLE WHITE-W'ISKAIRE THINK HE IS RULE IN MY ROSE ROOM!"

He had most reluctantly taken them on his force, because, forsooth, there were no French or Swiss to be had, but he hated to do it. Christakos, he grudgingly admitted, was clever, and had the head with him, and finally he had made Christakos an under-captain, simply because he had to have another under-captain and there was no other eligible candidate. But he disciplined Christakos severely and kept him very much in check.

And now, in his absence, Christakos

had bagged Count Leopold, and the count, not realizing that he was discarding real gold for spurious, had told the management—also before Victor's return—that he wanted this particular place in the Rose Room and this particular captain, and the waiter that this particular captain had chosen for him,

and that he wanted no others, and if they were changed without his knowledge, he, the count, would simply depart to some other hotel. He would not stay to argue. It was particularly galling because Victor needed the money. There was his young brother Albert, a real student, a youth of possibilities, who *must* be sent to the Sorbonne. And Victor's father, formerly a hale and hearty old bourgeois of Rennes, was now sorely crippled by rheumatics, — always prefaced by "*cet diable*" in the old chap's speech. There were other brothers and sisters, besides Albert, who in the way of youth needed continually clothes, food, shelter. It was distinctly Victor's part to supply them. And so he did, willingly. But it made dents in his bank-account and caused

him to desire greatly all extra money that might be acquirable. Alas, that the count was not available as a negotiable asset.

The Hotel Palais, through one William Percy, third assistant manager, a slim youth in a cutaway, had told Victor that the count desired the service of Christakos alone, thereby causing Victor to wave agitated hands.

"Name of a name!" he exclaimed. "For w'at should this fat ole White-w'iskaire think he is rule in my Rose

Room! Me, I will change waiter an' capitaine, an' glass an' knife an' fork on him, *tout entière*, if it seem propaire. He has some nerves, *Monsieur le Conte*."

"All I have to say is this," said William Percy, who was a peaceable soul, but to whom business was always business, "that if you try any funny business with the count, as sure as shooting you'll get fired, Victor. That old boy is ready money and mustn't be trifled with. Leave him in peace and let Christakos wait on him. Take it from me, you'll regret it otherwise."

The nonchalant William Percy sauntered away, then, pausing by the flower-stand and regarding the orchids and roses and carnations for a moment thoughtfully, he sauntered back. Possibly those innocent flowers inspired him. At any rate, he observed Victor knowingly, and remarked, *sotto voce*:

"If you can't put something over on Christakos without rough stuff, Victor, why, then you don't deserve to win out. Get me?"

With a slight motion of the eyelid, which might or might not have been a wink, he sauntered away again. Victor watched his retreating back and was strangely consoled.

"Ow I 'ave misjudge' that Monsieur Percy," he meditated. "I 'ave said, more times as once, zat he is no better to look at as one monkey on a stick, an' now he throws zose fire coals on me wiz a kindness. I mus' not be so quick a judge, me. *Eh, bien*—I will not try ze stuff rough on zat *perfide* Christakos. But I will put it over, I swear, for I mus' not leave him ze *triomphe*."

Yes, but this was much easier to say than to do. It was not pleasant to see one's under-captain, a man over whom one holds power to hire and fire, a man with too much white in the eye, thereby clearly indicating his base nature, a man who regards catering to patrons as a sordid commercial thing and not as a fine art—it was, I say, not pleasant to see such a one in chief control of a needed gold-mine that should have been yours by all the right of authority and superiority. Christakos, forsooth, catering to an epicure! It was to laugh. And, though outwardly Victor was calm and suave, at heart he raged.

He could not but see, however, that Christakos was artful in handling the count. Artful, yes—and perfidious. Victor was unobtrusively alert these days. He gave Christakos just one week to weary and disgust the count. But it did not happen. When he saw Christakos fixing things in the chafing-dish with his own hands, he began to suspect. He watched, more alert than ever. At last Jules, whom Victor had trained from sniveling 'bus-boy to peerless waiter, discovered the secret and brought it to his master.

"Figure to yourself, monsieur," he whispered excitedly to Victor, as the captain stood grandly at the door of the Rose Room and gave and withheld tables as an emperor might give or withhold a royal order. "Figure to yourself, *mon maître!* Christakos, *ce nom d'un nom d'un nom*—'e has thieved to himself your recipes! He feed to the count as his own invent your dishes, *si magnifiques, si originels!* Ah, *quel perfide, quel horreur!*"

"W'at!" asked Victor, paling under the shock. "'As 'e gave to ze count my spaghettiwizchickenlivaires, Jules? Answer me! An' my divine *filet piqué à la Richelieu*?"

Jules nodded. "*Oui. An' ze côtelettes à la Soubise.*"

"Zis is terrible!" exclaimed Victor. "Zis is *tragédie*, my good Jules. Go, you 'ave serve me well. Go—I mus' furiously to think. It is up to me to catch zis rascal Christakos dead to ze right. An' zen some of it. Ah, *mon Dieu*, one who will steal ze brain child of anozzer is one gr-r-ran' viper, Jules."

"You spik ze earfuls," murmured Jules, fervently, as he departed.

Indeed, was it not a situation which rightly gave Victor furiously to think? Here was the wicked and unworthy Christakos reaping the benefit of all his, Victor's, years of careful experimentation in the culinary art! And when Victor cooked he could outchef any chef who ever flourished a saucepan. His recipes were his greatest secret. He never told them. How, then, had Christakos obtained them? Victor gave grudging admiration to one who could watch a recipe like his and then repeat it—merely from observation.

"But," he added to himself, suspiciously, "I will bet ze good round iron man zat he took notes on his villain shirt-cuff! He could *not* remember zem, so. Zey are too subtle—too complicate. Bah! W'y for do I waste ze time in figuring to myself 'ow 'e got zem, w'en ze fact is zat 'e 'as got zem. It is 'igh time *pour un coup de théâtre*."

But what to do! Christakos watched the count like a hawk. He was always there when the count's square body, pink head, and white side-whiskers appeared in the door of the Rose Room. He refused altogether to take his day off, and when Victor remarked to him solicitously that he would thus undermine his health, he had replied that he would soon have plenty of money to go to a health resort, and, hence, should worry. The insolence! Moreover, this success of Christakos's was an encouragement to the other under-captains of the Rose Room to be covertly swaggering and independent and flout Victor's rule. Now I ask you—could this be endured?

Nevertheless, as long as Christakos remained sound in wind and limb and

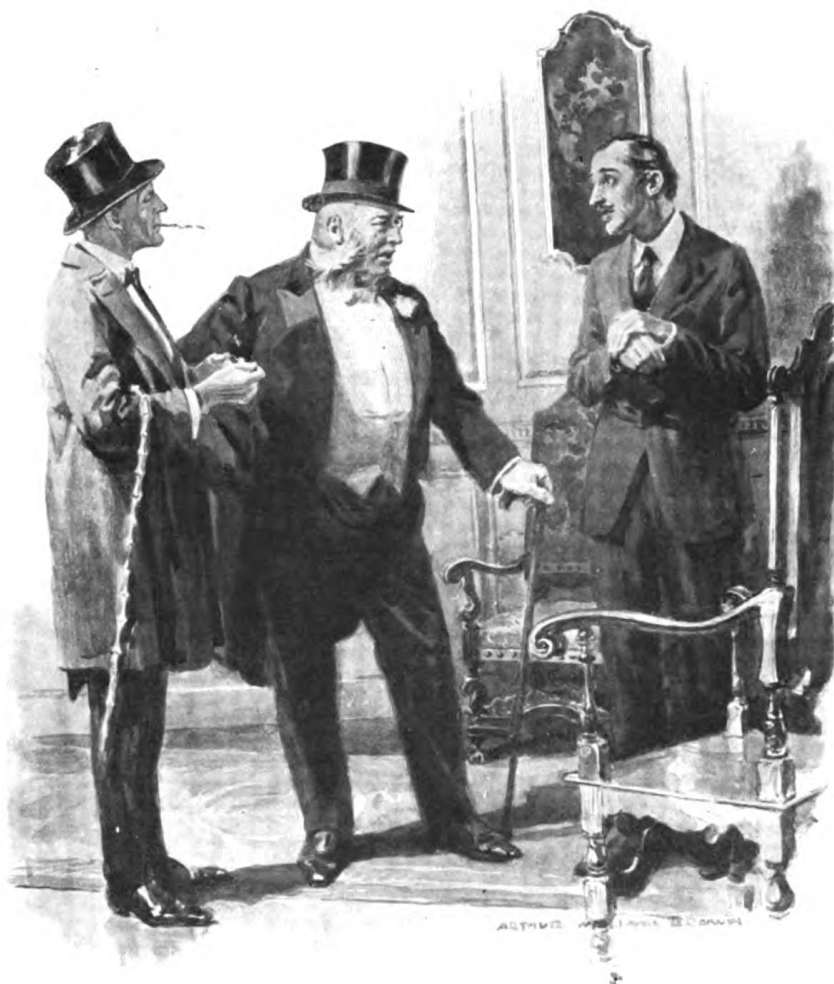
attended to his duties, it seemed as if the situation could not be changed.

Of course, Victor knew that if he could once get hold of the count's attention, for a single meal, all would be over with Christakos. He had supreme confidence in his own abilities—Victor. He knew that his conversation and manner were both superior to Christakos's. He knew that he could originate ten delightful new epicurean delights while Christakos was merely copying one. All he needed was the chance to let the count know this also.

Let it never be said that true merit is slighted while false gains the laurel. Let it never be said that Fortuna, that fickle dame, does not stand ever ready to guard her chosen ones, even though for a moment she seems to have turned her face from them. Behold! here is the proof of it. On this one night a careless 'bus-boy let fall a small pat of butter on the top step of the flight of stairs which leads from the kitchens and pantries below to the service door of the Rose Room. And the first person to pass by after this small unobserved happening was Christakos! He slipped—he slid—



THE COUNT WATCHED HIM, NOT LOSING A MOVEMENT



"I AM PERFECTLY WELL," SAID THE COUNT, ANGRILY. "I AM NO BABY FOR YOU TO NURSE"

he waved his arms and made a wild contortion of his body to escape falling, but it was in vain. His feet flew from under him, and he went down, rolling, bumping, clutching, and likewise swearing a most blasphemous purple mixture of Greek, bad French, and worse English.

When they had picked him up at the bottom of the stairs he was covered with contusions and he had, in addition, one broken arm, one sprained ankle, and a terrible gash over his left eye.

As they were putting him in the ambulance to take him to the hospital, Count Leopold was entering the Rose Room for dinner. Victor, hurrying in from the service door—he had been called out by the accident to Christakos—observed him and realized that Fortuna had given him over into his hands.

He came forward swiftly, but without flurry. Count Leopold was looking about him for the absent one.

Victor bowed, composing his features to the right degree of concern. "Monsieur le Conte," he began, "'ow I am grieve to tell you! Christakos 'e is smash to himself on ze so hard stone steps. It will be many days he is in ze 'ospital, I fear it. But come, monsieur, I, Victor, will serve you. Firs' of all, I will change your table. Zere is ze bad draught w'ere you 'ave been sitting. I insist to Christakos zat your seat be change—but 'e will not listen. 'Ere, monsieur—try zis."

Bowing, he waved the count to a table that was perfection—not too near the door, yet giving an admirable view of every newcomer; not too near the music; not too near a service-table; out

of the way of passing waiters and 'bus-boys; secluded from draughts, but not in a stuffy corner; well lighted, yet not in a glare; placed properly as regards heat. Oh, a jewel of a table! Once sitting at it, the practised eyes of the count observed its every charm. He smiled. He adjusted his monocle. Victor knew that the first part of the battle was won.

"You are comfortable, yes?" he asked, sweetly. "Ah—good! And now, monsieur—to choose ze dinner. First of all—ze *purée de petits pois*, wiz a little spinach add to ze fresh peas. Aha! A new sensation, I promise you."

He looked sharply at the count. It was evident that the old man was listening with interest. "An' zen *hure d'un saumon à la Cambacérès*—ze sauce of drawn butter an' paprika an' lemon juices—yes?"

"Yes, yes," said the count, with enthusiasm.

"An' zen," went on Victor, gathering speed, "w'at say you to ze *poulet sauté à l'Hongroise*—wiz ze *sauce Béchamel*?"

"It must be done by a master's hand," interposed the count, his little eyes sparkling in anticipation.

"Have no fears to yourself," soothed Victor. "I—I will myself *sauter ce poulet*—I swear it. Tomatoes *Provençal* wiz zis. An' after, a salad—plain, cool, crisp green alone, a French dressing wiz a suspicion of tarragon, per'aps one wink of garlic."

"If it but tastes as it sounds!" murmured the count. His words were devout—a prayer.

"No stupid 'eavy dessert," continued Victor, the joy of creation upon him. "A *macédoine méringuée* is ze ticket. I will bring you Chambertin to drink, monsieur, an' Turkish coffee, an' at ze las', one so little glass of cognac, clear. Is it agreed?"

It was agreed amid suppressed excitement of Victor and greatly unsuppressed excitement of the count. He gazed after Victor with admiring, wondering eyes—at least, with one admiring eye and with an admiring monocle.

"Little angels of heaven!" he sighed. "In this accursed country I did not believe there was one man who knew so much of the art of ordering a dinner. Now—if what he brings me is fit to

eat—" A long life had taught M. le Conte Leopold that very few dinners are as good in reality as in expectation. And he was a man who lived to dine! 'Twas a tragedy.

But this time he was doomed to blessed disappointment. When the soup came, Count Leopold tasted it cautiously, and then, contrary to his custom, he ate every drop of it.

With the salmon he was equally greedy. He ate the truffles and the mushrooms that garnished it. He dipped a bit of his toasted roll into the sauce and ate that.

But it was not until the chicken and tomatoes appeared and he had taken his first delicious mouthfuls of them that he spoke. He chewed with delicate ecstasy. Then, laying down his knife and fork, he beckoned Victor himself to him. He grasped his hand.

"It is sublime," murmured Count Leopold, hoarsely.

Victor received the tribute modestly, as one who knows his worth, but is not puffed up thereby. "I am some joy zat you are please'," he said, in his own special argot, which contained many adaptations of American slangisms. Then he went away and busied himself with other patrons of the Rose Room, but he had a contented heart. He knew that Christakos's goose was cooked at the same time as the chicken the count was so rapturously eating.

He returned, however, to make the salad dressing and serve the salad. He made the dressing with his own special white-wine vinegar, his own pure Italian oil. He flavored it with a dash of tarragon, and to the ordinary condiments he added a touch of cayenne. With a clove of bruised garlic he rubbed the bowl. Generously he "fatigued" the crisp green leaves of romaine with the dressing, turning them over and over and over again. The count watched him, not losing a movement—as enraptured ladies watch the hands of a great pianist playing Chopin.

And the result—ah, Victor could not suppress a smile of triumph at the beatific expression that spread itself over the count's pink-cheeked face as he ate. His very side-whiskers curled with pleasure.

Then came the *macédoine méringuée*, and the Turkish coffee, and at the last the thimbleful of clear cognac, as promised. With this the count became thoughtful. It was evident that some great idea was forming in his head.

Remember, the count had eaten everything—he whose custom it was but to nibble and to taste. He had likewise drunk far more than his customary half-glassful. Hence he was mellow—mellow, yet not merry. He beckoned to Victor.

"You have made me do what I never expected to do again," he said, "eat a perfect dinner—a perfect dinner, throughout. Ah, little angels of heaven! I feel that you have given me back my youth! I am as a young man again—in Paris or Vienna. I do not want to go to my room and read the matchless

novels of Sacher-Masoch, though such is my custom—and he is the greatest writer who ever lived—peace to his ashes." He piously drank off his cognac to the memory of the novelist. "But to-night, I am restless, distrait. I have good reason for it, alas! And yet, I do not know what to do. I am not acquainted with the city. Could you—would you, a young man, act as courier for a night of harmless pleasure for an old man? If you are one-half as resourceful as an entertainer as you are a caterer— But, yes, it must be so. Come, what time are you free here?"

The prospect this presented was as delightful as it was unexpected, and Victor's thoughts played nimbly round it. It was assuredly an adventure not to be lost. Although he did not have the slightest idea of where they would



SHE SEEMED TO BE BECKONING TO THEM—OH, HOW IRRESISTIBLY

go, or how he would divert the count, he let a triviality like that take care of itself. He bowed. He smiled.

"Monsieur le Conte," he said, "I am at your sairvice w'en you wish an' for as long as you wish. To search an' find pleasure for you—behol'—I am on ze job."

"Good," said the count. "I will go to my rooms for my coat and hat, and I will have my valet order a car for us. I will be down again in fifteen minutes. Can you be ready?"

"You can bet of your life," said Victor. "But order no car, monsieur. No adventure in zis city is complete wizout riding in ze taxicabs—ze worse ze better."

It was so agreed, and the count, beaming with expectancy, retired, leaving such largess for Jules, who had assisted Victor in attending him throughout the dinner, as made that true son of France almost dance the can-can right in the middle of the Rose Room.

As for Victor, he flew first to speak to the assistant manager of the hotel and explain his absence. Then he returned to put the affairs of the Rose Room under the direction of the best of his sub-captains. Then he sought his own coat and hat, thanking Heaven that he had seen fit to wear his best silk hat and light overcoat that day. (He had expected to have a little diversion of his own after the hour of the Rose Room closing. But

that is another story.) And while he did all these things, he was frantically planning what he would do with this strange companion, so oddly and so suddenly thrust upon him. He bought an evening paper and ran his eye over the list of

amusements, for it seemed inevitable that the first part of their evening should, be spent in a theater, though it was now far too late to see the opening of any show. But there were plenty of them, reflected Victor, where it made little difference to the sense at what part of it one began.

At this moment Count Leopold stepped off the elevator, followed by a much perplexed and solicitous valet. He was expostulating—the valet:

"But, Monsieur le Conte, you are not well—you are not strong—you never go out—it is against the doctor's orders—"

"Chut, Maas," said the count, angrily. "I am perfectly well. I am no baby for you to nurse. Don't be an old fool, an old dotard. Go back up-stairs and do your work and wait for me to go to bed. I don't know when I shall return."

"Then let me go with you," pleaded Maas, darting a venomous glance at Victor. "I who know your ways, who know what is best for you."

"No, no, no!" shouted the count. "Little angels in heaven! must a man be pestered to death by his servants?



AWB
WHEN HE COULD MARCH NO LONGER, HE SEIZED THE BASS-DRUM AND MARKED TIME

Be silent, instantly, and go up-stairs, or I shall discharge you, here and now. I am sick of your long face and your nursing."

Maas fell back, wringing his hands, and the count went debonairly on. "Oh, if it had not been for that magical dinner," he said to Victor, "I should never have had the strength to withstand Maas. He is a tyrant. Come, where do we go first?"

Victor beckoned to a rakish-looking pirate taxi with a young thug for chauffeur. "To ze Gaities," he commanded. He settled himself comfortably beside the count and said, as the taxi leaped from its moorings and broke the speed limit even in its first ten yards:

"Now we shall see what we shall see. I tell you, *moi*, Victor, zis is ze life!"

And, believe me, it was the life. The first episode was at the theater, where they were finally landed in safety after being warned by no less than three policemen and scraping a little varnish off several slow-going limousines. An unimpressed, morose youth gazed upon Victor and the count as they approached the box-office and remarked, indifferently:

"Nothindoinhousesoldout."

The count's hand went to his breast pocket and he automatically brought out a bulging roll of bills which he attempted to slip unobtrusively to Victor. But Victor's native thrift revolted at paying good money to such a person.

"But wait," he whispered, "biffore we try finance, let us try *finesse*."

Behind the shoulder of the ticket-seller he had seen the rotund outline of one who was evidently a higher authority. He approached the window again and, ignoring the underling, tried the power of the human eye on his chief.

"Approach me," said Victor's eye. "There is something doing."

The chief approached and dented his plump figure with the shelf behind the window.

"*Voyez, mon ami*," whispered Victor. "You zee zat ole man out zere? Aha—you start! You know him, zen? It is Count Leopold Parchewski, secret emissary of ze so great Russian government, bosom frien' of his Excellence ze Russian

ambassador an' all zose high-up gink. He is 'ere wiz me, an' he is consume wiz ze great desire to go behine ze scene to see your show from ze wing. It would not be ze bad business for you to let him have his so *petit* wish—no? You see a daylights—yes? But wait—you are not to call him by ze name—*vous comprenez*? He is here incognito. But to-morrow—w'at a story for ze papers! You can give ze tippings to ze newspaper boys to-night, if you wish it. Hist—not a words!"

The manager saw the daylights, decidedly. He hurried round through the office and joined them in the lobby. With obsequious bows he bade them accompany him, and, shortly after, they were treading the maze of the back-stage. The count regarded Victor with open admiration.

"I knew you could do wonderful things," he said, "but I cannot understand why they let us get in without money."

"Zere are sings bigger as money," declared Victor. "Even in America, monsieur." And further than that he would not divulge.

At the Gaities there is a jolly little corner in the wings, R. U. E., just big enough for two to stand and not be in the way of the passing in and out of the hundred or so performers. It was here that the manager installed Victor and the count, and after slavishly urging them to stay as long as they liked and to do what they pleased, short of burning down the theater, left them. They gazed about them with interest.

The usual disorderly mess of ropes, props, tackle, and all the grimy mechanism that makes back-stage look more like a carpenter's shop than any adjunct of the drama did not allure them. But as they looked out on the stage itself, where the performance was going on, there was something of exceeding interest.

The leading lady, slim, demure, and large-eyed, was just beginning her big song, "Follow Me, Boys," that half the world has since been humming. Behind her was a double row of chorus folk, the front layer of girls in airy, ruffly rose color and mauve, and the back layer of men in pearl-gray suits, white spats,

pearl-gray "toppers"—oh, a delicious, shifting kaleidoscope of color.

Back and forth in a swaying, weaving, slow step went the singer, her slender white figure picked out and held by the spot-light. She was singing—and the audience was humming with her in delight—

"Follow me, boys, won't you follow me—
Follow me, boys, won't you follow me—
Look at the moonlight out on the sea—
Listen to my heart, for it's buzzin' like a
bee—

It's the proper time for lovin' and it's just
for you and me—

O-o-oh—won't you follow me!"

The chorus danced softly, alluringly, behind her as she sang, and when they took up the refrain, she, too, broke into a quicker, lighter step, her arms outstretched, her little hands beckoning.

The count clutched Victor's arm. "She is like a little white butterfly," he murmured, poetically. "It has been years since I was in a theater—and longer yet since I was behind the scenes. Ah—how can I thank you? I am young again—" He broke off suddenly. The singer, dancing toward their side of the stage, saw them and looked straight at them. She seemed to be beckoning to them—oh, how irresistibly—

"Follow me, boys, won't you follow me—
O-o-oh—"

Madness fell upon Victor and the count. They seized each other by the arm with a common impulse, they went forward seemingly without their own volition, and as the singer started back across the stage the audience was surprised by a bit of new business. She was followed by two men—one young and blond and handsome and tall; one short and square, with flowing white side-whiskers and a monocle. Their silk hats were on the backs of their heads, they wore evening dress, and they danced a little clumsily, perhaps, but determinedly, in step with the music, behind the singer. At the moment of getting out into the footlight glare the count's courage had wavered, he had faltered. But Victor clutched his arm.

"Psst!" hissed Victor. "Do not be ze boob, now. Keep on. We will make ze grran' hit, I tell you. Use ze head,

display some *esprit*, I pray—ah—'ave I not say so?"

This last was because the audience showed a willingness to applaud the two new actors. The star, surprised for a moment, but catching her cue, danced back to them and sang her song directly to them. The count, now fully in the spirit of the affair, danced manfully, introducing strange, old-fashioned pirouettes and antique pigeon-wings which brought forth more applause. Victor was nimble also—but more sedate. The star, still singing, danced up to them, deftly separated them, and, taking a hand of each, pranced them magnificently the full width of the stage and back, singing her sentimental appeal, first to one and then to the other of them. She was too clever to let herself be cheated out of the center of the stage by these two amateurs. But when they reached their own corner she dropped their hands and let them go. An astonished stage-manager rang down the curtain and there was an indescribable back-stage *mêlée*, while in front the audience howled for more.

The two culprits did not wait to take their curtain call. They seized each other's hands and fled for the outer air, while the whole back-stage resounded with mingled mirth and rage. They found the stage door, escaped up a damp, vaultlike alley, and fell into the nearest taxi, half dead with haste and laughter. They smote each other upon the back and rocked back and forth in school-boy-like hilarity.

"Ho-ho-ho!" cried the count. "If Maas could have seen me! He would not have summoned the doctor—no—he would have clapped me into an asylum for the hopeless insane, I know it."

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed Victor. "Monsieur le Conte, we 'ave made ze put-it-over an' ze get-away all to ze once! We are some fellows regular—yes?"

"And that smart little singer," went on the count. "She was not greatly put about. Very clever she was to handle it that way. Little angels of heaven! I have not kicked my legs so much for over forty years." He was thoughtful for a moment. "I should do it oftener," he said. "It felt quite good."

"Zey was mos' wonderful to behol',

your dancing," complimented Victor, tactfully. "But wait—w'ere shall we go now, I demand?"

"I leave it all to you," declared the count. "So far, the evening is a perfect success." He chuckled reminiscently.

"Zen we go to skating," declared Victor, and forthwith gave the taxi-driver directions to go to the largest and best appointed rink he knew of.

The evening had progressed to the time just before the earliest theaters close, and hence the rink was not crowded and there was good choice of the little tables that surrounded it.

"We do not want to eat," Victor told the head waiter, "but we will pay."

And pay they did, so royally, that the head waiter himself took them to their seats and gave orders that they were not to be disturbed by any underling. They sat quietly a few minutes, observing the scene and listening to the orchestra. But this would not do for Victor.

"W'at for did we then come—to sit about like ze dead ones? But no, Monsieur le Conte. Nevaire! Leave us to start somesing. Wait."

He hurried off and reappeared in a few minutes, wearing skates and pushing before him a large chair with runners. It was gilded and plush-upholstered, thronelike. He drew it up beside the table.

"Look, look!" he said. "Ze queen of ze carnival use' it in ze grran' spectacle. Well, now—w'at say you to make ze carnival wizout zat queen? Seat yourself, monsieur, an' leave us to start zat somesing."

The count by this time was catching some of Victor's infectious idiom. He leaped to his feet and seated himself in the queen's chair, waving his stick. "Go to it," he commanded.

Then began such an hour of revelry as the Richmore Rink has never known before or since. First the count and Victor made a round of the rink at full speed, the count singing in a majestic voice a strange song which he declared was a Russian peasant drinking-song. It sounded the part.

Then, incited by Victor, other skaters, every one who was on the rink, attached themselves, one behind the other, holding on to coat-tails or sashes and

mufflers, hastily arranged as reins, and with this prancing, shouting queue behind them, they played a mad game of "follow your leader." The news that something rich was going on in the rink was circulated through the crowd downstairs, and with the closing of the theaters the regular evening patrons were coming in, so that soon the Richmore Rink was packed to capacity, while without a great mob clamored to get in. More and more people put on skates and came to join the fun, and as fast as they came the resourceful Victor found some new means of entertainment.

He organized a "madman's hockey-match," with toy balloons and walking-sticks, and when this began the count could no longer bear to remain seated. He rose and called loudly for skates, and, once on them, the impromptu circus found its clown. He bought all the favors that the Richmore could supply and gave them away with a lavish hand and infinite drollery. Soon all the skaters and most of the spectators were wearing fancy paper caps, and a wild game of tag inextricably mixed with "puss-in-the-corner" (played without corners) was going on. The count was "It." The crowd cheered him, howled "Ataboy," "Good old scout," "Three cheers for Santa Claus," and similar affectionate ribaldries at him, and he loved it. He led a grand march, performing all the evolutions of the most accomplished drum-major with his walking-stick, while the marchers following him sang, "For he's a jolly good fellow," and "Hail, hail, the gang's all here." When he could march no longer he seized the bass drum from the orchestra and marked time with it for the skaters. His silk hat got smashed and so did Victor's, but it only made them both happier. As Victor still continued to remark, at intervals:

"Zis is ze life!"

But after a while the count's energy flagged, though not his merriment. He turned to Victor. "Let us go now," he said shrewdly, "while it is all at its best. That is always the moment to leave."

They had to slip out the back way to avoid the count's throng of admirers, who would have followed him. They came out into the cool night air, still

flushed and panting, but they were not laughing now; this had been too glorious for mere mirth. They hailed another taxi and got in slowly.

"It is unbelievable," remarked the count, "but I am hungry. It is the first time that I have had the sensation of actual hunger for longer years than I can remember. Shall we go out and eat somewhere? Alas! I know we shall get nothing, anywhere, like the dinner you ordered for me this evening."

"Monsieur," said Victor, after a moment's earnest thought, "if you will be my guest, I will serve to you a supper *zat* shall be so good as your dinner. But I warn you, my apartment is of a 'umble-ness."

"I accept your invitation," said the count, with infinite courtesy. "It is an honor to be the guest of a man of genius like yourself, no matter how he lives."

The taxi sped quickly to a more obscure part of the city and finally stopped before a tall old house in a quiet street.

"It is 'ere *zat* I reside in," said Victor. "Enter, Monsieur le Conte, I beg. You are *mos* welcome."

He ushered his guest with ceremony into a narrow hallway where a tiny point of gas flickered discouragingly, and up a narrow stair. He fumbled with a key, flung the door open, and stepped inside.

"But a moment, until I make it *ze* light," he said, and struck a match. Presently the mellow light from a shaded lamp cast a hospitable glow over the room.

It was a pleasantly large room, with shabby, deep-cushioned chairs and a big table on which were, besides the lamp, smoking-things and a pile of worn books. A sideboard and a cupboard balanced the opposite walls; big, old-fashioned windows took up the front; and at the back was a folding-door, half opened, which partly concealed the bed and bath that made the rest of Victor's small apartment. It was the second floor of an old house, so there was a fireplace and high ceilings.

Victor waved the count to a chair and lit the fire, which quickly flamed, adding warmth and cheeriness to the room. Then he cleared the books from the

end of the table, spread a square of white linen, and set forth a chafing-dish, a little gas-stove, plates and dishes of gay blue and yellow, silver forks and knives (battered but solid), condiments, serviettes, glasses, sweet butter, a loaf of long French bread. The count watched these preparations with eagerness. His nose quivered, like a hungry bunny. After that dinner, what might he not expect?

"Monsieur," said Victor, with a grave dignity befitting the importance of the announcement, "I shall make for you my very own *œufs aux saucissons*."

"Make a great many," said the count, imploringly. "My hunger is increasing with every second of time."

So presently the mellow lamplight fell on a strange sight. A table, unconventionally spread, with a smoking chafing-dish thereon, from which came odors like unto Araby the blest, a coffee-pot bubbling on a little gas-stove beside it, and two men eating ravenously in good-fellowship—old Count Leopold, many times millionaire and a nobleman welcome at all foreign courts, and Victor, captain of the Rose Room, which is, after all, but to be a sort of super-servant.

After the *œufs aux saucissons* came cheese, *Port du Salut*, and little crisped crackers, and they drank coffee with hot milk and cream, as at breakfast. They did not talk, because the count was too busy eating and Victor was too busy thinking.

But all nights of pleasure must end sometime, and as the clock struck one the count put down his knife and fork with a contented sigh.

"I must be getting back," he said. "or Maas will have out the police to search for me. Can you call a cab, do you think? One of those delightful taxis which I knew nothing about before to-night? But no—I will not let you go back to the Palais with me. I have already taken up a great deal of your time. But, oh, my boy—what a night! I did not think it was in me. You have given me back my youth. Yes, truly. My youth. I thank you. I thank you."

He made an involuntary motion toward that pocket which contained the so-corpulent roll of bills. But his hand

stopped. Something in Victor's manner forbade it. Here he was guest and Victor his host—to offer one's host money is a crass insult.

Victor, who was gazing at him, knew well what was in the count's mind and did not regret it, for he saw before him a long, long future of limitless possibilities, wherein he ordered marvelous meals for the count and served them to him in his own inimitable way, while Christakos, forever relegated to his proper place, glowered with hopeless, helpless malevolence in the background. Oh, how fair a vision this was! And, unlike so many visions, this one would be realized to the uttermost. Victor sighed with contentment! And with his sigh smiled again in blissful expectation.

The count sighed, too, but he did not smile. He put his hand on Victor's shoulder and an intense and sudden shadow fell on his round face. "Alas!" he said. "Alas!" And then, again, "Alas! Little angels of heaven! I swear I had forgotten. You had made me forget! My boy, to-morrow I leave for Russia! My work here is over. I have been sent for. The rare delights of this memorable night have made me to forget it! And I had been dreaming of days to come when I should enjoy to the uttermost the perfect meals that your genius would provide for me, And a plunge of gaieties the like of which I had well-nigh forgotten, but which your inspiration should ever devise afresh! But it is not to be! Alas! Alas!"

He was almost weeping now, but at the reminder of the taxi's impatient honk he threw his short arms impetuously around Victor and kissed him, Russian fashion, on each cheek. "If you should ever come to Petrograd, seek first for me!" he cried. "I will never forget you—never!" He rushed madly out to the taxi, flung himself into it, and the last Victor saw of him he was wiping his eyes with one hand and waving his battered hat with the other!

Victor waved back to him mechanically! He watched the taxi out of sight as one who is dazed, devastated! Then he came slowly back to his rooms and the scanty remnants of the feast. He stared about him unseeing, incredulous,

stunned at the utter wreck of his great expectations. Figure to yourself! There would be no future in which he would arrange endless gustatory triumphs for the count's insatiable appetite—and the Count's plethoric roll! There would be no golden harvest to be gathered day after day, and day after day after that! There would be no dramatic triumph over Christakos. All was gone, smashed, utterly smithereened—in the twinkling of an eyelash! It was well-nigh inconceivable! The smiles of Fortuna had been false, after all. Cold-hearted, capricious jaded! Victor raised both hands above his head in a gesture of fine tragedy. He was prepared to curse Fortuna in words of a stinging, swinging acridty. But the curse never was uttered.

Instead, quite suddenly, he fell to laughing. Regardless of the hour and possible sleepers only a thin partition away, he flung back his head in a most sincere and unrestrained shout of mirth. He laughed till he could laugh no more! He clutched his sides and choked for breath. At last he fell upon a chair, quite spent.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he gurgled, between the last irresistible chuckles, "but zis is one giant jokes on Victor! To sink of all ze care I give to zat dinner—to sink I gambolade myself onto ze stage—to sink of ze foolery on ze skatings—to sink of *le petit souper*—an' 'e 'as ate all my sausages—an' now he is go back to Russia to-morrow! Eh, *ma foi!* I s'all laugh at zis so long as I live."

He stopped and reflected long. At last he pulled himself out of the chair. "*Allons, mon vieux,*" he said, cheerfully. "Ze count, he is one fellow regular, *un gran' ole sport, comme ça!* An' we had one spiffy night, *par exemple!* *Un vrai spree d'esprit!* I would not 'ave miss it for all ze *argent* I 'ad expec' to gain. *Mais non!* I should sink *not!* An' I will manage some'ow for Albert an' my fazzer an' zose ozzer chil'rens,—I am not yet of a down-an'-outs, *vraiment.* I will make it ze *proverbe Américain* zat a high ole time in ze han' is worth *beaucoup* de gold in ze bush! Not so worse, I sink it! To live in zis New York one mus' be always *philosophe*, always *sage*. Zis is ze life!"

Dinner-Tables of the Nation

BY ELIZABETH MINER KING



ONE of the most onerous forms of self-restraint to the average American has been that which has had to do with food. How insistent we have been upon just what we wanted to eat! How far out of our way we would go for pleasures of palate! And how much we despised a dictated diet! Men with the wisdom of seventy years submitted hardly more gracefully to suddenly imposed food restrictions, prompted, perhaps, by highest medical authority, than the American child who is denied dessert. There always has been food. Our supply has been of such variety and quantity that apples could rot and bread grow stale, yet there would be more to take their places, with cider and bread pudding, besides. Plenty to eat, plenty to drink—it has been a happy time. One used to hear of how many pounds of beefsteak a certain man could eat at one meal. To be a large eater was to uphold tradition.

Sometimes I think that the country would not have been true to form if its plunge into the war had not been preceded by this surfeit—this boasting about the amount of food consumed, or rushing pell-mell to get it, strutting with weight, incessantly talking about it and paying for it dearly—a national worship of the smack of things—and then had not suddenly turned to the other extreme, in which the food consumption of every man, woman, and child became a matter of national concern—a frank, unselfish recognition of the principle that we must all cut down or even go without. The real awakening of the public to the actuality of the food problem dated from the moment American boys landed in France. The land still flowed with milk and honey, but when American troops began to move, an empty place appeared at the dinner-tables of the nation. Sav-

ing food for *him* seemed not only logical, but necessary, and prompted by the love of the family. Then carrying out the entire food program for the sake of those who were fighting with him was the only human thing to do. But it was not easy. Every progression in the food propaganda was a trial of the spirit, a test of how far we could reverse our ingrained attitude toward food and be content. Whoever heretofore would have thought of believing a shopkeeper when he held out something different from that asked for, and said, blandly, "Just as good"? We believe, now, that some of the substitutes *are* just as good, that they contain all the vital properties of the more "fancy" article; that others look exactly like the pre-war staple and will do; and in still other cases we accept an entirely new line of food as a substitute. To adapt these changes to the family's way of cooking and eating requires new skill. It is a game to produce the best from the materials available. Cooks vie with one another. The good Americans on the next block have dinners from war recipes, the ingredients of which I defy any one to name upon sight or taste of the finished product. The roasts might have been concocted on some heathen island where grew curious nuts and roots. The greens are familiar only in their greenness. The sugarless desserts have the flavor of the Orient, with honey and syrup and the bouquet of honeysuckle.

War conservation has sent out many a culinary and epicurean explorer whose findings may never be lost when normal times come. Who can tell but that there are certain greens upon which corn-oil, peanut-oil, or even cotton-seed-oil, exert an exotic influence bringing out a zest which olive-oil only seared? So far the domestic oils seem only lubricators, but enough . . . the war must be won! It must be won on oleomargarine, too, if necessary. "Oleo" before the war

was considered in disgrace, a poor, cheap, thin, good-for-nothing that nobody wanted. It has been spruced up, raised in price, and made popular, having taken on the final stage of complete rehabilitation, a change of name to appellations of aristocracy.

At first, the household admitted that it seemed wiser to use "oleo" than "cooking butter." Then somehow the "oleo" was placed on the dining-table by mistake, and the most fastidious member of the family ate plentifully of it, remarking that at last the cook had obtained some good butter. And as Mrs. Jenkins, "who has been on the parlor floor for ten years," said, before everybody, "As long as I have been assured that it comes from a *cow*, although not from the milk-producing part, it does very well. Although, of course, it never would have been served on the Jenkinses' table where there was only *country* food."

What a difference between the attitudes of city and country toward food, and, consequently, toward food control. City people have eyes forever larger than their stomachs. They imagine tables loaded with fatness, always seeking, seldom finding; for they eat "portions" of things, pieces doled out trimmed of all fragments. They are perpetually ready for more. Country families are surrounded by eatables, great piles of sameness, seasons of this and seasons of that, until it seems, indeed, as if nature gave up nothing but green peas for weeks, or nothing but sweet corn for another spell, with long weeks of pork and pumpkins in the winter. If there is any time when a man's hunger is tempered, it is when he is surfeited by the sight of the things. I do not say for a moment that the country man does not consume a larger quantity of food, but he certainly appraises it differently. He knows nothing of the pleasurable sensation of ordering a portion of fish and having it served with a cucumber relish, unannounced and gratis. Nor of the anticipation when forced to buy just enough green vegetables "to serve six people" once, or perhaps twice, around. Exhalation to appreciate flavor in a tidbit is bosh to him, for he sniffs bushels and barrels of

his garden truck when it is picked at sunrise, gets a decided whiff at dinner-time when he hangs his blue jumper on the kitchen wall, and finally makes a meal of five or six helpings from the day's main dish.

When war-time called for conservation and abstinence, country persons were in a mental condition exactly described by a latter-day poet.

"No sugar!
It is inconceivable.
We have always had sugar."

So have they always had white bread and cake! Recently it was gray, and the good housekeepers were sad. Bread and cake that were off color were a disgrace to family traditions and unfit provender for weddings, funerals, and christenings, which, in spite of war, must have at least a little ceremonial cooking. Then there were the caravans of city persons, domestic scientists, who came to the slumbering villages, claiming to have the latest knowledge about canning and preserving, which they desired to impart to housekeepers who had stayed at home, making no pretense of other professions for generations. There was actual strife in one canning-kitchen, set up with sincere patriotic intention, between the home and visiting elements. When the "city people" were present, the others retired, mainly because of the fact that the visitors used a thermometer in cooking.

"Who'd ever heerd! A thermometer! My grandmother never used no thermometer to tell when her beans was cooked, and I guess I ain't likely to come to being that dumb, neither!" said one of the village housekeepers.

It was due, no doubt, to country isolation that rural people sometimes thought they were the only group made to live up to the letter of the food regulations. For one thing, the difference in prices of some commodities incited such a presumption. Bananas, for instance, could be procured in the cities for twenty cents a dozen, and a penny each on the carts, while the country price rose to sixty cents. There was always some malicious wayfarer who came to town telling the great advantages in prices elsewhere; and then traveled on, relating the mar-

velous conditions in the place he had just visited.

Let us consider now the city's reaction to self-governing food control. The city had its traditions to uphold. Business, pleasure, and ceremony were dependent not only upon food as such, but upon different degrees and quantities of food. A fig for the sugar and wheat consumed for afternoon tea in the country! A reversal of long custom, high comfort, business income—the whole social cycle of a certain ring—occurred when sugar and wheat were shut out of afternoon tea or four-o'clock coffee in cities.

"No little cakes! But, *monsieur*, we have always had little cakes with our tea. Impossible!"

"*Oui*, madame, but we are not allowed. Sorry. Will madame have something else—some graham toast or ice-cream, maybe?"

How autocratic city persons have been! They ordered the menu, an overloaded thing, and expected it carried out. And they were no less merciless of themselves, if the mistress were the cook with an apron tied over her dinner dress, and a tea-wagon for a waitress. A dinner had to meet the prescribed standards of long progression. Times have changed. Salad and dessert now are interchangeable; and when the soup is heavy there is likely to be no meat; or only when there is no soup may the dessert be heavy.

Intuition in adapting ingredients—in other words, being a "born cook"—helped the feminized tea-rooms to work out the food regulations with facility. These tidbit places are so numerous in this country now that, as one American recently remarked, "You step on them." A pair of white curtains, a peacock or a kettle on a swinging sign, and you have a tea-room. If it were not for their everlastingly warped ideas of the size of a piece of pie, one might fear for the fate of the eating-houses that men call "regular places." Nevertheless, the intimate, small shops have a hold and their quick adoption of war foods in their most palatable form won customers. Tea-rooms managed somehow to continue to manufacture their incomparable scones and white breads and still avoid using any wheat. Like rare house-

wives, their proprietors told no man that he was about to consume delicious cake, but made entirely of potato flour. He ate the cake first.

It has become necessary to change the ingredients of a "perfect dish," which was made in restaurant quantities to serve a thousand people and cooked in sections that would mature at mid-morning and at every successive hour during the day; so that it would taste the same as if the substitutions on account of war-time regulations had not been made. Anybody who has been the mistress or master of a fine home meal can appreciate something of the resultant state of mind of the restaurateurs and chefs. Restaurants capitalize flavor. "Johnny Duck's," on Long Island, is famous for the flavor of the ducks and their accompaniments. To go further, Long Island itself is known throughout a certain remote section of the country merely as a place where duck dinners abound. So to decree that there shall be less wheat, or none, possibly, in the ambrosial dressing within the cavernous ducks might mean the end of a perfect culinary career and commercial success. The situation had to be met scientifically.

Opposing policies developed among the restaurant men. The question was, which would the public prefer—higher prices and the same-sized portions, or less food and no changes in the established rates? One course or the other had become necessary. The dear public was experimented upon. Here and there it arose to protest against smaller portions, and occasionally there was a murmur about the rise in prices. But business men soon found that there was no comparison between the deeply hurt feelings of the American public when served with less than a superabundance of food, and the slight sensation of having to pay a little more. To pay a high price and receive a liberal return; that suited the big hungry eyes of the hard worker and cheerful spender. But to pay a medium price and receive a tidbit. Ah no! Americans never stint when they have the money. No American man ever crossed Broadway with the intention of having a *small good time*. It is not his nature.

After notice had been served upon the restaurants, the proprietors had to reckon with the infinite varieties of the human reaction. What manifestations are concerned with food—traditions, patriotism, religion; loves, hates, greed and generosity! A young man, prosperous and pleasant, came in with his best girl.

"Let us have a planked steak, rare!" he said, proudly.

This was the choicest, the most expensive dish in their cycle of menus.

"Sorry, sir, but this is beefless day. Will you select something else?" said the waiter.

The young man frowned, and the servitor retreated, overcome by a scowling patron. In a moment he returned.

"It is all right, sir. You may have it."

"Of course not!" spoke up the American girl. "I couldn't eat it. I like chicken better, anyway. Chicken, by all means."

The price of broiled chicken in this luxurious eating-place had been advanced, but the portions were as large and juicy as ever. Down in the sections of the city where money was more scarce were the restaurants and itinerant stands with prices the same as they ever were. But, alas! the size of a dime's worth had diminished. A slice of watermelon, compared with its forerunner before the war, was a mere sample. The bags of peanuts had shrunk to forlorn proportions. Two cents and three cents, the common tender of the old days, bought little when the picturesque portable ovens came around with their steaming green corn, baked apples, and cornucopias of boiled beans.

The care of the grizzled venders in trying to observe the regulations was the glorification of the push-carts. The old men had an official air and an undercurrent of sincerity no less precious than the allegiance of the greatest chef. They belonged to the large company of under-officers of the great Hoover, commissioned to carry out his directions. The haughtiest subaltern of the Food Administration was serving on one bleak night at the counter in a railway station. Rich men, poor men, merchants, and chiefs were leaning on the rail, munching what

the food administrator thought was good for them.

"Give me a ham sandwich and a cup of coffee," sang out a banker in a hurry. The attendant was cold. He appeared not to understand a syllable of the order.

"A ham sandwich and a . . ." began the customer again, only to be arrested by the fierceness of the look which spread over the countenance of the man behind the counter. Only chicken sandwiches were permissible that day. *Chicken, chicken, chicken!* And his expression plainly said: "Poor imbecile! Hasn't your mother told you about the war?"

It was a cruel weapon which the Federal authorities placed in the hands of waiters and Pullman dish-men, with which they could even more successfully cower and reform their humble servants, the hungry public. I take it from keen observation that not a corn muffin was served from New York to San Francisco but some dining-car dusky "angel" silently rejoiced over another sinner saved. Every little heavy muffin was proffered as an "I told you so," with the compliments of the South, which long has been contending for the recognition of corn meal. Hear any Southern gentleman in New York tell how Northerners miss the delights of the true corn flavor because they do not know how to grind the kernels. Corn muffins are among the things that will have to be decided after the war—whether they remain on sufferance in the North "valued for associations only," or go south of Mason and Dixon's line and stay there as the mascots of Southern cookery.

Monarchical autocracy of waiters and shopkeepers was needed in this matter of persuading people to eat things they did not like. We have a national phenomenon of thousands of men and women who have grown up repeating that they "don't like" this or that, although admitting that the food in question never had been tasted. "Can't eat," "Don't like," and the old boarding-house platitude, "I don't eat thus and so," are mainly psychological matters.

In industries, the restrictions sometimes were equivalent to telling a chauffeur that war conditions made it necessary that he run his engine without

gasolene. Bakers, for instance, were completely upset and put their chemists at work to study the problem of doing without wheat. Proprietors of delicatessen-shops were confronted with trying situations affecting mighty things to them—cold meats, sandwiches, and their hours of opening and closing. Anybody knows that half of the significance of a delicatessen is its traditional open-door at the time when all other food-shops are closed. Where are the delicatessens of yester-year, the “automats” for lazy cooks? Where the imported cheeses, all the old-country bolognas, and pale-gray and ruddy wursts? Pickle-dishes and cans of tunny from the placid Pacific coast have taken their places. The Hohenzollern subjects mourn their loss and eat sausages from New England. Sunday night delicatessen supper, or “bag” supper, as East Side children often called it, has lost some of its flavors. In the old days before the war the top layer of the bag was covered with dessert of ice-cream cones in a variety of colors named after well-known fruits. The flavors have dwindled to vanilla and chocolate, with less sugar than ever. At the soda-fountains the little ice-cream towers of picturesque compositions, beginning with a banana and passing through five or six incarnations before the top cherry was reached, have been reduced in rank. Plain ice-cream itself has become neither ice nor cream, but a harsh substance, saponaceous and neutral, filled with particles like bits of broken glass placed there by the enemy.

“What have we here?” said a dignified old bachelor with a sweet tooth, as he slowly tasted his “sundæ” minus the usual sweetness.

“That’s the new rule of the Food Administration you’re biting into, Mr. Foggerty. They has changed hit again,” quickly answered Sambo, who has been serving at the “fountain” for years.

Storekeepers sometimes had the impression that the rules were often changed. They made an adjustment, they said; then came a revision almost directly after the original order. Some of them, out of temper because of the ways of pampered cooks and cringing housewives, allowed themselves to be

coaxed into selling more wheat or more sugar, and then were caught red-handed. Dealers had more trouble with the sugar restrictions than with the regulation of any other commodity. Of course, the universal rule of wanting something unobtainable played its part; nevertheless, the psychological effect of enforced abstinence was only the culmination of a sugar lust. Gradually the country had been turning to sweets as substitutes for alcoholic drinks. Candy has been taking the place of whisky. Women experts, as well as manufacturers, experimented with other saccharine materials to produce sweets that would not offend against the sugar rules, and yet meet this demand.

There is a great spirit of freedom and hilarious effrontery in American food signs. One wonders sometimes what the newly arrived foreigner really thinks about them. He sees an expanse of printing and color labeled, “Eat Corn Muffins and Win the War!”—to say nothing of the multitudinous tinned dinners, tomato catchup, and red-cheeked apples which Americans are besought to use to “win the war.” After all, the foreigner knows little of America but that which he finds in the street. These signs which he sees while on his way to and from work to him are among the most obvious manifestations of American life. And we take it for granted that he will perceive that the true American spirit does not always take seriously some of the effusiveness of American advertising. Corn muffins will not *win* the war; nor will spaghetti, chicken wings, chop suey, sauerkraut, or beer, with which foreigners are much more familiar. They have their tastes. We had ours. But they like their flavors better than we liked ours because we have borrowed with high satisfaction from the cookery of nearly every nation represented in the United States. Therefore, the advantage in food regulation was with Americans, for it was on home territory, where we had our old American ways to fall back upon if restrictions hampered our enjoyment of foreign foods. Foreigners had to accept our rules or go without.

We take credit for our docility in adapting ourselves to requirements, the meaning of which has been clear to us.

Thousands of the foreign-born have accepted the gospel of food regulation merely upon faith in the word "America." Many of them did not understand at all, and had few facilities for reversing their food customs. Yet they not only willingly complied with the material features of the requests, but attempted to adopt the spirit, at the same time retaining personal traditional memories. Cold mutton to an Englishman is a substantial symbol of a lifetime. The Irishman's nose is keen for his pork and potatoes, and corned beef and cabbage. Just now there is a platter of home-made tomato paste sunning in the window of nearly every Italian tenement home. The Jewish people have their kosher chicken; the Bohemians roast pork, sauerkraut, and dumplings; Syrians their sweets—and Americans a thick beefsteak with occasional side dishes from all the others. Our nature is to crave culinary adventures. Thus, in a small way, we show our heritage from many countries.

Propagandists for the Americanization of foreigners have pointed to the American food program as a potent factor in bringing about the ideal condition—namely, "One flag, one language, one country . . . one food!" As if this ever could be, except in some small absolute monarchy surrounded by a high wall! Food regulation has been a great Americanizing agent, but its power has been not to condemn everybody who refused American beefsteak or Boston pork and beans, but to promote a spiritual unity in which every contributing group in American society made sacrifices for the same principle.

Let us get down on the street. No more colorful and picturesque régime was ever instituted than this good regulation, affecting the home life of foreigners. The restrictions in the use of meat were a matter of no moment to the Jew, particularly to the orthodox Jew who never eats beefsteak or many of the other heavy meats. In fact, much of the food propaganda had to do with commodities unknown to foreign households. It seems hardly comprehensible that a Jewish family that had lived in a large city for ten years did not know what canned peas and string beans were, nor whether to

eat them cold for dessert with sugar and milk or as a relish with vinegar. Many of the recipes of the food administration had to be translated into Yiddish by foreign experts, who also advised the administration regarding religious violations which the rules might entail.

A Jewish mother buys no "seconds." The food is of the best quality. She must have prime eggs, and then only the white-shelled ones. The higher prices restrict merely the quantity of her purchases to five cents' worth of the best sweet butter, one egg, and a quarter of a pound of rice. One chicken wing, or a leg, is a common sale to the Jewish housewife. Due perhaps to the lack of household regularity, the neighborhood women were accustomed to trading at the grocer's from early morning until nearly midnight. The regulations required the grocers to close at eight o'clock, which was a blessing to neighborhood orderliness, and a physical relief to the shopkeepers—although they were loath to admit it. A little grocer with his accounts chalked on the door, and a lift for every one who is down and out, is a bundle of philosophy. That a man cannot pay seems to him no fault of his own; and it never occurs to the proprietor to deny him what he needs. It was a hard day in the dark shop when the supply of rye bread with caraway seeds, the Jewish staple, began to feel the hand of the regulator, and customers wore a calamitous air.

"Vy is there not no more bread? Shall I tell you a hundred times already that they had to have it to vin the var? Now vill you understand again?" said the tired merchant, as he turned to put a limp salted fish on the scales for the next customer.

There had been a tremendous change in the neighborhood within a year. It had been almost impossible to awaken an interest in substitutes and conservation. "We know how to feed our families," was the answer of the women. Now they are on tiptoe with a desire for help. Their boys have gone away. Jewish mothers have formed organizations to promote food regulations with a spirit that has brought them into the sisterhood of many tongues with one message. When these women opened their hearts,

those who came to them as missionaries of the Food Administration stepped back. No such economy and versatility as ordinarily practised in the foreign quarter had ever been heard of in the homes of the American women who went out to spread the new gospel. No lecture upon the discoveries in the garbage-can could apply to some foreign women, who know how to extract every particle of flavor from the very marrow in a bone.

When the Italians received the conservation agents in their homes they showed the teachers new ways of using greens and salads, and the advantage of high flavoring. A light rub of garlic or a few dried mushrooms created an enticing aroma in the steaming pot. Their superb *minestrone* soup was a whole meal. Of course, their chief problem was due to the restrictions on spaghetti, of which they formerly imported about \$4,000,000 worth a year. Washington sent out the new formula for wheat-conserving paste, and interpreters helped in making the adjustment. To cut down their meat consumption was little hardship, except, perhaps, to Italian laborers who swung the pickax.

Italians are fond of small fish and, in lieu of sardines from their Sardinia, they have accepted those packed on our own coast and dressed with cotton-seed-oil instead of the incomparable olive-oil. Venders of Italian commodities held out this oil substitute with a hopeless look; olive-oil had been indispensable.

Down in the Armenian and Syrian quarter, Turks, Greeks, Armenians, and bands of roving gipsies are cramped into the low, overhanging brick buildings which were the real New York of a hundred years ago. A family of gipsies are sitting in a semicircle on the floor of a tenement, with fire in their eyes and gay laughter. The wrinkled hand of the cook stirs a great kettle filled with a traditional concoction. The room is flaming with motley colors—red, peacock blue; bronzed skins, black hair, brassy ear-rings and bangles. The forest is there, and the crackling camp-fire near a brook; the earth is soft and children are chasing the hares as they scamper across the encampment. But you and I do not see them. Our senses are not in tune with

the overwhelming romance which makes the blue-painted, smirched, and chalked walls of a tumble-down building, sunless and airless, but a momentary displacement of the real, which is a camp home in the woods or on waysides. How prosaic to say "corn muffins!" to these people! And how wonderful for them to answer, "Ay, America, corn muffins!" Ordinarily men and their families could live ten lives here without speaking or hearing the English language. The strings of food hung in the windows of strange streets are as queer to us as Damascus would be to a Rocky Mountain rail-splitter. How all this curious food ever got into the country, and kept coming year after year without being discovered before, is our first thought!

At the beginning of the war, when the foreign populations were in a quandary as to how to obtain products from their old homes, manufactories were established in the United States to produce them. The Syrians, for instance, use a wheat food called *kibbe* as a staple diet. It was formerly made from Damascus wheat. A factory was obtained at Worcester, Massachusetts, where American wheat was cooked, dried, and then cracked to form the staple kernels used at nearly every meal. When the Syrian gentlemen talked about the Damascus wheat, no longer procurable, its flavor was reminiscently dear. "The large full grains have a greater sweetness and a more nutritious taste," he said. To ask him to relinquish his memory of it would be equal to requesting New-Englanders to banish thoughts of the gingerbread men, Thanksgiving Indian puddings, and pulled molasses candy. Syrians have such a sweet tooth that the regulations regarding sugar were a hardship, but they responded with a vim. Shipping restrictions imposed a complete change in their diet, as nearly all of their ordinary foods, as well as those of the Greeks, formerly had come from Europe. Olive-oil, nuts, flavors, fruits, *kibbe*, and lentils were constantly arriving. Syrians eat little beef, but think highly of these more delicate things, which seem almost like extras. Cornmeal before the war was as odd to them as their eternal chick-peas are to us.

The most dramatic picture of the en-

forcement of the regulations lies in the heart of Chinatown. Sam Hop—"he can no more do," as one restaurant man said. No more "bamboo shoots extraordinary"? No more honorable water chestnuts? And Chinese mushrooms with dried oysters? Some Chinese merchants have been forced to retire. The "august" War Trade Board has allowed so few of their staple commodities to come that there will soon hardly be a square meal left in Chinatown. A Chinese restaurant man, with the help of his son, who he says has a "big Merican head," recently made out a large order to go to his wholesaler in China. It was conservative and war-conditioned. The honorable board would allow but two items, the peanut-oil and the old tea, from the long list. Sam Hop says he caters to Americans; they *demand* these things.

Chinamen have been using little red meat, but mostly chicken and pork; pork served as chicken, maybe, as well as suckling pig roasted supremely, a costly dish. So Chinatown had to do something to circumvent the American public. Proprietors decided to cut down the portions instead of increasing prices. The new policy they inaugurated one New-Year's night. All Chinatown remembers the American uproar. Therefore prices were increased, the servings left as usual, and night life under the lanterns was gay! But there is gloom now. The reserve supply is about gone.

Sam has turned himself almost inside out inventing substitutes—flour made from water chestnuts and his own noodles made of rice flour for the chop suey. He appeared before the board with the startlingly pleasing information that he had cut his American customers to an allowance of two teaspoonfuls of sugar for each cup of tea. He was told to make it one hereafter; then, if complaints were made, to add molasses! Molasses in a cup of tea celestial! Chinamen had been importing their own sugar, in small brown cakes. The Food Administration commandeered it. Not being Orientals, they whacked and pounded the rocklike little cakes and, deciding that they had no use for them, they gave them back. Sam and the others thought it was a good joke.

Foreign men and women have presented themselves to the food officials, answering summonses, who never had heard that a Food Administration existed! In this class were some who otherwise might have been branded as enemy violators. In a sense, it was a man's own fault if he did not know; then, again, there were shopkeepers who labored, ate, and slept, seldom breaking the round. If there were alien enemies who hindered the Food Administration on general principles, they were brought to notice by their objections and properly disposed of. The number was relatively small; and there were some sad undiscovered cases of good New England housewives who secretly filled their attics with forbidden food . . . their mouths with patriotic good English, and quaked only on Sunday when the preacher read that "stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant"—*for him that wanteth understanding*. And that Joseph became a food administrator *who must be obeyed* when he commandeered the surplus food in Egypt in the fat years to provide for the lean ones.

It is unfair, however, to hold up to public view the half a dozen curmudgeons here and there, in the face of the overwhelming response to one of the greatest self-denials the country has made. Men and women, at extraordinary personal sacrifice, have given their services to the food work, and the results have shown it. When something is begun here, there is little question but that men will stand by and see it through. America has been aroused to a pitch that will go through fire and water . . . or death. It is more alive to-day to the work of the hour than any other country in the world, said a gentleman who has just completed a circumnavigator's tour. But let us face the facts: Although we are composite, there is an overwhelming unity. And we have little of that geographical separation of dialect which makes such definite divisions in many countries. Every facility the country affords has been brought into play to spread the food gospel in the way that would bring it nearest home, emphasizing that *it is not only for ourselves*.

The Golden Mountain

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER



FOR twenty years Hazlett had had almost no intercourse with his kind. He was by birth an American and by vocation a missionary to the Congo. Once in fifty years a white man enters that region of intense heat and perilous dampness, of enervating malaria and deadly fever, and survives for a long period without illness and without furlough. In most cases the term of service is three years, at the end of which time, emaciated and weak, the missionary must return to his own country, there slowly to recover his strength.

Hazlett entered the African jungle when a missionary was still to most men a curiosity and to many men a fool. Young, talented, well-educated, he was in the opinion of his friends ruining himself. He was associating himself for life with a low order of creatures, blacks, of whose humanity the world was not at that time entirely convinced. He was not going even to a great mission station where he would have companions of his own kind, but into the interior, where he would be alone. There were those among Hazlett's acquaintances who believed that only some strange and secret depravity could endure the loneliness and horror of the situation to which he condemned himself.

Of the motive which sent Hazlett into the jungle his friends knew nothing. In his youth he had committed a wrong of which he had bitterly repented. His sin had been forgiven, he felt, by God, but he had not forgiven himself. The wrong could not be repaired, since the girl who had suffered at his hands was dead, and only by devoting himself to some work of charity or mercy could he atone. He went into the African jungle because it seemed to him that there ignorance was most dense and iniquity most appalling.

In ten years he saw the faces of four

white men. The first and second were English hunters, one traveling with a large company of native porters, the other, a madman, traveling alone. Him Hazlett buried, a victim to fever and his own lunacy. The third and fourth were English merchants in search of rubber.

At the end of ten years Hazlett came down to the coast. Hitherto he had attended to necessary business by messengers who carried his orders two hundred miles through the bush, and who brought back his supplies, his clothing, tools, writing-paper, and the mail which grew each year scantier. What he saw on his journey horrified him. The nations which moved so slowly toward the illuminating of that continent which they called dark were moving rapidly toward her ruin. Even into the interior the seller of gin was penetrating, and all about Hazlett saw the dastardly trail of the rubber merchant. He had meant to stay in the coast town for a week in order to confer with a physician about some medical discoveries of his own, but he returned to his station the next day and set about its removal farther into the bush.

In the next ten years he had other visitors. Other rubber merchants came and departed; other hunters of wild beasts came and pressed a little farther into the bush and retired again toward the coast. The country beyond Hazlett was practically impenetrable. The jungle opposed progress like a blank wall, and from behind it and through it invisible defenders shot deadly vapors.

There came also a scientist, formidable in his white helmet and great goggles, but gentle and friendly when, that armor removed, he sat with Hazlett in the evenings, absorbing like a sponge all that Hazlett could tell him. For him Hazlett got out his note-books in which he kept unassorted but valuable records of all sorts of phenomena, the progress of African diseases, facts of meteorological,

botanical, biological interest, descriptions of marriage customs and accounts of primitive religions. All he had he gave to the stranger, who stayed with him, eager and interested, for a month.

There came to Hazlett at the end of twenty years a helper who gave no explanation of himself and who had, Hazlett imagined, some reason like his own for being in Africa. Hazlett gave him work and asked him no questions. Gradually the stranger's eyes assumed a less agonized expression, gradually his brow smoothed. Then Hazlett determined that he would come home.

He was suddenly sick for home. He felt himself, moreover, to be stale; he must have, if he were to go on with his work, a complete change; he must see and talk to other men—white men. He had confidence in Newton and even greater confidence in the natives whom he had trained. He left his work in February, expecting to be back by October, and found himself sailing with a light heart and eager anticipation.

It would be difficult to find, except in the periods of America's wars, changes equal to those of the twenty years which Hazlett had spent in Africa. When he had left, the application of electricity to problems of transportation, lighting, and heat was in its experimental stage; automobiles had only been dreamed of, and there were few buildings in the country higher than ten stories. Hazlett stood in the bow of the ship which brought him home and blinked at the sky-line of New York and did not believe. Then he laughed at himself and looked again, and shook his head as though he were ridding himself of a hundred old impressions and convictions. It was early morning and the rising sun turned the towers to opals, their windows to crystals. Hazlett thought, as was to be expected, of the heavenly city; he felt an extraordinary, beneficent peace, a sense of adjustment, a satisfaction with himself for what he had done. Wistful tears filled his eyes.

But a greater surprise awaited Hazlett than could be imparted by the material and scientific progress of his country.

Missions, he learned, had become a matter of popular interest. China, typified for centuries by the figure of a sleep-

ing dragon, had assumed for the moment in the minds of men the aspect of a child stretching out beseeching hands to Occidental nations. Marvelous stories of martyr islands and of savages transformed were in the air, the names of Adoniram Judson, William Carey, and David Livingstone had become household names; even government officials were giving praise to missions. The missionary had ceased to be a man set apart from other men by the foolishness of his devotion; he had become an important figure. He had been in these latter years an eye-witness of events which interested the world; from him one could gain political, scientific, and historical information which one could find nowhere else. The meek seemed to be gaining his promised inheritance.

Hazlett discovered—and here was a fact more difficult to believe than that men should be selling bonds and teaching music in rooms forty stories from the ground—that he, Hazlett, had become famous. The newspapers brought out by the quarantine officer announced that among the passengers on the *Athena* was Daniel Hazlett, the noted missionary to the Congo. Hazlett blinked stupidly, read the head-lines again, and then proceeded with the article itself. It was, he discovered, his scientist friend, Houghton, who had given an account of him to the world. He had created, according to Houghton, a veritable Utopia where the unspoiled virtues of a primitive people, fortified and exalted by the principles of Christianity, made a Paradise.

Hazlett, at this point, sat weakly down on a bench in the saloon and chuckled. Twenty years of missionary work had not dulled a keen sense of humor. It was true that he had not opened to Houghton the darkest pages in the history of his African work; he would no more do that than a father would tell to a stranger the failings of his son. But whatever Houghton's ability to discover new forms of plant or animal life or interesting variations of those of which the world knew, his judgment of human life could not be keen. A Paradise, a Utopia! Hazlett laughed again.

Hazlett was compelled, in spite of his amusement, to accept his fame. He

had returned to observe, to rest, to be inspired; he found that he must submit to observation, he must give inspiration. Rest he had none.

He was invited, within an hour of his landing, to lecture before a learned society, and he accepted, half afraid, but with boyish pleasure. He wanted to talk about Africa, and he must correct, he felt, at once, the absurd misconception of his accomplishment.

His lecture was, he realized, a success. Hazlett was an attractive person. He was tall, he had a fine head and beautiful eyes, and, except for the bronzing of his skin, the African climate had put few marks upon him. He had never lost a fondness for good clothes, and he slipped back into the apparel of civilization with conscious pleasure. He was startled to receive, the day after he had spoken to his first audience, a check for two hundred dollars for his services. The society, it seemed, was liberally endowed and it had seldom, according to its secretary, bestowed an honorarium with so much satisfaction to itself.

Hazlett was visited shortly at his hotel in New York by a representative of a magazine who offered him five hundred dollars for an account of his mission, either written by himself or dictated to a stenographer. At this Hazlett gasped, not only because of the size of the sum offered, but at the recollection of the great amount of marketable stuff in his mind. He had amused himself on the long journey by writing down primitive songs and stories which began already to seem strange. Away from the country which gave them birth, he saw their uncanny charm to a civilized and sophisticated mind. His note-books lay under his hand as he talked to the agent of the magazine, and his fingers tightened about them. There was one experience recorded therein which seemed suddenly to have enormous literary and dramatic value. He had thought once of writing to Kipling about it, as an experience which he of all men could understand—the story of the Golden Mountain. Now he said, jealously, the thing was his, his own personal, marketable property, to be for the present hoarded.

If Hazlett had gone to Africa as the

representative of any denomination, his experience upon his return would have been different. He would have been taken in hand by his missionary board and would have been given a regular schedule of work after an allotted period of rest. He would have met with the board, he would then have gone through the church, lecturing now in cities, now in small villages, and always to members of his own denomination who knew already a good deal about the scope and the result of his labor. But Hazlett had gone out independently and was therefore accountable to no one for his time.

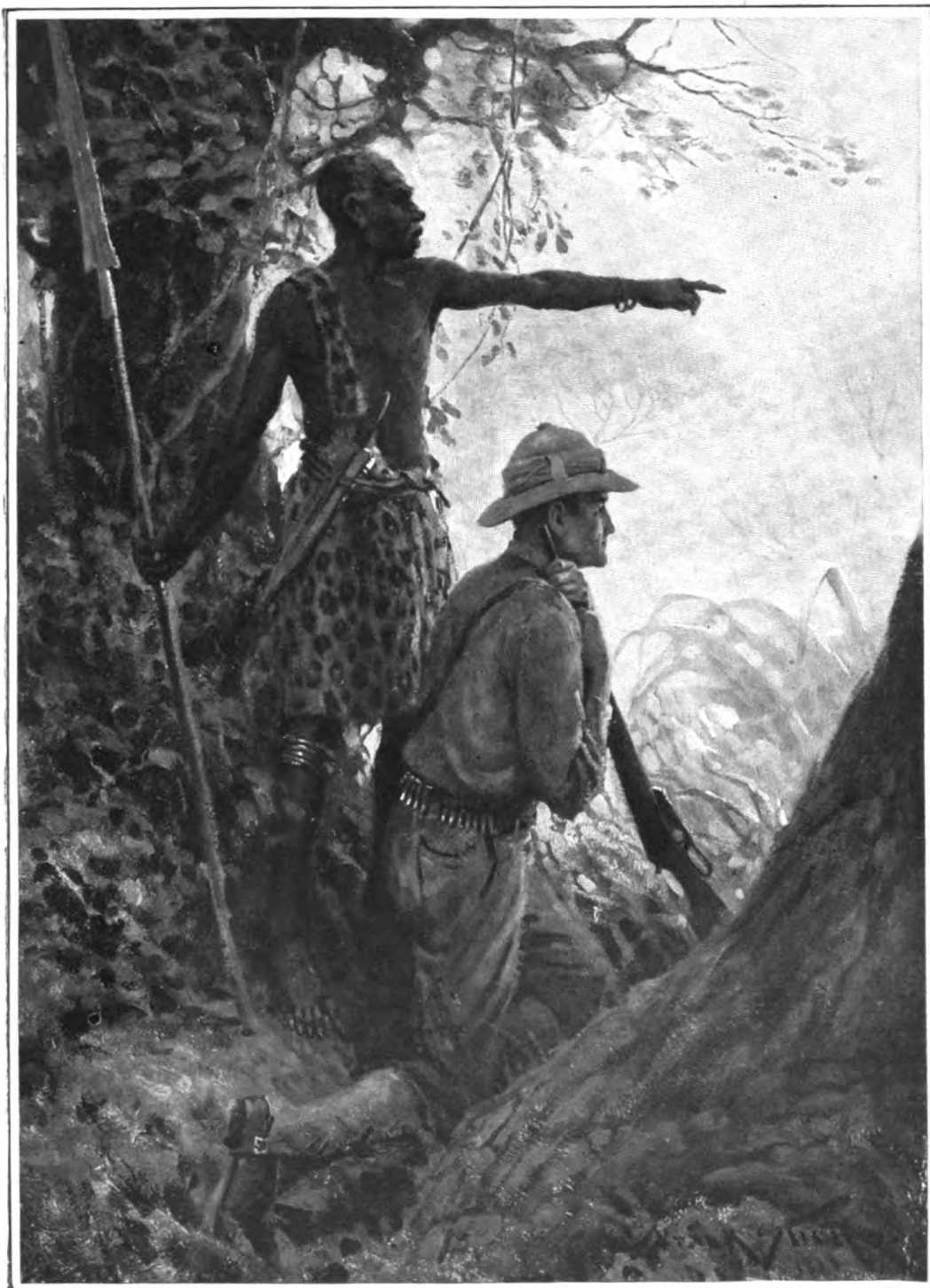
After he had appeared once or twice on lecture platforms, Hazlett was offered large prices by lecture bureaus, and put himself promptly into the hands of the best known. He saw the possibility of a great extension of his mission work; he might, after a while, hire other missionaries and build schools and churches. In a month he had earned two thousand dollars, which sum was exactly equal to his private income for a year.

For his lectures crowds gathered. His style improved; men liked to hear him because of the information presented directly and simply, women because of his eyes and his deep, smooth voice. He made his audience see the dark wet green of the jungle, the glaring light of the open, made them hear the chatter of the monkeys in the trees and the sound of distant drums beating for war. He told stories of the stealing of children, never thereafter heard of, and of strange rites. He told of the horrors of the traffic in rum and rubber. He told of the songs taught by him echoing through the bush, carried to no one knew what dim distance by black lips. "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," "Pharaoh's Army," the Christmas hymns, and one which he had written upon a foundation of dimly remembered lines:

My blood so red
For you was shed.

Come home again, come home again!

Through it all, he pleaded for Africa: "Here is a sight witnessed along the coast, not unique, but common and, alas! symbolic. A white trader was about to return to England. His boat was ready to take him out to the steamer



Drawn by Frank Stick

Engraved by S. G. Putnam

HE TOOK ME ONE DAY TO SHOW ME THE GOLDEN MOUNTAIN

which lay offshore when there sped across the beach a black woman who had been for ten years his companion, who had cared for him, had nursed him through sickness, had borne him children. She lifted her hands, but he would not see; she called, but he would not hear. She had served his use and he abandoned her, indifferent to her misery.

"Thus is the white man serving Africa. He has captured her men and women and children and bound them in slavery and carried them away. He has taken her rubber and ivory, her gold and diamonds, her human strength, and he is casting her aside, leaving her with only the poison of his evil habits and his rum. For one Bible he sends her a thousand cases of gin, for one teacher a hundred despoilers. It is not only for Christian charity and mercy that we pray; it is that in honor and decency we cease our rapine and pay our debt."

Sometimes he told the story of the young Englishman whom he had buried:

"He walked to my station two hundred miles from the coast, carrying in one hand a satchel whose weight was sixty pounds, in the other an elephant gun. He stayed with me one night, then he started away into the interior, where he expected to find elephants. In a day or two my people brought him back, suffering with fever. Slowly we nursed him into condition so that he could be taken to the coast and put on a vessel. But accidentally he learned that this was my intention and in the night he rose and stole away toward the elephants. In the bright moonlight he traveled half a mile, and the next day we found him, his gun beside him, the black ants settled thickly upon him. His effects gave no clue to his name, so we put on his grave 'An Englishman' and the date of his death.

"He had braved death in one of its most terrible forms in a far country for the sake of shooting an elephant. I said to him, one evening as he lay in his hammock outside the door of my hut: 'Here are millions in darkness blacker than this night. If you want adventure, here is wonderful adventure; if you want occupation, here it is. If you want an object in life, something to make the days short and rest sweet, you can find

it here. You say you are a churchman, that you believe the doctrines of the Christian religion; here is your opportunity to practise them.' But the mind of the man was on shooting an elephant!"

Through July and August Hazlett continued to have large audiences, now in the tents of Chautauquas. He continued to write and his bank-account continued to grow. It came to be a pleasant experience to open his check-book and see there the four fat figures which would some day be five. Life was a pleasant experience; traveling in parlor cars and automobiles seemed more comfortable than journeying on foot on a path cut through a thicket of bamboo, and a box mattress proved a better bed than a hammock swung between two poles.

Best of all was the sight of white faces, the touch of white hands, the company of white men. Off the lecture platform Hazlett was silent and attentive to a degree which embarrassed his new acquaintances. He heard of the marvels of science from those who had first observed them, he heard wise talk from those whose business it was to be wise for the world. He read modern philosophy; he heard arguments for all religions and against all religions. He heard that the existence of the God to whom he had dedicated his life was unthinkable, that the sacrifice of the Son of God was a fantastic tradition, that it would be absurd if it were not so pathetic and harmful.

But Hazlett went on lecturing about the need of Africa. Of that need there could be no question, even in the mind of one who doubted God!

In October Hazlett had not thought of sailing; in November he was still lecturing; for December and January he was steadily engaged. He did not know that he was ill; he did not know that not only the fibers of his body, but the fibers of his soul, hitherto so strong, were being weakened, and that a sudden burden put upon either body or soul might be his ruin.

In the third week of December he realized in the midst of an address that he had let his audience slip away from him. Their faces were blank; they moved restlessly; they did not seem

impressed with the story of the Englishman and his elephant gun and his lonely grave. In panic Hazlett tried to get them back and told with that purpose the story which he had saved, the story which had slowly been taking literary shape in his mind, the story with which he meant to earn five hundred or perhaps a thousand dollars. If he had had time to think, he would not have sacrificed it in this fashion, but in his alarm he was well into it before he could consider.

"Men will do anything for gold," said he. "There lived at my station in Africa an old man whom the natives venerated as a man of wisdom. He knew the untracked country as I know the palm of my hand; could find his way about without following the path; could worm his body close to the ground and keep his direction in a thicket where even another African would have been lost before he had gone ten feet. He knew all the birds and all the beasts and reptiles and their ways. He knew also the ways of the white man.

"It was long before I could get him to trust me, but toward the end of his life he grew friendly and we used to go together into the bush, I to find a new tribe, he to guide me and act as interpreter.

"He took me one day out of our course to show me the Golden Mountain, of whose existence he said no one knew but himself. I thought, as we traveled, of a hillside covered with yellow blossoms, or made of yellow soil, or with outcropping ferrous rock. I even anticipated the scene of some strange and barbarous rite, abandoned and therefore safe for the old man to show.

"Then, as we crept through the bush, I stumbled and fell and my hand spread out on a strange object under the thick matted carpet, an object which had the shape of a stick, but which did not have the texture of wood. When I lifted it I saw that it was a human bone.

"My guide nodded with satisfaction when I showed it to him, and then went on more rapidly. The land rose, and as we went upward I stepped upon other objects like the one I had grasped. The Golden Mountain was, I was now certain, a place of a great sacrifice.

"At last we came upon the object of our journey. It was not a mountain; it was only a little hill, and at first sight there was nothing golden about it, neither flowers nor soil nor ferrous rock, only an unaccountably thin growth of tropical plants. The place, it seemed to me, even at the first sight, was somehow blighted, as though dreadful things had been done there and in some strange way recorded.

"Then at once I saw what had happened in that place, what god had been worshiped, what sacrifice had been paid. The old man stopped and gathered up a handful of the light soil, and I saw trickling through his fingers gold, pure gold which you could see and touch. Then I saw that round the little hill lay a circle of dreadful objects—what remained of living men after time and weather and jungle animals had done their work. They were not natives, but white men; the fragments of their clothes and the indestructible flasks in which they had brought their poison identified them.

"The old man said they had been madmen. He, chattering idly, had told a stray hunter about the Golden Mountain, and the hunter had collected his friends and had brought them thither. They had gone about in the heat of the day, even though he warned them; they had quarreled and thus had heated their blood, and then, wild with sight of the Golden Mountain, they had drunk from their black bottles. Fever smote them all; they were gone in three days, lying where they fell, and he had never gone back. There was nothing he could do—madness had them.

"Those men could have preached to a million souls. Instead, they lie by that Golden Mountain to this day, each with his little pile of gold beside him where the rotting away of a pocket or a bag or belt has let it trickle to the ground, and there they will lie until by some accident in the dim future the Golden Mountain is chanced upon once more. Then into that country, to that simple people, will come something far worse than savagery."

The story had all the effect which Hazlett anticipated. He meant even now to save it, but he told it again the next evening, and still again. He could



Drawn by Frank Stick

Engraved by H. Leinroth

HE WENT INTO IT, STILL SWIFTLY. AS A MAN FLEES FROM TERROR

not resist the temptation to hear the flattering gasp which followed it.

Christmas was at hand, but to Christmas Hazlett gave no thought. To him this was harvest-time and he worked that he might reap.

On Christmas Eve he was invited to dinner by the agent of the lecture bureau who had managed him with such unprecedented profit to both lecturer and bureau. It was a men's dinner in a private room at a hotel, and Hazlett knew only his host.

It was soon apparent that Hazlett was the guest of importance. The men would not let him be quiet; they had a hundred questions to ask about the possibility of growing this crop or that, about the salability of the coffee and other crops which the Africans could raise, about the increasing safety of the white man who adopts the black man's therapy. They asked about the trees, the flowers, the minerals.

Then, suddenly, they grew still, and Hazlett heard for the first time the soft footsteps of the waiters outside and the music of a distant orchestra. A stout man sitting opposite Hazlett rose and closed the door and came back to his place. He leaned forward, his folded arms on the table.

"Mr. Hazlett," said he, in a soft, clear voice, "I have gone twice to hear you lecture. Now I know that lectures are not expected to be true, that illustrations are not expected to be exact—all we require is that they should illustrate. But, Mr. Hazlett, is the story of the Golden Mountain true?"

"Why, yes!" said Hazlett. "Of course it is true!"

Through the haze of smoke the men regarded one another. The host looked at his guests with a smile. Hazlett heard once more through the thick door soft muffled sounds.

The agent of the lecture bureau put his folded arms on the table. His eyes narrowed a little—he was sure that he knew Hazlett.

"Mr. Hazlett," said he, "Mr. Matcham to your right is the president of the Northwestern Railroad; Mr. Adams is its vice-president. Mr. Davy is a director of the Kentucky Copper Company and Mr. Langham is a large

stockholder in that company. It is not necessary to catalogue the rest of us at this time; you can look us up.

"You say that the Golden Mountain exists; you say that you have been there, that you are certain of the quality of the ore. We propose, with your consent, to send back with you to Africa an assayer to investigate the Golden Mountain. We will make you owner of a sixth of the stock of any company that is formed and we will pay you, when our assayer makes his report, a large bonus. It will be larger, Mr. Hazlett, than the fees of a lecturer."

It was a curious and, besides, an ignominious and humiliating circumstance that of Hazlett no further questions were asked. The man to his right rose and shook hands with him and appointed a meeting in his office the day after tomorrow; another remembered his children's Christmas tree.

Hazlett felt no humiliation; his mind was busy with the route which he and the old man had traveled, that route of which he had an accurate recollection. The Golden Mountain lay somewhere within a distance of five square miles which he could easily locate. Five square miles! It would be worth hewing timber on a hundred square miles to come upon the Golden Mountain in the end!

He said to himself, moreover, as he went down the steps into the brilliant, noisy street, that he need not go back. He could direct the expedition and he would stay here where skins were white, where spring and summer, autumn and winter, came and went in orderly sequence. He was weary of his concern for the souls of the heathen. If mission work were required, then he had done, God knows, more than his share. He would stay here.

He did not take a cab, but walked down the street, thinking intently. He could have his own car, his fine house, his sparkling table, his circle of admiring intimates. Then his throat contracted; he stood still so that he might think the better. He was to have, after all, only one sixth of the Golden Mountain, and some vague honorarium besides! But the secret was his; he would demand more. One of the men who had been so

eager was undoubtedly a shrewd business man who must know that the share offered Hazlett was absurdly small. Was it not likely that they laughed at him, found him gullible, easy to take advantage of? He began to walk briskly, planning feverishly as he walked. They should not get the better of him. He would demand—

But Hazlett's demands were not formulated, even in his own mind. He started suddenly, and stopped as though halted by a blow. He came afterward to question the evidence of his own senses, to doubt the actual presence of any one beside him, almost to believe in a miraculous interposition in his behalf.

A girl had touched him on the arm and was now walking beside him. In a second, alarmed by his intense gaze, she was gone. But she left behind her a vision of wide, sparkling eyes at which Hazlett's blood chilled. They were like those other eyes out of the distant past, eyes long since closed upon the world. Hazlett had seen them a thousand times in his dreams, no longer bright, but dim, terror-stricken, appalled, the eyes of the girl whom he had loved and had betrayed. He had seen her wandering forlorn in some dim place, in which, if he did God's will, he might some day find and shelter her.

He did not look to see which way the stranger had gone; he scarcely thought of her as real. He took up again his rapid stride. Once he stopped and pressed his hand to his forehead. With sharpened vision he saw himself, courted, flattered, prosperous, complacent, greedy for gain, sighing for ease, conspiring to bring destruction where he had preached salvation.

"I!" said he, thickly. "I!"

Then he fled on, half running, half walking, not knowing or caring where he went. The power of the doctrines which he had long believed now overwhelmed him, condemning him. He had put himself beyond the reach of mercy; his sin was greater than Peter's sin.

As if to mock him, there came suddenly the sound of music. It rose, thin and clear, above the rumble of the trucks which, even on Christmas Eve, traveled unceasingly from wharf to warehouse. It was a familiar tune; he stood still to

identify it. Then he plunged on his way. "Good Christian men, rejoice!" Did he not know it? He had trained a thousand voices to sing it; he could not mistake it, though it came so faintly down the cañoned streets. To it, alas! no old passion of joy responded, but only an intolerable pain.

"I to have done this!" said Hazlett again, and strode on.

The air had become damp and salt, and at the end of the street stood the towering shed of a steamship company. Through it Hazlett could look as through a tunnel. He went closer to it, then into it, still swiftly, as a man flees from terror. He could see dimly the huge bulk of a steamer, and, indifferent to the chance of a misstep, he climbed the gang-plank, left for some reason unguarded, and walked out to the bow in the darkness. He stood by the rail, believing that, as it barred his progress, so his fault cut him off from happiness, from usefulness, from hope. He stood bent like an old man.

Then in the quiet, now that Hazlett had seen himself as he was, he heard another message, not of joy and triumph, but of pleading; not of jubilation, but of compassion; not of condemnation, but of hope. The sound seemed to come now from the sea, now from the air, now from within his own breast. It was unthinkable that Hazlett should not somehow be restored.

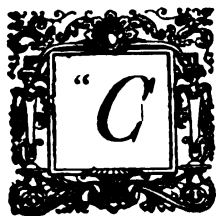
My blood so red
For you was shed.

Come home again, come home again!

Hazlett lifted his head. The city burst into its wild Christmas clamor of bells and whistles, but he did not hear; a thousand harbor lights gleamed out, but he did not see. Hearing and sight were strained to more distant sounds and sights, to speech in strange tongues, to a light on dark faces. For him the Golden Mountain rose no more in the jungle—that thick jungle which should hide perhaps for centuries, perhaps forever, its grim secret—for him neither wealth nor fame nor ease had any charm. His spirit marched, untempted, humbled yet triumphant, back to the field whereon he had chosen to plow and scatter against the day when he believed he should see God.

Christmas in a Y. M. C. A. Hut on the Russian Front

BY RICHARD ORLAND ATKINSON



"CECHASS! Cechass!" was the only answer I could get from the *instroctor*, or superintendent, when I asked him how long before the hut would be ready to open. "Cechass" is supposed to mean "presently"; I, like many other foreigners in Russia, had long since come to the conclusion that it meant "never."

During the early fall I was staying with the officers at the Staff Headquarters of the 134th Infantry Division, Tenth Army, waiting for the carpenters to complete the Y. M. C. A. hut which I was to occupy. It was situated in the reserves, two miles from the front line of trenches, flanked by a nest of batteries and completely surrounded by massive pine-trees.

The Soldiers' Committees had taken kindly to the idea of a hut, although they were very vague as to its future use. They had detailed for special work as my head secretary, *Properschik* Bobrownickoff, from Rostoff-on-the-Don. He was, so he told me, "atheist, chemist, athlete, musician, and youngest member of the Division Committee." Together we walked, or rode, down to the embryo hut each day, and, being without common means of expression, I was obliged to study my Russian more diligently, while he began to pick up a few words of English. Together we selected our staff of workers for the club (or "kloob," as the Russians called it) and secured through the Regimental Committees a score or more of builders.

Never have I seen work progress so slowly. In the first place, the superintendent could not read the blue prints of the plans, and he was inclined to proceed by guesswork. The men came to work at ten o'clock and worked until

twelve, returned at two and worked until four. Half of their working-hours were spent in talking politics or in standing idly, munching sunflower seeds. Although we were not supposed to, we were paying them, and paying them well, but that made no difference whatsoever. Bobrownickoff lectured them and I scolded them, making comparisons with the work done by men in other "free" countries. Our only reward was a polite "cechass," and a shy, curious glance at us from many roving eyes. They thought the club would be fine, oh yes, and they were speeding the work so that they could soon see those cinematograph pictures some of the Company Committee members had been describing to them. Oh yes, soon, *very* soon, the building would be ready. Finally I threw off my coat and commenced carrying boards myself. At first this shamed them; then it amused them; and all came down from the roof to stare at me and salute me most respectfully every time I passed them. I gave up in despair and went back to the staff.

When the Bolsheviki came into power and the committees changed their personnel, our club was the subject of much hostile criticism.

"What is the *Americanitz* doing here? He is trying to keep the men here with his moving pictures and his games and his school. We'll see about that!"

But Bobrownickoff was a diplomat. Many conferences took place, and then one day Bobrownickoff appeared before the *Sobrania* (Assembly) of all the committees—now Bolsheviki—and laid before them certain requests. He asked for full co-operation, for permission to demand men from the various companies to assist us as we needed them, for free food for our staff, for a horse and vehicle,

and for blank forms, signed by the presidents of the committees, with which we might requisition anything else we should chance to want. The *Sobrania* voted unanimously in favor of granting the requests in full, and delegates were sent to the hut that very night to inspect the premises and to wish us well. So was made ready the first Y. M. C. A. hut for Russian soldiers on the front.

Bobrownickoff sent typewritten invitations to the commanding officers, to the several committees, to the doctors and nurses, and to the regiments in position, to attend the opening ceremonies. At four o'clock Sunday afternoon the crowd began to collect, and at five the priest opened the consecration services. The Bolsheviks have said that since the fall of the Czar, "the Russian soldier knows no God," and in the light of that statement the events of that day have been to me very significant. The pope (Russian priest) had his icon, a large cross, and a pitcher of holy water on the little table in the orchestra stall. He rose slowly and began to chant an invocation. I wondered if there would be any response from those hundreds of officers and soldiers. To my utter surprise, there welled up a great volume of song; it seemed as if every man in the house had caught the spirit of the day and was pouring forth his very heart, as he had been taught to do in the great cathedrals of the cities or in the little parish church at home. The music was magnificent; it rose and fell and echoed and re-echoed far among the silent pines outside. Then, as the pope read the prayer and proceeded with the consecration of the building, the men bowed their heads and made the triple sign of the cross.

The incense-burner was duly swung, in accordance with the beautiful ceremony of the Church, and then the pope went about the rooms, sprinkling the holy water everywhere, and proclaiming the building open for humanitarian service to soul-weary men. The familiar icon was hung up in a corner of the writing-room.

Returning to the altar, the pope made a short consecration speech:

"It has been my dream for three years to see just such a building as this opened

at the front. It has been my dream for many years to see such an institution firmly established in Russia. This is practical Christianity. This is true internationalism. America has given us this good thing. Come, my people, to this house and use with grateful hearts the opportunities and blessings with which it provides you."

Bobrownickoff spoke of the history of our organization, and of its possibilities in Russia. He asked for full co-operation and sympathetic interest on the part of all. I followed, in my broken Russian, with a word of welcome, laying stress on the international character of the Y. M. C. A.

Representatives of the Soldiers' Committees—Division, Regiment, Company—added their enthusiastic word, and together called for three cheers for the Y. M. C. A. After the men had lost their sense of bashfulness, cheers were called for the "United States of America," and for "Free Russia." The woods were filled with the chorus of grunts and yells which passed with *tovarischi* for cheers.

Of all the friends that I made in Russia, Emile Brazuk holds ever the first place. He was not polished, nor would he have shone in the old-time Petrograd society. He was just a great big Siberian taken off the farm and given a gun, with instructions to shoot Germans before they got a chance to shoot at him. He was fat and happy, and he had a triple chin. His twenty-four years had brought an increasing twinkle into his eyes, and he could make any one smile who looked at his beaming face.

When I moved down to the hut, he went with me, and was general overseer of the institution. At night, when the club was closed, he would come into my room with a dictionary, and study painfully strange, hard words in English. If I worked until three in the morning over some plans or reports, Emile stayed it out, mumbling his new words and snoring heavily in rapid variations. Under no circumstances could he allow the *Americanitz* to go to bed without his last attempt to make him comfortable.

"Toreador" had painted various signs of welcome and directions for us, and

some one was always on hand at the door to say "*Zdrastvuitye?*" ("How do you do?") to the new-comers. The soldiers in the reserve slept generally until eleven or twelve in the morning, and after breakfast they would come straggling into the hut. At first they stood about the entrance, too shy to go farther into the building, and it was several days before we could overcome their feeling of fear. Except when there were "movies" or a play, the theater was used as general meeting-place, and was occupied by long tables for games and magazines and tea-drinking. Simple games such as our children play, with toy battle-ships and the like, were always popular. Chess and checkers were a constant delight, and fifteen sets were busy from noon until late at night.

For music there were the faithful gramophone and the squeaky harmonium (American accordion). The mob that gathered around that gramophone would defy a football team or a machine-gun crew to disperse it. Before the crowd arrived, discouraged officers used to come in and play their favorite solo records, refusing to speak to any one or stir a muscle, sometimes for hours at a time. The choice selection for *tovarischi* was an interview between a dentist and his victim; half a hundred times a day I would hear that poor Russian yell out: "Oh, *Gos-po-din* Doctor! Oh! Oh!! Oh!!!" and how those primitive fellows from the farm would laugh at his pain!

When the mechanism rebelled against too constant usage they were helpless to fix it; they would simply close the machine and slink away to some other part of the building, frightened half out of their wits for fear I would accuse them of criminal offense against me and the institution. It did not occur to them that they might easily repair the damage.

The magazines were of all kinds, from the luridly vulgar comics of revolutionary output to the literary ones of the Moscow scholars. No political publications were permitted inside the door, and even the Bolshevik army newspaper had to be dropped at the entrance. Toward the last of my stay there I had to let up on that rule and admit newspapers regarding the coming of peace.

But at the same time, translations of President Wilson's speeches crept in, so that neither side could complain of the other's action.

There were some four hundred books in the library, with the honorable Kar-sunsky as librarian. He acted the clown so successfully that throngs gathered around the library to laugh; and "fools that came to scoff remained to"—read. The Russian classics were there in force, along with lighter books of fun and of sentiment. Translations of Dickens and of Mark Twain were very popular. The officers, during their greatest humiliation and distress in January, came day after day for Checkov's spirited humor or Tolstoi's heavier philosophic discussions. Books on farming, on forestry, or simple engineering, were in regular demand. Our records showed from sixty to eighty volumes, altogether, read each evening in the building.

One red-whiskered fellow asked me, one evening shortly after Christmas, if I had any extra copies of the books we gave the children from the tree. I was rather taken aback, but I got for him a little colored-picture edition of "Jack and the Beanstalk." He was so delighted with it that he could only salute me, and thank me with his eyes; he could not find voice to speak. All the evening he pored over the pictures and spelled out the pages of that book. Others joined him, including one of the thirteen-year-old boys of the 533d Regiment, and a young woman from the Battalion of Death. The next evening he came and got the book again, and many more middle-aged men read it with him. He told me that he had never read anything like that before. I sent to Minsk and got more books of the same order, and they gave pleasure to hundreds of veterans of three and a half years of horrible fighting. But they did not interfere with the desire for Gogol and Pushkin and Gorky. The same men would often go from this class of writer to the picture-books and back again at one sitting.

The movies, of course, were well attended; it was necessary to give two shows the same evening. The men had big ideas about getting up amateur theatrical companies; they loved to act.

But their talk usually exhausted their enthusiasm.

But the writing-room was to *товарищи* the holy of holies. This was not due, either, to the fact that the icon hung there and it was therefore sacrilege to whistle in that room, but chiefly because they so appreciated the opportunity to write letters with a good pen on white paper that was free. Fifty men could sit comfortably at the tables at the same time, and it kept us busy getting in our supply of note-paper from the city. All the evening the tables remained full, and scores stood in line waiting to take their turn with the pen. Many men, of course, could not write, but these never had any trouble in securing an amanuensis. I have mentioned the fact elsewhere that it used to take one-seventh of the soldier's monthly salary to send one letter, and, anyway, there was usually no place to buy the writing-materials. Some evenings we took between five and six hundred letters from the box as the product of one night's efforts.

I was curious to see where all the letters were going. One day I asked Luboff, a bright-looking fellow, if he were writing to his "girl."

"No," he answered, with a broad smile, "I'm writing to my wife, in Archangel. It's the first time I've had a chance to write to her since I went to war. I've heard from her, though, once or twice. I'm telling her that we're going to have peace soon, and I'll be home in a month or two. I've got a little girl, home, three years old, that I've never seen yet."

Another day, I was attracted by writing which seemed to resemble shorthand. I stopped by the bashful, twenty-year-old giant, whose name I had not yet learned, and asked him where he went to business school. At first he did not know what I meant. Finally he understood that I took his writing for some system of shorthand, and he grinned his pleasure at my mistake.

"No, no, *Gospodin*, I'm a Mohammedan from Tiflis. I never spoke the Russian until I came up here to fight. I'm writing to my mother, but I doubt if she can read it. She isn't learned at all."

They always had a cheery word for

me as I went through the room, and sometimes became confidential enough to stop me and tell me about the man or woman to whom they were writing. Every sheet of paper and every envelope was stamped with our Association stamp and no postage was required to send them through the mail.

Certain men would sit at their desks for hours, decorating the paper and envelope with pictures of strange birds and flowers and meaningless curves and lines. The letters went to every far corner of the Russias, from Vladivostok to Petrograd and the Caucasus. We counted fifteen thousand sent out in one month and a half.

I often used to see the pope for a short chat as he went about the reserves or visited the front lines, with his long brown curls waving beneath his high fur cap. But it was the last night of December (our style) before he came into the hut for a long talk. I had said good night to the last soldier, and was sorting over the day's mail, when Emile plunged into my room, rubbing his hands, and whispering, with suppressed excitement: "Pope! Pope! *Gospodin* Atkinson, pope!" The father came in quietly and removed his snowy cap before he blessed me and sat down opposite me by the smoky little Russian stove.

Emile got him a glass of tea and some cheese which he had discovered in his carefully guarded hoard. Then he brought in the gramophone and proceeded to entertain our visitor. I was about to protest, but the pope appeared to welcome the machine and settled down to enjoy the records. Many of them were by this time badly scratched, but Emile played them all; he did not miss one. A charming soprano was followed by a comic monologue; a folksong was succeeded by a laughing selection, and then by "America" and "Rule Britannia"—both of which were on the same side of one disk. Emile wound and played that gramophone until the early hours of the morning, never saying a word, but gazing steadily into the music-box as though he were actually seeing the original producers of the entertainment.

When the last sound had died away



THE Y. M. C. A. HUT AT BELLA-ZALAZEA

from the "Marseillaise" (Emile began and ended his concert with that), I showed my guest a picture taken on the opening Sunday, showing himself, standing at the impromptu altar with "Toreador" (who had painted the large Y. M. C. A. curtain), Bobrownickoff, and the *Americanitz*. The picture delighted him greatly. He looked at it steadily for some minutes without speaking, and then smiled at me. "The old and the new; the old and the new! I am of the old régime in life, of the old dispensation, the old religion. You are of the new; everything new. Yet here we stand together. . . . May I have a copy of this to keep?" He kissed my hand when I told him I should be glad if he would keep that copy, and then he bowed his head and crossed himself gracefully, slowly, once, twice, and yet again, as is the practice of the Greek Orthodox Church.

Of political conditions he would not talk, but by the broken sentences he uttered, I knew that he was one of the clergy truly interested in the welfare of his parishioners, and, as chaplain, he was sick at heart over the accursed propaganda of the Germanized Bolsheviks which had gripped his ignorant flock.

By the time the Russian Christmas came around—twelve days after ours—the Bolsheviks had made good their threat to begin striving for separate peace. The men from our sector, how-

ever, gave up all talk of going home for a while, and began to discuss the big event. *That*, indeed, *was* worth staying for a week or two longer! For it was rumored throughout the reserves that the "kloob" was to give a Christmas celebration. I think it is safe to say that not a man deserted from our division during the few days intervening between the official announcement of the Christmas tree-to-be and the actual fulfilment of the promise. And even politics was forgotten.

It was decided to devote two or three evenings to the festivities, beginning Christmas night. There were too many soldiers for us to accommodate them all in one evening. A ticket would be issued to each man who cared to come, with the date of *his* evening stamped upon it. The program was left in the hands of Karazia and Papinossiff. I had given one thousand rubles on behalf of the Y. M. C. A. to cover the special expenses. The president of the Division Committee proudly announced that the soldiers had raised five hundred rubles for the event and wished us to add it to the amount given by the Association. He said, further, that all committees reported the same vote taken the previous evening, namely, that it was their unanimous wish that, after the decorations were bought and the necessary expenses met, the rest of the money should be spent, not in paying for something for themselves, but in buying little

Christmas gifts for the children of our morning school. Then Papinossiff reported such a demand for tickets that, in order to be sure that no man should be denied one evening at the show, there would have to be a run of five nights. Further, we decided to invite the women of Micnavichi to see the children around their tree.

Every day the committee officials came to the hut to discuss things with serious faces and to assure me, over and over again, of their slavish willingness to look after any work I wished done. I fear Trotzky must have missed many reports those days from our part of the country. Committees and sub-committees met and pondered and went away with knowing looks. The graet tree was secured and set up in mid-stage rear. Green garlands were strung throughout the entire building. Japanese lanterns stole in from somewhere, and the flags of the Allies dared to grace the top of the stage curtain. Red Cross nurses

drove or walked over the cold roads from Prudee, fifteen miles away, to practise with the officers the comedies that were to be acted. The spirit of the times so permeated the atmosphere that I did not have to argue, bribe, nor threaten once during the whole week to get wood cut for the stoves.

The night before Christmas came at last. All day members of the committees had superintended the work in relays, and themselves lugged and carried

benches, tables, and scenery from place to place. They had gone home tired and pleased with themselves and with the world. *Tovarischi* had walked about the building with mouths open as if in a dream. Karazia and the other boys had gone to bed. Only the faithful Emile remained with me as I went about the work of decorating the tree shortly after midnight. Tinsel and fancy boxes

and dolls and paper animals—all the pretty nothings that go to make our American trees attractive—we had sent for by special courier, and now they were all to go on that wonderful tree.

Two hours passed and Emile was still awake and still busy—hands, feet, and tongue. He stopped once in a while to express his admiration of our work, and after several ejaculations he broke out with: "Oh dear, dear! Won't *tovarischi* be happy when they see this!" But his big, husky frame needed sleep, too, and three o'clock found him silent and absent-minded. He asked

me if I would mind very much if he sat down a moment. When I came down from a high perch to get more candles, Emile's hand still held out to me a dazzling string of beads—red, yellow, and gold—but his eyes were closed and his mouth was open, and his head was wobbling unsteadily from east to west and back again. Emile was asleep.

The fires were all out and the theater was bitterly cold. Suddenly I heard the front door open, and then two young



A COUNTRY PRIEST AND HIS WIFE

soldiers, muffled up to keep from freezing, marched down the aisle and stopped at attention in front of the stage. Emile snored loudly and held out his string of ornamental beads. The young men saluted me and bowed low, while I stood spellbound and wondered what it was all about. Then they began to sing. The old Russian Christmas songs and chants—the finest in the world—they sang, and I stood still and listened. It was the Christmas greeting sent by the soldiers to the *Americanitz*. When the music ceased they wished me a “Merry Christmas” and marched solemnly out of the building.

The doors were to open for the performance at seven o'clock, and at six hundreds of men were outside, pounding on the walls and doors, and giving their hoarse calls to be allowed inside. The red-and-white-girded ushers had to fight continually to keep out men whose turn was to come on another evening. One man got in on a tobacco coupon, and when I discovered him he grinned guiltily, and pleaded: “*Tovarisch Americanitz*, it's all right this time, please, isn't it? I'm going to position tomorrow.” I knew he wasn't, but he was so clever and trusted so in our stupidity that I grinned back and told him to stay.

Every night the crowd became more unruly, and I had to threaten to close the show before I could get the rioting to cease. They stormed the windows; they broke in side doors; and they yelled and groaned all evening because they could not crowd in, the second or third time. And as it was, the hall was filled beyond any firelimit known in the United States. Papinossiff had not altogether put aside his Bolshevism for the occasion, and Karazia learned that he had refused to give tickets to many of the officers. When these finally attended, the men all treated them in friendly fashion, and for the time old enmities were buried. In fact, the ushers actually saved front seats for any officers who might be there (they had had to ask permission of the committees to attend).

The program consisted of two little plays, one of which had the promising title, “I Am Dead,” with vaudeville stunts; music by a military band and by a stringed orchestra; chorus singing by a selected group of male voices; and recitations by a few of the children, who had been duly trained by Papinossiff. The “Marseillaise” was first played, and during the evening the orchestra bravely attempted, with indifferent success, “America.”



A GROUP OF RUSSIAN SOLDIERS OUTSIDE THE Y. M. C. A. HUT

On Christmas night the president of the Division Committee interrupted the program and made a short speech:

"*Tovarishi*," he said, "I know you want me to thank the Y. M. C. A., on your behalf, for this wonderful Christmas. It's the first we've ever had in four years. America surely must be our friend to do this for us. This Association is our good friend. We must thank America and the Association and the *Americanitz*, *Gospodin* Atkinson, for this happy Christmas and this 'kloob.' We must never forget this friendship; we're all tired out from war, and this has come to make us glad. Let us thank them now. Let us wish our American *tovarisch* a Merry Christmas!"

All the soldiers and officers and women and children stood up. I have never heard such cheering before nor since. I thought the floor would surely fall and

wished them a Merry Christmas. Once more the crowd strained their voices, and the orchestra played a third serenade.

One evening, when the old peasant women from Micnavichi were present, the orchestra played an American waltz. It was not like the Russian music they were accustomed to; but, driven by some strange impulse, two of the women, one surely in her eighties, arose in their places, and for a brief minute clutched at their skirts and danced a lively little step-dance. Those who could see them applauded. Startled by the unexpected reception, and meeting my amused glances, their faces turned as red as the shawls over their heads, and they dropped into their seats, overcome with embarrassment.

Emile was Santa Claus. It meant much planning and scheming, but finally



THE THEATER WAS USED AS A GENERAL MEETING-PLACE FOR GAMES AND TEA-DRINKING

collapse from the stamping and swaying and jumping of that wild mass of people. They shouted my name and I got on to my feet, but I was not allowed to speak. They cheered again, a peculiar, prolonged cheer, in perfect unison. While the noise continued, the orchestra played a serenade. Twice this was repeated. Then at a given signal from the committee president, who had mounted the stage, there came a profound hush. I thanked them as best I could, and

we got him dressed in regulation costume, mask and all. Each night some different gift was handed the children, so that no soldier could miss the sight. Emile kissed the frightened little girls before he gave them their presents, and made the little boys dance or turn somersaults as a like condition. He gave them little bags of candy, apples, fairy-story books, and so on. Many of them had never seen a Christmas tree before. All were of the poorest peasant homes,



TYPES OF THE MEN WHO CAME REGULARLY TO THE HUT

where war's destruction had increased the former poverty.

But the children's pleasure was mild in comparison with that of the thousands of soldiers. They laughed and applauded and chuckled until many seven-foot huskies sat still and let the tears run unashamed. Even the telephone-operator, who had murdered his twelve in Odessa, and who had recently betrayed the division to the Germans and the Bolsheviks, was there, and was behaving like a ten-year-old school-boy. He came over to Karazia and me to have a friendly word, and did not seem to see any reason for remembering that he himself had arrested Karazia a short time before, because the Lett had expressed his sympathy for General Affanassieff when he was bayoneted.

It was generally two o'clock in the morning before the curtain was finally pulled together and the procession began to file out. I stood at the door and shook hands with every man, woman, and child, and wished them all good night. The soldiers were no longer Bolsheviks nor murderers nor deserters; they were simply a lot of smiling, sentimental children, and to them the world was good!

One night, after the entertainment, the sisters and officers and soldiers who had taken an active part held a little supper on the stage. Mihelkevich, the *properschik* fop from Smolensk, proposed a toast to America. Later, in response, I proposed a health to Russia. Not a man nor a woman welcomed it. Seeing my embarrassment, Mihelkevich, grown suddenly and strangely serious, arose and explained, simply:

"We cannot drink a toast to Russia; *there is no Russia!*"

Early on the coldest morning in January I was awakened by Emile's panic-stricken cry in my room, "Mister—*Gospodin*—Mister Atkinson, 'kloob's' on fire! Quick! Quick!" The halls were already filled with smoke. When I got outside I saw that the flames were bursting through the kitchen roof in several places, and the smoke, pouring out from the ends of the building, showed that the fire was running along the roof under the top ridge. The veneer burned like paper. All our helpers were standing by, and scores of *tovarischis* had scurried out from their beds to attend the excitement. Every one but Karazia and Emile seemed absolutely dazed.

Karazia was busy saving the moving-picture machine. Emile was carrying out my papers and personal effects. He was half-sobbing all the while and constantly moaning, "*Chort! Chort!*" ("The devil! The devil!"). I wanted to laugh loud and long at the whole scene, but time was too precious. Grabbing an ax and a shovel, I clambered up on the roof and shouted to the men to follow me with snow and pails of water. They hesitated a moment and, wringing their hands more vigorously, exclaimed: "Oh, it's too late, it's too late! Isn't it terrible! Isn't it terrible!"

But Karazia drove them to my assistance by flourishing Karsunsky's rifle in one hand and my revolver in the other. Then they *did* work, with intelligence and with grim determination, to conquer those fast-spreading flames. When they once got started, they lost their attitude of helpless sorrow, and laughed and joked as if they were answering the call for dinner. Emile, by this time, had organized a large salvage corps, and every corner of the building was stripped of its holdings, armed guards being set to prevent petty thievery. Karazia and several of the men were badly cut by broken glass, and I carried fitting souvenirs in the form of three frozen fingers and a long deep burn on my wrist. But the hut was saved.

Arkeepoff quickly established himself and his barber shop in one of the thea-

ter dressing-rooms; the school-room became general junk-shop and sleeping-quarters; and Emile, Karazia, and I took our blankets over to an artillery *zemlanka*. The Soldiers' Committees hurried to us offers to have the damage repaired at an early date, and sent engineers and carpenters from the different regiments to aid us in patching up the wreckage. That very evening, bitterly cold as it was, dozens of boys and bearded men came to write their letters on the few benches we had temporarily refitted. There were no stoves up, as new pipe had to be secured; the broken windows were covered only with paste-board; and our only light was from anemic tallow candles. But they sat with their collars turned up closely about their ears and thawed the ink out as they wrote, and were pleased and singularly grateful.

Every two weeks, when the regiments were on their way to position, they would stop in for a word with me before they left, and I always tried to be home on that day to receive them. For the other poor fellows, returning from their vigil in the snow-filled ditches, we tried to have some special feature to welcome them back. Night after night little groups would call me aside for a discussion of the latest propaganda given them across the line or from the Bolsheviks in the rear. When the Germans announced their first outrageous peace terms, I



WRITING-ROOM WITH ICON AND CLUB TRIANGLE



THE CLUB KITCHEN AND BARBER SHOP

posted a copy of them on the bulletin-board. The men studied them with deep interest, and the honest committee men did not object to my act. But the more subtle, traitorous Army Committee at Molodechno sent representatives over to order the paper removed, and they took the opportunity to go through my private papers, in hope of finding some incriminating evidence against me. I wondered that they allowed the large American flag to remain on the wall of the theater.

Late in January, the Division Committee sent me a note thanking us for our past entertainments, and asking us to furnish as much attraction for the men as we could, as it was having a very definite effect in keeping thousands of men firm and contented in their places in the line and in the reserves. After one regiment left us, to camp several miles distant, we boarded an old sled and made occasional visits to it with games, the gramophone, and magazines. But by the middle of February it seemed inevitable that the Germans should advance on the last day of the truce. Our buildings were deeded over to the village committees of public benefit for that section of the country, and I prepared to leave. Karazia and the others decided to stay until the Germans should actually

start to advance. I was advised to go at once. I went to Moscow the very day the Huns swept over the country.

The morning of my departure, the Division Committee gave me a document calling upon all "Citizens of Free Russia" to be my friend and render me practical aid wherever I might be met with in my travels throughout the country. Then they read me a farewell word to take with me to America as a representative of the Y. M. C. A. The following is a translation:

MUCH-ESTEEMED MR. ATKINSON,—You are going away! We send along with you our best regards to the dear Young Men's Christian Association, and our most sincere thanks to you for your great assistance to us, and for those good seeds which have been sown by you among the men of the Tenth Army.

To you, our dear friend, we are indeed grateful a thousand times over, and we cherish the deep hope that you will remember ever the Russian man, and will in the future again come to help him on his thorny way.

We, representatives of the 134th Infantry Division, thank you, dear Mr. Atkinson, most warmly, for your precious labor, which has left a lasting memory in the heart of us Russian soldiers. We bid you, our friend from America, a reluctant farewell, and we wish you God-speed.

Other Folks' Harbors

BY MARY HEATON VORSE



AN hour after I had hired the *Kathie C.* an errand called me "way up along." On the boardwalk two miles from home I met Captain Amos Mayo.

"Well, well!" he greeted me, "so I hear you've hired the *Kathie C.* to go cruisin' down to Buzzard's Bay, to the Vineyard Sound Island. I always did hold with visitin' islands by sea! Might 's well take the steam-cars to a port and be done with it, 's go by steamboat. I wouldn't want to visit other folks' harbors except by sea."

I think it was a subconscious understanding that islands should always be visited by sea which had made the poring over charts and the stimulating *Coast Pilot* our favorite indoor sport.

For years these plans were unattainable dreams. We live in Provincetown on the end of Cape Cod, which thrusts itself out to sea nearly eighty miles. Arm and fist, the cape has been called, with a finger of sand to make our broad harbor for us.

We lived remote, a dour, harborless coast on whose length lie the bones of vessels—they call it the graveyard of the Atlantic—separating us from the Vineyard Sound and our sister towns. When the Cape Cod Canal joined our bay to Buzzard's Bay as with a silver wire, it made New Bedford our neighbor, Nantucket and Edgartown accessible, and our cruise became a reality.

When we weighed anchor the shadow of a sudden storm was still over us. There had been men lost—how many we didn't know as yet. Now the bay rested. It was pale as polished silver mirroring a distant sky.

We pounded past the silent fishing fleet, rounded Long Point, and Provincetown played her conjuror's trick which to the end makes one feel the victim of mirage.

One moment you are in a populous harbor tongued with gray wharves, the low-lying houses trooping like gray sheep into the sea; pass the lighthouse, and a desolate sand-dune is all that remains, the remote resting-place of gulls.

As we passed Wood End Light a seiner appeared under our lee. In the early morning the men's faces shone like bronze, and their red boots, the brown swirl of their nets, and their black boats showed violent against the intense pallor of the sea. There was something fatalistic in their aspect as they stood among their nets. They seemed unchanged from those men of ancient days who went out to put forth their nets for fish.

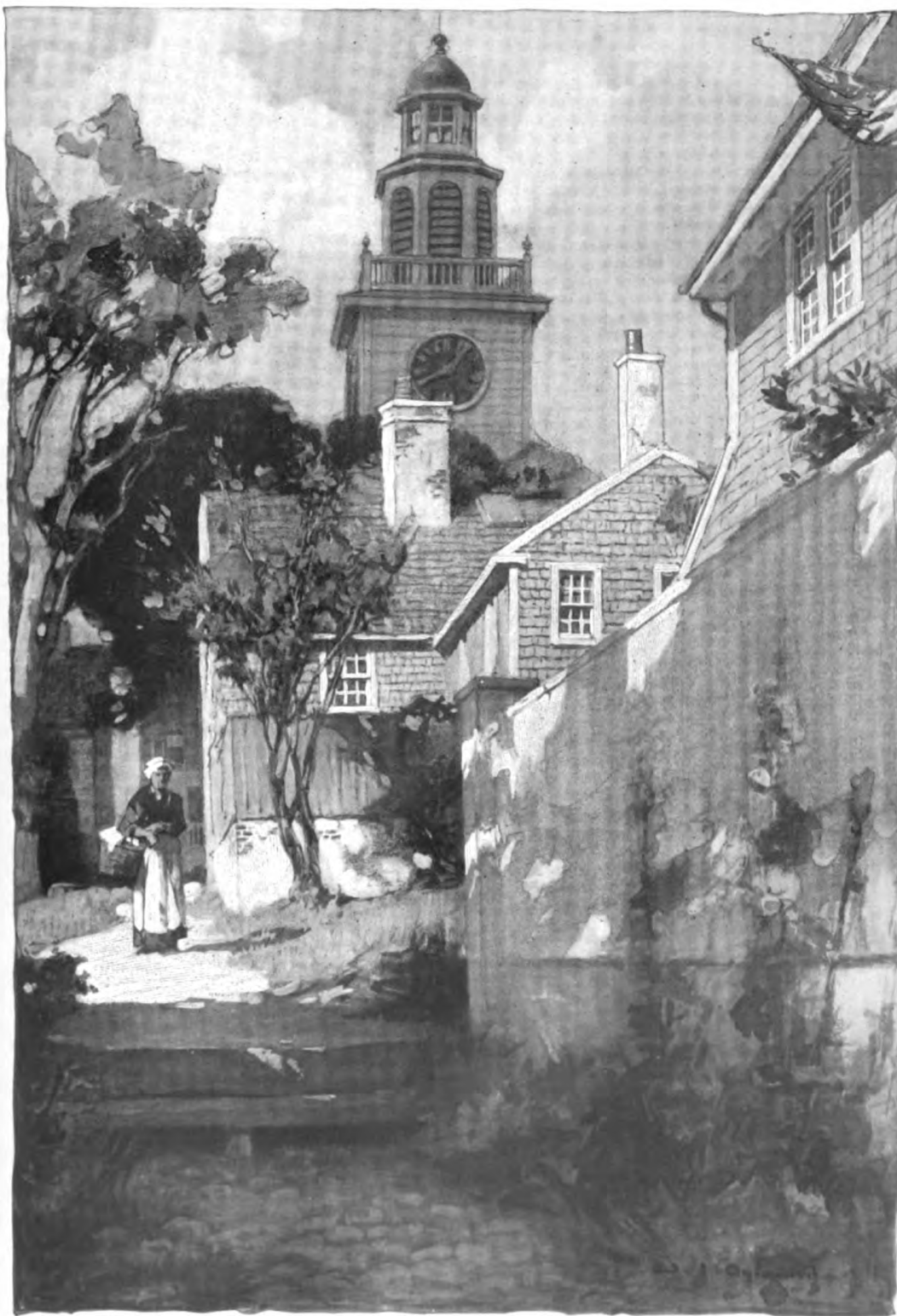
"Hello, Tony!" one of them hailed our captain. "We was just telephoning you from Wood End to tell Gerald to bring us gas."

We dropped them astern, two of them sitting in the cross-tree of their sloop watching for the ripple of schooling fish to flush with a darker blue the shining surface of the water, spots of black against the sky's lofty pallor.

My eyes went over the homely details of my vessel with pride. The *Kathie C.* was my first command. She is no pleasure craft, and makes her living floundering in Hyannis winters.

I had cruised often enough, but always in the capacity of an afterthought, a meek creature of protective coloring, who cherished in her heart the stern maxim that on a boat a woman should neither be seen nor heard; there on sufferance, sentenced to hard labor, performing the duties of able seaman, cook, and cabin-boy, and also doing my trick at the wheel when the going was uninteresting.

The boats on which I had cruised had had yachtish pretensions, and the usual pretension of a small boat of this kind is speed. They tend to be narrow, their spaces are cut up, while the *Kathie C.* has a cockpit the size of a small back



Drawn by W. J. Aylward

LOVELY NANTUCKET IS THE ARISTOCRAT OF THE COAST TOWNS

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CAPTAIN TONY

yard. She is indeed everything a yacht of her size—thirty-eight feet is her overall—would not have been, leisurely and comfortable, built as she was for space and weather. Instead of beauty there was a quality in her so downright and honest that my heart warmed to her. Beside the boats I had known she seemed a jolly sea tramp. Here there would be none of the yachtsman's pretentious punctilio—the smaller the yacht the more insistent the punctilio—that had darkened former cruises for me.

We surrendered ourselves to the peace that only a small boat can give one, not caring where we went, knowing only that our port was Adventure, our thoughts as fluid as the sea.

The captain spoke. What he wanted was that water should be heated for him. To this his wife responded with the idle good nature of a woman whose tasks were done, that, so far as she knew, he was not paralyzed and he would find the kettle on the stove.

Never had I heard the captain of any vessel thwarted, partaking, as captains do, of the sanctity of absolute rule.

I waited. Nothing happened. The heavens did not fall clattering. The

captain stared—but his wife was lost in pleasant contemplations. He turned, perplexed, to the cabin. I watched him, another illusion shattered.

The sun climbed up among the architectural high clouds and we passed the desolate sandspit which marks the entrance to the Cape Cod Canal—where the hull of a vessel, like the vertebrae of some sea monster, lies bleaching.

I fancy all the canals, from our hyphen to the Panama, smell offensively of engineering, and though time may soften the newness of their edges, they never can fail to give a sense of their self-importance. At the end of the canal, however, the traveler has his moment of victory, when the great bridges docilely lift themselves to let him into Buzzard's Bay.

They are so short a distance apart—our bay and Buzzard's Bay—but they belong to different worlds. Provincetown is a serious and self-supporting town. And, though the summer colony splashes color on its streets, it lives by the sea; its crop is fish. Almost every one earns his living in some way connected with this industry. No year passes that this dangerous trade does not kill its men. Our people have the



A BRAVA MAID OF NEW BEDFORD



AN OLD "SPOUTER" UNDER WAY ACROSS THE SEAS

calm fatalism of those who live perpetually under the shadow of disaster.

Buzzard's Bay is inland water. On the left side its harbors are small, the shore bordered with what, to our eyes, accustomed to our low-lying houses, looked like the infant progeny of the summer hotel. What with its yacht clubs and its "summer-people" air, it reminds one of Long Island Sound. Some serious-minded craft have always made their way to its head bound for Wareham, but until the canal went through most vessels having a business in the world stopped at New Bedford.

Yachts sped gladly down the sun-soaked bay. We passed slow-going tugs.

A satin-smooth black steam yacht left a wake for us to play with.

Suddenly we were snatched back from the impersonal aloofness of the sea by a little dark-gray boat of the Scout Patrol which hailed us through a megaphone and asked us our business.

And finally New Bedford loomed out of the sea, the towers of its mills forming a high rampart, as though it were a fortress of industry. Her towers are so high that, on pale autumn days, you may see her in mirage across the Vineyard Sound, a stain of smoke like a cloud above her. Along her water-front are concrete piers. The past and present meet and cross in New Bedford. As we



AT SANDWICH A DESOLATE SANDSPIT MARKS THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAPE COD CANAL

drew near we could see the lofty masts of square-rigged vessels. They are still there, the last of a gallant and dying race, a scant dozen where formerly two hundred whalers left New Bedford each year.

We made our berth at the fish wharf on which men were hoisting the cadavers of sword-fish, shocking in their bulk. A big Gloucester seiner lay next us, her cockpit an eddying pool of nets. To one side a power cat-boat from Cuttyhunk was loading provisions against the rapacity, no doubt, of the island's store-keepers; and beyond that was a Nantucket sloop closed and deserted, her cabin locked, her men ashore. Like all docks everywhere, ours were an impromptu village composed of boats from different towns.

Fishing-boats have no anonymity; how little I realized as we drew up along the New Bedford dock. A dark man was sitting on a keg, picking his teeth. I did not see him glance our way. He seemed absorbed in reflections, but he threw to our captain:

"Your uncle wants you on the tele-

phone." He had never seen us before, but he knew the *Kathie C.*

Ashore fishermen, chance-met, were exchanging news about the recent gale. New Bedford had lost three boats, but no lives; Edgartown had a vessel unaccounted for. No one knew where *Nova Scotia Jawn* from Provincetown was. News of wounded boats drifted through the mess talk, as they stood in the shadow of the square-rigged whalers, the *Viola* and the *Wanderer*, the *Viola* loud with the noise of carpentry, the *Wanderer* receiving the finishing touches, the eagle of her figure-head shining with yellow paint.

Then I realized I was part of the Fisherman's Club where you can learn the coastwise gossip from Maine to Long Island Sound, and which under ordinary circumstances would have been inaccessible to me. I had a standing in the world. The master of the lofty *Wanderer* was the brother-in-law of the owner of my boat; they knew our captain, who has gone dragging for flounders winters in Hyannis.

They stood there under the shadow of the aspiring masts and talked of the gale, which with sudden fury had plunged every seaport town in mourning.

I was in the world where people are chart-minded. To the man on shore the world is composed of land surrounded by bodies of water. To the man at sea the world is a body of water surrounded by fringes of land. Mountains interest him merely as landmarks. Shoals, rocks, and bars are his enemies; buoys, bells, and lights his protectors; the hidden currents of the sea and the tides are alternately friend and enemy. The weather no longer means comfort or discomfort, but becomes of imperious importance, since a dropping barometer has to do with life and death.

"Boy, we were out in it!" one man kept repeating. "The waves run sixty foot high!" One had a vision of furious seas, a sudden screaming wind, vessels, like frightened, winged creatures, flying toward death; and afterward up-turned dories floating helpless. . . . The group changed, shifted, altered, each man contributing his detail of the storm's fury. They drifted off at last and there were left only the men weighing sword-fish

and the dock-man still sitting on the keg of fish.

As we went up the wharf we paused before a lofty, square-rigged vessel, which seemed to be the home of a flock of goats. They skipped over the rail of the *Clarendon Belle* with the assurance of old habit, foraged on the wharf, or stood contemplating the fleshy corpses of the sword-fish sewn up rather awfully in burlap. The *Clarendon Belle*, alive as it was with goats, was bound for what port I cannot tell. Its decks were piled high with red-and-green tin trunks, whose like we presently saw in a shoe-store—"At the Sign of the Whale." Provisions, barrels of flour, kegs of salt meat, littered the deck; incongruous cargo cluttered the gangway. The *Clarendon Belle*, to judge by the familiar airs of the swarming goats, must have made her berth here for some time; by her looks she would not be sailing for weeks, and yet, incredibly, she was sailing to-day with her trunks and cargo stacked uncomfortably about her mast.

I imagine her under way across the seas, bound for some islands somewhere, for what her destination was, not even the Fishermen's Club that knows every-



NEW BEDFORD IS STILL REDOLENT OF WHALE-OIL

thing could tell us. I can see her slanting precariously in a sou'east gale, her load of parti-colored baggage still unstowed and surmounted to the last by an adventurous goat. There was something unnatural in her silence, broken only by the pattering of goats around the swirl of baggage on her cluttered decks. She led so lonely a life apart by herself that she seemed, big as she was, almost to partake of invisibility.

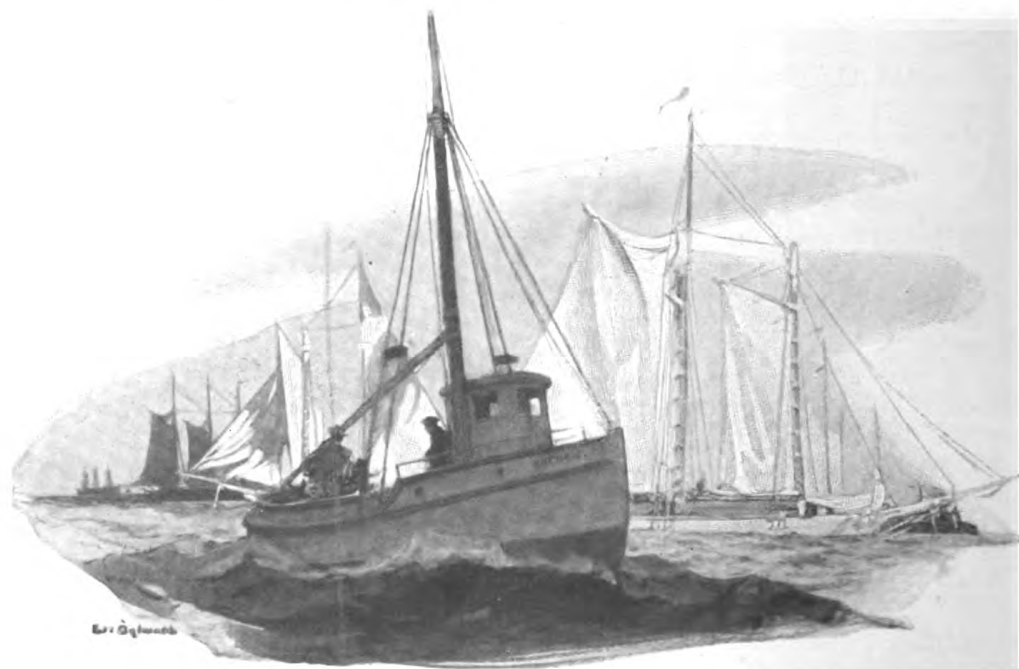
Each fishing-place has its own smell—fish for Provincetown, clams for Nantucket and Edgartown, and New Bedford is still redolent of whale-oil. The docks and the yards behind the piers are piled high with barrels full of "ile," each one with the initials of its vessel, while in the cavernous shops of neighboring streets goes on an eternal cask-making and coopering.

It is a fantastic sort of water-front, nor can you believe on an August afternoon that you are in the North. There is a measured slowness in the way the men unload the cotton-bales at the wharves—a down-at-the-heels look foreign to New England. The air is full of a golden dust. The paint scales from the fine old houses, once the homes of whaling captains, and the shutters are

loose. To-day they are inhabited by Portuguese-speaking negroes, a different race from the negroes that we know. They carry themselves with the splendid stride of those accustomed to bearing burdens on their heads, and their noses are straight and of an Arab cast. And those negroes with their soft guttural honeyed syllables of Portuguese dripping from their tongues form a town as alien as anything you might find in the mysterious islands to which the *Clarendon Belle* was bound. So foreign is this quarter of the town that the very children in the streets turn to stare at you, and a splendid negress with thin features, the yellow handkerchief on her head like a spurt of flame against the faded pallor of the street, checks her stride to wonder about us.

Past all this busy, leisurely water-front sputters the dangerous little railway, snorting and putting back and forth. We walked before it in one of its moments of quiet, when a man darted out to admonish us with high New England sarcasm:

"Next time you walk in front you might walk a little nearer, so's if she *should* start you'd sure get run over!" He spoke as though the little engine were



THE COASTER FLEET AT VINEYARD HAVEN



THEY CHERISH THE MEMORY OF THE OLD DAYS AT EDGARTOWN

a sort of iron horse which at any moment might start up of its own volition.

In the very midst of wharf traffic was a small and flashing garden gay with cannas and dahlias, a garden kept with care and tenderness. It had an air of having strayed in by mistake; one expected to see the wife of one of the old whalers' weeding it.

I suppose it has been the dream of everyone who cares for things of the sea to take a long voyage on a sailing-vessel. Most of us on the New England coast have had our minds stored when we were young with tales of such voyages. I myself can never believe that I never went to Funchal by sailing-vessel, so vivid was the oft-repeated voyage made to me.

Here in New Bedford I chanced on the vessel of my dreams, ready to sail. She was the *Bertha*, a one-time whaler, now a packet. The mate told us that she took passengers, and invited us down into the cabin. Tiny state-rooms gave on the saloon; in the space back of it was the traditional legless sofa sacred to the captain and his wife. The *Bertha* was sailing for the Cape Verde Islands. She was carrying a cargo of wood on her decks, and they evidently intended her

to go as high-laden as the three-masters that come down from Nova Scotia to bring us our wood in Provincetown.

But as one walked up and down her decks one knew it never could be—there was an air of slackness about her. The second mate, a good-looking mulatto, the red shining warmly through the yellow of his skin, flashed a smile at us—there was in his manner something that marked him as coming from a place where the color-line was disquietingly vague. Forward past the galley the cook, a fierce-eyed, ashen negro, his wool snow white, sat before the mast. He shot at us a look that had in it I know not what distrust and dislike. As the long corkscrew apple-peelings fell one by one from his hand he flung them to the convenient Berkshire pig. . . . No, a voyage on this packet would have to be for more adventurous souls than ours. It is to be recommended, however, for the *Bertha* is a fine vessel and seaworthy, of the best tradition of whalers.

While we stood there, dreaming of the voyage that was never to be, the *Greyhound*, the largest of the shrunken whaling fleet, her sails ready to break out, her masts very tall and stately beside the little busy tug which convoyed her,

went down-stream to the lower harbor, "bound after whale."

The pier opposite us was loaded with great channel-buoys, up for painting. They lay there in all their huge tonnage, grotesque and lobster-red in the evening light. There was something unseemly in thus exposing them to the view. They seemed like some monstrous sea-fruit that might grow in the garden of the giant squid.

But everything goes to lie up in New Bedford. Boats lie up there till they die. I saw a haunted old steam-tug of a bygone pattern, the very home of fishy ghosts. They said that she belonged to owners in New York who were always going to get her but never came. There were other boats like that, too, and near the water-front, in frowsy back yards, were a huddled trio of lunch-carts lying up, too.

The tradition of the days of whaling saturates the water-front as unescapable

as the smell of whale-oil. Now it is a harpoon for sale in a ship-chandler's, now a frieze in a corner drug-store—done, you are told, in a week by a sign-painter—which portrays the various stages of the trapping of leviathan from the classic "there she blows" to the final harpoon thrust. With quaint forehandedness they have even put a whaling-vessel in a museum, and that the illusion might be as complete as possible, a one-time whaling captain is her custodian.

There is no more rewarding museum than the one that shelters the half-size model of the *Lagoda*, who made the fortune of her owner, Mr. Bourne. In pious memory of this virtuous vessel and her owner, the daughter of Mr. Bourne has created this museum. There is the *Lagoda*, exactly half-size complete, from the copper kettles for "trying out" to the sewing-room of the captain's wife.

With her custodian we went out in the perilous life-boat. He himself, it de-



PROVINCETOWN CONTINUES, AS SHE ALWAYS HAS, TO LIVE BY THE SEA

veloped, had been "often upset by whales." We harpooned the whale; we assisted in its cutting up. With him we ladled out the precious oil from the top of the head and assisted in the final trying out of the fat in the copper kettles.

During the talk it came out that he hailed from Provincetown. Now in fiction one may not drive coincidence too hard; the writer finds everywhere in life coincidences that are too flagrant for him. Life itself continually hands one out plots that seem as though made by a machine, so abounding with chance detail that one must tone down, omit, elide. But in telling a plain story of facts one can transcend the inevitable limitations of fiction; one may, in short, tell the truth.

My own home once belonged to a whaling captain, Kibbe Cook.

"Kibbe Cook!" he cried. "One of my first whaling voyages was in one of his vessels. In the *Hatfield* I sailed, Keene Conwell, master. Ha! that was a voyage!" It was a wonderful voyage, full of stopping in strange ports, dallying in beautiful islands, a swanking and was-sailing voyage, told, too, in the terms of the best tradition of narrative. "Yes," he added, "I set sail in the *Hatfield* on the 30th of December, 1873."

There is in my library a row of old log-books, the records of Kibbe Cook's one-time whaling fleet. I found it there when I returned: "The *Hatfield*, out of Provincetown, December 30th, 1873. Keene Conwell, master," written in a fine old hand, a circumspect and illuminating account of this great whaling cruise.

I shall never go back to New Bedford. The whaling ships would be gone; the *Clarendon Belle* with its skipping goats will have sailed for its unknown port, and the *Bertha* long since departed for the Cape Verde Islands. I doubt if I should find my way to the shop where we bought a lantern—ostensibly a ship-chandler's, but really I imagine it is a water-side club. Whales' teeth are bought and sold in this shop, and outside was a life-preserver marked *Edith Cavell* which was found floating about by one of our incoming vessels, mute testimony that one had been done to death by

the enemy who had executed its namesake.

Our course was to the Elizabeth Islands. They prolong the mainland in a broken peninsula and divide Buzzard's Bay from Vineyard Sound—Nomameset, Naushon, Pasque, Nashawena, Cuttyhunk, Penikese, and Gull Islands—strange, low-lying islands, rolling up gently from the bay, and infinitely lonely, beautiful, uninhabited islands; at one end of Naushon is a summer hotel and one on Cuttyhunk, but otherwise one must believe them to be as they were when the Indians gave them their names.

The passages between them are difficult; Quick's Hole the best, but even that not recommended except on a fair wind and tide. These are islands, if one wishes to visit them, which must be gone to by sea. Why no one lives here I was not able to find out. There was some talk about rich men; perhaps they are owned by a syndicate, but no one was able to tell me. They lie very lovely and inviting, diversified with inlets and undulating moorland country. Small ponds dot them in which grow lilies, and they smell sweet of bay thickets.

When one looks back on a cruise one sees it as a series of adventures strung like bright beads, the road one followed the string connecting them. Usually on any given journey the events are of a kind—and so with us, but for the night at Nashawena. That stands out as lit by lights from other worlds. Afterward it seemed as though I had lived for some hours in some story of high and noble significance. I wandered through its setting. I saw its august decoration, but I have yet to guess the story. Sometime I am sure I will find it—some story will be told me that I shall know must have happened on such a night in Nashawena.

We anchored in Quick's Hole, which separates Pasque and Nashawena, and went ashore. We might have distrusted the island's smiling somnolence from the first. On its highest point a single farmhouse reared its head. There are sheep on Nashawena, and the marks of their hoofs were in the fine sand; and there were marks, too, of a man's foot. One could see where he had chased the sheep.

We saw them on the moors, grayish-white flocks moving slowly, but no sign of man about the desolate farmhouse.

Across the way on Martha's Vineyard was a dim fog bank; one moment we were bathed in sunlight, our island ringed in shining water, the next the fog walked across the land blotting out water and moor, ragged fragments of it blown on ahead as though some unseen force had taken handfuls and flung it. And with its coming the Sound was full of the warning voices of vessels.

Night came down and we cooked our supper by a wood fire; and still the fog wraiths blew past us and still the fog shut out all the world from us except the voice of the vessels crying aloud their presence to one another. We went off through the fog to bring back wreckage for our fire. The fog was full of sighing—of faint, unexplained noises; the waves clucked and lisped disquietingly. The sense of the unknown pressed in on us. Anything might have come out of that fog, even to the legendary Great White Face.

We were whelmed by our sense of desolate isolation; tragedy lurked in the stifling fog and in the tortuous currents of the sea. The wind blew, and from time to time the fog was rent as though by furious hands. There was a sense of haste and of motion; the fog wraiths were like scurrying shapes.

Presently in our search after drift wood we came on a shattered boat borne far inland on some violent wave—a Portuguese boat, its colors still bright upon it.

One was glad to get back to the leaping fire. We made our beds near it and fashioned a kind of tent with sails and oars, settling down for the night, with a feeling of unseen presences about us.

Then suddenly the heavens took fire with a far-off and intense flame. Supernatural search-lights penciled the sky with light. At first it seemed as though it must be some vast signaling as of universes at war of which our world was but a tiny reflection. Now flushes of light sped up the sky; now Valhalla burning was outlined, light streaming from its battlements; and suddenly the fog was pierced by a meteor of surprising

brightness, which lighted up our startled faces.

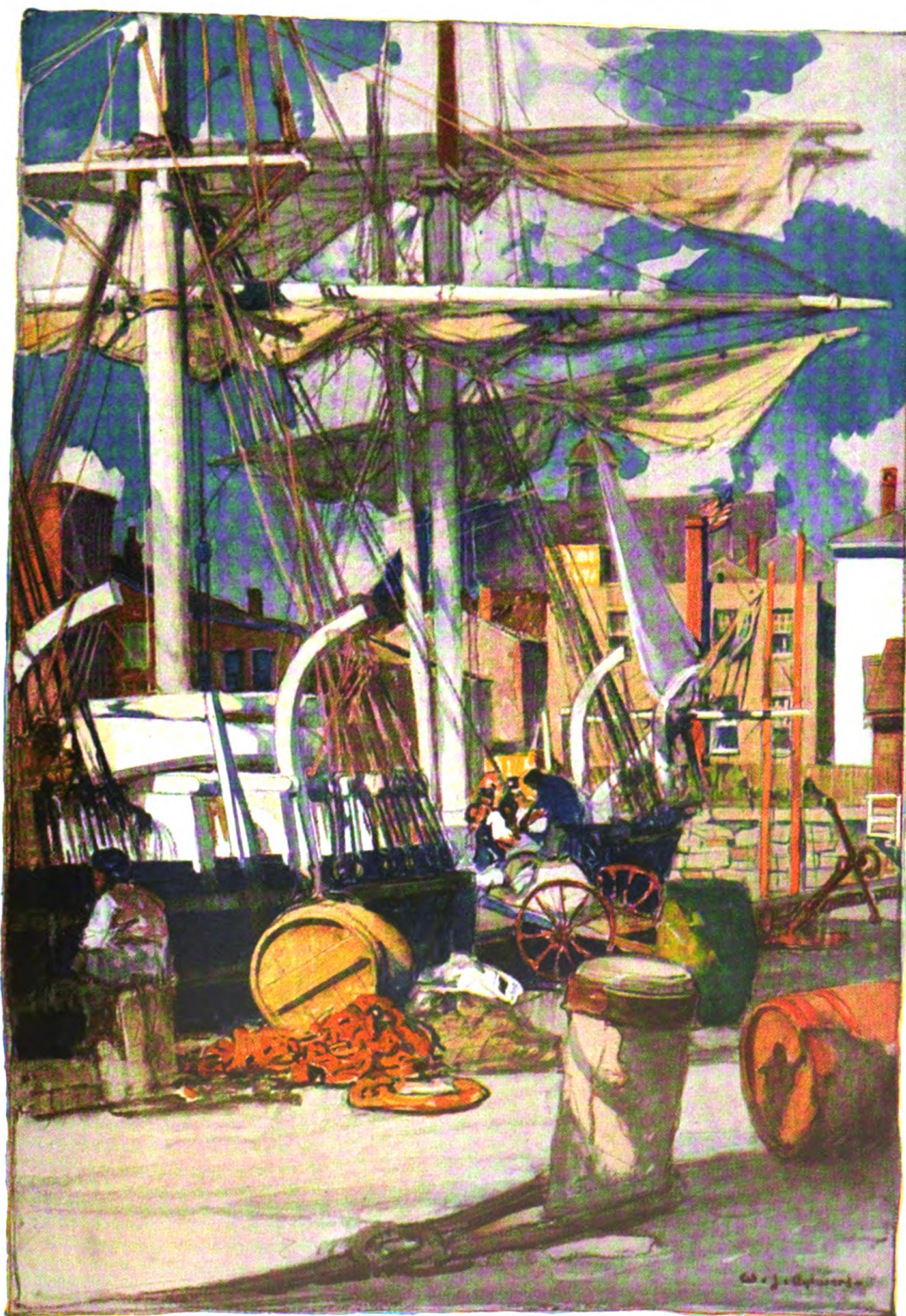
For a moment we had a disquieting vision of man in his true perspective, no longer filling the picture as he does within the kindly shelter of low walls, but helpless beneath distant towering skies whose lambent battlements were aflame, at the mercy of hidden currents and life-taking fog or a fierce and sudden wind carried by bellying clouds. We knew we as individuals meant nothing, for man has significance only collectively. By himself he is weaker than an oyster.

And then we went to bed, and grumbled at the damp and at the sand in our beds, and next minute cried aloud like wonder-stricken children at the glory of the heavens—and grumbled again at the encroaching sand. And I felt I had never before understood life—where at the same moment we lift our eyes to the immemorial mystery of the northern lights and grumble about the sand in the bed.

We had planned rather vaguely to go to No Man's Land, an island off Gay Head, but in New Bedford we had heard rumors that the man who once kept sheep there had gone, and that instead there was a summer hotel "which wouldn't let you land." Besides, fog still hemmed the horizon. A rabble of hunted clouds streamed down the sky, the mirage of headlands and distant islands reared itself from the water. There was a wide iridescent ring around the sun. It was no day for far adventuring.

I wanted to go to Memsha Bight on the Vineyard across the way. I knew that of all bights and coves it was the loveliest, and that romance lived upon its shores; but I didn't go. Nor did I stop at Tarpaulin Cove, the famous shelter of the old coast-wise trade. Why didn't I go? I was commander of the boat—it was my cruise. Why didn't I put my foot down? Even now I cannot tell. I can call it a semi-victory that the captain didn't attain his goal, which was the moving pictures of Oak Bluffs—*née* Cottage City. We compromised on Edgartown.

As we made the harbor a bright fleet



Painting by W. J. Aylward

NEW BEDFORD WHALERS—THE LAST OF A GALLANT BUT PASSING RACE

of little boats, their sails the color of cream, winged their way toward us. We had come from the world that works to the world that amuses itself. They have become pleasure islands—the islands of Vineyard Sound, and as the days go by they more and more cease to live a life of their own. In the end the ugly modern cottages of Vineyard Haven will cover the Vineyard coast, Tom Never's Head on Nantucket will be a summer colony, and the summer hotels of Naushton and Cuttyhunk will spread until they meet midway at Pasque.

Boys in white flannels were helping fifteen-year-old girls into a boat as spotless as their white skirts. Here the world of boats was cloven so that those who went in one cat-boat and in another were not within hailing distance. The yachtsman's world and the fisherman's go on perpetually side by side. They use the same wharves and docks, their boats are of the same model, and yet they seem to have a certain measure of invisibility for one another. Ashore the town was gay with young people; there are undoubtedly children of all ages in Edgartown, but it seemed full of boys of seventeen and girls of fifteen, the kind that get hung up on every rock for the clamming captains to rescue, for Edgartown is in the hands of summer people.

They cherish the memory of the old days—even the butcher had been a whaling captain. I suppose there must be elderly and middle-aged men around the Vineyard Islands who were not whalers in their youth, though I met none. I came down the dark streets rather sorry about the town, cherishing its memories amid the cheerful clatter of alien young people. I felt alien myself. I walked down our dock and a dark shape loomed out of the black and a soft Portuguese voice asked me:

"How's Maria?"

I was on Carlos's boat and Maria was Carlos's wife, and we "belonged" while I sailed in a Provincetown fishing-boat.

When the captain asked me the next morning, "Where you goin' to-day?" "Memsha Bight," I suggested, warily.

"You got to go to Nantucket some time," he urged, gently. I agreed. "It's going to take a lot of gas to get there." I could tell by his gentleness he had

something on his mind—something on his mind he wanted to put over. I waited. "'Twould cost you an awful lot, and the fog's coming in. I wouldn't care if 'twas my own boat—" Still I waited for him to tell me what to do.

"You'd better take the steamboat," was the sentence he pronounced upon me. He let fall a mendacious "Of course you're running this." I had suspected it before when I had suggested "Memsha Bight," and yet had gone to Edgartown, and now I knew my command was illusion. There is no suffrage on the sea.

It was going by steamboat that we learned how right Captain Mayo was. What did we care now if we were on Squash Meadow? What was Hedge Fence or L'Homme Dieu? The Cross Rip Lightship became a curiosity, and the buoys, the sign-posts of the sea, had now no meaning. Tide and wind were unimportant. The fog might blanket thickly, but we were as safe and comfortable and as uninterested as in a railway train. The intimate joy of finding the channel to Quick's Hole was gone; it was nothing to us that Robinson's Hole was a treacherous place and Wood's Hole almost as bad. We were far from the world of reality, and from the people who had created these towns and marked and named the shoals and rips and currents—the holes and bights.

In the harbor one of our own fishing vessels lay at anchor, beside her a handsome Gloucester boat. The men from the boat were talking together on the pier—dark and serious, slow-spoken men. We knew by the very hunch of their shoulders and the large sweep of their gestures that they talked of the squall. They had perhaps more news. Perhaps the *Annie Perry* had been heard from; they might even now be telling each other what had become of *Nova Scotia Jawn*. But we were outsiders—we had not come by sea. The Fisherman's Club was closed for us. We had lost our place in the world. It was like becoming suddenly invisible in a hospitable land. We were there and our friends were there, yet we could not talk to them. There was now no reason for lingering on the water-front, and we turned into town.

Of all the towns on our coast the prize for high perfection belongs to Nan-

tucket. This town is like some beautiful old woman sitting dreaming in a garden. Its lovely old houses—built in the days when Nantucket was second only to New Bedford—are surrounded by flowers. Nantucket is so lovely, she has been so praised, can you blame her if she is a trifle conscious of her perfection? She sits back amid her old-fashioned gardens among her lanes edged with Queen Anne's lace, and smiles and folds her hands, a little too aware that she is the aristocrat of the coast towns, proud of her faded and excellent beauty which does not lack even the high attribute of strangeness. One admires and admires the dignity, the quiet, the beauty, and then a sadness comes over one's spirit. Is there too much gentility here? When whale-oil and not flowers perfumed the air and Nantucket was young and lusty, was she so conscious? Underneath her brave front I think she knows she does not earn her own living any more and that alien summer people keep her alive. Two thousand people, so they say, live here in winter, and thirteen thousand in summer. The summer people cherish her tenderly—no profaning emigrants swarm through the wide houses of the old whaling captains.

How they cherish the memories of these old captains! The book-stores have an array of new books, telling of the old characters of Nantucket. There is even a glossary of old whaling terms.

A place, like a person, which does not earn its own living must lack moral stamina, and when the minority of the population lives on the majority there is an atmosphere partaking of a flint-hearted step-parent and a grasping boarding-house keeper.

We were driven over the lovely Nantucket moors by a slow-spoken lad, and unconsciously he voiced the native attitude to all pleasure-seeking "off-islanders" who have sought amusement around these waters. As we neared Sconset, "It's an actors' colony," he told us, a touch of pride in his voice. We commented on the rise and spread of colonies: religion in Oak Grove, science in Wood's Hole, actors in Sconset.

"Yes," he said, in his slow, painstaking

way, "there's lots of colonies. Hear you got an artist colony to Provincetown?" He ruminated awhile. "Over to an island off Cuttyhunk," he gave out, "there's a lepers' colony!"

I have two memories of Nantucket: one is of a faded and beautiful street at dusk, and a street-lamp shining on the sudden and piercing blue of a hydrangea while over the doorway the climbing roses wreathed themselves as though they were a painted scroll. The other is of a tiny half-gage railway track, on one side of it small and dilapidated houses on the other sheds flanked with great mounds of clam-shells, and everywhere ragged robin and Queen Anne's lace, the whole silhouetted against the blue of the harbor where lay the cat-boat fleet, for fishing has grown humble on the Vineyard and Nantucket, and it is a far cry from the days of those lofty vessels whose masters built their towns, to the tame catching of eels and quahaugs.

An old man pushed along a barrow of clams; he stopped and asked us where we came from. "Provincetown," he repeated after us in tones of gentle finality; "there ain't nothin' in Provincetown." We stopped and chatted and it developed that he, too, had gone whaling in his young days—and this is a symbol of Nantucket: an old man once a whaler now a digger of clams for the summer people.

Edgartown and Nantucket have retired genteelly from the fishing business—their harbors are now but a refuge for the vessels of off-islanders.

New Bedford has already put its whaling vessels in a museum; its old houses dream of their former greatness to the drone of the mills. Of the four whaling towns, Provincetown, the humblest of them all, remote and low-lying, continues, as she always has, to live by the sea.

I like best the towns who live by their own efforts. I was glad to be under way in our tramp boat—visiting places by sea again in the leisurely fashion of an ocean caravan. How far we had diverged from the standards of proper boats I realized when the toll-boat ran up toward us, as we came again to the canal.

"What's that?" We heard them ask-

ing one another: What were we? A gipsy crew afloat—dinner was spread in the hatch—blue hydrangeas bloomed in pitchers before the house—bathing clothes hung drying on the boom.

"You're a pleasure boat," they accused us, perplexity in their voices.

"Do we look like a pleasure boat?" demanded the captain, leaning against the mast.

"You got wimmen aboard," they accused us further.

"Do they look like women who've been pleasuring?" asked our captain. We didn't—not as they knew the pleasure boats on Buzzard's Bay. So we paid only the working boat's toll which was our right, for we had worked our way.

Again the peace of the little boat enveloped us; the silence was broken by the captain's voice, who wanted water heated to wash up for supper. With the ready civility that one shows a commander of a vessel, the captain's wife hurried below.

I do not know yet how he had assumed full command, handicapped as he was by youth and good-nature. Perhaps it was his superior knowledge. He could

run the boat. A vessel, anyway, is a natural autocracy. Deep-sea cruising in stormy weather should be compulsory for all theorists of democracy.

We tied up at the Cold Storage in the canal—the dark bulk of a mine-sower alongside of us.

"Well," said the captain, "it'll seem good to see a real harbor again where there's room to move in—choked up, those Vineyard Sound harbors—bad country, too, full of rocks and foggy."

"Provincetown," cried a reproving voice from the wharf above us, "that's a fine harbor in a sou'east gale, boy! Can't tie up to the wharf with the wind from that quarter! I was tied up there alongside of a fisherman last week—and he kep' a-jumping up and down, all night—" It was the engineer of a tug-boat lying alongside of us. Outside of him was a lobster boat from Rockport, Maine. The captain's wife, an ample woman in bloomers, called to us:

"Have you heard *Nova Scotia Jawn* got in?" We were home again in the Fisherman's Club, accounted-for people with our place in the world at any wharf on the coast.

Their Victory Won

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

WAN-VISAGED Azrael, in a darkened room,
 'Mid stifled sobs and pleadings full of fear,
 I first was made to know thy presence drear;
 And I supposed thee dweller of a tomb
 Where quickly fade all fairest things that bloom:
 All loves, ambitions, dreams, that men hold dear.
 But now, O Death, beholding thee more near,
 How changed thy look! how glorified thy gloom!

In the wide Open, 'neath a summer sky,
 Bending above thy chosen, where they lie
 Upon the hard-won fields of Victory,
 This have they taught me—these so young, so brave,
 Who smiling gave their all, the world to save—
 Life is not lovelier than death may be!

Overnight

BY CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE



AND now, Jan, tell us again how you escaped service in the Austrian army."

The voice of Julie Loubet, genially commanding Jan to beguile the company with his oft-repeated tale, rose into a note of pride. It was not the first time that I had come upon this self-same group sitting with the parted-lipped eagerness of children under the spell of Jan Starc's story. I had stepped into the dining-room of the Hôtel Bordeaux and closed the door softly, so that my entrance was not remarked. The lights were all extinguished except a single flare above the table where the help had gathered for their belated meal and a bit of after-dinner gossip. And I thought, as I dropped into a far corner unnoticed, that it would be hard to find a *pension* in the French Quarter of San Francisco that had quite this cozy air of comradeship.

Jan sat forward in his seat and began. His French was halting and his recital not extraordinary for the times, but he held them spellbound. Even I had to admit his power. And yet power was not precisely the word—that was too arrogant a term for the charm with which he captured us all. In repose, his face seemed a trifle thin and narrow, his lips a little too firmly closed, but as soon as he began to speak a hidden light came to the surface and his black eyes flashed under their beetle brows, his white teeth gleamed, his lips became suddenly full and red and ingenuous. No, his story could not begin to measure up to the clashing stories from the shattered fields of France which must have smeared crimson the torpid content of this after-dinner hour—he had merely outwitted the authorities in times of peace and fled—but he put a human glow into the recital that intrigued the company into believing it to be a praiseworthy and valiant enterprise.

He finished finally, and I was about to rise and move forward into the homely circle of light, when a voice sharpened with skepticism broke through the hum of approval. I fell back in my seat and glanced toward the group. A new-comer was speaking, and from his costume I fancied him to be the cook's assistant.

"Pardon me, but in these times it is surely permitted to ask a man why he—Well, in short, I do not quite understand the reason for your desertion . . . it comes to that in the long run."

Jan threw a darting glance at his cross-examiner. I felt an unreasonable sinking of the heart. There was something more covert than bold in Jan's look, for all its swiftness.

"You forget I am a Bohemian," Jan replied, drawing himself up with recaptured pride.

"Ah, just so! And you do not find Austria to your taste! She has your country by the throat, has she not? Well, then, why do you not show your own teeth a bit? You are young enough, in all conscience."

"Show my own teeth? I . . . I do not understand."

My heart continued to sink, and I could see that my feelings were shared by the others from the puzzled looks which crept into their faces. Why was Jan pretending that he did not understand? Even little Julie followed every move with quivering lips.

The stranger replied with an insolent shrug, and Julie broke the silence.

"He . . . he means," she stammered, "he asks you why you do not fight for your country?"

Jan threw himself back in his seat. "My country? America is now my country." He measured his antagonist coolly. "I am an American citizen."

The group about the table began to breathe more freely. It was as if something precious had been suddenly threatened and as suddenly saved. The cook's assistant rolled a cigarette.

"An American citizen," he mused. "Well, then, you are to have your turn at the wheel, after all. I see that you young Americans are all to be drafted."

Jan flushed. "What you say cannot be so," he protested.

Julie's glance dropped.

"Well, then, here is the evening paper. You can see for yourself."

Jan held out a limp hand. His color was gone and the flash of his teeth extinguished under two tightly drawn lips. He glanced rapidly at the head-lines and tossed the paper aside.

"Oh, well," he said, nonchalantly, "it may happen that one is physically unfit."

"Oh yes—*anything* is possible," returned the cook's assistant, smiling a wide, unpleasant smile.

At this point I scraped back my chair and stepped forward.

The group about the table were still eating roast mutton and salad. They made a place for me, polishing a plate carefully in my honor. I accepted a bit of the mutton and a browned potato and fell to. A frosty constraint had settled upon the company. Jan was pallid and silent, Julie spiritless and anxious, the rest of the company ill at ease. Only the cook's assistant seemed happy and pleased. He sat, casting furtive glances from one to another, licking the dripping ends of his greedy mustache. The platters of mutton were cleared away and they brought on bowls of tiny polished apples and plates of cheese and pots of very poor coffee.

Finally Jan said to me, "You are late to-night."

I looked him squarely in the eye. "You are mistaken," I answered. "I came in during the discussion. I sat over in the corner."

Jan turned red and frowned. The cook's assistant gave a disagreeable chuckle. "We were speaking of the draft," he shot out. "Everything has been settled except the day of registration."

Julie's father leaned his elbows on the table. "And a fine day that will be for this country—and for France! I say God bless them both! Here, Louis, some wine!"

A shambling youth came running

from the kitchen with red wine in a pitcher. The company, who had just finished gulping down their wine dregs so that their glasses might be free for coffee and cognac, suffered them to be filled again. Monsieur Loubet rose; the rest of us did likewise.

"I repeat, my friends, a great day for *both* this country and France. Let us drink, then, in the German fashion—to the day!" Jan laid down his glass. The old man's face became livid. "How is this, my boy? Must you have better wine for so solemn a pledge?"

"I do not think the day glorious. Why, then, should I drink? I have no desire to be led out like a sheep and murdered! This, they tell me, is a free country. But it seems that it is no better than any other! I suspected as much."

The old man took a deep breath. "Ah, so it has come to this! Well, then, perhaps you find the company as little to your taste as the toast I propose. In that case . . ." He finished with an eloquent shrug and we tossed off our wine.

Jan gave a startled glance about the table. Julie had shaded her eyes with a quickly uplifted hand. The cook's assistant was smiling widely.

Jan rose noisily and walked toward the stairs leading to the lodgings overhead.

"Let us see now how easily he can outwit the *American* government!" sneered the cook's assistant. "Practice makes perfect!"

At that they all laughed, except Julie. She turned upon her tormentor fiercely.

"You!" she cried. "You! How I hate you!" And she burst into tears.

As for me, I reached for my hat and left without a word.

I am a man old enough to take disillusionment calmly, but as I closed the door upon the uneasy company and walked down the street I seemed stripped of all my carefully reared defenses. But there succeeded a certain satisfaction in knowing that Jan had not yet acquired the dubious talent of concealing his weaknesses. He was afraid, but he made no attempt to conceal the fact. And he was not only

afraid; he was defiant and miserable in the bargain. We have all faced such a situation. There are not many who can put a bold countenance upon even so small a matter as a tooth to be pulled. The issue in Jan's case was essentially no greater, but, seen through the wide lenses of profound and stirring events, it assumed gigantic proportions. No, the more I pondered the more convinced I became that Jan had a right to my active antagonism, if nothing else. For was it not due to me that he had assumed the duties of American citizenship? Could I forget so soon how subtly I had undermined his passive opposition to such an estate during all the months that he had served me with my noonday meal at the crowded up-town café where I had first come upon him? At that time I had felt a smug vanity at my victory over his stubborn indifference. It had seemed extraordinary for my poor eloquence to help decide a vital question for a man whom I saw only in the most casual way each day, a man who served me and kept his distance and yet was closer to me than many whom I met upon common ground.

My pride in the adventure had outlasted Jan's employment in the café. When he had announced that he was leaving this berth to bask in the smiles of Julie Loubet at an obscure *pension* of the French Quarter, I knew that I would miss him. And so it proved. But once a week I got into the habit of dropping in at the Hôtel Bordeaux to see my protégé, feeling an almost paternal satisfaction in discovering how quickly he captured the hearts of his new friends. I repeat, I had taken a pride in Jan Starc, in watching him strike root and flourish in a strange soil, in hoping to see him one day break into perfect flower. And now it would seem that my fine young friend was not worth the hopes I had squandered on him. His words that night had hurtled across my faith like loathsome bats in a summer twilight. But they passed as swiftly, for, suddenly, it occurred to me that fear was as youthful a quality as courage, and that as often as not the shadow cast by the one was a measure of the oblique brilliance of the other. . . .

I had walked about a block when, all

at once, I retraced my steps. Whatever Jan's shortcomings, it was impossible for me to desert him utterly.

I found Jan in his room. Already he had dragged a battered trunk from the closet and was intent on flinging his belongings into it.

"Well," he said, eying me with defiant insolence, "so you have come! You see what has happened. I hope now you are satisfied!"

"Satisfied? I don't understand you!"

"Yes . . . satisfied! After all, you are responsible for this. I was content as I was until you came along. I had no country. . . . I wished for nothing!"

"The country of your birth—you mean it was nothing to you?"

He shrugged. "One ceases to love a corpse! One strews flowers on the grave, it is true, but everything is over . . . there is no longer any anxiety. I repeat I had no country!"

"You have none, now, it would appear!" I ventured, sneeringly.

His brow curdled. "No . . . it is worse! I am saddled with a country that I have no wish to serve. . . . I have been tricked, you understand . . . *tricked!* This country of yours is full of lies. . . . As full of lies as an evil woman! . . . Only a year ago you were too proud to fight; now— Yes, bad women snare you in the same way. They stop your mouth with sweet kisses and wrap their thick hair about your throat, and then . . . then you wake up and find that you are yoked for life with— Bah! It is abominable! One country is no better than another. But some smear their red lips more skilfully." He was quivering, and little malicious gleams darted from his black eyes.

I put my hand upon his shoulder. "Come," I said, brutally, "this is no time for all this poetic talk. . . . This is not Bohemia—this is America. Let us be quite frank. You are pretending to be upset by the fact that, having become an American citizen, you are asked to fight. Suppose you had remained, before the law, a citizen of Austria?"

"Naturally I should not be called upon then to—"

"In other words, you are *afraid* to fight! It isn't a question of having any convictions in the matter; you

are simply afraid. I am right, am I not?"

His mouth lost some of its tautness. "You do not understand, my friend. I have no love for Austria, but three of my brothers are in the army there. . . . Who knows, a bullet from me may one day strike them dead?"

"That is not likely . . . and, besides, such things have happened before. There are certain situations that—Well, you know what I mean."

"I will not fight my own flesh and blood," he returned, doggedly.

"Will not? And suppose . . ."

"I will not register for the draft. I have made my mind up for that."

"You are prepared, I suppose, for the consequences? Ten, twenty years' imprisonment—perhaps life."

"I will not register!"

"You are afraid . . . afraid!" I taunted. "Come, admit it! And let us face the issue squarely."

He turned his wounded eyes upon me. He was not yet ready to be consciously frank, even with himself. "You are mistaken," he said, with dignity. "I do not believe in war. Like your country a year ago, I am too proud to fight. Sheep are cowardly. I am not to be driven."

He stooped over and began to toss clothing into the trunk. His manner dismissed me. The door stood open and so I left. . . .

I was turning into Stockton Street when whose hand should detain me but Julie's.

"Monsieur," she began, huskily, "have you seen him? . . . There is no chance? . . . I mean, he is of the same mind?" I nodded. "And you are still his friend in spite of . . ."

"I must try to be," I answered.

She was twisting a ring upon her finger. "Well, there is this little matter left between us. It is best that . . . I mean, I could not trust myself to see him again."

She slipped the ring from her finger and held it out to me. It was a pitiful little trinket—a tiny diamond surrounded by pale-blue turquoises and discolored pearls. I took it.

"You want me to give this back to Jan?" I faltered. "You no longer love him?"

She brought her hands to her breasts as if to ward off the thin steel of my question. "Love him, monsieur? Only a man would ask such a question. . . . I am a daughter of France, monsieur, and daughters of France may not breed cowards! . . . No, not even for love."

The flame in her died suddenly and she hid her face in the hot gloom of the shawl enveloping her head.

What could I say? Nothing. Jan was self-confessed and it was impossible to argue the subtleties of the situation with the little peasant girl beside me. I stood for a moment glancing awkwardly down at the bauble lying upon my flattened palm. When I looked up Julie Loubet had disappeared. . . . I put the ring carefully away in my vest pocket.

I did not see Jan Starc for days. Not but that it would have been easy enough to trace and locate him, but I had no wish to. The memory of his shortcomings still stung my vanity. For, as I have said, I had taken a swollen pride in having won him to the new estate which he was now so frankly repudiating, and the example of Julie's quivering contempt had been contagious.

I was walking one morning upon a business errand along the docks when whom should I see but Jan standing in the doorway of a frowsy saloon. He was casting uneasy glances up and down the Embarcadero, whistling all the while with an air of conscious nonchalance. I fell into the shadow of a lodging-house entrance and watched. Presently another joined him—a villainous, swarthy pirate that one could not mistake for anything but the shifty beach-comber that he was. Without waiting for the formality of a greeting, the two turned and trotted away like furtive foxes.

"Ah, so that is how the wind blows!" I repeated, audibly, to myself.

Next morning I went again to the docks. As I expected, Jan was standing in the same saloon entrance as before, but to-day his pose was insolent; already he had lost his timorous air of yesterday. I stood and watched him for some moments. Finally I made up my mind to speak. The suddenness of my appearance confused him. He turned

red and remained silent. I put out my hand.

"Come, let us have something to drink!" he cried, with an air of fine bravado.

I looked at Jan sharply. Between him and myself there had always existed a bond tempered and restrained by the assumption of intangible inequalities. Imbued with the class pride and dignity of a peasant, Jan had kept his distance. I had been cast by him in the rôle of patron, and he had been grateful, but on the whole reserved. Now I could see all was to be changed. I was to be put on the level of an antagonist.

I nodded my acceptance of his invitation. He led the way, and I followed him into the saloon. We sat down at a battered pine table. The barkeeper brought us draught beer, which foamed over the thin rims of the glasses and curdled the sanded floor. For a moment we drank in silence, then suddenly Jan opened a flood of talk—protests, fears, blasphemies. I let him release steam. America had disappointed him. He had looked for peace and liberty and Utopia. I had helped to snare him. And he did not believe in war. So that was all there was to it. I could see at once that what he was hungering for was not sympathy, not thinly veiled tolerance, not indifference; no, he was in need of opposition, he wanted something tangible upon which to feed his weak-kneed convictions. He wished to mate cowardice with opposition and thus raise a brood of excuses to serve his purpose. But I was too cruel and sly for him. I remained silent.

"It is all very well for you to talk," he sneered at me. "*You* are too old for the draft. . . . It is nothing for you to think about the suffering of others. . . . It was the same with me a month ago. Then I would read about everything. To be sure, I very often wept. It is not easy to read of men who lose arms and legs and sight and must go through life propped up in a wicker basket! . . . Fancy, to be fed with a spoon! It is horrible, horrible! But now, think of it, my friend, all this may happen to me! To die . . . well, that is not so bad, but to live, to live! . . . And then, a man may be captured. Think of that!

Fed upon dish-water, and eaten alive with vermin, and kicked and insulted. And spit upon by women . . . women who have sons of their own and should be nearer God! . . . No, it is easy for you to advise!"

He beat the table with his fists, swept the air with fine free gestures; his eyes shone tremulously. The more he talked the less disdainful I grew of his panic. In the past few days I had seen many about me accepting the situation with the dumb docility of sheep. For the most part, they either had not imagination enough to be fearful, or they possessed that wonderful and illogical human conviction that they would escape the toll of chance. There were many, too, mastering themselves in silence, but Jan did not belong to that breed. He was a swift stream and the noise of his passage was equally audible and vehement.

"Have you been to the Hôtel Bordeaux?" he shot at me, suddenly.

"No. Why?" I returned.

"Nothing. I was just wondering what they said about me."

I eyed him steadily. He was hungering for word of all his old comrades. He wanted the gossip of the evening meal; he wanted to hear the worst, to feel the sting of the cook's assistant's tongue. He was living in an agony of silence. Not but that he could have found people disposed to argue with him. But they were people he cared nothing about. They were not even his enemies.

"What they say about you?" I echoed. "I think you can guess."

"Oh yes—that I am a coward . . . and . . . and . . . It does not matter. But Julie . . . certainly she . . ."

He broke off with a poignant gesture. I slipped my fingers into a vest pocket. Julie's ring was still there!

"And if Julie loved you?" I asked.

He ran his fingers through his hair. "In that case—well, you must understand me—it would not change my ideas. . . . I do not believe in war. I do not believe that any one should force me to fight. But still, if Julie . . . For her sake, understand, I might . . . it might be possible. . . . I am not sure."

I could see what an effort this simple declaration had cost him. He was

frightened, horribly frightened, but he was finding a sound bottom upon which to place his feet.

"A man should stick to his convictions," I replied, emphatically, "in spite of everything."

My words surprised him, I could see that.

"Well, yes, I suppose you are right. . . . But women do not understand that. Julie thinks that I am a coward. . . . I have thought it all over. . . . War . . . death . . . anything would be better than to have the woman you love . . ."

He threw his hands up in a gesture of surrender. For Julie's sake he was ready and willing to go through with all the tremblings and quakings and heart-sickness; not humbly, though, as one who had found love stronger than personal profit, but with a certain arrogance, the arrogance of one yielding up honor, and convictions, and life itself, perhaps, to ease the agony of another—in short, Jan was casting himself in the rôle of a martyr and rather enjoying the process. It was all false, and I knew it.

"You need not go to the trouble of all this sacrifice," I said, brutally. "Julie has sent you back your ring. Here it is!"

For a moment he stared dully at me; then he broke into a laugh. "To hell with everything!" he said, fiercely, throwing the ring upon the floor.

I bent over and picked up the trinket. He was trembling. Julie had failed him and he was not to bolster his cowardice with the fiction of self-sacrifice for her sake.

We rose from our seats and went out into the sunlight. The defiance seemed to have suddenly oozed from Jan's manner. He had on his face the resignation of one who has played his last card and lost. He put his hand upon my shoulder and pointed up to the sky, as he said:

"There is nothing more beautiful than the sun. . . . Fancy, there are now thousands of blind human beings who will never look upon it again! . . . People point to them with pride and say: 'Ah, there is a man who is a hero! I shall go up and press his hand.' But let me tell you, in ten, twenty years they

will be forgotten. They will be an old story. And what will they have to pay them for the loss of the sky then?"

I could not answer him. Defiance is one thing, but hot-blooded youth reduced to tremulous musings is quite another.

We had crossed the street and were standing within a stone's-throw of the docks. A rising tide was lapping the concrete bulkhead with a monotonous and soothing caress, and the wind, freshening from the west, ruffled the waters of the bay from blue to dull green. I was conscious that Jan was speaking again.

"I have never thought much about the sea until now. . . . I am a child of the fields. But now, these ships here seem like big birds waiting to carry men away to happiness. . . . Just think, a man could step aboard one of these ships and in a night he would be far away where nothing would be heard except the sound of the waves. . . . Yes, I am tired of hearing things . . . voices, voices everywhere. I should like to get away."

I looked at Jan pityingly. A sudden vision of the swarthy pirate of yesterday rose before me. Was it possible for any one to fancy that happiness was a matter of selling oneself into slavery?

"When do you sail?" I asked, abruptly.

The suddenness of my question tricked him into a betraying shrug. A flash of defiant insolence woke in his eyes. The heat of protest flamed me into passionate speech.

"Ah, you are standing by your convictions, aren't you? You do not believe in war and so you run away from it. You ran away from it in Austria. You are running away from it in America. What will you do if it pursues you farther? One can retreat from any enemy for a season, but sooner or later one must fight. One must fight even war."

"You are a fool!" he blurted out, hotly. "I do not believe in war, but what can a single man do to stop it?"

"There must always be a first man in every movement. . . . And once there was a First Man. . . . Well, He did not run away, and they crucified Him."

"Talk like that is ridiculous!" he sneered. "I am not . . ."

I checked his blasphemy with a quick gesture. "No, but you are a *man*, Jan Starc!"

He winced. We parted without saying good-by.

During the weeks that followed I saw Jan many times. It seemed almost as if he crossed my path with a certain deliberate defiance—as if he were tempting me to betray him. In the silence which always followed our stilted greeting I could almost fancy him saying:

"Well, you know everything. Why do you not have me arrested? Why do you not go to the authorities and say: 'Jan Starc is planning to escape the draft. He has everything arranged—the ship, the date of sailing, the price to be paid. Yes, it is all accomplished. He has sold himself into slavery because he is a coward'!"

"He is tempting you," would flash through my mind at such times. "You know your duty. Yield him up and put an end to this folly."

But there would succeed a swift conviction that the man before me had the ability that is at once the blessing and curse of all sensitive natures—the ability to punish himself far beyond the narrow limits of a formal justice. And so I let him take as much rope as he would until the very cruelty of my course oppressed me.

As the day of registration drew nearer I found that Jan and his problem had become an obsession, and I grew tremulous with the hope that the frost-bitten twigs of his unworthiness might break into sudden blossoming.

One day he presented himself at my office at noon. This was the first time he had presumed so far, but my look of surprise did not appear to disconcert him.

"I wanted to see you," he said, with great simplicity. "After all, you are my only friend. . . . We do not agree . . . about everything . . . but we are friends, nevertheless. I have a few hours to myself and . . ."

He finished with one of his rare smiles that recalled the untroubled days. I was annoyed at the intrusion, but his

naïveté left me weaponless. A few hours to himself! I decided to sacrifice the afternoon to him, because beneath his smiling surface I sensed the deep bruises of conflict.

We went out and had something to drink, and after that we rode on a street-car to the park.

The park was a smiling green and in the sheltered spaces, screened from a keen May wind, one could almost fancy that traditional summer was about to dislodge the bleak northwest trade-winds. We walked to very little purpose, wandering into by-paths, loitering upon the rim of tiny lakes, ruffling in the cold sunlight, flinging our bodies upon green hillsides. As we lay sprawling, during one of these intervals of inactivity, with our faces upturned to the sky, Jan said, wistfully:

"A day like this makes me think of Bohemia. Really, it is a smiling land. If you could only see it! Particularly now, in the spring. . . . Spring does not creep little by little as it does here in California. It comes all at once . . . overnight . . . like good news! And suddenly there are birds and flowers and bees . . . and butterflies . . . and laughter!"

His voice trailed off into a whisper. I could not find words to justify breaking the spell.

"What a beautiful place the world is!" he went on. "And yet men make of it a hell. Why must we run about kicking up a fuss over nothing? There are food and drink and sunlight enough for everybody. And yet people starve and go thirsty and become blind and lose their loves. For what, my friend? For the glory of this, or that, or the other!"

"A month ago," I replied, gently, "you did not find all these simple things so desirable. There was food, and you ate it; wine, and you drank it; yellow sunlight, and you watched it gild the roof-tops; love, and you took it for granted. Perhaps, 'who knows, even hell has its place in the scheme of things. In your country, you say, spring comes all at once—overnight! But that does not account for its overwhelming beauty. It takes the bare twigs of winter to make such a revelation possible. . . . Spring without winter is a pleasant af-

fair, but we forget to welcome it. And the almond blossoms of April do not make such a stir in a land like this that has had violets since November and the sunlight of January frosted with narcissus."

"But what does spring matter to a man who has been frozen dead in a winter storm, my friend? . . . There you have it! Why should one leave the fire-side to die upon the road?"

"Life is made up of choices, my son. If a man is content to doze forever by the fire, there is no more to be said."

Jan took a deep breath. We were silent.

In front of us stretched the main driveway of the park cutting the green forest like a shining red blade. A group of men were filling incipient ruts in the road with crushed rock. In their wake puffed and snorted a huge juggernaut car, smoothing and beating the loose material into an even surface. Automobiles flew by like swift swallows in a spring frenzy; a truck-load of sand drawn by four massive horses came into view; along the bridle-path lean-flanked saddle-horses held their arching necks proudly. We became interested in watching the effects of the snorting rock-crusher upon the horses. The stolid animals before the truck moved past without flicking an ear, but the saddle-horses were all more timorous, and some openly balky and defiant. In most cases they responded to the whip, but there was little courage to their performances. They stopped, trembled, drew back their ears at the dreadful object lumbering into view. It took the sharp sting of pain upon their flanks and the urge of a larger fear to send them cantering on their interrupted way again.

"What fools horses are!" escaped Jan.

"Slaves of imagination, rather," I returned, defensively.

At this moment a foam-flecked beauty came in sight, vibrant with restrained energy. Its glossy coat shone in the sun and its delicately chiseled flanks moved with almost panther-like grace. At the sight of the rock-crusher it halted and quivering fear played upon its nostrils. A woman's hand drew the reins tighter.

"She had better look out," said Jan.

"There will be trouble there. Why does she not use the whip quickly?"

The horse began to wheel about. The woman leaned slightly forward in her saddle. She was speaking in a coaxing voice. Suddenly the horse stopped circling; a gloved hand ran caressingly down the sleek neck. The animal hesitated, trembled violently, and slowly, almost proudly, walked past the object that had so dismayed it. . . . A sigh of relief and admiration escaped me.

"Ah, that is a horse for you!" cried Jan. "It was afraid and yet it did what no other has done—it went past without the whip upon its flanks."

"Yes," I replied, as I rose to my feet, "that horse is what we call in English a thoroughbred."

Jan rose also and we continued our walk toward the ocean. He scarcely spoke again all afternoon, but when I parted from him he said to me:

"I suppose you have guessed why I wished to see you to-day. It is all settled. I am going to South America." I looked at him steadily and my gaze fanned all his sneering defiance into life. "It has not been easy, I can tell you. And there is still plenty of risk. They are guarding this free country of yours like a prison cell."

"I am sorry," I said, simply. "Somehow, I had hoped . . . well, I hardly know what. . . . Yes, I do know. I had hoped that you would walk past danger without the whip."

"You thought me a—how do you say it?" His eyes were full of ironical glints.

"A thoroughbred," I answered, coldly.

He threw back his head and laughed bitterly. I checked a shudder. A man who can sneer at himself has already begun to taste wormwood.

"I shall not see you again," he blurted out, suddenly. "Good-by!"

I hesitated. Then I put out my hand to him. He took it silently and so we parted.

The Day finally arrived, and with it a feeling of melancholy for me that I could not define. It seemed somehow as if I should at least be sharing vicariously in the consecrations of this throb-

bing hour. But the mirror that might have reflected my hopes and convictions had been smashed in the final test. I rose early and passed the Hôtel Bordeaux, half expecting to see Jan hovering about the place. But only the malicious glances of the cook's assistant flashed at me through a window of the dining-room as I strained for a brief glimpse of Julie laying the table for the midday meal. Poor little Julie—disillusioned, embittered, hugging her sorrow with the defiance of a woman who had found happiness a ravished husk and was determined to feed upon the empty shell.

The city was full of portentous silences which made themselves felt above the dull mutilated roar of traffic. Men stood in frozen groups upon the street corners or stretched in restless lines to await their turns at the registration booths. There was nothing extraordinary in their manner. They laughed and joked or were mute, according to their natures, and they gave out no impression of conflict. And yet I knew that the undercurrents of life must be moving with tremulous swiftness, for all the easy glide of its surface.

I went and stood opposite the thin file of men in which Jan should have taken his place. My eyes traveled swiftly up and down the line in a futile hope that I should look upon the miracle of Jan's presence. No, he was not there. I turned my steps in another direction.

Half-way up the block I heard a genial

whistle rise above the town's clipped noises. Instinctively I faced about. The whistle came again. A man in uniform was making his way toward me. My glance stopped abruptly, and my heart itself stood still, leaping up the next instant like a flaming rocket before the moment of glittering revelation. Yes, there could be no mistake; it was Jan's face, wan and a trifle thin-lipped, that looked out at me from the shadow of his military hat.

I put out my hands to him.

"You see!" he cried, with husky gaiety, sweeping an eloquent hand over his military trappings, "I did not wait for the whip upon my flanks."

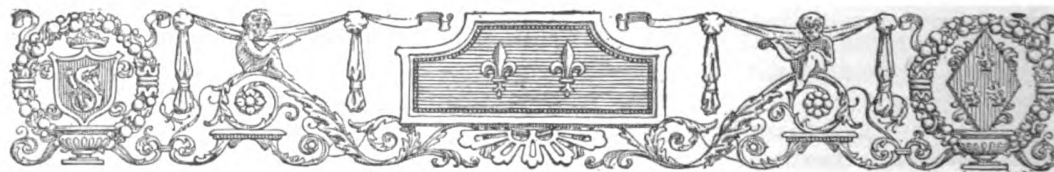
I could not answer him, but at once the thought flashed through my mind, "With the pride of a thoroughbred . . . trembling and yet undriven!"

We stood enveloped in a rare silence. . . . Suddenly Jan smiled at me, and blood and tears and victory showed through that smile. He had never had the skill of repression nor the courage of stolidity, but he had wrested something finer from his very lack—an ability to count the cost and be ready with the coin.

I smiled back at him through a mist of understanding, and his words returned to me:

"It comes all at once . . . overnight . . . like good news!"

Yes, he was right, spring *should* come in such fashion.



"Transport 106"

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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HIS, of course, was not her real number, nor can I tell her name, which is of little importance in comparison with her true designation, the *Mayflower* sailing eastward, with four thousand Americans outward bound, and many a home-going Ally. It was a strange voyage, as different from anything conceivable in peace-time as impressive dreams from trivial realities. Day after day our striped and spotted convoy herded through plunging seas. Behind us a gray transport, like a beautiful dolphin, dipped to rise as if for a jump, shook her bow free, surged forward until we could see the pink of massed faces on her hoisting-deck, then dropped again astern. Ahead, a converted liner swung backward and forward like an anxious mother; and clear to the sea-rim great zebra-monsters followed us, tankers laboring hull under, horse-boats, transports, a grim cruiser shepherding their flanks, winking angrily at laggards, guiding and hurrying our rear.

Day after day, somewhere in the ocean, we plodded eastward, until, one morning, we saw through the haze a row of tiny destroyers sitting on their haunches like a pack of hounds in wait for us. The midmost nosed our mother ship and swung astern of her, swaying drunkenly like a toy tin ship in a tub; the rest spread fan-wise through the ocean. Dusk comes and greener water. Signals blink, and the big, gray boats behind us quiver and turn inward, setting their prows down gingerly into the dangerous waves. Within, the corridors of the great ship are lit with dim purple lights. High, gloomy curtains sway with the roll before every door. It is a scene from the palace of Manfred. Soldiers guard the stairways, and voices are suddenly hushed as from the merriment

inside some one steps into the gloom, hears the swish of the waves, thinks of the great ships beside him stealing through the darkness, shudders a little, and goes back. But in the lounge there is a blaze of light, card-playing, singing, French lessons, war-talk, a nervous grip on a life-preserver now and then, yet, in spite of tension, the atmosphere of a friendly club. In the morning boat-drill with life-preservers, the officers like yellow chicks with pieces of shell clinging, the little cockney in his flapped overcoat like a belted caterpillar, the company's champions box in the cock-pit aft. Through a hedge of gaitered legs one catches sight of stout calves twisting, jerking, and now and then a supple waist. They jump up against a blue horizon, clinch, swing, clinch, and down out of sight again. From every watch-point the lookouts scan the gray-green Irish water. "Wreckage, red, ninety degrees," they call, and we see kegs, planks, boxes, in sad trails bleeding upward from a gaping wound in some good ship, pirate-sunk beneath us.

This is the setting merely of Transport 106, but it is important because its subdued intensity was like a screen of quivering light against which men's characters were vividly flung. Indeed I write of her not to describe our strange reversion to the perils of the first emigrations, but because she staged the prologue of a drama of international character whose action will continue through our times. A man wise enough might have used our ship's company as a laboratory for infinite tests and discoveries. We had Americans of every useful class aboard—officers and enlisted men, government officials, diplomats, members of special missions, Y. M. C. A. and Red Cross workers, business men; and most of the officers and all of the three-thousand-odd soldiers below were camouflaged civilians drawn from every

business profession and trade. We had a British Cabinet Minister, an M.P., a dozen majors and captains, a score of business representatives. We had Scotch, Irish, Parisians, French-Canadians, Australians, Italians. We had a leavening of womankind, wives and stenographers. It was the Ark, which also was representative of all save the enemy alien. But it took months in the curiously changed atmosphere of England and France, with Americans curiously changed also, before I could interpret the life aboard her.

A remark of Bernard Shaw's crystallized the problem. I doubt whether the prayer I saw embroidered upon a sampler in Mr. Shaw's living-room in Adelphi was ever answered, if proffered:

Let me be kind to all, I pray,
And never faults of others say.

But though Mr. Shaw has left the rough work of contemporary satire to Mr. H. G. Wells, who has made it a sub-department of his manufactory of new worlds, nevertheless of all men in our time he is best able to make those incisive phrases that grip and hang upon the mind until it turns and fights it out with the ideas coursing behind them. "The possibility of anything like international federation," he said, swinging backward and forward in his chair with the peculiar nervous dignity characteristic of the man, "depends upon the existence of psychological homogeneity among contracting nations. If the idealists do not get hold of the scheme and try to swallow it at one bite, it will work out."

Month by month, as I saw in England, in Ireland, in France, and at the front the infinite importance of racial personality — how it wrecked armies, won victories, frustrated diplomacy, and in every crisis was a great X whose equivalent we were seldom permitted to know, Mr. Shaw's phrase sank farther into my mind. Are the Allies, in this respect, psychologically homogeneous? Do they need to be? What is the psychological homogeneity necessary for the joint action in the future which we all crave? These questions are ever returning. And my thinking, whether it begins in a trench in Lorraine, or a Sinn

Fein meeting, or an English week-end conversation with some personage "uncorked" by the intensity of the times, always carries back to Transport 106.

There were, as I have said, representatives of all the potential high contracting Powers not enemy aboard, and if Americans were in heavy majority, that was in just proportion to our perhaps dominating influence upon the new world-order to follow this war. It was an instructive experience to live in pleasure and in danger for sixteen days with this advance-guard of re-migrating America. At home we had become a little skeptical, before the war, as to the racial individuality of the American. When your butcher is German, your plumber Irish, your shoe-shiner Greek, your fruiterer Italian, your best friend the son of a Scandinavian, the sense of race weakens. I am an American, you say, but what are these others? One of the great experiences of Europe in war-time was to find the American, even the hyphenated American, running true to a type that the foreigner recognized as valid. In uniform or out of it, even if he never opens his mouth, there is never a question in Europe to-day as to whether a man is American.

Every attempt to define a race as a whole (the French as frivolous, for example) breaks down; nevertheless, I believe that most observers of the last year in Europe would agree with the characterization I made of our Americans on Transport 106. Roughly speaking, they were divided into Americans serious-minded and Americans earnest-minded, with a few sophisticated individuals too detached to classify. I understood very well the remark months later of a well-known woman in London, herself a transplanted American: "You seem to me now," she said, "a grim people. I have to put a 'Jock' or a 'Tommy' into every American ward of my hospital to make our boys laugh. Americans take life so seriously!" That, in spite of joke-cracking and teasing, was the impression we made on ship-board, and in France and England also. I have seen a good-natured mob of sailors and doughboys fling slang at one another under the nose of the King at a Fourth of July ball-game in London;

and I have heard a squad of fresh "rough-necks" from the plains "jolly" a Highland officer for his too-pink knees; but nevertheless, whenever I think of the American overseas I seem to see a tall, lean, capable fellow with a preternaturally solemn face, and earnest eyes only now and then lightening. "How solemn they look," passed from mouth to mouth of the crowd in Manchester as three thousand of ours marched by. "They must be real fighters."

I could have explained, for I had lived with such solemn youths all the way over. It was not merely the effect of a new world and the approach to the war, although these had their part. There was something deeper, and politicians at home and abroad would do well to take note of it. Pershing's Army has been well named a crusade. Whether it is climate, or heredity, or an inexplicable race development, there is a curious nervous intensity in the American when he is roused that is quite different from anything they know in Europe. Scarcely a "Tommy" or a poilu but knows twice as thoroughly what the war means in loss and endeavor as the most imaginative American, and yet they do not take it so hard. The war with them has become like a cold in the head; they feel it always and so never get excited over it. Nevertheless, good foreign observers say they never were so "grim," even in 1914, as these Americans.

There are two kinds of American grimness, as I learned very quickly on our transport. The first, which I have called serious-mindedness, springs from the moral nature, is rarer than mere earnest-mindedness, more intelligent, and in the long run perhaps more effective. I know nothing equal to its intensity except the fanatic idealism of certain Irish leaders and the bulldog tenacity of the pure-bred southern Englishman. It is a genuine survival of the hard-fighting Puritanism that the seventeenth century hammered to stay into the American temperament.

Sometimes it appears as a determined protestantism, as with the grizzled, square-set Westerner who spent long days scowling across the unfamiliar wastes of ocean. "I sure love a fight," he said, "and I expect to enjoy myself

over there. But I hate war. Don't believe in it. I was a captain in the Spanish War. Ninety per cent. of my company were no good afterward, spoiled by graft and 'hand-outs.' By God, this military game has got to stop! That's why I've left my family to scratch for a living and come in. Fighting for fun's all right, but not war!"

Sometimes it is intellectual. I sat in the smoking-room through a rolling afternoon with a Princeton graduate, a "casual" on special and important service. "I like the thinking part of the work," he said as we talked, "but the men get on my nerves. They are so monotonous. We were all monotonous, grubbing little animals in America. There had to be a war to save us. If I come back (this week he was wounded, "degree undetermined") I'm going in with all my might to make life more worth living for the common man, poor or rich."

Sometimes it is naïvely humorous. Three doughboys leaned over the rail, talking of their superiors. "The officers are clean-cut and pretty well educated," one said, "but they aren't as good as the men. I could 'a' been an officer, if I'd waited, but this business didn't seem to stand waiting. I'm content, as I am. The officers don't take the war seriously enough for me."

These are random instances, but there is nothing random in the enormous energies that tens of thousands of Americans in the army, the Y. M. C. A., the Red Cross, and elsewhere have loosed for the physical and moral betterment of our men and of Europe. Having applied the "uplift" to pretty much everything in America, we are now trying to uplift war, an undertaking worthy of a vigorous and unsophisticated race; and I am not sure that we shall not succeed. Certainly in twenty years I have not encountered so many vital forces incandescent with enthusiasm, so many serious-minded, intensely active men working passionately for humanity, as in six months' association with the most devastating war in history.

Germany presents no parallel. Neither does France; her efforts are in different (though no less valuable) directions. The Briton is as strong to save as we;

but the British "uplift" is more political and economic, and in the hands of the intellectuals and radicals chiefly. It is perhaps better thought out, but lacks the fire and universality of the American endeavor, which more resembles a national religion than a movement for social reform. The moral nerve of America has been set vibrating by the war.

Four-fifths of our Americans aboard, however, I should have called earnest—rather than serious-minded; and these are the men who have most deeply impressed Europe in her hour of need. Less is to be said of them because their psychology is simpler. In comparison with the British officers, bred at Eton or in the rich tradition of the old army, our boys seemed milky, unripe, over-earnest, lacking the poise of men of the world, undisciplined in mind. They freely told their stories, and these were curiously alike. A hustling five or six years of successful business, a wife, a child, a motor-car, a big deal ahead, then a switch turned at Washington, and their nervous energy slanted toward war.

There was not much clear thinking in this group, and no reflection. I could see that Fribourg, the Parisian, thought them admirable barbarians. Taken one at a time, indeed, they had less individuality than the English officer, but their group energy, their group single-mindedness on the practical problem of getting the war won impressed the Europeans. Behind their eagerness lay a sense of right and duty as vague as the Indian's Great Spirit, and in this respect the difference between officer and enlisted man was curiously slight. If you asked either why we were in the war, you got very unsatisfactory answers. The average American seemingly is not subtle enough to phrase the moral-intellectual reasons which set him going, although he feels them with a kind of race instinct and knows very well that "canning the Kaiser" merely saves him the trouble of thinking them out. But the earnest, unreflecting energy of these practical, intelligent men has proved the very medicine for a military crisis. They asked in Europe for detached and statesman-like thinking on world problems

and we were fortunate enough to have a President who could give it to them. They asked for immediate energy to meet force by fresh force, and we gave that also, millions strong.

It was three Americans with their look of earnest resourcefulness that Gallenga-Stuart saw—I heard him tell the story in London. They were taking down the bronze horses from in front of San Marco. He watched them carried one by one across the lagoon of the Giudecca in the sunset, saw the palaces crashed down from the air raids, knew that Venice was being abandoned, feared the Piave line would not hold, then turned to see three Americans in khaki standing together in the piazzetta, and took heart.

In striking contrast to the Americans, the British on Transport 106 exhibited neither moral nor nervous intensity, and this difference was true of all the castes and breeds represented there. The Briton runs from tenacious traditionalism in the south, through shrewd commercialism in the midlands and the north, to cool and educated democracy in Scotland, and westward to Wales and Ireland in ever-increasing richness of sentiment; and his social order, of course, is stratified in stone. But in the dewlapped cockney who had left London only in the flesh, the Indian officer, aristocrat of the old army, and the spare Scotch capitalist alike, there was a vital difference from our Americans. I think it was best defined as sense of race, something of which we are far less conscious. The war, I discovered, and had no cause to change my opinion later, was for them a far more intimate, personal business than for us. They had moved in response to it precisely as the leg moves when the knee nerve is struck. Not a man but thought and acted in terms of the British tradition; while we, even the least reflective among us, were burdened with the thought, "Now we must create our America."

It was this that explained, I suppose, the diversity and freedom of opinion on the war that one encountered among these British, and found later in press, oratory, and private conversation in England. Our straining toward a single view of the war seems unnatural, if not

hysterical, to one returning from Europe; seems the very antithesis of liberty. But the cause is simple. United (if one leaves out Ireland) in the sense of race, the British dare be more diverse in sentiment than we, dare to let their minds run ahead to reconstruction after the war, to the vast problems that the military crisis has raised. We are more timorous. We have put the war on like a garment of which we are self-conscious. The Englishman carries it as naturally as his skin.

I remember the first divine service on board, in mid-ocean—ports closed, lights lit, the sonorous voice of the ship's officer reading sentences from Ecclesiastes so poignant that the heart rose to meet them: "Wisdom is better than weapons of war: but one sinner destroyeth much good." "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might: for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest." And from Joel: "Rend your heart, and not your garments." One could see these stoic phrases in that setting of duty and danger strike upon the tense imaginations of the young Americans. To the Briton, they were part of the established service for ships on lawful occasions. Such sudden commands to forget individualism and meet the crisis appeal not so much to his will and conscience as to his fine sense of race. He takes them dumbly where he sits, like Masefield's English farmers in the poem, "October, 1914"; we rise and strain forward to respond.

I could illustrate this vital difference between the nations from every deck of Transport 106 as we voyaged through the winter ocean, from the British and American fronts, from England at large, but it is too fundamental, and at the same time too little developed, for conclusive illustration. When victory inclines our way, and the great discussions begin, then the differences between two like-minded peoples, one fighting to save and justify her racial best, the other to prove her right to responsible nationality, will become evident.

The French on the transport I have mentioned, and just mentioned, which accurately defines their status. If we

had had officers on board it would have been different, for we would have sat at their feet with questions of strategy. If it had been peace-times, and professional matters of literature, art, or applied science had concerned us, it would have been different. But in that atmosphere of international reactions the Parisian officials of our company went just so far and no farther. I would plod round the deck for hours with the British major, in silence first, then a word or two, then a stream of talk, in which we differed and understood each other. The British meet as good dogs meet—first suspicion, then indifference, then, after what seems to us five good minutes wasted, entire geniality. But when M. Fribourg and I walked the pace was fast, the conversation animated and radiant with easy friendliness. It sparkled, it slackened; suddenly a fear of boredom came over him; he smiled, he slipped through a doorway, and was gone until to-morrow. Our minds touched circumferences easily (there is a flexibility in the French mind far more American than English), bounded along together, then bounced apart.

Thousands of Americans will come back from France bearing testimony to this experience. Talk to one of our soldiers now of the Australian, the Canadian, the "Tommy," and he will become voluble in characterization, favorable or unfavorable. Ask him about the poilu, and he will say, merely: "Oh, he's all right. I like him." And that is about as far as you get, for it is as far as he has gone. Paris is one beam of friendliness now for the visiting American, yet even habitués like myself get farther, but only a little farther, into the French personality, the Frenchman where he lives, than before the war, whereas in England one progresses more in a week now than in a year before 1914.

And the reason is important. The French are at the same time the most civilized and the most self-centered of modern nations. Civilization, their civilization, is for them what the sense of race is for the British. The German propaganda for "*Kultur*" reminds me of a big boy who learns a tune and swaggers down the street, threatening to lick every little boy that will not whistle it.

The French have had a better tune for generations, and whistled it to themselves. That, by preference, is what they will continue to do. Not that they are exclusive with their culture. On the contrary, Paris has always been open to the foreigner. But you must come to France, France will not come to you. The Englishman stays English, but he goes all over the world and is interested in the fullness thereof. The Frenchmen on our transport had adventured that once to America; the English had been there half a dozen times before the war. When I was in Paris the critics were making fun of Bourget on account of his taste for traveling. What could he see that could not better be seen at Paris? Stendhal's vaunted cosmopolitanism amounted to liking Milan as well as France.

World politics for the Frenchman, in fact, is simply the problem of preserving intact French civilization; his motives therein are negative rather than positive. The missionary spirit bled out of the race in the Napoleonic era; the fear of being duped, the desire to be "fine" rather than energetic, neutralize under ordinary circumstances the native love of glory and great spiritual gestures; and this balance, far from being a national fault, is merely the accompaniment of a perfected civilization. We may expect in France a reservoir of cool, strong thinking to which a half-barbarized world may go to be cured. Indeed, one hears the hope frequently expressed that her almost irremediable depletion of life will be in part made good by tens of thousands of Americans and English who, when our vast armies ebb home again, will be held by inertia or attraction and become French.

The Frenchman knows his culture is worth saving, and at all costs will save it; but, as the world cannot be made French, he will be willing to leave world-planning to his allies. Time and again, as our talk on the transport ranged from Japan to Chile and dealt with perplexing questions as to how a world sweating race prejudice and thinking of blows and parryings could be brought into some possible order by which all might profit, I saw the look in M. Fribourg's face which said "this bores me." I had to re-

mind myself that without French military genius, French coolness and realism, without, in short, the incomparable mind of French civilization, this war before now would have been lost.

We were all friends by the time Transport 106 had reached her "port on the Irish Sea," and there had been no international incident except an Anglo-American squabble over the best way to umpire deck tennis. A common danger, a common resolve to down the German, a common liking held together our diverse racial personalities. But Transport 106, microcosm as she was of the present confederation against Germany, was not necessarily a prototype of the approaching peace conference. Allies in war sometimes change their behavior when they meet to contrive a new world-order that will work for all and (especially) for each. Did these national types, as different as breeds of dogs, promise sufficient psychological homogeneity to stand the strain?

If we are to aim, after the war, at a mere balance of power among self-centered, egoistic states, emphatically no. There was too much psychology and too little homogeneity among these nationals for hope in such a future. Give the driving, and none too reflective, energy of the American a slant toward commercial domination, and it will shatter such fragile internationalism like a bomb in a greenhouse. Cloud and thicken the racial pride of the British and it turns into that obstinate John-Bullism which has "riled" us and made France furious before. Let the French concern for a fine civilization be touched with a cynical indifference as to the fate of other nations, and her policies will cross more often than parallel ours.

Again, if we are to aim at an international state, such as socialists, pacifists, and many historical thinkers prophesied before the war, then no hopeful evidence was to be drawn from our transport. If we are to expect a truly international state, like the later Roman Empire, French, Americans, and English should be able, as were the Mediterranean races of the fourth century, to exchange environments and live mingled together without sensible inconvenience. The Briton might succeed in

this for a while. He bears his race with him. The American very seldom. The Frenchman never. All might emigrate into a new land like our ancestors and make a new nation, for they intermarry without prejudice, which is the first test of homogeneity. But that is a different proposal.

In truth, only two groups aboard our boat were fit for the international state as dreamers have devised it. The first comprised the tolerant intellectual Jews, especially the American Jews. Like nursery plants, their roots are close-gathered for easy transportation. They understand all races and are at home everywhere; and this makes the Jewish intellectual an advance-guard of that internationalism which is surely coming, but not in our time, nor in the form which theorists have depicted. The others were Irish, the richest-blooded, most alive of all our ship's company, always ready to turn every argument toward the woes of Ireland, always debating and never convinced. Michael Massey, the last of the O'Donovans, presiding over every meeting, both cause and judge of every altercation, was the incarnation of the universal minority, which, being against every constituted power, is therefore truly international. He and his kind are sacred vessels for that idealism which never makes compromise with a material world run dully on business principles.

Is there hope, then, for a federation of nations, however rudimentary? As soon as we cease making paper constitutions for it and begin to build upon what we have, it will find its sanctions quickly and impressively. These racial personalities I have been describing are facts that tell neither for nor against the probability of world federation. They are like the differences in character among the individuals who make up a nation. That John is a very different fellow from James, and James, as a personality, very unlike Tom, does not prove that they will be unable to keep the peace in the same village, if village life appeals to them. The important question is not their temperamental differences, but rather those similarities in habit and desire which make communal living possible.

Temperamental homogeneity one does not find in a village, and racial homogeneity I did not discover on Transport 106, but similarity of thought in those principles upon which joint action must be based was very marked. Our international group did sufficiently hold in common ideas of equity, of the rights of the individual, and the duties of the state; and if a difference of opinion arose, the cleavage, as within a nation, ran between temperaments and philosophies, not between local or racial units. The Liberal Londoner, the Radical Frenchman, the sometime candidate of the Progressive Republicans joined forces against the Tory M.P., the French legitimist, and the Rhode Island judge. And on every question that a peace conference or an international council might have to discuss, there was on one side a majority drawn from all nations, and on the other a minority also drawn from all nations. This, I submit, is a true basis for the only international government we are likely to desire in our time—free nations pooling for discussion and majority action their questions of international policy, precisely as they are now pooling their international trade.

Transport 106, after all, was a little world, sailing through space. All the strong desires, possessive, belligerent, idealistic, sentimental, moral, and immoral, which govern action in the great world, were vivid among us. The characters of men we represented will be the same in 1920 as 1918. And if we were sailing in the bond of a common purpose to defeat the enemy, nevertheless when such another group sails back again, after the war, there will be other common purposes then in which British, French, Americans, and (unless history this time fails to repeat itself) reconstructed Germans can join. It is true that the war is deepening and enriching racial personality, and this is most fortunate, for if we come to a federation, its value will depend upon the worth of those federated. But even while we hesitate and are skeptical of any world order, a homogeneity of thought and emotion is preparing in which the strongest and most individual nations most readily can join.

Crater's Gold

A NOVEL

BY PHILIP CURTISS

Andrew Stiles, a young newspaper man, has retired to a little Connecticut town to live in an old house left him at his uncle's death. Here, under the care of an elderly housekeeper, he prepares to enjoy a leisurely country life, when Baumgarten, a New York business man, turns up suddenly with an offer to buy the old homestead. Later in the day a similar offer is made by Pullar, a resident in the vicinity. Consulting with Judge Tyler, the local justice-of-the-peace, who proves non-committal, Stiles is still further mystified as to these offers for his property, which seems suddenly to have developed some extraordinary value.

V



HE footsteps proved, on investigation, to be those of the deaf and antique housekeeper, Mrs. Fields, looking very peaked and very unpleasant in curl-papers and a flannel wrapper; but why she should choose one o'clock in the morning to be nosing around a cold attic was a thing of which Stiles demanded — and obtained — an explanation. It was an affair of an extra quilt, an adventure on which it would be impossible to cast any discredit, but Stiles had to admit that she had given him an uncomfortable moment.

In his room on the second floor, he had come bolt awake, as one does, at the sound of the steps, and, listening a minute, had seized his revolver and started out in barefooted pursuit. The creaking and shuffling seemed over his head, and, on stalking up to the attic, he saw, in the light of a faint, dusty window, a queer, humping shape. He spoke, but received no answer; then, realizing that Mrs. Fields was deaf, he went up and put a hand on the shape, supposing that it must be she, as it was, quilt and all. A feature of it that occurred to Stiles afterward was that Mrs. Fields had not been startled at all. Either there was something very corsair in her nature, or long years of house-keeping in windy houses had made her blunt to surprise. She merely put the

quilt which furnished her alibi over her arm, walked down the stairs ahead of him, and said good night at the door of her room in a manner which had a dash of the debonair in it. As a rough outline for a scene it had elements, but, just the same, in the morning Stiles could not resist the temptation to see whether anything really had been done to his desk, by Mrs. Fields or by any one else. To date, nothing had, but, as afternoon rolled around, Stiles surmised that it might be just as well to go out and look over his hundred acres, for up to that time he had taken them largely on faith, merely basked in the majesty of their possession. If there really were any oil-wells or gold-mines about he would know just what to say to the next caller. He also took the precaution of leaving a brisk business man's notice with the housekeeper.

"Mrs. Fields, if any millionaires or such like come along to buy the place, don't make a deal until I return."

Then, of course, he had to shout the revised version:

"If any visitors come while I am gone, just ask them to wait. If they can't wait, tell them to leave their money in the big jar beside the clock."

"Not on the study floor, like the last gentleman?" asked Mrs. Fields, grimly.

"Bully for you, Fieldsie," exclaimed Stiles, but not within range of her aural powers, limited as they were.

As might be supposed, few oil-fields were found by the young master of the old Crater place. His hundred acres, he discovered, ran heavily to sand-bank. On every excuse, the sand jutted out from the dry brown grass of the upland pastures, the only relief being crooked gray fences which divided one field from another. In vain Stiles searched for "seepings" of oil under rocks or for "color" of gold in the gravel of the one little brook which ran through the place. The only part of the estate which really

came up to his eye was a green little marsh through which the brook ran and a small plantation of birches which surrounded the house. Crashing his way out from the underbrush of the latter, he entered the house through the kitchen, to be met by Mrs. Fields with an excited smile and a clean apron, the true barometer of alien presence.

"They've come," she whispered.

"Who've come?"

"The people to buy the place."

Stiles searched her countenance, but there was no trace of guile. She really meant it, and Stiles was excited. From the form of her words, he foresaw a purchasing-party in force. Hitherto he had talked only with individuals. Like as not he might find a corporation assembled, gavel and all.

His study, in fact, did, at first glance, give the appearance of being densely populated, a sort of afternoon-tea effect, which impression resulted probably from the fact that, of the two people who actually were waiting in the shabby little room, both were extremely well dressed and one was a woman. A slender and amiable young man in a shepherd's plaid suit rose at Stiles's entrance, with a pleasant smile, a frank, winning smile. He was red-haired and rather Celtic in face.

"Mr. Stiles," he said, "I don't know whether you know me. My name is Eksberger. This is Miss Fuller."

The young woman, in a garden hat and a limp silk sweater, nodded to him good-humoredly from the rattan rocking-chair in which she was installed. She had very large, very dark eyes and an olive skin, and, while good-natured, the world had not much left to tell her. For the minute, however, Stiles was busy trying to believe that this really was Charles Eksberger. Curious that he had lived in New York for fifteen years, picturing this man as a fat, gross creature with a white waistcoat and tilted cigars.

Eksberger, meanwhile, stood watching Stiles with an easy, amused expression which Miss Fuller reflected.

"I have often heard of you," said the theatrical man. "You wrote the account in the *Sun*, did you not, when the Hippodrome elephants got away? I was speaking of you just the other day to Baumgarten."

Stiles was surprised and looked it.

"He said you were, but I thought he was lying."

"You would, wouldn't you?" agreed Eksberger, pleasantly.

There came a long pause, but the most amiable kind of a pause, and Eksberger did not so much break it as end it.

"You don't mind if I ask, do you, if you still have Baumgarten's money?"

"Did you tell him about it?" asked Stiles.

"To tell the truth, I didn't," confessed the young man. "It would have been a pity, just yet."

"And that's lucky, too," confessed Stiles, "because, just after I wrote you, I found that Baumgarten himself did not drop the money, but the local real-estate man. It seems that Baumgarten had left it with him."

"Then Stuffy—"

"That's what we call him," explained Miss Fuller, coming into the conversation for the first time, although she had been a quite satisfactory part of the *mise en scène*.

"Then Stuffy doesn't know that it was lost at all?" asked Eksberger. "He's still got that coming to him?"

"He has, if any one chooses to tell him."

"Better and better," laughed Eksberger. "I'll tell him myself." He turned to Miss Fuller. "Don't you get it? Stuffy running around sweating blood when he learns that a hick real-estate agent lost all that money?" He turned back to Stiles quickly. "You said that it was a lot of money, didn't you?"

"Ten thousand dollars," replied Stiles.

"Rich!" shouted Eksberger. "Rich!"

He mused a moment, then looked at Stiles shrewdly.

"Baumgarten wanted to buy your place, didn't he?"

Stiles rather hesitated.

"Yes, he did," he confessed. He felt that he ought not to confess it, but this nice young man had a way of carrying him with him.

"But the funny part of it was," he explained, "that when Pullar—that's the agent, nice boy, too—lost Baumgarten's money, he had come up here, not in Baumgarten's interest, but in his own, or rather for other parties—people."

"He wanted to buy it, too?" asked Eksberger, quizzically. For the first time his face lost that genial smile.

"Yes. I have had several offers for the place," replied Stiles. He felt justified in including his uncle's best friend.

"Lately?" asked Eksberger.

"Since Baumgarten."

"Well what do you know about that?" asked Eksberger. As usual, he turned to Miss Fuller for audience.

Stiles watched the smile slowly die on the young man's face. Five minutes, perhaps, at the most, had elapsed since he had come into the room, yet he felt as if they all had been laughing at jokes in common for years. He realized that if these people had any ulterior motives he would be as clay in such pleasant hands.

"By any chance, do you want to buy the place yourself?" he asked, mildly.

"Me?" asked Eksberger, surprised. He blinked his eyes nervously, then, as if the thought had never occurred to him before, but as if he found it not uninviting, he added: "I don't know. Why?"

"Because," explained Stiles, "if you don't, you are the first man who has come here who hasn't."

Eksberger blinked his eyes still more, then changed to a quieter tone.

"Do you mind telling me just what really did happen? Of course I know that Baumgarten came tumbling up here and made you violent cash offers. He always shouts cash, always waves cash. What then? You don't mind?"

"Not at all," replied Stiles, and he really didn't mind, although he wondered vaguely if he ought to mind, if he were losing a million or so by not minding. "But first," he said, "will you tell me who Baumgarten is?"

"Oh, Baumgarten's a damn fool!" replied Eksberger. That seemed to cover it, and Stiles picked up the thread of his narrative.

"Well, Mr. Baumgarten appeared one day and tried to get me to sell the place, but, as it happened, I didn't want to sell. He tried to get me to set a price, any price, and went away very unhappy because I wouldn't. He had already been to see Pullar, but apparently thought he could do the business better himself."

"He would," said Miss Fuller.

"So then," explained Stiles, "Pullar himself came round and learned what had happened. That evening he came again, but this time it appears he was not acting for Baumgarten, but for a person or persons unknown—local talent presumably."

Eksberger looked at Miss Fuller.

"What did I tell you?" he asked, triumphantly.

Miss Fuller nodded, but a bit impatiently. Her dark eyes were all for the rest of the story.

"So that," Stiles explained, "was the time I found it was he who had dropped the money; but, in the mean time, I had written to you, supposing that Baumgarten had dropped it himself."

"But why to me?" asked Eksberger, quickly. "Oh yes, yes! He had told you that I had spoken of you and you thought he was lying."

"He left me under the impression," explained Stiles, "that when you and he were not in each other's company it was an empty day for you both."

Eksberger looked at Miss Fuller and they both smiled.

"That's Stuffy all over," said the former. "Did he also let you know how close he was to Klaw and Erlanger and David Belasco?"

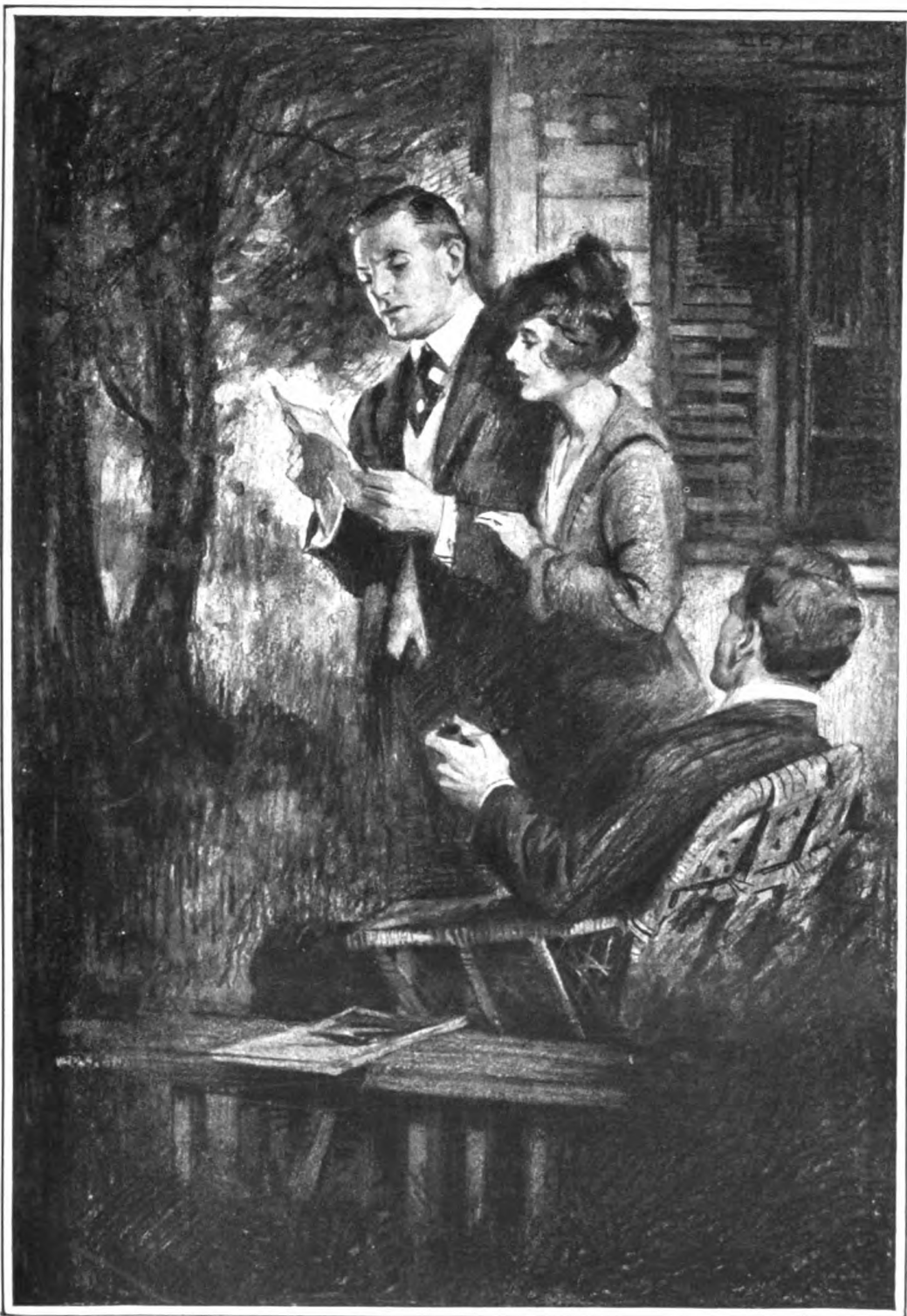
"No," confessed Stiles. "He seemed to think that you would make the biggest impression on my rural mind."

"And how does the matter stand now?" asked Eksberger.

"It stands just where it stood before," replied Stiles. "Baumgarten wants to buy the classic old ruin; Pullar wants to buy it for persons unknown, and an old friend of my uncle's, who looks like Washington Irving and talks like the villain in 'Way Down East,' is putting in a cautious feeler or two on his own behalf. And I forgot to say," added Stiles, "that everybody concerned—Baumgarten, Pullar, and Washington Irving—all go into convulsions every time I mention your name."

"And raise their bids?" suggested Eksberger.

"Each according to the manner of his kind," acknowledged Stiles. "Baumgarten talks about raising the ante, blind; Pullar urges me to keep the



Drawn by Wilson C. Dexter

HE HELD IN HIS HAND A SHEET OF PAPER, YELLOW WITH AGE

property in local hands; and Washington Irving warns me against your soft, city ways."

Eksberger had taken a seat in the worst of the chairs, and at this he lay back and roared, slapping his knee.

"Better, and better, and better!" he laughed. "And you," he added, suddenly, "haven't an idea what the whole thing is about?"

"N-no," Stiles confessed, "I haven't the slightest idea."

He had not meant to confess it at all, but, under Eksberger's clear eye, had done it before he could stop himself.

"Of course," he added, to save his sophistication, "there are already rumors, I suppose, that there is oil on the land, or gold, or both."

"Of course," agreed Eksberger, soberly. He sat thinking, as if uncertain where to begin, and then he added, slowly:

"Well, the long and painful story is just this and no more."

He paused suddenly and remarked:

"Of course there is the possibility that I may be lying to you myself."

"I've still got the place," replied Stiles, grimly.

Miss Fuller threw him an appreciative glance. Eksberger laughed.

"Anyway, this is what happened. Three or four days ago we were motoring through here—Miss Fuller and I—and I noticed this place and wondered about it. Looked as if some old country squire had lived here, sometime. Just wondered, that's all. Then we went to the village and stopped for lunch—white house. Know it?"

"Place with 'Welcome' on the mat?"

"That's the place," replied Eksberger.

"Almost in tears because you try to spend some money there. They had another guest, too—all of one—cigar-drummer or something of the sort. Knew me by sight. Pointed me out to the local youth. 'Know who that is? That's Charles Eksberger—owns all the moving pichurs.' You could see 'em gather in ones and twos. Then, I suppose, my chauffeur threw out his chest a little in the garage. He's got to have some compensation for holding a hard job."

"Then, of course, one or two village cut-ups strolled up to me—'Nice day,

Mr. Eksberger,' and all that. 'How do you find the roads?' You know the stuff. So, just to make talk, I asked one man, I've forgotten who—it might have been your friend the real-estate man—I asked who owned the old yellow place with the cupola."

"They told me the owner had just died and the place was on the market, and I said, 'You don't tell me. How much do they want for it?' What else could I say? Then I added, 'Fine place,' or something like that. Then they said that it belonged now to a man named Stiles, reporter in New York. So I said, 'Not Andy Stiles?' just as if you and I were bosom pals, 'My old friend Andy Stiles?' I says. Then I thought I'd string 'em a bit. 'What's it worth?' I says. 'Possibilities in that place.' Do you get me now?"

"I think I begin to," replied Stiles. "But where does Baumgarten come in?"

"I'm getting to him," answered Eksberger, "but before we were one mile out of town I said to Miss Fuller—didn't I, Rose?—I said, 'I'll bet that already it has spread all over town that I have got my eye on that place to make moving pictures. Next thing I'll be hearing from real-estate agents.' It wasn't mind-reading. It happens every time I ask my way around a small town; but I never thought it would be as good as this."

"But Baumgarten?" hinted Stiles.

"Oh yes, Baumgarten. Say, do you know what is the ambition of every Jew who makes money in New York? I'm a Jew myself," he added, by way of aside.

"Not really!" interrupted Miss Fuller.

Eksberger smiled. "That wasn't necessary, was it? Every Jew who makes money in the clothing business—"

"Then I was right," interposed Stiles.

"That's what I guessed."

"Did you really?" asked Eksberger, interested.

"It wasn't hard," suggested Miss Fuller, dryly.

"As it happens in his case," continued Eksberger, "it is art novelties, but they are all the same. Baumgarten's one dream is to be a theatrical man. Wants to be pointed out in cafés."

"And not just at country hotels," remarked Miss Fuller, sweetly.

Eksberger flushed.

"Have mercy, Rose, have mercy! Anyway, Baumgarten has been making my life a burden—Charlie this and Charlie that—until that night, after we got back to the city, I was thinking of how the hicks had tumbled, and so I said to myself, 'I'll bet this wise guy is just as big a hick as they are.'"

"Sam," I said to him.

"He's got a good name for the show business," suggested Stiles.

Eksberger looked up quickly.

"I'll tell you something about that, sometime," he remarked. "'Sam,' I says, 'I saw something good up in the country to-day; fine old place, badly run down, but it's simply a gem.' Then I told him just where it was and said, 'And who do you suppose owns it? Andy Stiles. You know Andy, of course. Just snapped it up. Don't know what he means to do with it,' I says, looking all the time as if I did, 'but he's a wise bird, that boy is.' Have you ever noticed that in the show business it is part of the game to know everybody and know them by their first name? 'Now what do you think the rascal's up to?' I asked Stuffy.

"Sheer rot," explained Eksberger. "But all you've got to do in the show business—they're all half crazy—is to nod your head and talk to them in a half whisper—"

"And tap their knee from time to time," suggested Stiles.

"Yes," agreed Eksberger, "and give the impression, 'Now this is just between you and I. There's not many people that know it, but this is straight stuff, inside dope.' It wouldn't matter if you told them that the Kaiser had opened a foundlings' home, anything will do, just so you say it in a husky voice and nod your head—and tap their knee—that's a good line, by the way.

"So that, in brief," explained Eksberger, "is what I did to old Stuffy. Was very careful to say that I didn't want the place myself. I said to Rose afterwards—didn't I, Rose?—I said, 'I bet that old slob will run up to Eden or whatever they call it and want to buy that place ahead of me.' By the way, when did he come?"

"Yesterday," reckoned Stiles, sur-

prised himself to realize that it was so recently.

Eksberger slapped his knee again and turned to Miss Fuller.

"Can you beat it?" he asked.

"So there you are," he concluded to Stiles, triumphantly. "There you have the whole business. Baumgarten wanting it because he thinks I want it, and your agent chap wanting it because he thinks that both of us want it, and all the hicks wanting it because they think the three of us want it. It's a yell, that's what it is!"

He positively beamed at Stiles as if he had done him the favor of his life in exploding his bubble, and not until that moment had Stiles realized that he had not. Then it came to him ruefully.

"And here I was spending the money already."

Eksberger's face completely sobered. He was a great boy, after all, and he had a great boy's amazing sympathy.

"My dear fellow," he exclaimed, "you should worry. You don't think I'm going to spoil the farce, do you? Keep 'em coming. Let 'em bid and then let it go to the best of them. I only hope it's Baumgarten that gets stung. Say," he continued, with a sort of feverish enthusiasm, "don't you know that every one in town will know that I have been here, ten minutes after I have gone?"

"Ye-es," replied Stiles, slowly.

It was really funny that, although he had been the skeptic of skeptics about his own gold-mine, yet, now that some one had agreed with him that it was only pyrites, he was almost tearful.

"To tell the truth, this is just about what I supposed had happened, but every one was so mysterious that I looked forward to the missing papers and the shots in the night."

"And the old squire's daughter?" asked Miss Fuller.

"I hadn't got to her yet, but she was about due," answered Stiles. "And now look at this dun reality. I only wish—" but what he wished was never known for at that minute a chauffeur's cap appeared in the doorway.

"Mr. Eksberger, the car's gone!"

"Gone? Gone where?" exclaimed Eksberger.

"Gone," insisted the man, wildly, talking so fast he chattered. "I only left it a minute to go to the back door for a drink of water, and now I come back and it's gone. It's stolen!"

VI

The big foreign car was gone, right enough, but Eksberger ought to have known, and Stiles ought to have known, and, most of all, the chauffeur ought to have known, that the car could hardly have been stolen without starting the engine and that the engine could hardly have been started without rousing some one in the house fifty feet away.

When one's own ten-thousand-dollar car is gone, however, one does not think as logically as that. The natural picture conjured up was one of thieves in organized bands reporting to some head thief in New York. Under this delusion, or one like it, Eksberger was running around crying to be led to a telephone, and Stiles was explaining frantically that none existed, when Mrs. Fields came in with the bland announcement:

"The gentleman's car is at the bottom of the hill."

"Bottom of the hill?" roared Eksberger. "Who took it there?"

Mrs. Fields looked at him, puzzled.

"Took it?" she replied, blankly. "Nobody took it. It went by itself."

"Am I crazy or who is?" demanded Eksberger, and Stiles himself stared. It began to dawn on him that, in the person of Mrs. Fields, he was housing what might be called a parochial mind. Sandy hillsides that contained oil untapped and motor-cars that lounged off by themselves were apparently not spectacular to her. He wondered what would be. He knew—an unexpected visitor during her ironing-hour.

Investigation proved, however, that Mrs. Fields had stated a simple fact. The car was indeed at the foot of the hill, but Mrs. Fields had neglected to add that it was also in the ditch, astride the brook, and upside down. Those facts had possibly not seemed to her of any importance, or perhaps, becoming bored, she had not waited to see that part of the performance. Yet there they found the beautiful foreign colossus, its four

wheels in the air, its belly to the blue, looking uncomfortably nude and crab-like.

Just what had happened it was only possible to guess, for Mrs. Fields had been the only witness, and her story, although unimpeachable, was valuable for little except its color. She had been hanging out clothes at the side of the house, table-cloths, to be exact, when she chanced to look up and saw the big, empty car rolling solemnly away down the hill. As nearly as one could gather, she had stood and watched it without even much curiosity. It must have been quite a picture, the gaunt, wind-blown old woman and the big, empty car, both non-committal, and each, as it were, with a sardonic grin. The supposition was that the brakes had not been properly set; the chauffeur stuck to the theory that they had been tampered with; but the only certain fact was that the car was now in the brook, exciting comment among the frogs and the tadpoles.

A rural-delivery carrier came along as the four of them stood on the little bridge looking down at the wreck. Presumably he asked whether there had been an accident, for Stiles heard the chauffeur retort:

"Oh no! We did it on purpose!"

After that it took the promise of considerable capital and the most flattering attitudes on the part of Miss Fuller to appease the delivery man and persuade him to carry the good news to Ghent. Half an hour later appeared two swart fellows from the local garage to shake their heads pessimistically and give it as their opinion that nothing short of a crane would put the car on its feet. A crane was not to be had short of Felsted, but they left with the promise to bring it the following morning. The chauffeur began listlessly to salvage the cushions, and Stiles suggested that he be left alone with his grief.

VII

Rather stimulated by the excitement of entertaining his first guests, Stiles dressed for dinner somewhat more elaborately than usual, and hurried down to the unpainted piazza, but Miss Fuller

was there before him. Of baggage she had, of course, none, but she had done marvels with what she carried in her hand-bag, or rather what Eksberger carried in his pockets for her. As they had gone to their rooms, Stiles had heard fundamentals of beauty culture frankly demanded and had seen them delivered.

Throughout the whole excitement Miss Fuller had remained a silent and unmoved spectator. Stiles had imagined that few things of this life could move Miss Fuller, but now she displayed more animation. She greeted her host with a friendly smile and he walked across to her side.

"I presume," she remarked, without preliminaries, "that you are rather curious to know just why Charlie Eksberger and I are traveling around together."

Stiles had not thought of it at all.

"Am I expected to be curious?" he asked.

Miss Fuller laughed, but she looked at him with a quick and appreciative expression.

"Not unless you want to be," she replied, "but people usually are."

She proceeded to state the case in what probably seemed to her a nutshell.

"We are not married and we are not engaged. I may add that we did not expect to be shipwrecked for a day or two. Does that explain matters?"

"Perfectly," replied Stiles.

But apparently it did not, for Miss Fuller was still a bit meditative.

"I suppose it looks funny," she said, a little apprehensively.

"My dear lady," exclaimed Stiles, "there are no trains to-night and Mr. Eksberger cannot leave the car. What else could you do?"

But Miss Fuller was wistful.

"I don't know," she said, slowly. "Suppose some one should hear of it."

Stiles looked at her curiously and with perhaps a little more than curiosity. It was odd to see this girl, who looked as if she might tap one on the shoulder and say, "I'm wise, kid, I'm wise," become wistful about the proprieties.

"After all," he reassured her, "there is always Mrs. Fields. I am sure it's all right."

"What is all right?" asked Eksberger,

coming at that moment out of the front door. He was looking at something that he carried in his hands and spoke absently.

"I was telling Mr. Stiles," explained Miss Fuller, "that we were not married, or anything."

"Were you?" answered Eksberger. "What did you tell him that for?"

There is something Turkish about theatrical magnates. They speak tersely to their women. Then, as if the only subject that interested him were the object that he carried in his hand, he burst out:

"Will you tell me what the devil this is?"

He held in his hand a sheet of paper, yellow with age, but still robust with the quality of the days when paper was paper. At his query, Miss Fuller crowded up to his shoulder and Stiles looked on from beyond her. Eksberger read like a little boy in the primer class, for the writing was shaky and faint:

"*This in ye year of our Lord, ye one thousand, seven hundred and ninety-first and in ye year of this republic ye fifteen—*"

"I suppose he means the fifteenth," suggested Eksberger. "Say, this is ancient, this ye stuff. You know that's what they used to write for 'the.'"

"You don't say, Charlie," replied Miss Fuller, sarcastically. "You don't say."

"I was just telling you, that's all," retorted Eksberger. "That's the way it is written on Shakespeare's tomb."

"Suppose you give us a little more of this strange tale," suggested Miss Fuller, and Eksberger, without rancor, went on reading slowly:

"*From dust man was formed and to dust he returneth. Y^e treasure—*"

"Y^eT treasure," said Eksberger, looking up. "What the deuce is Y^eT?"

"That," suggested Stiles, "on the principle of 'ye' for 'the.'"

"By George! I believe you're right!" exclaimed Eksberger, excitedly. The thrill of the antiquarian was already on him.

"*Yat treasure which man amasseth unto himself in this earth*—I wonder why he didn't say 'yis earth' if he says 'ye' and 'yat.'"

"Who is 'he'?" asked Miss Fuller, languidly.

"Well let me find out, can't you?" replied Eksberger, now lost in his studies.

"Oh, pardon me, pardon me!" pleaded Miss Fuller, hastily. "Where did you get this quaint conceit?"

"I found it under my bed."

"Do you always look under the bed when you find yourself in a strange room?"

"Oh, for the love of Mike, Rose!" protested Eksberger. "It wasn't really under the bed. It was sort of under the bed."

He continued with his paleography.

"*Yat treasure which man amasseth unto himself in this earth, he shall leave in ye*—there he goes again—*'he shall leave in ye earth and now, I, Nicholas Caton'*—no, it's Nicholas Crater—*'now I, Nicholas Crater, being humbled and oppressed with a sense of wrong doing do leave in this earth'*—See? He says 'this' every time. That must be the way they did—*'do leave in this earth yat treasure which I have amassed thereon. But as by mine own toile was yat treasure amassed, so now yat I have returned it to ye earth, let him who will, digge for it in ye earth, even as I have done.'*

Signed this day,

Nicholas Crater.

Ye same being in sound body and mind.'"

Eksberger looked at his host and his eyes lit with excitement.

"Say," he exclaimed, "do you know what I think this is?"

"No, Mr. Bones," answered Miss Fuller. "What do you think yat is?"

"Oh, cut it out, Rose!" pleaded Eksberger. "I bet this is an old manuscript."

"No!" breathed Rose, incredulously, but Eksberger paid no attention to her. Then his natural metropolitan suspicion of everything in heaven and earth slowly came back. He looked at Stiles doubtfully.

"Do you really believe that there can be something valuable hidden around the place?"

"Unfortunately," replied Stiles, "I don't."

Eksberger looked at him, puzzled.

Then reluctantly he looked at the yellowed paper.

"But who was this gink—this Nicholas Crater? He wouldn't have written like that if he hadn't meant something by it, would he?"

"Probably not," replied Stiles, "if there ever had been any such man, but unhappily there wasn't. Nicholas Crater, I am sorry to say, exists only in my own imagination. Of that antique document the author stands before you."

"You? You wrote it?" gasped Eksberger, about as crestfallen as Stiles had been at the exposure of the afternoon. "But what for?"

"Well," confessed Stiles, "with Baumgarten and Pullar and all the rest of them playing 'Treasure Island' and 'East Lynne' all over the place I thought that I would give them something that would really keep them busy. So, in a dull moment, I composed this pretty forgery and left it around where any enterprising prier might run across it. If you found it in your room, among the sheets and pillow-cases, I gather that some little prier must have done just that thing."

Eksberger still looked unconvinced.

"But, man," he argued, "it's old. The paper's old. The ink is old."

"Everything in this house is old," replied Stiles, "and thin and wan and pale, not to mention eldritch and eerie. The paper is old because, naturally, one does not put old wine in new bottles. I tore it from a book, an old book, to wit Goodholme's *Domestic Encyclopedia of Practical Information*, an amazing volume which fitted my ancestors to cope with any emergency from 'angel cake' to 'childbirth' and 'fire-balloons.' I have spent hours with it, fascinated. This was a blank page intended for 'Additional Receipts and Memoranda.'"

He paused, smiling, but Eksberger still appeared unconvinced, while Miss Fuller, standing between them, looked first at one and then at the other.

"Will you please tell me," she asked, at last, "just who's stringing who?"

"I can show you the book," protested Stiles, mildly.

He went into his study and returned with a volume which was large enough, at least, to cover the ground he had

mentioned. At the back he showed a rough edge where a page had been torn out and into which the edge of the antique document fitted perfectly.

"Well, I'm an idiot," confessed Eksberger, and Miss Fuller quoted, softly:

"All you've got to do in the show business—they're all half crazy—is to nod your head and talk to them in a half whisper and say, 'Now this is just between you and I.'"

Eksberger took it good humoredly.

"I didn't make any exceptions in favor of myself," he answered, but Mrs. Fields rescued him from further confusion by the announcement that "supper" was ready. She had been told to call it dinner, but Stiles had known at the time that she would be adamant. He submitted to the inevitable, and well he might, for, although a supper in name, it was a dinner in fact. The paper, however, was still uppermost, and Stiles seized the event of the soup to ask, in rather stern manner:

"Mrs. Fields, where did you find this paper?"

The moment was meant to be impressive, a strong will dominating a weak one, but Mrs. Fields again failed to understand the part which was expected of her. She took the paper, made a motion of tapping over her sunken chest, and answered, "I can't read it without my spectacles."

Stiles tried what lawyers call "refreshing the memory of the witness."

"Mr. Eksberger says that he found it beside his bed," he shouted, suggestively.

Mrs. Fields's expression became one of complete understanding.

"Oh," she replied, with evident relief. "Then that's where I dropped it. I was saving that paper to give it to Judge Tyler."

"Judge Tyler?" asked Stiles, and in such a tone that he did not need to repeat. It did not upset Mrs. Fields. When her master was angry and excited, she merely thought that he had a nice speaking voice.

"Yes," she nodded, in reply to the question. "Judge Tyler told me to find all the papers with old-fashioned writing and bring them to him."

Tense would be a good word to de-

scribe the atmosphere of the table at that announcement. Alone, Mrs. Fields stood lax and dreamy, her hands rolled in her apron. Stiles broke the long and significant silence.

"When did the judge tell you that?"

"Before you come, when he was here to wind up the settlement." A detail of far greater moment came to her mind. "He counted all the towels and all the sheets and put them down in a book."

"Oh!" answered Stiles, and the strained air of the table relaxed. Mrs. Fields stood ready to answer any and all further questions, but it was only as an afterthought that Stiles thought of one. He was about to propound it when Eksberger stopped him. With the brusque air of one who says, "Here, let me tend to this woman," he held up his hand and turned to Mrs. Fields.

"Did Judge What's-his-name—"

"Tyler," supplied Stiles.

"Did Judge Tyler take away any old papers?"

But Eksberger had not yet caught the knack of talking to Mrs. Fields.

"How's that?" she asked.

Eksberger repeated. His eye was bright and his manner absorbed, for his failure of the afternoon had only succeeded in making him an antiquarian for life. Henceforth he was to be at his best among the ye's and yats. He put his lungs into the question.

"Did Judge Tyler take away any old papers?"

Mrs. Fields smiled dryly. "Skads of 'em, almost a barrel."

Eksberger allowed his head to move cautiously until he caught Stiles's eye, and the two men looked at each other significantly. Suddenly Stiles had an inspiration. Taking from the table his own Chattertonian forgery, he handed it to Mrs. Fields.

"Here," he bellowed, casually, "you might as well give him this."

Eksberger looked at him in applause, and Miss Fuller beamed. It was a master stroke, the hit of the day. One saw the villain of "Way Down East" digging by lantern-light to find the treasures of Nicholas Crater. One saw also the price of the farm going up.

Mrs. Fields took the manuscript without marked elation, but Stiles was be-

ginning to understand this dark mind. The housekeeper turned to leave, but Eksberger was the real Hawkshaw of the party.

"Did the judge," he asked, sharply, "offer you any money to bring the old papers to him?"

The housekeeper turned and looked at him blankly, and all three of them there at the table hung anxiously on the reply. A great deal depended on the words of that old woman. She seemed to get it at last and threw up her head scornfully.

"Money? Him?"

VIII

"Do you know what I should like to do?" said Stiles as Eksberger, Miss Fuller, and he strolled out from dinner into the cool fragrance of the summer evening. Mrs. Fields, as a witness, might be infantile, but as a cook she was epic, and the atmosphere of the moment was one of majestic content. Eksberger, one presumes, had already made the remark that country life was the only life, after all, that he wondered why any one lived in the city, and that, just as soon as he got his affairs in shape, he was going to buy a farm. To this, Miss Fuller, supposedly, had answered with a cynical silence (she had a way of being cynical silently) for Eksberger had been heard to remark:

"You don't believe it, Rose, but I'm going to surprise you all one of these days."

"Do you know what I should like to do?" said Stiles. "I should like to go down and see that old codger and find just what he has got, just what he is up to."

"By George! we'll do it!" Eksberger caught the spirit. "You send for a car, telephone right away—Oh, damn!"

"We might walk," suggested Stiles. "It's only two miles."

"We'll walk it, then," said Eksberger. "Of course he'll deny that he has any papers, but between us I guess that we can make the old skeesicks squirm." Then suddenly he paused and put his hands on his hips. "Say," he said, "do you know what we're doing? We're actually getting to believe this bunk."

Stiles hardly smiled. "That's what I

told you. That is just what happened to me. I've got so I'm looking for footprints under the windows and expecting to have bullets just graze my ear. I told you that I expected some one to go through my desk. And they have, too," he added, "if you count Fieldsie."

Eksberger stood shaking his head. "Well, anyway, what's the harm?" He burst out, with a dubious smile, "Are you on?"

"I'm on," replied Stiles, and, apparently as an afterthought, Eksberger turned to Miss Fuller.

"How about it, Rose?"

"Mercy!" exclaimed Miss Fuller. "Has it come to that?"

"What do you mean 'has it come to that?'" asked Eksberger.

"Nothing," replied Miss Fuller, demurely.

Eksberger flushed just a little and walked ahead, but Stiles half caught the girl's eye behind the other man's back. He smiled faintly, but she smiled broadly. She had no intention of keeping Eksberger a secret from the world.

At the gate Eksberger turned and waited for the others. "I wonder if he'll try to lie out of it," he speculated.

In Stiles flashed up some unsuspected spark of sectional pride. "I don't think so," he replied. "The Pilgrim Fathers have left behind their full quota of crabs, but very few downright liars."

It was still wavering daylight when the judge's house came in sight; the judge himself was spraying a hose on a flower-bed. With his ambassadorial whiskers and with the background of his old-fashioned garden he formed a picture which made Miss Fuller exclaim, "What a darling old man!"

"Darling" is good," commented Stiles. "Good evening, Judge," he added, in a louder tone.

The judge looked up sharply. "Good evening," he said. He threw the hose, sputtering and writhing, on the grass, and came forward with an air which was not ungenial.

"Mr. Stiles," he said, "they tell me you've sold your place."

"No," replied Stiles, "I haven't sold it."

The judge looked at him a moment, then tossed his head.

"Well," he confessed, "I mistrusted there wa'n't anything in it. They was telling me something about your getting twenty thousand dollars in one express package from this Eksberger."

Stiles smiled. "This is Mr. Eksberger," he replied. "He can tell you whether I did or not."

The judge took his first good look at the slender young man. "Air you Mr. Eksberger?" he asked, in amazement.

Eksberger nodded, and the judge at least was frank.

"I heard considerable about you," he said, "but I thought you was a Jewish feller."

All three of his visitors laughed.

"I guess you never saw a red-headed Jew before," suggested Eksberger.

The judge thought a moment before committing himself. "No," he confessed, "I don't believe that I have."

The judge leaned down, turned off the hose, and deliberately wiped his hands on the grass. "I was coming up to see you in the morning," he said to Stiles. "I wanted to ask you about that paper."

Behind him, Stiles could feel Miss Fuller's sinister merriment, although he knew instinctively that her expression had not changed an atom. Even Eksberger seemed to have a twinkle of amusement.

"Mis' Fields give it to Jenkins's boy when he went by with the milk for the Boston train," explained the judge, "and he give it to my Harry up to the store. Come in," he continued, hospitably. "Come in, ma'am."

The hall into which they followed him was dim and musty, and, as they entered, a thin, elderly woman with a guilty air snatched something in cloth and slipped out of sight. The judge pried open the door of the parlor, and, in the open doorway of a room beyond, another thin, elderly woman with a guilty air snatched something in cloth and slipped out of sight. The judge, of course, was as unconscious of them as he was of the smell of cabbage.

"I'll git a light," he said, and he left his three guests in the darkening room, not so much seeing it as sensing it, the small-paned windows, the white wood panels, the feel of plaited rag rugs underfoot, and the chill that never leaves such

rooms even in summer. Stiles wondered whether Eksberger or Miss Fuller had ever seen such a room. He could make out their outlines in the dusk, standing, staring, not in the least amused, rather timidly, like children sent with a note to the minister and waiting for the answer. In a Broadway restaurant, Eksberger would have been a man to look at twice, to wonder who he was and then ask the waiter; in the big foreign car with veils from her hat, Miss Fuller was the last note in languid sophistication; yet here in this musty, provincial parlor they both looked suddenly crude, almost coarse-lined. Stiles wondered. There must be something in the Ten Commandments and Plymouth Rock, after all.

The judge came back with a parlor lamp, an atrocious thing with a painted globe, which he put on the table, bending to its level and squinting his eyes as he turned it up. It brought out the shape of a huge gilt mirror and a crayon portrait of a woman with an agate brooch and hair parted over her temples. The judge took from his pocket Stiles's antique.

"Just what was it you wanted me to do with this?" he asked. "Sit down, ma'am, sit down."

Stiles looked shamefaced at Eksberger and then at Miss Fuller, but his fellow-children were unable to help him and he saw that he must lie alone. "I wondered just what you could make of it," he said, weakly.

"It looked like an antique document," suggested Eksberger, hopefully.

"Humph!" said the judge. He studied the paper he held in his hand, and then balanced a pair of steel-rimmed glasses on his nose. "Where did you git this?" he asked.

Eksberger and Miss Fuller looked eagerly at Stiles. They were expecting great things of him, but Stiles also felt that they were both slowly turning against him, that both were becoming distinctly amused, not to say ribald, at his expense.

"Why—it was lying around the house," he said, lamely. That at least was literally true.

The judge studied the paper further and with growing scorn. "Sounds like

the Bible," he said, "but it ain't." Then suddenly, wholly unconscious of his own sarcasm, he added, "Would you like to see some *reel* old papers?"

It was Miss Fuller who answered. One couldn't understand why, but one felt unconsciously that she was the only one who was really in much favor with the judge. "Oh yes! Can we?" she asked.

Without a word, but rather snuffing his nose, the judge shuffled out of the room. The three sat in a silence which Eksberger summed up in one word, "Stung!"

The judge came back with a small packet of folded papers done up with a bit of red tape, papers worn and spotted and heavy and brown to the color of gingerbread. He did not even need to set them down on the table to make the pitiful forgery of Stiles's look, in comparison, as a kitchen chair might look in an old museum. Eksberger's eye danced. Whatever might be his limitations, he knew the real thing when he saw it. The judge cleared his throat with a disagreeable and unconscious thoroughness and untied the red tape. He took the first crumbling document from the top and rubbed it between his fingers.

"Feel that and then feel that," he said, picking up the apocryphal manuscript from the table. All three of them did it obediently, and all three exclaimed respectfully as people are expected to do on such occasions.

"That's nothing but a letter wrote by Miss Tyler's grandfather when he was in Yale College in eighteen hundred and six." The judge discarded carelessly several minor papers from the packet and picked out the one he wanted. This was the heaviest and the largest of the lot, written on parchment. "This is a commission from Governor Shirley of Massachusetts for my grandfather's uncle in the French and Injun War. We was part of England then. He was massacred at Fort William or Fort Henry, I disremember which."

"Massacred?" repeated Eksberger, artlessly. "Who by?"

"The French or the Injuns, one or the other," answered the judge, nonchalantly. He was absorbed in looking

for another paper, and at last he found it.

"Here, this is what I was looking for," he said. "That thing of yourn claimed to be wrote in seventeen ninety-one. I hain't any of precisely that date, but this one was wrote in seventeen eighty-six and they wrote just the same then. This was a deed for some land up Spicer way." He handed out the creased and yellow document, and Eksberger, the antiquarian, was the one who took it.

"You see them esses?" asked the judge. "That's what I wanted to show you. You see them esses in that deed? Some of them's wrote like f's, but they ain't f's, they're esses. Now you look at that paper you sent and you'll see that all the esses are wrote just like we write now. The minute I see that paper, I says, 'That was wrote sence I went to school.'"

But the antiquarian in Eksberger had already begun to feel his oats; the zest was on him. "But look here," he exclaimed, completely absorbed in the real antique. "Here's an ess— 'By these presents.'"

The judge looked over his glasses at the word to which Eksberger's finger was pointing.

"That's what I was telling ye," he said, testily. "It was only when two esses come together. Then they wrote the first ess like an f. They was a feller brought a paper into the Masons' lodge one night that he claimed was three hundred years old. It was something about the Catholics. I ain't no Catholic, but the minute I clapped my eyes on it I says: 'That paper ain't no three hundred years old!' You know why?"

"Why?" asked Miss Fuller, nor did she add, "Mr. Bones."

"Why?" repeated the judge. "Because that paper had *all* the esses wrote like f's. And sure enough that paper was wrote in Philadelphia by a bad priest or somebody. They was thousands of copies all over the country. They was quite some talk about it at the time. Round here that wouldn't have fooled nobody. When I was a boy, half the old people in this town was still writing that way, but this happened in California."

"In California?" exclaimed Stiles. "Have you lived in California?"

"No, I never lived there," replied the judge, as if offended that he had been asked. "I was just there in 'forty-nine."

"A 'forty-niner?" suggested Stiles, with sudden interest.

The judge did not take his eyes from the paper in his hands. "No," he replied, absently, "I wa'n't no 'forty-niner. I was in the navy."

His three visitors looked at one another and then looked at the judge. By silent consent, Stiles seemed elected to speak.

"Were there many boys from this inland country in the navy in those days?" he asked, tactfully.

The judge put down the paper, picked up the bundle of other papers, and began running through them. "No," he said, as if the matter did not interest him, "I never heard of any except me. I wouldn't have be'n in the navy myself if I hadn't be'n shipwrecked.

Eksberger could stand it no longer. "You were shipwrecked? Where?"

The judge shook his head impatiently and began running through the papers again. "Hark!" he commanded, irritated. "You made me lose my place. Here it is." He took a paper from the packet and then replied, calmly: "Where, did you say? Oh, on the Malay Peninsula. Not a great ways from Singapore."

Having found the paper, he seemed to allow himself some interest in the conversation. His eyes almost twinkled at some dead recollection stimulated, and he volunteered of his own accord: "But that was a long time ago. My father thought I had better go round the world. He didn't want to see much of me just then."

Miss Fuller, obviously, was the only one who could ask the delicate question after that. "What had you done so terrible?"

The judge laughed. He really did like Miss Fuller. "Oh, it wouldn't seem so terrible now, but he was a very strict man. You see, I'd be'n throwed out of Harvard College.

"You just wait a minute," added the judge, hastily, and he shuffled out of the room. "I thought I had what I wanted here, but it wa'n't the one."

The three left behind looked at one another.

"Say, do you get it?" whispered Eksberger, at last. "And here us boobs came down here to string this old chap. I wonder if he was ever in the show business."

"Let's ask him," suggested Miss Fuller.

"Holy smoke!" replied Eksberger. "If we asked him that we'd probably find that he was the first Little Eva."

But Stiles was the philosopher of the party. He sat silent for a long time, and then he said, "Do you suppose it would do that to everybody?"

"What do what?" asked Eksberger.

"Living in the country," replied Stiles. "Think of it—fired out of Harvard, shipwrecked at Singapore, in California in 'forty-nine,—and now look at him!"

"I think he's an old darling," retorted Miss Fuller, loyally.

"Oh, sure!" agreed Eksberger, "but I get what you mean, Stiles. I was wondering that, too. Ssh! Here he comes."

The judge came shuffling back into the room. "I couldn't find it," he said, "but 'twas'n't of much account."

Eksberger had a sudden possession of mischief. "Judge," he asked, holding up the forgery which had occasioned this evening of reminiscence, "what do you suppose that this really is?"

To their surprise, the judge was not contemptuous, merely pitying. "Well," he said, slowly, "some fool wrote that, thinking he was smart. You see, there has be'n a lot of nonsense about that old house of yours, Mr. Stiles. Always has be'n ever sence I can recollect. In fact, I suppose it has be'n that way ever sence the murder."

"The murder!" exclaimed Miss Fuller and Stiles, in chorus.

"Well," replied the judge, deprecatingly, "leastways that was what it was called." He smiled and went through the motions of chuckling, although he did not make a sound. "I suppose," he said, "that no one took the trouble to tell you that that house of yours was ha'nted."

IX

"Do you know how I feel?" asked Eksberger, as Stiles, Miss Fuller, and he came out of the judge's house into the

soft darkness of the early June night. "Do you know how I feel?" he repeated, but in the subduing influence of the tropic sweetness nobody seemed to care how he did feel. "I feel," he insisted, nevertheless, "as if I had been watching some cracking-good show, something solemn—Ibsen or that sort of stuff."

Even that failed to draw any response, but Eksberger had his satisfaction in knowing, from their silence, that both his companions felt quite the same way. The dirt path of the village street lasted only a few hundred yards, and at its terminus the sketchy street lights ended, too, after which the three plunged into the dark and rutted country road which led to the Crater place. At the change in the footing Miss Fuller, who walked between the two men, slipped a hand through the arm of each and drew them both to her snugly. For a while nobody spoke, and then, with a voice which was rather husky, Miss Fuller asked, "Mr. Stiles, do you believe in ghosts?"

It was not a flippant question. The girl really was troubled. For this reason Stiles's reply perhaps was different from what it might have been. "I would be more likely to believe in this particular ghost," he said, "if every other country town didn't have one just like it."

The story which Judge Tyler had told about the old Crater place had, in fact, appealed to Stiles principally for the quaint precision with which it was told. So far as the plot was concerned—the young bride, the jealous husband, the fit of anger, and the spirit which came back to haunt the spot—it was the old, old tale. There was one unfortunate fact over which even the judge had been obliged to express a literary regret—the house was not the same one. The house in which Stiles was living had, as he had imagined, been built in the forties, while the legend concerned itself with the time of the Revolution.

"The first thing that made me believe that that paper wa'n't real," the judge had said, relative to the Stilesian forgery, "was that there never was no Nicholas Crater, leastways so far as I ever heard, and I've been searching titles in this township for upwards of fifty years."

"Come Michaelmas," Stiles had added under his breath.

"Your uncle never had no brothers," the judge had explained, "and his father, old Major Crater, he never had none. He was the man that built that house you live in now. Before that they was a house about ten rod to the east, at the top of the hill. That wa'n't tore down until after I was quite a little boy. You can see part of the cellar there yet."

"I wondered what that was," Stiles had said. "There's a white lilac-bush there."

"And has be'n ever sence I can remember," the judge had remarked, with a smile. "That's the bush that the sperrit is supposed to come and water when the flowers is in bloom."

"They're in bloom now!" Miss Fuller had exclaimed, with a start. At that moment had begun her air of depression which had, an hour later, brought forth her timid inquiry.

"Old Major Crater he built that house," the judge had repeated, "and his father was Zebulon Crater. He married a Gilson, but I never heard much about him. It was his father's brother, his older brother, Solomon Crater, that they told the story about."

Solomon Crater, so it appeared, had been a much more dashing young man than his ponderous name would imply. As one filled out the picture from the judge's meager and literal description, he had been a man to go about the countryside slapping his boot with his riding-whip, frequenting the taverns and pinching the cheeks of the wenches. He had also been an officer in the Continental Line, fired, no doubt, by the example of that selfsame ancestor of the judge who had been so harshly treated by the French or the Injuns, one or the other, at Fort William or Fort Henry, the judge disremembered which.

As records run in New England, the Revolution seems to have been a most accommodating sort of war. Soldiers practically commuted from home to the battle-fields, while officers who were professional men had time to build up a practice between campaigns.

Solomon Crater, for one, went clear to South America and back (and the west coast at that) between roll-calls and brought back a bride. It was odd, in light of the present day, that this young

Granadan lady, coming from the old civilization of South America, to the rough, uncivilized country of North America, was in the position of a Parisian, say, marrying a man from New Zealand. After the metropolitan life of Bolivia (as it was later) the provincial society of Massachusetts bored her to extinction.

The point was that when young Solomon Crater came rolling in from Schuyler's army after a battle or two in the north country, he found that the viper had entered his home. No written town records touched on the affair at all; the local Don Juan had not even left his name to history. There was merely the tradition of the strangling by night and then the young lady who came out to water the lilacs, frightening passers in the darkness by muttering strange words, in Spanish, presumably, such being the language of Bolivia (as it was later).

"And what became of the husband?" Eksberger had asked, pertinently enough.

On that the judge was hazy. All such local legends are hazy on matters of criminal jurisprudence. The unwritten law, with reverse English, seems to have stood without question. One liked to think that the husband met his death by riding his horse over a cliff on a dark and stormy night, chased by remorse. It would have spoiled the story to have learned that he had merely been frowned on by local opinion and had died in his bed of organic trouble, as Stiles privately believed that he had.

At any rate, the tale held together sufficiently to give Miss Fuller an hour full of solemn thoughts before they stumbled up the steps of the old Crater place. Over a dim light in the kitchen still sat Mrs. Fields, somewhat *en negligée*, waiting their coming. She had fallen asleep half a dozen times, and, nodding over the candle, she appeared unusually cronelike.

"About those old papers," shouted Stiles at once, awakening her from a doze. "Why didn't you tell me that Judge Tyler brought them all back?"

Mrs. Fields, as a part of her *negligée*, had removed her false teeth.

"You didn't athk me," she replied, unabashed.

x

In the study was a parlor lamp which gave as much heat as a full-size stove, and Stiles and his guests gravitated back to it much as they would have done to an open fire. Miss Fuller was frankly and visibly nervous, and while the two men were both equally preoccupied, they showed it in ways which illustrated oddly their completely contrasted characters and training. With a weight on his mind, the first impulse of Stiles was to sit in a chair, unmoving, until his problem was solved. Faced by mental unrest, Eksberger's impulse required him to keep on his feet and moving. So now he walked back and forth until he exclaimed, "Say, where is this old house the judge was telling about?"

Stiles looked at Miss Fuller, but, seeing her, outwardly at least, somewhat composed, he rose to his feet. "I'll show you," he said.

Miss Fuller rose hastily, too. "You don't think I'm going to stay here all alone, do you?" she asked.

The three went out to the unpainted piazza, where, in the now cooling June night, Stiles pointed out a series of vague mounds at the far side of what had once been the lawn. There was little left of the old house now, even of the foundations. By daylight, one found snatches of stone wall and an irregular hole, half filled in, the whole surrounded by turf banks sloping up to it, like a gun rampart. By night, one saw only the vague moundish shapes, but, rather startlingly at this moment, the white lilac-bush, like a misty white scarf, picked itself out of the darkness. Eksberger looked at it a moment.

"What say we go over and explore it?"

Stiles hesitated, but it was wholly on Miss Fuller's account, and Miss Fuller shook her head decisively. "I wouldn't go near that place at night for a million dollars."

"I would, for two cents," said Eksberger, boldly. "Let's go look at it, Stiles." He started down the steps, but Stiles was more merciful.

"Oh, what's the use?" he said, casu-

ally. "There's nothing there but some old stone walls."

Eksberger started resolutely away from the steps, but, with a sudden alarm, Miss Fuller grasped Stiles's arm. "Charlie! Charlie Eksberger," she called, in a strange, shrill voice, "don't you leave this piazza!"

Eksberger turned, grinning, his teeth showing in the darkness.

"Oh, Rosel!" he pleaded. "For Heaven's sake don't be such a simp."

Miss Fuller was not abashed. "I don't care whether I'm a simp or not. I'm frightened and I don't want you to leave this piazza."

"Well, I'm going, anyway," retorted Eksberger. He turned and started away into the darkness, and Miss Fuller commanded:

"Charlie, come back here this instant!" She turned to Stiles. "Mr. Stiles, make him come back."

Stiles did not see how he was going to do that, but he did manage to call: "Oh, what's the use? There's nothing there."

"Then what's the harm in going?" insisted Eksberger. It seemed to be a matter of pure obstinacy with him now, and he strode stiffly off. Miss Fuller looked after him fearfully, but she said no more, and Stiles tried to reassure her: "He'll be back in a minute. There's nothing there to hurt him."

For a moment or two they stood there watching the white collar of Eksberger, the only part of him now visible, vanishing under the shadows of the apple-trees of the old lawn, Miss Fuller clutching Stiles's arm. As the darkness finally closed over the speck of white the girl shuddered slightly. She was a strangely different figure now from the self-possessed woman who had come that afternoon.

"It's cold here," she said, in a voice slightly trembling, and, after the heat of the great parlor lamp, it was rather shivery.

"We'd better go in," suggested Stiles. With a kindly instinct, he was making his voice as matter of fact and as protecting as possible. Reluctantly the girl turned and went in beside him.

"I do hope he's all right," she said again, anxiously, as she took her seat in

that same rattan chair which she had occupied when Stiles first saw her, but which was now placed across the table from his own. Sitting there on both sides of the lamp, their aspect was strangely domestic. Stiles noticed it, but the girl was apparently busy with her uneasy thoughts. "I suppose I am silly," she said, "but I can't help it."

And then, as always happens in cases where one of a party is the prey of such fears, they immediately began to tell all the supernatural tales in their *repertoires*, each one worse than the last. At least Miss Fuller told all of hers, for Stiles saw early the wisdom of not adding to a state which was keyed up enough as it was.

Miss Fuller's stories were such as are told with shudders and frightened eyes in every stage dressing-room—revelations of mediums and premonitions of death. Stiles wisely said nothing except to remark once or twice, "That is strange," until in the warmth of their growing intimacy, the girl turned to him suddenly:

"How do you account for those things?"

She put the question in implicit trust, a trust that was almost pathetic. Just why she should turn to him as authority both she and Stiles understood vaguely, but neither could have told. Stiles was simply that kind of a man. In all gentleness, he assumed the trust. Before he knew it he was delving, in simple words, into pure psychology. He touched the great law of coincidence. He instanced the atheist who had said that, if he were given enough type and enough throws he could throw Virgil's *Æneid* from a dice-box. Only, in his version, Stiles did not use the *Æneid*. He called it Webster's Dictionary. It took Miss Fuller some time to get the force of this argument, and when she did get it she doubted it on practical grounds.

"But a man wouldn't live long enough to throw more than a few million times, and suppose he got it all right except one letter, he would still have to begin throwing all over again, and he might not come anywhere near it again for ten years." At which, of course, Stiles had to explain the nature of infinity and pure reason. He did not know how much

the girl understood, but at least she listened, fascinated by his choice of words.

"You do know a lot, don't you?" she said, with a little sigh, and, having at last found the fount of all abstract knowledge, she proceeded to put to it several serious problems which she had been saving up in the past—for a medium presumably. "What do you think love really is?" was the first one.

Exists there a man and exists there a girl who could not do justice to a topic like that around a glowing lamp in a country house at eleven at night? Miss Fuller, by this time, was leaning her elbow on the table, her chin in her hand, and looking at Stiles intently with her eyes open wide and with her expression that of a little girl.

Of all the strange and unexpected conversations which Stiles had had in that disheveled room, this was the strangest. His fifteen years of newspaper life in New York had made Stiles metropolitan in his knowledge rather than in his habits. Like most newspaper men, his thrills had been vicarious; he had remained the observer rather than the participant. The girl before him he knew well enough by type—the "show girl" type he would have called it. He had seen her by dozens at roof gardens and on the motor roads of Long Island on Sunday afternoons. Smart, beautiful, and sophisticated, to have entertained her in her customary habitat would rather have frightened him. Here in his own house she sat before him, disclosed as nothing more than a wistful, simple girl who put her chin in her hand and listened to his very elementary philosophy as a girl from a little town in the Mississippi basin might have listened to

his tales of newspaper life in New York. From her face, as he saw it without the mask, Stiles tried to guess from what atmosphere she really had sprung. A factory village in upper Vermont, a flat in Harlem over a delicatessen-store? It might have been either.

"I haven't had such a good talk in ages," exclaimed Miss Fuller as they came to the end of the argument, and of a truth she had not. Conversation for her, as it is for most of her world, had been merely a fragmentary observation of the things which passed before her eyes. With men and women of the kind she had known, it is rare that three consecutive sentences are spoken on the same subject. A thought is never followed to its conclusion and wit consists of burlesquing and parodying the words of the last one who has spoken. No wonder that Stiles appeared to her in the light of an oracle.

"I could talk like this for a week," she added, with growing enthusiasm, but, as she spoke, the old Ansonia clock in the kitchen wheezed out twelve, and the two of them, in amazement, counted the strokes. Stiles took out his watch, as one does, to verify the count, and smiled as he said, "Twelve o'clock."

"Twelve o'clock!" echoed the girl, and, as it dawned on her, her eyes grew startled. "What in the world has become of Charlie Eksberger?"

The question had leaped to Stiles's mind before she had spoken. They sat for a moment in silence, looking at each other in vague alarm. Then from outside the house came an ear-piercing shriek. There followed a confused murmur of dulled, shouting voices, another moment of silence, and then a terrific explosion.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



Lost-Lady Trail

BY SARAH COMSTOCK



LUCIA gazed down upon the gaiety of the plateau. Tourists thronged, making up carriage parties, buying red and yellow blankets, snapping pictures, bustling, chattering. Indians mingled, gaudy blotches of color—blanketed men, squaws with paposes, children heavy with silver girdles. Beyond, the big hole and the lure of its eternal mystery. . . . And Lucia was gazing upon it all through the ever-closed window of Aunt Aurelia's room.

From her college graduation, five years before, dated her bondage to Aunt Aurelia. Aunt Aurelia's bondage was to her own terrors, chief among which were draughts, the milk of unknown cows, low shoes, remaining long in the climate of New York, cats, and the strings of a banana, which she had been told were the indigestible element. But never until this spring had Lucia been known to give way to outbreak. Always had she met the outbreaks of the other girls with that inscrutable, still-souled look, saying, gently:

"She wants me and no one else. I shall never leave her. She has done everything for me."

Which meant that Aunt Aurelia had reared and bestowed upon her the education of whose fruits she now robbed the fresh young boughs. It seems the assumed prerogative of many, who have "done" largely for others in their earlier years, to become as disagreeable as they desire in their later.

The loving wrath of the other girls waxed. "Only five years ago, first rose in the Commencement chain!" one cried, aloud. "Oh, I could stand it if she'd ever say something. And she makes the old thing believe she enjoys it! I came on her pushing that wheeled chair and laughing and chatting as cheerfully

as if she were doing a new fox-trot figure. If she'd only let loose once!"

She did let loose—once.

It had happened a few days before this latest flight of Aunt Aurelia's to the far Southwest. The same girl had called upon Lucia and found her alone, leaning in lassitude in the apartment's river window, and the spring was leaning to meet her, and more than half-way. New leaves and flags were flung out, and they tossed and slapped like the ripples beyond, a gleam in every movement. Below were lovers strolling and clinging, and soldiers marching, and countless people shouting. Once a woman passed, running to keep abreast of a soldier in the procession, and she was crying her heart out while she ran.

Suddenly Lucia broke out in an unknown voice: "See her cry! Good! Good! How she cries! What happiness she must have known to be able to cry like that! She must have lived!"

The girl calling upon her stared as if a hitherto impregnable wall were cracking and crumbling before her eyes. Stone by stone had Lucia's gentle aloofness reared that wall, and now the earthquake.

"It must be glorious!" Lucia's hands tightened until blue mottled their pink. "To love anybody enough to break your heart because he's going, and to be glad, too—magnificently glad—see how she waves her flag and cheers while she's wrenched from head to foot by her sobs! She's giving him, the biggest gift of all, to the biggest cause of all; and it's the biggest happiness of all, too. Oh, it's all life, life, life, whether it's the madness of joy, or despair like a black pit, or that soul-searing, tragic, splendid happiness of the supreme sacrifice! It's life, and—"

She stopped; she covered her face with her hands. For seconds there was a dreadful silence in the room. Then she tore her hands away.

"Can you imagine," she demanded,

passionately, "anything as terrible as being a prisoner—left out—having no share in all this loving and giving—?"

"Lu—cia!" pierced from the distance. "The salt was left out of my malted milk! Oh, it gave me such a turn! There's something about malted milk without salt that affects me very strangely—"

When Lucia returned her face was as if she had come down from a cross; but she picked up her knitting briskly.

"Do you think I should rib as tightly as that?" she inquired, in those even, softly unfathomable tones that everybody knew. And the other girl stared, more dumfounded than before, to see the crumbling wall rear itself, seal its own cracks, and become once more impregnable—a wall overgrown with tender, blossoming vines, sheltering and lovely, but inexorably forbidding entrance.

But it was as if the gods had heard, and counseled among themselves as to what could be done. Lucia was chained by her own forging, and life is not to be experienced in chains, no doubt they admitted. And then—oh, for all their frequent blunderings, they do show perception at times!—it was as if they discovered in her a certain capacity for sublimation; a faculty for experience raised to so high a power that it was not dependent upon the substantiality of tangibly permanent things. A mere brushing by wings might leave imperishable impress.

A week later found Aunt Aurelia and Lucia settled in the Southwest. Outwardly, the latter served in patience, as always; but there was inner disturbance. The spring, that spring in which a nation was waking to the most intense emotional consciousness of its history, was carrying Lucia with it. On this morning when Lucia gazed at the gay plateau through the hotel window, came a sneeze that shook the very foundations of Aunt Aurelia, terrified her, drove her to bed with aspirin tablets.

"Leave me." It was unprecedented, incredible. "If I can sleep, I may possibly break up this attack before it becomes pneumonia. Take my temperature."

Lucia squinted up at the thermometer, and the reading was not a shadow of a

fifth beyond normal. And upon that reassurance something welled up within her; the same that wells up in a canary's breast when it finds the cage door open. Like the canary, she did not stop to consider that every door and window of the room was closed. She saw only the open cage door; walls had not yet beaten her back, and life was glorious. She recalled something about one's youth being renewed like the eagle's, and the canary expanded into a larger bird. A sudden and amazing wickedness reveled within her.

"Fly!" whispered her riotous, sinful soul on this fateful morning of the sneeze. "Fly before it occurs to her that she must be read to sleep!" Aunt Aurelia's greed for novels was ravenous.

And Lucia flew. She did not halt until she found herself, in her long-idle riding-skirt, mounted upon a mule. And alone, on a beast possessed of a too-knowing eye and the name Piñon, she was starting down a distant trail of her own finding, a trail known only to the veteran.

At first, as she looked over the rim, her heart had seemed to stop in a sort of clutch and she had halted with a sense of swaying helplessly toward a monstrous, rapacious red mouth which gaped for her and would not be denied. But the panic had passed quickly. She saw it all as splendor now: burning mountains rearing themselves defiantly from a flaming abyss, like proud shades that scorned to bow to infernal tortures. Intoxication beat in her veins. All at once her arms outflung themselves, her high young breast pressed forward, as if thus she cast off years of bondage.

"I'm coming!" she cried, and smiled. In that monster hole men like worms crawling have wandered and perished, and Lucia opened her arms to it and smiled.

For a long way the descent was insidiously gentle. Piñon was jogging comfortably, not a sign of any other living creature was to be discovered, when out of the brush beside the trail a question was hurled like a missile.

"You don't mean," it demanded, "that you're taking *this* trail?"

And Lucia found herself confronted by six-feet-two of lithe, Arizona-browned young man, his craggy face half hidden



"I CAME ON HER PUSHING THAT WHEELED CHAIR AND LAUGHING AND CHATTING"

by a broad hat-brim, his lean suppleness clad in the khaki and high boots of the mountaineer.

Now, simple as his words were, his manner was charged with profound significance; for it revealed the method the gods were adopting. It was the method of already - understood - and - accepted-ness; as if these two who had never met had been but lately discussing trails, and he had known she was coming, to be sure, but was surprised at her choice of paths. Preliminaries are often waived when the possible breaking of a lady's neck is involved. But this was far more than waiving of preliminaries; it was assumption of them. In some subtle way here lay the implication of a beginning made long ago. The thought seized Lucia that she had always known this young man; or the sense, rather

than thought, and completely subconscious.

Lucia brought Piñon to a halt and cast at the young man a questioning glance behind which her renewed youth was strongly in evidence. And quite as remarkably as the young man's did her manner imply preliminaries accomplished. Just as he might have been protectively protesting at her rashness all her life, so she all her life might have been mischievously defying him as she inquired:

"Is it a private path?"

He smiled, but unyieldingly. "Well—yes. The Indians call it the Evil Spirit's Favorite Way. Not that the owner would object to your using it—in fact, nothing could please him better—but it's the worst ever."

"It looks mild," she demurred.

"Devilish things usually do. You haven't begun it yet. For a ten—" Something prompted him to shift from "tenderfoot." "For a stranger that isn't used—"

"But I've ridden a great deal."

"Good Lord!" the young man groaned. "In Central Park, I suppose. Or a riding-academy. But there are places below where you'll have to leave your saddle if it doesn't leave you, and you need feet like a mountain-cat's." Involuntarily he glanced at Lucia's, and her renewed youth rose again and was glad—this time because of her tan outing boots, which were smartly new and of Fifth Avenue lineage.

"And it's as treacherous as the owner himself," his warning went on. "Branches and weeds covering holes like traps, as if they'd been spread on purpose."

"Camouflage," she observed; but the word passed, seeming to bear no meaning to him.

"I couldn't join the regular trail party," she explained, to justify her rashness. "There were fourteen elderly ladies all clutching their steeds and screaming in chorus. And a pallid little clergyman topped by a saucy sombrero and pretending a jaunty spirit, while all the time he was lavender with terror."

The young man shook with laughter at familiar things recognized.

"And the guide was saying to the stoutest and scarest old lady, 'I had to give you that mule Supai, though he does seem perticklerly pleasin' to rattle-snakes. They jus' make fur him if they see him comin'. An' he slipped on the Corkscrew awhile back. Quite a fall the lady ridin' him had, too, though her husband did manage to identify the remains.'" She tipped up her chin to laugh deliciously in reminiscence.

The young man reveled in her mimicry. "Jim's told that story the last twenty years, I reckon. *Some* tale, all right."

"Then blood-curdling screams arose from every throat," she continued, "and I said to myself: 'I could just as well join a tittering, squealing party to enter eternity. Whether it's heaven or hell, you've got to meet it by yourself.'" And her glance swept out with almost a

challenge toward the satanic fire mountains.

The young man was silent, and his eyes seemed to be searching hers, as if almost finding, and wondering if something could be true, and demanding to know if it could be true. But as she made a move to start he sprang forward and halted the animal with a brusque hand, and his face became a grim wall in her path.

"I've got to stop you—somehow!" he declared. "Even old climbers take a chance on this trail. We geologist duffers learn to get around like Indians," he offered, as if excusing his own agility, "but a stranger might as well jump off in the beginning and be done with it. You don't realize what you're doing!"

He had worked himself into a passion of protest; but Lucia gazed at him now from a mystical remoteness. Her eyes wandered out over the open-armed gorge. Only one unalarmed bird floating above the infernal gulf appeared alive. Her glance returned to the young man, and a sudden intensity in it hushed his protest.

"Did you ever," she asked him, "feel that you were living a charmed day? A day when you were being shoved into doing all sorts of mad things, and you couldn't help it? And you weren't quite sure you wanted to help it?"

His hands dropped from the bridle, limp and futile. He shook his head with a gesture that said, helplessly, "It's no use." Then again his eyes fell to boring into hers, seeming to demand, to claim the right to know whether something could be true. But again he made that limp gesture of futility.

"When it's like *that*," he said, "nobody on earth could stop you. I *know*." And without so much as a "Good morning" he departed.

As Lucia rode on she heard him breaking his way back into the pathless brush; gradually the noise diminished, vanished. And yet her consciousness of him did not vanish. Curiously, it accompanied her, like the consciousness of some one we have long known, whose personality is interwoven with our lives. It differed entirely from the tingling interest in a new acquaintance; that stands out in the mental foreground,



FLAGS WERE FLUNG OUT. BELOW WERE LOVERS
STROLLING AND CLINGING, AND SOLDIERS MARCHING

while this seemed part of a constant background.

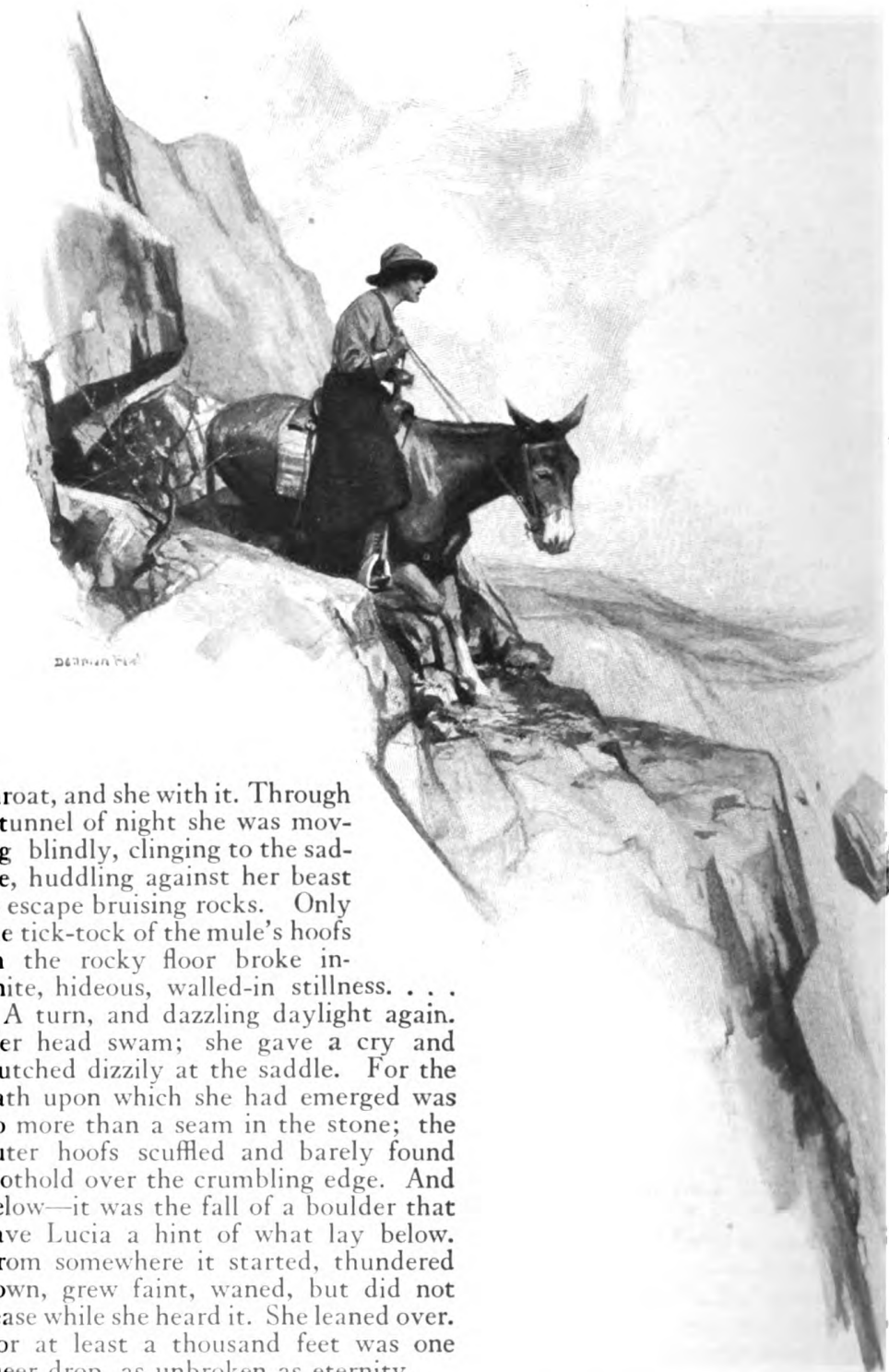
"How sternly he would tell me to look out for that narrow ledge," occurred to her as naturally as if all her days he had been guarding her. Again, "That face in the rock has a nose and chin exactly like his," as if no nose and chin were better known. And, "As he would say, 'That's *some* drop ahead, all right,'" as if she had been used to his forceful brevity for a lifetime. And it never occurred to her that all this was remarkable; apparently it was as natural for her

thought to carry the young man along as for a current to bear a familiar ship in its own course.

And then—of a sudden the sinister hole realized that she was coming, and it fell to gloating and licking its bloody chops. The trail dived.

Although Piñon's attitude resembled that of a fly descending a wall, Lucia held on, and even essayed to laugh.

She was getting used to this, after ten minutes or so, when her breath was all at once swept away, for the trail was gulped by a great blackness like a



throat, and she with it. Through a tunnel of night she was moving blindly, clinging to the saddle, huddling against her beast to escape bruising rocks. Only the tick-tock of the mule's hoofs on the rocky floor broke infinite, hideous, walled-in stillness. . . .

A turn, and dazzling daylight again. Her head swam; she gave a cry and clutched dizzily at the saddle. For the path upon which she had emerged was no more than a seam in the stone; the outer hoofs scuffed and barely found foothold over the crumbling edge. And below—it was the fall of a boulder that gave Lucia a hint of what lay below. From somewhere it started, thundered down, grew faint, waned, but did not cease while she heard it. She leaned over. For at least a thousand feet was one sheer drop, as unbroken as eternity.

"Even a boulder traveling," murmured Lucia, "is—is sort of—sociable."

But she was far down the cañon's wall, and the trail was temporarily mild, when Piñon saw his way to freedom. For all his perfidy, he evidently had scruples

SHE LEANED OVER. FOR AT LEAST A THOUSAND FEET WAS ONE SHEER DROP

when it came to depositing a lady over a thousand-foot precipice. He chose a

gentle terrace and a nest of bushes to receive her. Having arranged matters to his satisfaction, he calmly retraced his steps home.

Not until the heavy purples of late afternoon were flung between fire mountains did Lucia sit down opposite the eon-old inferno and face grim facts.

She was lost.

Somehow the trail had disappeared along with Piñon, and for hours she had pushed hither and thither, the result being utter confusion. She had stumbled over boulders, had torn her way through exotic thorny weeds which retaliated by tearing in their turn. She was bruised and scratched and exhausted, and whichever way she turned the red gorge grinned. For minutes her face sank into her hands.

But with a sharp shake of body and soul she rose again. Of a sudden temples blazed with the altar flames of sunset. She bowed in worship.

"And now," she said—and it rang valiant—"if it takes all night I'll find my way back to Lost-Lady Trail!"

Life meets courage half-way. It was then, when she declared herself for the battle once more, that a fine, curly line of smoke rose to greet her eye. At the sight of that little spiral of smoke, like a hand stretched out, she shouted with a voice not to be ignored even in the biggest hole in the world:

"Help! He-el-elp!" She added, with a little laugh, "I'm looking for Lost-Lady Trail!"

"Lost-Lady Trai-ai-ail!" sang back the echo. Again and again she called. At last came the crashing of boughs. The pine tangle broke open.

"So it *is* you," she said, as if the fact did not surprise, but immeasurably reassured her.

"Of course," the brown young man replied. "I was with you all the way till the mix-up began."

"I thought you left the trail." Subterfuge was not for Lucia.

"I held back. I saw you weren't going to stand for anybody's going with you, and I kept off so you wouldn't be bothered by feeling yourself followed. I took cut-offs when I could. I could tell that you kept your seat down the perpendicular, because the sound of the mule's

steps never changed, and if he'd lost his load he'd have quickened a trifle, not having to hold back so hard. I hated to give you up to the tunnel, but I knew I could tell if you came through all right and didn't get scraped off in transit, by listening for you to say 'Oh!' when you came out on the ledge."

"Oh, I didn't—did I? Like all those foolish old ladies!"

"You couldn't have helped it that once," he defended her. "When you come out of blackness and find yourself hanging on to that edge it's like a sleep-walker on a steep roof who's suddenly waked up."

"It must be frightfully sheer. A boulder happened to fall, and I heard it keep on and on—"

"Yes. It took quite a kick to dislodge it," he observed, glancing at his boot-toe. "I thought it might give you a sort of hint there was somebody around—"

"Oh," said Lucia.

"But a while after that—quite a long while—the mix-up began. I lost sound of the mule's steps, and I waited and listened. At last I got a hunch that something was wrong, so I set out to hunt you. I've been hunting ever since."

"I was wandering at random."

"Now if you'd only been the kind that screams—"

"If I had," she murmured, gazing out rather wistfully over the terrible sunset splendors, "then I'd have been found, and missed *this*."

His eyes followed where hers led. "I'd have played fair," he answered her thoughts. "I knew you had to have your day. I'd have given you the choice of being found or lost."

"That's it. If I'd had the choice—I'd have had to go back."

"Parole?" he said.

"Parole," said she. "And overdrawn already when I met you. By now—I!" She lifted her hands at the awfulness of "now."

"Don't." He rebuked her gesture in a voice that seemed to be keeping back things it didn't say. "It had to be. But," he went on, briskly, after a minute, resuming his manner of practical competence, "it's time to find out what sort of shape you're in, anyway?" And

his eyes traveled with solicitude over her once trim, now pitiful, garb, her pale face, her weary posture.

"I'm *perfectly* all right," she assured him, steadying herself where she stood, by a rock. "And now I must be off. If you'll be so kind as to start me, I can find my way nicely — up Lost - Lady Trail. You see I've taken it over from the former owner."

"Glad to see him ousted. But your way first lies to Lone-Gentleman Camp, where supper will be served in twenty minutes. You see," he explained, "when I saw you were going to have your day, and all the powers of earth couldn't stop you, I knew I couldn't do anything but try to hang around within earshot, be ready to pick you up when the end came, and have the supper hot."

"You've been wonderful," she told him, "but I dare not lose a minute. Aunt Aurelia—" At this moment exhaustion and fasting suddenly and overwhelmingly claimed their rights and she collapsed into a pair of firm, ready arms.

"So it's an aunt, is it? Anybody might know she'd be named Aurelia!" the young man ground between his teeth, though unheard.

Lucia lay in the arms helplessly, and at last opened her brown eyes to look into a pair of light-gray ones that contrasted oddly with the tanned leather of the face. She thought vaguely that she had never seen eyes that smiled so gravely and pitied so merrily. Without a word the young man set out to carry her; he made no more of her weight than if she had been a rolled blanket, and within his tent he laid her down.

Lying under a rare old Navajo blanket, she watched through the tent's opening as he stirred his fire outside and put the finishing touches to his stew. From a crimson garland festooned above her he snipped a chilli pepper. Tortillas, goldy-cream tinged with brown, like the tops of giant mushrooms, stood waiting.

How wonderful it was, she thought, the way he had hovered at a distance all day, like a guardian angel in khaki! It was firm and tender and authoritative and deferential and not intrusive or officious, but fine and cherishing. . . . And as she lay watching, the queer sense that she had always known him, that he

was an inherent part of her consciousness, deepened; and to it was added a more specific sense, that the young man was somehow bound up in her day. But Lucia did not know that she thought all this.

The firelight flickered, the keen savor of things hot, spicy, delicious, met the sharp approaching chill of the night air, stab for stab. From some mysterious source the young man brought a pail of sparkling cold water.

"Supper!" he sang.

In a very short time they contrived to gather from each other all the facts that are so significant and insignificant both at once. He knew that she was Lucia Kane, and all about the busy (she insisted, too, "happy") round of service that filled her days. She knew that he was John Condron, and that the scientist's and explorer's passion had made his home the wilderness ever since a Western university had turned him out, carelessly enough polished, she saw, but tempered like fine metal.

It had been his obsession, this pursuit that still led him on. The Southwest, he believed, had never yet yielded up to science its deepest secret. For years he had cherished certain theories, and, once prove them, the riddle of untold ages would be solved for all time to come. A lifetime was a mere nothing—he offered it, and gladly; one day his reports were to be the final word on this whole vast miracle-land. He had lived on solitary mountain - sides, in deserts, in cañons. With his puny human tools he had pecked secrets from the old stone breast of Nature herself. But the great secret still eluded.

"I expect it seems queer to you that I haven't dropped in on any place more civilized than an Indian village, or some little Mexican or Mormon colony, for three years—and it may be another three before I do. But I haven't got anybody to go to see—there isn't even any mail coming to me." He was quite unconscious of the touch of wistfulness. "I've been on my own ever since I was a kid, and I sort of forget there are folks. You're the only white person I've seen since last summer, and the nearest I've been to civilization lately was where you met



SHE WATCHED THROUGH THE TENT'S OPENING AS HE STIRRED HIS FIRE OUTSIDE

me to-day, toward the top. I had a notion I'd take a look at the world, since I happened to be camping so near for a day or two, but I wasn't sorry to turn back, and in the morning, I suppose—” He broke off, and his eyes seemed questioning hers. “I had planned,” he said, “that in the morning I'd go back—into the desert.”

“Tell me,” she said to him, “how you knew that—that I had to be *let go*.”

“Because I've had it myself. And I knew the look of it when I saw it in you. Most people never get it. Either they're deliberately lawless or they're always clods. But it's different—when Something Else gets inside you and does it. Most people aren't capable of feeling that thing—that Something Else. But when I saw—well, that was one way I

knew that you were you,” he explained, quite naturally.

“It happened to me once when I'd been in a Mexican prison for months—some snipers took me while I was geologizing near the border and I'd been kept on about the amount of nutrition required by the normal kitten. Then all of a sudden Something said to me, ‘Cut and run!’ My brain knew it was nine-ninety-nine to one I'd be shot down, but I had to go.

“Queer how some little thing pretends to be what starts you. I'd been dreaming every night that I'd just got the big secret—I always seemed to have hold of it, like a globe, in my hand, and then some Mexican would come along and knock it, and it would roll out of reach. I'd wake in a cold sweat, trying to chase

it. Then this day I heard a bird—a big chap that taps on a tree like nailing down carpets—and the noise started me thinking of my hammer till I was clean loco. So I laid out the guard in a graceful reclining posture and beat it. And I wound up by sitting fanning myself with

icans 'll ever get. We're a peaceful lot," he replied, carelessly. "By the way, is that mess over in Europe cleaned up by this time?"

And upon that Lucia sat up straight and stared at the man, and continued to stare, while he stared in return, and still

she could not grasp it. He didn't *know*. She had read of such cases—sailors in from long voyages, travelers from the frozen north, but her mind failed to adjust itself to meeting any one, a living human being, who didn't *know*.

"You didn't know—that we're *in it*?"

He was dumb in his turn. He found her as incredible as she found him.

"Why, but—" he stammered at length—"but that—that couldn't happen. I knew that would never happen. That—why, that mess belonged to Europe! It wasn't our scrap!"

"It is our scrap," she said. And then she told him why. From a ship that had cried aloud and flung up its white arms like a woman assaulted, to a world's democracy threatened, she told him the whole of it—how volunteers were pouring into recruiting stations; how

flags were shouting all the way across the United States. They sat, two atoms in the biggest hole in the world, which has gaped on while nations and eons were having their little flings and departing, and she told him what the war meant.

She grew to realize how it was with him. For almost a year he had seen only Indians, who brought no news whatever; and before that the small Western newspapers he had picked up now and then were treating the war in as detached a manner as the Balkan War of earlier



SHE SAW HIM STANDING ON A ROCK LIKE A GIANT BRONZE

a leaf in a nice little hidden cave while the whole bunch of Mexicans that followed me went whooping and shooting past my door.

"I sort of think," he concluded, thoughtfully, "that when that Thing makes you do it, in spite of your calculations, it turns out to be the best guess every time."

She mused. "Such a life must be almost as thrilling as war," she said, after a while.

"About the nearest to war we Amer-

years. It simply had never got *into* him, she saw. She set to work to see that it got into him now.

When she was done he sat for a long silence, watching the fire die out, his hands hanging loose between his knees. And when he rose at last: "Well," he inquired, "you still stick to your resolution to climb? You won't let me go to the top for a horse?"

She wouldn't.

"Then it's time, if we're going to make it this evening," he stated, and proceeded to pull down the tent and roll it into a bundle. "My Indian always carries my things," he explained. "He'll pick these up in the morning."

And so they started. Not a comment from him, not a question concerning the story she had told him—the greatest story in the world. And to-morrow—she pictured him moving on into the deeper wilderness, pursuing that obsession of a secret that had lain comfortably buried through the ages.

Something was slipping away from Lucia—it slipped faster and faster—it was gone. It was her sense of having always known this man.

Just as they struck the trail he went back for some trifle, and, turning, she saw him standing on a rock where the camp had been. He had swept off his hat, and, like a giant bronze, he stood facing out toward the chasm and the weird moonlighted temples. He made a curious gesture; a moment later he had rejoined her and the ascent began.

At times it seemed only a confusion of pain and struggle—like a battle to the soldier, a mere mass of hideous impressions. There was the sensation of lungs about to cease breathing, of a strained pulse beating like a drum. There was the terror of precipices, sheer as upright blades in the moonlight. But always something intervened before disaster.

"Here's a rock to sit on," he would say, "and you can have a very little water. Careful, there!"

Or, "That isn't so steep as it looks, and you can't fall, anyhow," and a long brown arm would cut off the abyss.

Oh, he was kind and strong and cherishing—but he was a stranger now. With every minute the gulf between them deepened. When they rested and she

gasped for breath, he talked to her; he talked of the great Southwest.

Earlier, she had been enthralled by his tales of its mysteries; but later the gulf had opened, and now it stretched boundlessly. On opposite sides of it they trudged the long miles that bore them from the trail's top to the hotel settlement.

They paused for a last moment above the spectral gorge. In the moonlight, fire-mountains had become mist-shrouded ghosts, their opal garments shifting, swaying.

"How stupid and futile I feel trying to thank you for all you have done!" she began, conventionally. It was that gulf that made it so impossible to thank him in any other way.

"Will—will you take them?" He was fumbling in a pocket. "I happened to have them, among some Indian things." He brought forth a pair of moccasins, wrought marvelously with beads of crimson and turquoise and yellow and green and purple. "The Indians have a saying that if one gives shoes to another, those two shall tread again their path together. So I thought—of Lost-Lady Trail."

She took them. "They are beautiful," she said, "and so is the tradition." Her voice hesitated; it was the voice of one groping, as if she wanted to find some bridge across that gulf, and failed. And the gulf kept widening on, deepening on. "To-morrow," she mused, "you'll be back in the world where these moccasins came from, I suppose." And then, then only, when he met her words with that utter astonishment, did the gulf suddenly pause in its widening.

"To-morrow?" he said. And again, "*To-morrow?* You didn't suppose—" he demanded. "Good Lord! *you didn't suppose—?*" Even before he finished she seemed to feel it. It was as if the sides of the gulf began to move toward each other, narrowing. "You didn't suppose I was going to peck my life out among quartzites and limestones and taluses that have made out without me for several centuries, while that job's waiting for me over there?"

And the sides of the gulf rushed together—they met—there was no longer any space. Lucia was flooded again with

the sense that she had always known him, and it seemed to reach both ways—as if she always should know him, too, whatever the material future might hold. And now he asked an astonishing question; not until long after did she see how astonishing it was, in all that it took for granted:

"For of course," was the way he put it to her—"of course you *give me*?"

She reached both hands to his. "I give you," she said. "It's what every real woman wants to do."

There was no more surprise at that verb "give," implying, as it did, the verb "possess," than if they had both been cognizant beforehand of the ingenious scheme of the gods to grant all of Lucia's wish in one uncaged day.

"It all came on so fast I couldn't talk about it—it kept me busy enough thinking and acting, I reckon," he explained. The wordless, deedful West was dawning on her. "First, finding you after twenty-eight years and wondering how you felt about it—whether it was to be all work again, same as before, or whether I was to—see you—sometimes, too. And then on top of it all, hearing about *that*, over there, and seeing that it meant to give up you and the work both. . . . I said good-bye to the cañon down there. And now—my Indian's up here, and I'm going to give him instructions to turn over my papers and things to a professor I used to know, and I can get a train before daybreak if I ride into town. That job in France won't wait."

Aunt Aurelia was shrill. "I've been worried to death. I rang seven times before I could get a bell-boy. The chambermaid had to bring me both meals; they're short of servants. The soup was tepid. She forgot the hot milk. And she let that yellow cat in when she opened the door, and it sat there, in the center of that rug"—Aunt Aurelia indicated the exact spot with precision—"and stared at me. You know a cat always gives me a nerve shock; it started the neuralgia in my left jaw again."

A fog of querulousness seemed closing in around Lucia—as if she had passed

abruptly from the crystal atmosphere of heights into some murky valley. And yet—had the valley's density clouded all vision?

"I'll be back as soon as I've taken off my hat and sweater," she said, wearily. That is, her body and brain spoke wearily. But something that was neither body nor brain seemed gazing forth, serene and unwearied, from those heights of clear-seeing—as if holding miraculously aloof, in that high visibility level which is of the spirit alone.

"Don't stop to do anything else, because it's so frightfully late and I can't possibly go to sleep till you've read. Oh, but I shall pay for this to-morrow, if not for a week!" With melancholy compassion Aunt Aurelia nursed her left jaw, that innocent victim of the yellow cat's *Schrecklichkeit*.

Lucia returned promptly. She moved in a curious, still way, as if she were somehow not there at all, as if a sort of shell, something that had once contained her, were walking into her aunt's room, adjusting the drop-light and screen, taking up the book. Even Aunt Aurelia seemed to sense a puzzling mood which for the moment caused her to forget her own absorptions.

"What *have* you been doing all these hours, anyway?" she demanded.

"I think," replied Lucia, not so much to her aunt, it seemed, as to certain shadowy distances that gloomed and lured far out beyond the ever-closed window—"I think—since I went away—I've been born—and lived my life—"

Her aunt stared. Failing to make anything out of this, she responded, "Humph!" and returned to the commiseration of her afflicted member. "Clarice had just refused the count," she reminded her niece. "You must have left the book-mark in the place."

Lucia's eyes slowly traveled back from the shadowy distances and arrived at the volume in her hand. She seated herself beside the lamp. The pages rippled under her thumb and settled at last in readiness.

"Yes," she said, "the book-mark is—in the place."

The Laocoon of the Shoe-Lacings

BY ROBERT P. UTTER



NEWSPAPER item reports the suicide of a man who declared that he was tired of everlastingly lacing his shoes and then unlacing them again. Petty enough the act appears in the grist of the day's news, but the report of it (be it fact or fiction) lingers in the mind till against a larger background of time it begins to take on significance, even to find a place beside immortal acts of legend and familiar attitudes of art. Here was a man who found the master knot of his fate in his shoe-lacings. Was he a fool or a hero? Alexander has fame for an act which as a symbol might have much the same significance, a resolute blow of the sword through the Gordian knot, which disposes of the difficulty without solving the problem. For himself the suicide has dismissed routine with a suave gesture and with superb finality, but he leaves mankind in the attitude of the Laocoon, agonizingly entangled in shoe-lacings, the serpent routine, huge, insensate, unrelaxing. In its grip man writhes forever, hopeless of escape. To this group the suicide waves a jaunty farewell,—“The best of luck to you,” he says. “I’m out of it, anyway!”

Whatever our scorn for him, we must admit that he voices unmistakably the eternal human protest against routine; that it is really only in the suavity of his gesture and the supreme finality of the rejection that he goes beyond the rest of us. The feeling that commanded his act is nearly the most universal of human impulses. We all rebel bitterly in the days when heaven lies about us, and the later shades of the prison-house are nothing more than the creeping paralysis of hopeless submission. Only those of us who have trodden the mill so long that we are almost irreclaimably subdued to what we work in prefer, in such times as these when we have the

choice, counters and ledgers to trenches and barbed wire. The lad who with a whoop of joy flings behind him his columns of figures, or vaults the counter in his eagerness to rush into poison gas and machine-gun fire, though his gesture is one of bravura rather than suavity, is that of Alan Breck rather than of Beau Brummel, makes his rejection of routine no whit less final than does the hero of the newspaper item. And he is not the one in a million who makes the newspaper paragraph, he is one of the five million who make the National Army.

War which cuts down our supplies of wheat and sugar gives us what we demand no less insistently, food for the imagination and the emotions. The struggle for bread is not more close and deadly than is the struggle for emotional experience; we must have it at any cost, even of the bodily life itself. Pity and terror are the medicine and surgery of the spirit; often we hover about them in dread, and would have their benefits without full experience. Each in his own way seeks these benefits where his nature finds them, in art, in drink, in wandering, in society, in love, in dreams. We follow with Lear over heights we could never walk alone, or with Tschaiowsky through unsounded depths, and feel as if we had buffeted the thunder with our own wings. We trace five reels of emotional life flickering vividly across a white sheet, and are as complacent afterward in our hall bedrooms as if each man of us had descended in whirl of dust and crackle of six-shooters and left Canobie Lea or Poker Flat racing and chasing like an ant-hill. Shivering on the brink of his emotional exercise is the farmer who says he is going to town to get drunk, “and gosh, how I do dread it!” Like him in aversion toward what he craves, is Kipling’s wanderer who is driven to admire and see. “It never done no good to me,” he complains, “but I can’t drop it if I tried.” Like him

again is the devotee of society driven by some unremitting force through endless receptions, dinners, and dances which no one enjoys. Even the vague, causeless emotion of the night's dream we cherish through the length of the colorless day. On the same endless quest we pursue love, and "take our fun where we find it," regardless of the fact that "the end of it's sitting and thinking, and dreaming hell fires to be." For all these we pay varying amounts of our bodily life, depleting our forces of will and of body, perhaps even to their complete extinction, paying in terms of life for the privilege of living.

High as the price is, who would grudge it if what he bought were genuine? Bitterness enters into the rebellion when a man finds that he is not engaged in straightforward commerce, but in paying blackmail to routine. When we come to cast up our accounts, we find that if our romance was pure, it was illusory; if it was real, it was contaminated. Like the "kinds of evidence" in the logic-book, we may classify it according to the amount of experience it involves—full experience, partial, or none whatever. From the mimic tragedy or the symphony concert we get emotional exercise, inflation of spirit. Without having been through anything, we feel that we are better men for what we have been through. But then comes the day of routine—columns of figures by no means fit for a god to add, yards of cotton revolting to the fingers of the hero, and by the inevitability of the reaction we recognize the debauchery of the emotions. The immunity we have bought is an illusion, but the price is real; we have had real emotion, but only through vicarious experience. We have kindled the fires of heroic achievement, and then left the steam to rust the engine. And to say that "Lear," the "Symphonie Pathétique," the movies, as emotional stimulants are debilitating when taken in excess because they afford no expression in action of the motor impulses they arouse, is in no sense a disparagement of art, but merely a comment on its misuse that would apply equally well to most of the good things of life. As for drink, it has as much as this in common with art, that

both are least dangerous to their most active participants. He who composes a symphony, or even plays an instrument in the orchestra, expresses his emotions more actively than does the mere listener. He who in his cups resists arrest and destroys property braces his will little enough, but at least more than he who in solitude "gets sloppy drunk on sherry wine." The worst danger lies, as Falstaff has it, "not in drink only, but in tears also." Emotion without experience is the only unadulterated article. It is pure, but destructive, and its ultimate value is about the same as that of anything else that comes without experience.

Love confronts with routine the man who takes it on for a steady job; only in flashes can it be conducted as a work of art. The artist and the scientist are alike in that to each the starting-point is the intuition, a sort of emotional conviction of truth. The contrast lies in their treatment of it. The artist seeks to preserve it as it is, to cling to it; to the scientist it is the merest point of departure, and he may spend the rest of his life in seeking by fact and evidence to turn it into an intellectual conviction. The lover for just so long as his phantom of delight gleams upon his sight as a phantom is in a pure realm of imagination and romance. If he rejects her when she turns to a woman, even though perfect and nobly planned, and, refusing to establish her as the very pulse of the machine, seeks another gleaming phantom, he is the artist trying to keep his romance unadulterated. But where shall we find record of success in the attempt? Not even Keats imagined that he could lie pillowed upon his fair love's ripening breast "and so live ever"; either he must "swoon to death" or bestir himself to provide his fair love with bread and butter.

There remain, then, the two supreme adventures, suicide and war. We do not know what the suicide encounters when he so jauntily o'erleaps the wall that has no gate opening toward us, but we have the word of the beginning soldier that the first thing he encounters in his brave search for romance is trebly intensified routine. "Routine is my middle name," he writes, and pronounces stately and

sulphurous curses on the day he was christened. He is ready for any ordinary dragon with from seven to nine heads, but here is one with nine fresh heads a day for every day of the soldier's life. Even of the "high adventure" of aviation, a "poet of the air" writes:

I have no time to let my imagination wander, or my poetry murmur its symphony, or my fantastic dreams to weave their fanciful spiderwebs—none of that. It would be deadly poison to me, for in my new game I must cultivate a cold indifference to danger and a cold determination to conquer. Were I to let my imagination or my artistic feelings loose for one second, up in the air, I should be lost.

Does he belie his words, then, when a moment later he says:

You think it is void of art? My boy, it is the Art—the living Art—not the dream of a poem, but the realization of it—the standing statue, the breathing masterpiece.

By no means. He merely proclaims the value of experience as the stiffening, bracing fiber of art. It is to art what the guy-wires are to the aeroplane; without it the artist cannot fly, but must swoon, or fall, to death. But where there is experience there is practical detail. No action that is real can be pure romance. If a man goes into action as a play-actor it is only as an actor he will succeed. He cannot play football with his eye on the grand stand; he cannot succeed in life if life is unreal to him, if he goes through it "swaggering like the hero of a penny novelette."

Romance and detail!—the everlasting seesaw—one down and the other up; no possibility of perfection even in balance, for with neither dear charmer could one be completely happy unless the other were away. And when one is away the other perishes. Whether the soul for which Tennyson built the "Palace of Art" be that of the artist or that of an ordinary mortal, the allegory is a sound one; the soul fed upon pure romance, upon beauty without life, turns morbidly at last to feed upon itself. Romance without life is insupportable, and life is detail, routine, the everlasting lacing of shoes and unlacing them again. Moonlight, and the haze of spring or autumn, by what sovereign alchemy do they transmute life's most leaden scenes

into the purest romance? By hiding and softening detail? Yes, but not by eradicating it; if it were utterly gone we should not have a hint of the sense of fact, a modicum of which we must have to accept beauty. Corot does not show us the shapeless mist with naught behind it; he gives us to understand that the trees are sturdily there. The very deception of the moonlight is the brilliance that makes us believe we see every detail, though not one is recorded in the memory to tell of afterward. Nor of our most impressive dream have we anything to tell but emotion which refuses to be told. The emotion of the dream is so sharp that we cannot believe that the imagery is not so, too, till the attempt to put it in words shows it to be vaguer than moonlight. But the sense of detail is there so strongly that with the emotion it makes an experience realer than life. So in affairs we call the idealist a dreamer who in the stress of his vision loses his grip on the practical detail by which alone it can be realized. Scarcely more effective is the practical man who in the mass of detail through which he moves familiarly loses, or fails to find, the vision. It was Matthew Arnold who called Shelley "a beautiful but ineffectual angel, beating in the luminous void his wings in vain." If Shelley could have retorted from his void, he might as justly have called Arnold a wavering glow-worm, lost in the labyrinths of the grass. Which shall we say was void, which ineffectual, Arnold with his feet clogged in a nightmare of detail, straining his eyes toward the gleaming heights, or Shelley with strong wings to soar near their summits and leave his fellow-mortals behind? Arnold with his wan hope that

Tasks in hours of insight willed
May be through hours of gloom fulfilled,

or Shelley who flew straight to the heart of his vision's incandescence on the sheer lifting power of his will? We need not choose; the vision was the same to both, and who shall say which served it better? The problem was the same; the conquest of detail in the service of the vision, the synthesis of routine and romance, the ideal and the actual—the very consecration and the poet's dream

of all time. Shelley exorcised the routine—"Get thee behind me!" and immediately there is no shadow across his sun. Arnold sadly girded his loins and smote it hip and thigh. Here are the two recognized methods of dealing with it, and Arnold himself places them side by side. "Madman or slave," he asks, "must man be one?" Shall a man be a slave to his shoe-lacings, or a madman and cut their Gordian entanglements by a bullet through his brain?

That depends on why he laces or unlaces his shoes. Obvious as the answer is to the academic question, there are few enough of us who apply the principle to life. A man might conceivably lace his shoes with loving care with some specific and zestful activity in view. Nay, the routine would take on the air of consecration if he knew his feet were to be beautiful upon the mountains, bringers of good tidings. There is romance in detail when one is creating. No detail is too petty for the painstaking of artist or craftsman, nor does it matter what he is creating, much of the joy of it comes in such puttering. Gardeners tell us of the primitive delight of delving in black soil with the fresh, moist odor of it in the nostrils. It is the pure joy of creating—the soil would be unendurable dirt were it not for the vision of the garden and the miracle of its creation, a godlike power which the gardener feels. And godlike is the satisfaction of any creative spirit who looks upon his work and sees that it is very good. The first chapter of Genesis is the very romance of creation, instantaneous, upspringing as in a fairy-tale at the mere word. It omits all the detail of which we have since learned a little, geologic ages of fusion, crystallization, grinding, sifting, depositing, pressure and smelting for the making of earth, rock, and soil; eons of evolution of the forms of life; infinity of detail, unending vista of routine beyond the power of our minds to conceive; so machine-like that an unimaginative minority of mankind see the whole process as mechanistic, but to most of us creative joy in every least detail is our fundamental, our very first concept of it. Ourselves created in such an image feel it in every repeated detail of our own creations. Let it be no more

than an onion-patch that a man must weed patiently up and down the rows hour by hour, day after day; it his *his* onion-patch and he made it, and he foretastes the knowledge that it will be good. There is inspiration in the very routine of it, as surely as in the many practical details that go to the creation of a symphony.

True, mere detail is not routine; the point is, neither is repeated detail unless one takes into account the purpose and manner of the repetition. Routine is detail repeated without end; even if there is no end, in the sense of terminus, an object in view provided it be creative will save us from routine. Here is for many the difficulty with army routine; the immediate end to which it unwaveringly points is one which men normally hate, and it is kept so insistently before the soldier's eye that he cannot see the ideal beyond. Even if the ideal stands clear to his mind, it is often not his own, but one thrust upon him, and he cannot always serve spontaneously and with love the ideal of another. You may do service for your own child so menial that to do it for another's would be unthinkable, and the child makes you love the service and the service makes you love the child. The dreary, thrice-daily routine of dish-washing may be illuminated as a creative act by the feeling that it is part of the loving ministry that goes to the making of a home. College teachers of English like to call themselves "section hands" and talk of the insupportable routine of theme-reading. In general, we take it about as seriously as it is meant; it is always the sailor's privilege to curse the ship he happens to be sailing on. If it were nothing but theme-reading, the routine would be insupportable and any man were well out of it. So it always appears to the instructor when in the autumn the first bundles of themes appear on his desk. He knows so well what they contain, all the categories of vulgar errors, amorphous sentences in unformed handwriting. Can he possibly go through it again—and again—and yet again? But in another month each sheaf of themes represents to him a group of men that he knows, men with youth in their eyes, alive to so many things besides split infinitives and dan-

gling participles. For each one of them there is so much that he wants to do; in each there is something—little enough, but something—that he can create; and thereafter no more of routine in theme-reading. Even the craftsman engaged in the mechanical repetition of a single process may conceivably find inspiration in consciousness of the part he plays in a grander whole. For examples the mind turns at once to the past, where we always turn to find romance, to days of hand labor and pride of craftsmanship. But to-day, when whole nations are unified by ideals, we read daily of workers in munition factories, old hands and new, sustained through the hardest, most mechanical toil by ideals of freedom, often less for themselves than for others. "Operating a lathe," says one, "is more fascinating and interesting to me than keeping house, or bringing up children, or going to parties, or anything else in the world; . . . I am a blissfully happy woman."

This spirit, whenever and wherever we find it, is romance, and in this respect it is like love—it need not shun sordid details, for it takes away their sordidness. The secret of its magic forever eludes us, but one of its effects we know. A sure test for romance in art is the fact that it makes you wish to go through the experience it presents, even though the experience be in actuality most undesirable. *Robinson Crusoe* is the purest romance in spite of its flaunting disguise of practical detail. Does any human being read it for the first (or for the fiftieth) time without yearning for a desert island of his own? Detail is there, routine is there, and in the emotional sense it is real enough, but it is not actual. Authentic records of castaways on desert islands (there are not many of them) have a very different effect on the reader. They are ghastly accounts of lingering misery and death, which, so far from luring the fancy to share the experience, cause us to shudder and thank God we are spared it. Romance in art shows us the features of delight in experience that is not actual to us, but emotionally that experience is the realest of the real; truth it is according to all the verities of life, but it is not fact.

So in life our romance, the inspiration that takes from routine its sting and its victory over the spirit, does not rob it of its reality. We escape from routine by imagination, but not by imagining a vain thing. The mere dreamer may in a sense escape, but his escape is too much like that of the suicide. The truth of fiction and of life is emotional truth; the actuality of routine is suspense of emotion, boredom. Imagination feeds the emotions; that of the dreamer offers fairy food sweet to the sense, but ashes to the spirit; the imagination that holds before us the true vision feeds the spirit sustainingly. It does not take us away from routine, but guides us straight through it with a steady light that does not transform, does not hide, but consecrates. It shows us the repeated details marching steadily to the far-seen goodness and completeness of the work. It shows us truth; and if there is no far-seen end, no hope of goodness or completion in it, it shows us the fact pitilessly. One glimmer of this light touched the suicide of the shoe-lacings, and it almost makes him heroic, even though it was not enough to show him the need of finding a purpose for his aimless activity. Where routine is at its worst, when a man's work is ceaselessly handling the details of some one else's vision, a gleam of imagination will tell him that his escape lies in following a vision of his own; its full light would reveal the vision itself and the road to it. It need not be the artist's vision, nor lie beyond the sunset and the paths of all the western stars. The vision of the humblest craftsman is quite enough, so that he hold to it and feel at every step that it is his own and that it is good. It need not be flawless, but it must come of flawless effort. It is indeed an inferior mortal who cannot find flaws in the world and its creatures, but God looked upon it, and, behold, it was very good. A poor thing, only an onion-patch perhaps, but better its routine for you than the details of another man's symphony so long as it is your own. And the more a man reflects on the subject, the more he wonders whether those who complain of routine as soul-killing have any souls above routine.

The White Horse

BY ARMISTEAD C. GORDON



THE atmosphere of the place was one of perfect peace. It breathed in the balsam of the ragged pines upon the mountain-tops and shimmered in the summer sunshine above the slab palings that fenced in the little gardens about the tumble-down log cabins. It brooded over the deep silence of Loup Valley, and lay upon the unstirred corn in Armand Bristow's low grounds. It slumbered in the faint ripples of shadows that the oak-tree flung upon the broken tombstone beneath which the Seigneur Henri Beauxarty had lain dead for more than a century.

Old man Bozart, known to the irreverent mountaineers as "the Count," sat in the coolness of the August evening in a splint-bottomed armchair on what had once been the terrace of the little stone château that the seigneur had built when he brought his colonists out of Touraine into the Alleghany Mountains the year that the king was killed.

The jar-flies that had been audible in the hot August noon had ceased their strident noise. Far down the creek a cow-bell rang with faint assonance, as the animal that wore it moved leisurely among the elder-bushes. Overhead a crow flapped slowly across the valley.

"She don't give herse'f no a'rs, even if she is high l'arnt an' rich," said "No 'Count" Bozart to the Count from his seat near by on the end of a slab bench. He paused in his idle whittling of a stick which he had picked up from the grass, and, combing his scragly gray beard with the fingers of his left hand, regarded his father interrogatively.

Count Bozart looked up the narrow road that skirted the base of the eastern mountain, and saw the girl on the white horse.

"She's got the Bozart blood in her, jes' like that nag she's a-ridin'," he said,

with an accent of pride in his quavering voice. "Ain't thet thar one o' the Bozart hosses, Ant'ine? I'm ole in age an' sperrit, but durn my hide ef it ain't one of 'em. I was a-ridin' one o' them white hosses when . . ."

His voice faded into a whisper. He shaded with shaking hand his filmy eyes, that distilled the rheum of senility, as he peered up the trail. His vision had grown as feeble as his mind.

"I know all about it," Antoine interrupted. "Ye needn' come over it."

He had heard more than a hundred times from his father the ancestral tradition of how the Seigneur Henri Beauxarty had kept a white horse in his marble stables beyond the water, on which he was to ride some day to meet the king. He had heard from him still oftener the later story of how the Count had ridden the white horse of the Bozart breed at Cross Keys and Port Republic.

"Thet thar hoss which Bristow give his gal is the onlies' one of 'em left in the mountings," he continued, with conciliatory haste. He did not wish to hurt the Count's feelings. "Arman' traded Cam'el Bozart his spotted heifer an' two wagon-loads o' corn fur him, an' give twenty-fi' dollars ter boot."

"Durn my hide, ef I didn' . . ." the old man began again, and his son again interrupted him.

"Them hosses hes done got ter be like the Bozarts now—few an' fur between an' mighty nigh onter played out ginnully."

At No 'Count's words, Count Bozart's uplifted hand dropped from above his peering eyes to the arm of his chair, and shook there with the tremor of age, exaggerated by excitement.

"The Bozarts played out?" he quavered in a high key. "The Bozarts played out, Ant'ine? Cam'el Bozart may be played out an' you may be played out. But durn my hide ef I didn' fight with Stonewall Jackson f'om the

bridge at Manassas ter thet tother bridge at Port Republic. I ain't played out! You an' him maybe 's played out. But durn my infernal hide ef . . ."

His voice died away in an inarticulate gasp, and he touched with knotted forefinger the scar that the minie ball had made on his gaunt brown cheek in the fight for the bridge at Port Republic in 1862.

"Mo' 'n fifty year ago," his son protested, earnestly. "Mo' 'n fifty year ago."

The elder man sat silent in physical collapse from the energy of his own argument.

"Jack hed oughter be back afo' this," said No 'Count. "His ma hev helt supper a-waitin' fur him mo' 'n haffen hour."

No 'Count's father regarded him with the fixed stare of senility.

As if replying to his own inquiry, No 'Count continued: "The boy hev gone acrost Barren Ridge over ter the Big River this mornin', an' he 'ain't come back yit. He's thet sot on fishin' an' huntin' an' sich foolishness he cain't even seem ter find no time ter git the weeds out'n the corn-patch, durn him!"

He looked from the half-acre of stunted yellow-foliaged maize in front of the château to the deep-green cornfields along Loup Creek, where Armand Bristow's bottomlands, that had once been the Seigneur Henri Beauxarty's, stretched indefinitely in rich luxuriance.

"Jack 'll meet thet thar gal on his way home, I reck'n," continued No 'Count, as his father gave no sign of intelligence. "Down the Laurel Trail is the shortes' way over the Ridge, an' thet hoss of Cam'el's is young and skitish. Thet gal better look out how she rides him thet-a-way over the mounting. Charl' Mullinax kilt a b'ar up in them woods las' Sunday."

"When I rid querrier fur Stonewall Jackson over yonder in the Shana'do' Valley, endurin' o' the war . . ." began the Count, irrelevantly.

No 'Count got up and started toward the door of the château. "What's the use o' comin' over the war?" he muttered, wearily, as he arose. "He's al'ays a-dwellin' on the war, an' a-harpin' on the war. What's the everlastin' use?"

Thet thar war's done past an' gone sence I was a small boy, an' now I'm a ole man; an' yit thar ain't no day when he ain't a-comin' over it. What's the everlastin' use?"

He communed with himself in accents of ineffable tiredness.

His father's ear, that age had left far keener than his eyesight, caught the impatient question, and took in its bored significance.

"Yas, it's ended many's the year, Ant'ine," he said. "It's ended. Fifty year! Fifty year! D'ye hear me? But ef it was a hunnerd, durn my hide, I ain't nuver a-goin' ter furgit it! Stonewall Jackson's querrier, Ant'ine! D'ye hear me?" His query ended in a screech. Then he whispered, with drooping head. "I'm ole in age an' sperrit, Ant'ine, but . . ." The whisper died away.

"It's gittin' nigh onter sundown," Antoine Bozart said to his sallow-faced wife, who, clad in a faded calico dress, with a worn shawl wrapped about her head, stood in the doorway, gazing up the Laurel Trail. Before she could reply he continued: "Pappy's gittin' wuss an' wuss, Mahree. Thar was a time when his ree-collection mought 'a' answered what he had charged it with. Now it's diff'unt. He's done furgot ev'ything but the war he was in over yonder by Port Republic when I was a chap, an' Stonewall Jackson, an' the Brigade."

"I wush Jack 'u'd come along," said the woman, dejectedly. "I'm w'ared out with waitin' fur him. The hoe-cakes hev been offen the fire haffen hour, an' the sun hev set long sence." She looked very pinched and tired, with the wisp-locks of colorless hair hanging about her sunken temples, and the light faded from her deep-set eyes. "But it's some ways ter walk f'om the Big River," she concluded, as though in apology to herself for the wanderer's delay.

No 'Count went into the house and the woman followed him. Ten minutes later Jack Bozart rode up through the gathering dusk to where his *grandpère* still sat inertly on the grass-grown terrace. He bore before him on Adrienne Bristow's white horse the limp figure of the girl, and, drawing rein at the door, called his father.

The Count peered vacuously at horse

and rider and the burden that they carried, again shading his uncertain eyes with his shaking hand. The indistinct vision brought back inevitable memories to the mind of dotage.

"I seen one o' our querriers a-carryin' one o' them Loozyanner 'Cajan soljers offen the fiel' at Port Republic the day after the fight at Cross Keys. Them 'Cajans was French, an' ye cud-den' tell what they was talkin' 'bout. But they could play the fiddle an' dance an' fight ter beat the devil. Thet querrier was a-carryin' of thet 'Cajan 'crost the pommel thet-a-way. But I 'ain't saw nothin' like it sence. Durn my hide, I 'ain't even saw no 'Cajan soljer sence!"

He was garrulous in the expression of his reminiscence.

"A b'ar come sudden-like out o' the bresh 'longside the road, an' skeered him," Jack explained to his father, who took the unconscious girl in his arms, and, bearing her into the château, laid her upon the rude bed in the little room with the curiously carved walnut wainscoting that had once been Henri Beaux-art's chapel. "The hoss run away with her. She was a-fallin' when I ketched him," Jack said to his mother. But he did not tell her how he had saved the girl's life at the peril of his own. He had dismounted and followed them into the chapel-room.

The white horse cropped the up-standing tufts of grass on the terrace, approaching with gradual tread the Count's armchair. A cricket began to chirp in the wall. Its noisy call and the horse's cropping of the grass were the only audible sounds about the place.

"It's Whitey!" exclaimed the old man, eagerly, stretching out his arms toward the animal. "Whar hev ye been, Whitey? I haven' saw ye sence I rid ye querrier fur Stonewall, when he fit them two fights at Cross Keys an' Port Republic inside o' two days over thar in the Valley. Durn my hide ef it ain't Whitey!"

"Do you remember?" the girl asked Jack, an hour later, when she had regained consciousness and saw him sitting at her bedside with his mother. The semi-darkness was accentuated by a

guttering tallow candle whose flame the breeze through the open window stirred fitfully.

"Remember what?"

Until he had checked the runaway horse, he had not seen her since she had gone away to the seminary beyond the mountains five years before.

She answered him with a story of how, when they were children, she had come to the château from her home beyond Loup Creek, and how she had found in an old chest in that very room a frayed and moth-eaten brocaded gown, which the seigneur's long dead daughter had brought with her from Touraine; and how Adrienne Bristow had arrayed her small figure in it and had trailed its silken glory for his boyish delight over the greensward of the terrace.

He had forgotten.

"Where is my horse?" she queried, disappointed at the indifference of his answer.

"Outside, a-grazin'," he replied, carelessly.

"Father bought him for me last week from old Cam'el Bozart," she said. "Don't you recollect the picture on the blue-backed spelling-book, that Mr. Irons taught the children their a-b abs and e-b ebs out of? It was a camel, and we used to think that Cam'el Bozart with his humpback got his name from the picture in the book."

He had forgotten that also, and said that the mal formed Bozart had been named for his mother, who was a Scots-woman.

She looked at him in the shadows with a sense of estrangement. Five years was a long period in lives as young as theirs, and time seemed to have stood still for a century in Loup Valley.

Three days later he came to her father's house beyond the creek to ask about her sprained shoulder, and to bargain with Armand Bristow about taking his cattle to the range in the autumn. When he went away she was conscious of an unaccountable eagerness to shake him, physically and mentally—to arouse him from his mountain lethargy, to kindle in his soul the spark that she knew must be smoldering there.

He returned again and again, and she

wondered at the stark incongruity of his uncouth vernacular speech, of his placid contentment, of his careless lack of purpose, with that strange, beautiful face and figure which seemed to hark back to the days when the Beauxartys had been among the noblest and bravest of the king's men in France, before the Seigneur Henri came to America, when the *sans-culottes* had killed the king.

Contrary to his habit before her homecoming from the seminary, he now began to frequent the social gatherings of the young people in the Valley, where she was always to be found; and she noted, at first with amused interest, and then with latent apprehension, his sullen bearing toward the raw youths who approached her. She spoke to him finally in mild reprobation of it.

"Yas," he said, "I've been a-tellin' some of 'em 'bout follin' ye up. It's got ter be quit. Thet Jim Bazaree ortn' ter be let live, nowadays. He ain't wuth shucks fur nothin', 'cept ter drink lickin', an' hang roun' the Notch, an' gamble with kyeerds, an' sich like. Ef he keeps it up, he's a-goin' ter dig up mo' snakes 'n he kin kill."

Her father told her a few days later that Jack and Bazaree had fought that morning in front of the little post-office at the Notch.

"Ef ole man Cam'el Bozart an' Peer LaPorte hadden' parted of 'em, Jack w'u'd 'a' hurt him, I reck'n. Jim come at him with a knife, an' Jack, he cut him in the arm befo' LaPorte c'u'd stop him." He added, contemplatively: "Them Bozarts 'll all fight, even ef the ole Count was the onlies' one of 'em, ur of any o' these here Loup-Creekers, thet 'u'd ever git into a genu-wine war."

One day at Bristow's Jack found Adrienne seated at the little upright piano that her father had recently got for her from beyond the mountain. She was playing Suppé's "Poète et Paysan." Jack did not care for her piano-music.

"Tain't nothin' but a tinkle," he said. "Sankey's boy kin beat it with his jews'-harp."

"Listen!" she said; and she sang the "Marseillaise" with the spirit and abandon of a Frenchwoman at the head of a Paris mob. He had never heard it before, and his face kindled.

"It soun's wile an' crazy-like," he commented, "but it's high up. It makes ye feel like ye seen a big buck deer a-comin' 'crost the Ridge ter yo' stan' on the mounting."

The song of the Midi Reds was the beginning of her effort to arouse in him something of the enthusiastic admiration which Mam'selle at the seminary had kindled in her own soul for the country out of which their ancestors had come. She told him with varied detail the story of the Loup Valley colonists, whom the Seigneur Beauxarty had brought into the heart of the Alleghanies to cultivate the grape and to tread the wine-press among the immemorial pines.

"Somebody must 'a' fooled thet feller," he said, grimly. "They must 'a' been a dum' gang ter come here fur sich. But I reck'n 'twas a good thing fur Bazaree an' Mullinax an' the heft of 'em. Corn grows all right 'longside the creek, an' thar's considible apple-trees in the hollows. Nothin' short o' corn-licker ur apple-jack 'u'd ever done Jim Bazaree ur Charl' Mullinax no good."

He listened with curious indifference to her legends of Charlemagne and Joan of Arc. Lafayette and de Grasse and Rochambeau did not interest him. The storming of the Bastille and the king's death held his attention for a little while.

"O' course them fellers fit," he said. "Who w'u'dden', ef he's got sump'n' ter fight fur?"

"For a cause or a country," she replied.

"Ye've got ter have cause ter fight," he agreed, remembering his scrap with Bazaree. "I reck'n it's all right ter fight fur a country. *Gran'père* claims he fit fur his'n."

"I wish I were a man," she said, one day, when she had finished reading to him from her father's weekly newspaper the story of the Marne and of Joffre, with his army out of Paris in automobiles.

"They'd 'a' got thar sooner hoss-back," he commented. "When *gran'père* rid querrier at Port Republic on his white hoss, like thet o' your'n, they didn' have them gas-wagons, I reck'n."

Then he added, with a gleam of amusement in his dark eyes, "W'u'd ye go over thar ter thet thar scrappin'-match, ef ye was a man?"

"Nothing could keep me from going," she replied, eagerly. "I'd go for France, that is fighting for her life!"

He smiled at her enthusiasm, and shook his head in incredulous negation. "She ain't none o' mine. These here mountings, thet *gran'père* fit fur, air mine. Them kings an' things over thar orter be let settle thar own scraps."

"But France has no king," she argued. "It is a free country, like America."

He could not comprehend. "You said thet all these here Sankeys an' Bazarees an' Bottrys"—he waved his hand as though to include all of Loup Valley—"thet they all come over here f'om over thar 'long o' thet thar king a-gittin' of his head chopped off."

She repeated the mountain names after him, with their French accent, as he called them: Bosanquet, Basoré, Boderie; and then added her own and his—Brisetout, Beauxarty.

"Ef we air French, how come we air called on ter fight ag'in' a king now?" he concluded.

Her viewpoint might never be his. He beheld her sentiment and fact staring each other in the face with hostile incongruity.

She continued to read to him each week the newspaper story of the war. When he heard the account of the sinking of a great ocean liner, carrying many American women and children, he said to her, with the hard look on his face that she had noted before his fight with Bazaree:

"Our folks orter git inter thet thar scrap. Them wimmen-hitters an' baby-killers ortn' ter be let live."

The months went by until, on an April morning two years later, he came to her father's house, as she dismounted from the white horse on her return from the Notch. He told her that he had just seen Charl' Mullinax, and that Charl' had said the President was going to put the country into the war over yonder.

"I reckon it's 'bout time," he added. "Charl' he says it looks ter him like it mought be mos' ez big a scrimmage ez

gran'père's one thet he rid querrier in at Port Republic, when pap was a boy. *Gran'père* heerd Charl' a-tellin' of it, an' said it nuver mought be ez big a war ez his'n was. Charl' said it mought be wuss."

"The President says that this country must fight to make the world free and to keep it free," she explained.

"I reckon I ain't a-keerin' nothin' 'bout thet," he replied. "I 'ain't got nothin' ter do with takin' keer o' the worl'. Loup Valley's enough fur me. These here mountings is whar I live. Them thet's free kin fight ter keep theyse'ves free, ef they wants ter, an' them thet ain't free kin fight ter git theyse'ves free, I reckon. I'm a-thinkin' o' what them kings an' things over thar hev been a-doin' of. Charl' says thet they've been a-killin' an' a-butcherin' of wimmen folks, an' ole men like *gran'père*, an' little chillun. He says it's on the lan' an' on the water thet they've been a-killin' of 'em. Them kings an' things over thar ortn' ter be let live."

She waited for him to continue.

"Will ye sell me yo' white hoss?" he queried, abruptly.

"I'll give him to you," she replied, divining his purpose.

"No, I won't be beholden ter ye." Then he continued: "I've got two hundred dollars saved up from rangin' cattle. The hoss is wuth mo' 'n thet, but ef ye'll sell him ter me, ye kin hev him ag'in fur nothin' when I git back."

He took her acceptance of his offer as a matter of course, and did not thank her.

"I'm a-goin' over the mounting," he said. "Thet thar comp'ny thet *gran'père* rid querrier in, they tells me, is over thar beyant the mounting yit. They've kep' it up sence them ole war-times. Joe Bottry was a-talkin' ter me 'bout it yistiddy. He says he's heern say it's still over thar. It's the same ole comp'ny, with the same ole name, on'y the men thet's in it now air the gran'sons o' them thet was in it when *gran'père* rid querrier with Stonewall an' fit fur his country. Joe says thet he's heern tell thet comp'ny is a-gittin' ready fur ter go an' fight them kings an' things over thar. I'm a-goin' ter volunteer an' go with 'em ter whar them kings air a-car-

r'in' on, an' he'p stop 'em. 'Volunteer'—thet's what Bottry named it."

She looked at him with shining eyes.

"I've tried to make a Frenchman of you, but you're still an American," she said, half laughing, half tearful.

"Ain't thet enough?" he asked, and she told him that it was.

Next morning the white horse stood in front of the rusty little château. Old Count Bozart sat in his seat on the terrace in the spring sunshine and gazed at him in vague and senile wonderment. What was it he had once known long ago about a white horse?

"I'm ole in age an' sperrit," he murmured, "but durn my hide ef it don't seem like ter me . . ."

Adrienne Bristow came out of the château with Jack Bozart, and No 'Count and his faded wife followed them.

"Whar's he a-goin'?" asked the old man, while he watched Jack with puzzled curiosity.

"He's going to the war," said Adrienne, standing at the white horse's head and rubbing his nose.

Count Bozart's stare was bewildered and vacuous.

"Not on no woman's side-saddle," remarked No 'Count, scornfully.

"I rid a McClellan tree at Cross Keys, an' over by Port Republic, whar they hit me. I got thet thar saddle in the Kernstown fight," began the Count. "When the Stonewall Brigade crossed the river . . . I . . . I . . . durn my hide ef I didn' . . ."

"Thet ole saddle o' his'n's thar in the closet under the steps by the chapel now," exclaimed No 'Count, with unaccustomed enthusiasm. "I seen it two weeks ago. I had plum' forgot it."

"'Twon't do," protested his wife, despondently. "It's too ole. 'Twon't do."

"Jes' ez good ez when pappy rid querrier on it with Stonewall," No 'Count replied, cheerfully. "On'y the stirrup-leathers mought now be a leetle stiff."

The Count looked from one to the other of the group with bewildered interest. "Them thar stirrup-leathers was good leathers when I rid querrier on 'em. Durn my hide! Thar warn't no better McClellan tree an' stirrup-leathers in the Brigade."

The old man's gaze was fixed on Armand Bristow's low grounds along Loup Creek; but the vision of his spirit encompassed the scenes of the battles in which he had participated more than half a century before. The ghosts of Cross Keys and of Port Republic were his companions; and he saw his children of the later generation about him as through a glass darkly.

Jack went to fetch the McClellan tree, and, returning, removed Adrienne's side-saddle from the horse. Then he flung the ancient and discolored saddle of the 'sixties across the white horse's back, and buckled the rusty girth. This done, he mounted, while the girl held the bridle-rein at the bit.

Count Bozart moved uneasily in his splint-bottomed chair. Confused dreams of other days were crowding through his brain. "What did ye say 'bout the war?" he quavered. "Is he a-goin' ter the war?"

"On the Beauxarty white horse, to meet a king," Adrienne answered, laughing. There was a mist in her eyes.

A later and more poignant memory had eclipsed the old soldier's pride of ancestry. The Seigneur Henri Beauxarty's legend had faded from his mind.

"A man orter fight fur his country," he muttered . . . "fur his mountings, an' fur his wimmen folks, an' fur his chillun. Stonewall Jackson an' the Brigade fit fur their'n." He struggled to rise from his chair, and fell back with the exertion. "I'm ole in age an' sperrit, but durn my hide ef I ain't a-goin', too," he murmured.

Then, as he saw the horse wheel and move down the way toward the creek at the touch of his grandson's knee, he made another effort, and stood up on trembling legs.

Horse and rider went slowly down the slanting path, and Count Bozart stretched out a shaking hand as though to detain them.

"Here!" he exclaimed. "Hole on thar, boy! Durn ye! Hole on!"

As he dropped back into his seat he called, in a piping treble, with gasping breath:

"Tell ole Stonewall I'd 'a' come with ye, son, but my nag is dead an' I cain't walk thet fur no mo'."



EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

EVERY generous American must regret what seems the inadequate return we have made, the English for their show of good feeling since we entered the war against Germany. We all know the historical grudge in our hearts which is partly to blame for this, but we have not fully recognized the doubt in our minds which has its share in holding us from as cordial expression of amity with the English as with the French. The wrongs which provoked our revolt from Great Britain have been repented by every thinking Englishman, and it cannot be supposed that the English enmity shown toward the Union during the Civil War is resented by the sons of the Confederates who fought to destroy the Union; yet there is no greater show of affection for the English from the South than from the North. Then is our reluctance an effect from the future rather than the past, a presentiment from the nature of things, which stays us from as instant and constant response to the cordiality of an ally akin to us in blood, speech, faith, and a like love of liberty?

Of course there are qualities in the English which we cannot ignore in blaming ourselves for our apparent reluctance. Their friendship is apt to be more gracious than graceful, and, though their acknowledgment of what we are doing in a common cause has been splendid and in moments of it surpassingly noble (as in Mr. Balfour's speech after the President's great war messages to Congress), the more sensitive American may have imagined a lurking condescension in it. Such an American may feel that there has been possibly even too much talk of democracy in welcome to the family circle from our kindred of aristocratic tradition. Such things may have jarred upon a consciousness of our own tardy devotion to the same cause, and have so far disabled our

gratitude. We can still remember how long we lingered in the hope of a safe neutrality, and we have not forgotten that our eager friends of to-day covered us yesterday with mockery and contumely, which was the more wounding because we knew it was merited. Yet it is not to be supposed that our young American soldiers whom the English king reviews and the English crowd acclaims in their marches through London streets, are stayed from eager response in their hearts. It is rather in the reserves which haunt the national consciousness at large that we are imagining a retarded emotioning toward a final and lasting fraternity in that democracy of the future which has been so clearly the tendency of the political life in England throughout the present generation. Our own democracy is so imperfect as yet that we may well suspect theirs of mere officiality, and question whether they mean all the democracy they say. We may not ourselves mean all the democracy we say at present; yet we do believe in a perfect democracy of the future, and somehow we feel nearer it with the French whose citizens in arms meet ours on the ground of our common humanity. In French society there may be counts and marquises by a fashionable fiction, but in the field they are all citizen soldiers like our own, and perhaps the sense of this is more effective of brotherhood than like race, faith, and speech. If a soldier of democracy is authorized by the national custom to call himself not merely Gen. John Bull, but Gen. Lord John Bull, we feel that he is somehow related, however remotely, to the German Staff by that foible. A king, we fear, cannot be a real democrat, though he praises democracy, and a lord cannot; the thing seems a contradiction in terms; neither king nor lord can be looking to the sovereignty of

the people whom, in Lincoln's dream, God made so many of because he liked them. The believers in kings and lords may lay down their lives for the Liberty of the Nations, but not for the equality which democracy ultimately means. Yet since the war with Germany began we have realized that there is a demoniacal prepotence, which is almost omnipotence, in evil; and that the resources of its malign intelligence are all but inexhaustible. The beneficent forces of the world must be all arrayed against it, and these can be arrayed only by England and America in the union which must be accomplished, and in which the anomaly of the actual alliance shall be lost. If the German had any touch of humor in his gross make, he must have his fiendish laugh at the spectacle of the three nations chiefly embattled against him: one gratefully rejoicing with another in the affection bred of their historical triumph over the third, and the third sharing the friendship founded upon its own defeat and the common hope of victory. If the anomaly can cease only in the reunion of the Anglo-Saxon peoples which can solely form the safety of the world against autocracy, the impossibly humorous German might ask with his Satanic grin how this is to come about between a Republic based upon a denial of the principles on which are the foundations of an Empire. A hopeful reply to the mocking Teuton would be to remind him that a perfect logic has never gone to the making of Anglo-Saxon civilization, and that the will to do right in it has lived down the fact of having often done wrong. Though the wish to deal kindly with the neighbor, especially when he has been brought under, and to act justly, even humbly, in self-judgment, this civilization has won that trust of mankind which the iron dialectics of Kultur has failed of; and we cannot despair of its ultimate prevalence because the democracy of the English is qualified by monarchy and aristocracy. These principles underlie all autocracies, but though they underlie the English aristocracy the English people do not mean that they shall weaken or defeat their democracy.

Somehow the English, who were not

perhaps the first to imagine the civilization destined to triumph in the world, will find a way to rid themselves of the contradictions in its terms, and perhaps this will be by the advance of individual thinking, such as we find a present proof of in the admirable life of Abraham Lincoln by an Englishman of title which has just come to us. It is true that Lord Charnwood is not a very inveterate aristocrat; he is only the first of his title, but if he had come over with the Conqueror, we could not value more highly his interpretation of Lincoln in favor of the common man, except perhaps as the performance of a Norman baron who would probably not have known how to read and write. Lord Charnwood knows eminently how to do both, having mastered these arts as a commoner and probably learned to know that the real differences between men are moral and not social. He perceives that Lincoln's commonness is almost without vulgarity, his ambition is without selfishness, his humility without weakness, his perseverance without stubbornness, his sublimity without spectacularity. It is the good fortune of this biographer, the latest of so many, not to surprise us with Lincoln's character, but to impress us freshly with it and to make us feel once more how kinder this greatest man was than other great men. Even Washington was of his time however he rose above it, but Lincoln was as dateless as if he were newly created out of the dust of the earth. Lowell has unsurpassably phrased the fact of him, and Lord Charnwood could add nothing to Lowell's phrasing, but it is greatly to his praise that in other words he so clearly and sufficiently says the unparalleled fact of him over again. He suppressed any amaze which an inferior intelligence of title might have felt at the anomalies of Lincoln's greatness, and he accepts the anomalies of his civil and social conditioning with almost equal tolerance; perhaps we may say equal tolerance. This will be one of the most agreeable traits of his book for American readers who must own that no American student of the time has more justly and accurately stated the case between the North and the South, between Freedom and Slavery, between

Democracy and Aristocracy. The historical sources of the war for and against the Union are fathomed and the human reasons for Lincoln's being are evolved from the statesmanship of the great men who went before him. What the divine reasons were the author of his biography leaves with the Author of his Life, where Lincoln himself left them with that simple and affecting piety which Lord Charnwood makes us feel in him with almost novel impressiveness. We perceive as not quite before that Lincoln was a religious man, and that without form his faith was as distinct as that embodied in any creed. His biographer does not insist upon this fact; he leaves the reader to value it as he chooses, just as he leaves him to appreciate the beauty of Lincoln's mind and the dignity of his spirit through all his sins against decorum. He owns that Lincoln did like certain unseemly stories because of their grotesque humor and their fidelity to human nature; that his vein of ineffable pathos had deepened from a gush of youthful sentimentality; Lord Charnwood does not keep the fact from us, more than he tries to blink the moments of Lincoln's constant ambition when he was tempted, but triumphed over his temptation, to meanness and almost to falseness. All the better for this fidelity to the fact, his biographer lets us see the habitual unselfishness and truth of the man, who tried in every contingency to think last of himself.

The study of his contemporaries is necessarily slighter, but the colors and lines of life are there, and the portraits are veritable, whether of Southern or Northern men. It is the defect of this just and faithful Englishman to write now and then too solely for an English public, and to name some of our public men as that public would have had them named, but he ought to have remembered our custom of middle names and not spoken of William H. Seward, Salmon P. Chase, Stephen A. Douglas, as William Seward, Salmon Chase, Stephen Douglas; that it leaves our hearing disappointed of an accustomed rhythm in such well-known names.

It is a little fault, and our mention of it proves how little other fault we have to find with Lord Charnwood's work. His work is interesting to the very end in the bibliographical note where he cites the books which have directly or indirectly to do with Lincoln's history, and have enabled him to paint the man and his time very much indeed as if he had been his contemporary with no effort to seem so. So good a life of Lincoln could not possibly have been written if so many and such good lives had not been already written; and the way to Lord Charnwood's entire frankness had been cleared by the unsparingly intimate memoirs which left him no choice but frankness. Of course the monumental history of Nicolay and Hay must remain pre-eminent, but below this his biography may safely challenge comparison, though we say this without pretending to know most or even many of them, after that very greatest which we have named.

The book comes to our public at the interesting moment when that question of our inadequate return of English cordiality may have suggested itself. In virtue of his title, Lord Charnwood is of the English class which did all it could to embitter life to Lincoln, but which has ever since renounced and denounced its error with the noble frankness which is one of the high privileges of aristocracy and one of its few attractive virtues. Its attitude in this matter may suggest an essential difference between autocracy and aristocracy whose essential identity we have somewhat dismayed ourselves by recognizing. It is not imaginable that a German nobleman could abdicate his nobility; he is born what he is; but an English aristocrat is often made what he is at the instance of a plebeian prime minister; and it is not impossible that the time may come when his whole class may repudiate itself, as lately one of the most enlightened Canadians of title suggested. In such an event there could be nothing which would withhold us from as eager affection for the English as for the French.



The Rime of the Lady May

BY CAROLYN WELLS

THE Lady May was young and fair,
 The Lady May was sweet;
 She had twinkly eyes and crinkly hair
 And a sort of a kind of a baby stare,
 And she was svelte and debonair
 And lissome and petite.
 And Sir Herbert, her spouse, was of swagger sort,
 An all-round chap and a rare good sport;
 And they were still ecstatical spoons,
 For they'd only been married a couple of moons,
 And life was a perfect treat!
 And never a ripple had come their way,
 To ruffle Sir Herbert and Lady May.

Well, a Sabbath day dawned;
 And Lord Herbert yawned
 Over coffee and papers, and Lady May fawned
 About him with loving, affectionate pat,
 A kiss or caress or such business as that,
 And was childishly grieved
 That Lord Herbert received
 These attentions in silence, and even seemed peeved
 When she playfully took his paper away
 And coyly adjured him to "tiss 'ittle May!"
 Lord Herbert, the Turk!
 Took back with a jerk
 His paper, and said, "Now, look here, get to work!
 It's high time you began to be part of my life.
 To be less of a plaything and more of a wife!



SHE PLAYFULLY TOOK HIS PAPER AWAY

VOL. CXXXVIII.—No. 823.—18



"I WANT A SILK SHIRT—OF A ROBIN'S-EGG GREEN—"

Now, here's an advertisement. Down in the mart
There's a sale of silk shirts, exceedingly smart;
Superior tailoring, patterns select,
At two-sixty-five! As my wife, I expect
You to go down to-morrow and buy me a few;
And see that the hue
Is robin's-egg blue,
No other will do.

And, oh, look alive
That the neck's seventeen and the sleeves thirty-five."
Into Lady May's eyes
Came a look of surprise,
But she tried to look quite comprehending and wise.
She nodded her head
As she matronly said,
"I'll go, dear. Oh, *isn't* it nice to be wed!"

Next morning betimes the fair Lady May
Donned outdoor apparel, expensive and gay;
She proceeded to drape
Round her shoulders a cape—
A Frenchy confection of satin and crêpe;
Topped off by a hat of adorable shape,
With a saucy young feather that eddied and swirled
Above the bright earlocks in small fish-hooks curled.

Lady May reached the shop, and beheld *such* a crowd
Of women with voices shrill, raucous, and loud;
"Give me this!" "I'll take that!" "Yes, send it at once—"
"I want a striped pattern—not that one, you dunce!"
"I saw that first, madam!" "You did *not*!" "Good land!
The creature has snatched it right out of my hand!"
"None sent on approval, and none C. O. D."
"I want that maroon one!" "Here, give that to me!"

Lady May was bewildered; she wanted to fly.
But fear of her lord made her tarry to buy;
Though jammed by the crowd, she pushed her fair head
Between two fat ladies, and timidly said,
"I want a silk shirt—of a robin's-egg green—
Oh no, sir, I mean,
A robin's-egg blue,—
Oh *what* shall I do?

I'm all in a mix!—
 The sleeves seventeen—and the bust thirty-six—"
 "Oh yes, ma'am," the clerk
 Replied, with a smirk,
 "We have that *exactly!* Right here; step this way—"
 But poor Lady May,
 Though she strove to obey,
 Was hustled and jostled whenever she moved;
 She was shuffled and shoved,
 And hemmed in by women who stepped on her toes,
 And knocked her hat sideways and tore her fine clothes.

However, at last the parcel was brought,
 And with muscles all aching and nerves overwrought
 She edged to the door
 And went out of the store,
 And was back at her home in half an hour more.

She displayed the new shirt with a proud little air,
 And Lord Herbert tried it on, right then and there.
 It puffed on the shoulders, it sagged in the back,
 It drew in the seams, and it hung like a sack!
 One sleeve was too short and the other too long.
 In fact, every single detail was all wrong!

Lord Herbert forgot that he was a good sport.
 He glared at his wife with a rude, scornful snort.
 "You silly!" cried he,
 "I should think you could see
 This confounded contraption will never fit me!
 Take it back to the shop and exchange it to-day!
 You hear me, May?
 Now do as I say!
 Or I warn you there'll be the devil to pay!"
 He was fearfully cross and he went on like mad.
 I can't quote his language—'twas really too bad!
 When a woman lets go of her temper and talks,
 She is quite bad enough; but a man is—oh, lawks!

Once again Lady May dressed herself for the street,
 From her well-hatted head to her well-spatted feet;
 But did she go back to that shop? She did *not*.
 Lady May had by instinct divined what was what!



I CAN'T QUOTE HIS LANGUAGE—'T WAS REALLY TOO BAD!

You see, when a woman-girl cooks up a plan
 She can circumvent any mere masculine man.
 She hied herself down
 To the best shop in town—
 A smart haberdashery, where, she opined,
 The most swagger shirts in the world she could find.
 She selected a blue of a robin's-egg shade,
 Exactly right size—and most carefully made—
 With the smartest of cuffs and the newest of collars,
 Of the best grade of silk, and the price—thirteen dollars!

Now the Lady May had learned much guile,
 And so, with a dear little, queer little smile,
 She ripped out the name
 Of the firm of great fame,
 And sewed in the name of the popular shop,
 And said, as she shook her curly, gold mop,
 "They may say what they choose
 Of political views,
 But I must admit that I think it is nice
 In my own home to have peace at *any* old price!"
 Then sweet Lady May
 Donned a smile bright and gay
 That brought all of her prettiest dimples in play;
 She repaired to her husband, who sat, stern and grave,
 Like a tyrant awaiting the plea of his slave,—
 And she said, as she held up her face for a kiss,
 "I exchanged the shirt, darling. Perhaps you'll like this."

"Just right!" cried Sir Herbert. "You *dear* little wife,
 You shall buy all my shirts for the rest of my life!
 You obeyed my instructions, as any wife should
 Who has a kind husband, indulgent and good.
 I've taught you a lesson—'twill last you for life—
 Obedience makes the happiest wife!"

The Rule That Worked Both Ways

"COME up-stairs and let me wash your hands," said mother.

"I don't want to go up," wailed Alice, aged three.

"Let her wash them down here," called grandma; "she can do it here just as well."

"No," her mother said, firmly, "I want her to come up with me."

Alice came, as slowly as possible. "Oh," she howled, turning a wrathfully tearful face to her mother, "why don't you obey *your* mother?"

Didn't Recognize Him

THE young minister turned an inspired countenance to his congregation. "I am the Lord thy God!" his voice rang out in a tone of wonderful assurance.

Little Edith, in the family pew, gazed up fixedly at the soulful face of the young pastor, then leaned over toward her elder sister.

"Is he, sure 'nuff, Elsie?" she asked, breathlessly, in a whisper, "or is he just fooling?"

A Sherlock Holmes Decision

DURING the course of a case in court the lawyer put this question to a witness:

"How do you know that this night-letter was forged by a man and not written by the woman whose name is signed to it?"

"For this reason," said the witness, "it contains just forty-eight words. A woman would have used two more words to get her money's worth."

Reassuring

A PROSPECTIVE lodger asked the negro butler of a boarding-house: "Can I have a private bath?"

"Yes, suh! Yes, suh!" the old man replied. "We's only got one bath-tub, but ev'ybody takes dey bath private in dis house, suh!"

Fortune's Favorite

FIRST BROKER: "Some people are born lucky."

SECOND BROKER: "And the man who is born with plain common sense is one of them."



The Girl They Left Behind Them

Juvenile Philology

THE teacher had asked her pupils to bear in mind that the affix "stan" indicates "the place of." "Thus," she observed, "we have Afghanistan—the place of the Afghan; also Hindustan—the place of the Hindus. Can any one give another example?"

None of the pupils appeared eager to do so until Willie Parks finally arose with the statement:

"Yes, ma'am, I can. Umbrellastan—the place for umbrellas."

Waiting on Appetite

A MASTER in the American mercantile marine, who was formerly in the British service, as captain of a P. & O. liner, tells this story:

"A young prince of Abyssinia once sailed with me, and from him I learned that Abyssinian customs have a diverting simplicity. The passengers liked him so well that at the end of the voyage they arranged a dinner in his honor in London.

"It was a smart dinner—orchids, costly wines, and much plate, and a fashionable company—but the prince did not put in an appearance.

"Next morning the chairman of the committee hunted him up and asked indignantly why he had not gone to the dinner.

"I was not hungry," the prince answered, simply and calmly."

The Efficiency of Lightning

A MONTANA man tells how a pioneer once settled an old discussion. One day the teller of the story took refuge with a pioneer in the mountains during a thunderstorm. The two were standing in the open door of the cabin when suddenly the lightning struck a tree near by. So terrific was the bolt that the tree appeared to have been dynamited.

That brought to the mind of the narrator the old saying that lightning never strikes twice in the same place. He turned to the old fellow and asked:

"Why is it, Tom, that lightning never strikes twice in the same place?"

"Gosh! It don't need to!" was the response.

Feared the Greeks Bearing Gifts

SALLY Sparks is the valued cook of a Richmond family. One afternoon not long ago the mistress of the house visited Sally in the kitchen and said:

"You know, Sally, we are all very fond of you. I hope you like your present room and are content with your wages. I am thinking of giving you one of my silk petticoats."

Whereupon Sally's eyes widened and she answered:

"Befo' de Lawd, Mis' Katherine! How many folkses has yo' been gone an' asked fo' dinner now?"

A Reasonable Request

A YOUNG matron in Westchester County was complaining to her dairyman about the quality of the milk.

"Short of grass feed, ma'am, short of grass feed at this time of year," replied the dairyman, jocularly. "Bless your soul, ma'am, them cows of mine are just as sorry about it as I am. I often stands and watches them cryin', regular cryin', ma'am, because they feels that their milk don't do them credit. You don't believe it?"

"I can easily credit your statement," said the young woman, "but in future I wish you'd see that the cows don't drop their tears into my can."

A Pertinent Question

A LARGE cafeteria connected with a Middle-Western university has its kitchen in such close proximity to the dining-room that the clatter of the dishes becomes at times quite deafening.

Father had taken tiny Robert with him for lunch. After listening to the clash and clatter of the carelessly handled crockery, Robert asked:

"Father, don't they *want* the dishes any longer?"

Slacker Skyscrapers

IT was a foggy morning in town when a farmer from up state came to New York for a brief visit.

"I'll be dinged," said he to a city acquaintance, "if I'd ever believed it could be so foggy in New York if I hadn't seen it. What's the matter with your machinery, anyhow?"

"Machinery?" asked the puzzled friend.

"Yes," was the response. "You New-Yorkers talk so blamed much about your skyscrapers—why don't you put the dog-goned things to work?"

Seeking the Best Terms

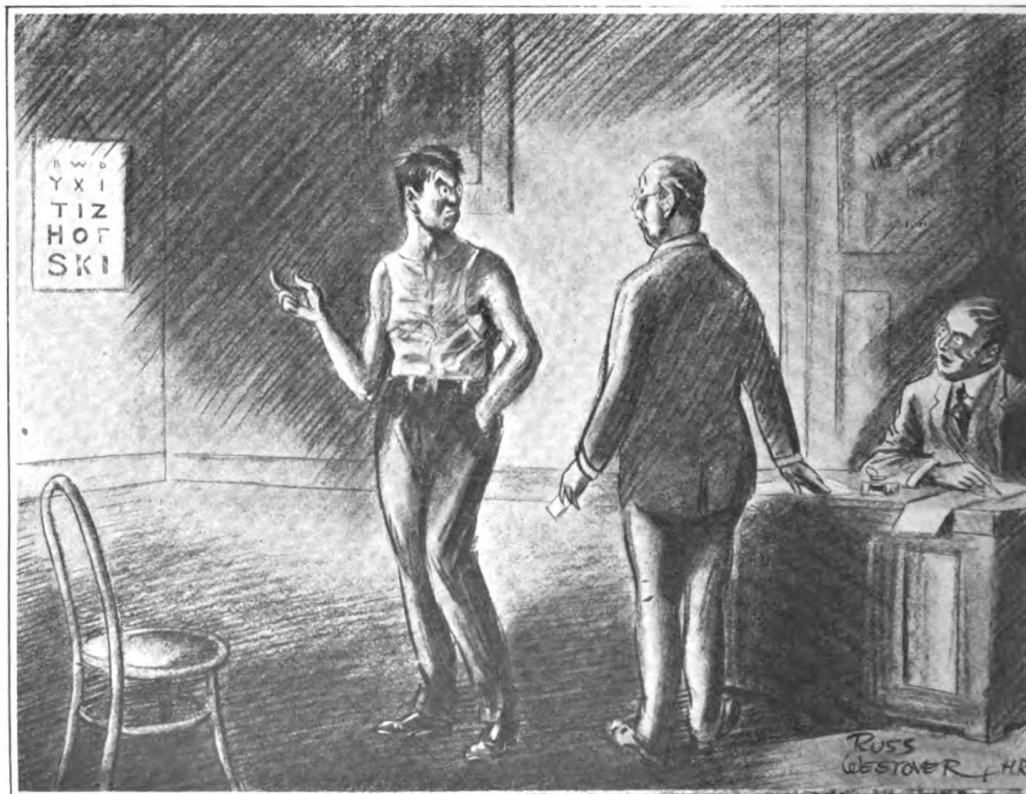
AT a co-educational institution in a certain state the men students are not permitted to visit the resident women boarders.

It appears that one day a student was caught in the act of violating this rule and was brought before the dean, who said:

"Well, Mr. Smith, the penalty for the first offense is fifty cents; for the second, seventy-five cents; for the third, one dollar; and so on, rising to five dollars."

Not at all bashed, the student asked:

"Excuse me, sir, but what would a season ticket cost?"



RAW RECRUIT: "Say, Doc, I ain't no Bolshevik. Put something up in English"

Worth Considering

"GRANDPA," said Ethel, "I need your advice. I have only five dollars to spend on Cousin Blanche's wedding-present and I want to give something that looks twice as much as it is. What do you suggest?"

"Well," he replied, "in consideration of the high cost of living, I should buy five dollars' worth of rice and boil it."

A Good Beginning

OFFICER (to recruit who has missed every shot): "Good Heavens! man, where are your shots going?"

RECRUIT: "I don't know, sir; they left here all right."

Why He Reformed

"YOU say dat Mistah Rasberry Jinkins is done reformed an' jine' de church?"

"Yass, indeed."

"Gwine to gib up all his bad ways?"

"Yes. You see, he's got de dyspepsia so bad dat he can't eat chicken, nohow."

A Mystery

FIVE-YEAR-OLD Elsie was looking with interested astonishment at a recently bereaved relative who wore a wide band of black cloth on one sleeve of his overcoat.

"Mother," she whispered, excitedly, "what does Uncle John do to keep the bugs from crawling up his other arm?"

Peculiar Qualifications

"IN choosing his men," observed the Sunday-school superintendent, "Gideon did not select those who laid aside their arms and threw themselves down to drink; he took those who watched with one eye and drank with the other."

Excellent Reason

A MAN was undergoing a Civil Service examination in a Western city for a job in the fire department. Among the questions to be answered was one of a rather complicated character regarding municipal government. The candidate wrote, in answer to this question, "I don't know, but I want the job."



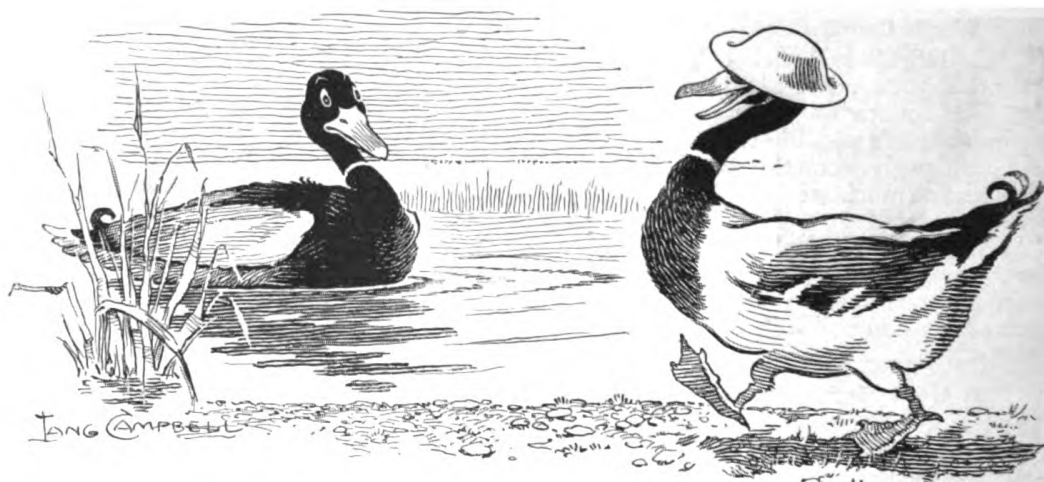
Doing Her Bit

The Treacherous Tree

CLOSE to my window there's a tree,
By daytime friendly as can be,
And when I'm sick and have to stay
In bed while other children play
And grown-up folk away down-stair
Forget about me lying there,
Then when the time goes creeping by
I often wish that I could fly
Right out the window into it.
I know just where I'd like to sit.

But when night comes and round the room
Things stand so solemn in the gloom,
And even my toys look queer and strange,
That friendly tree it seems to change.
It is the giant, big and black,
That chased the little boy named Jack
My mother read to me about.
Its great long arms it reaches out.
I'm 'fraid to even move my head
Or I'll get snatched right out of bed.

L. E. COPINGER.



WILD DUCK: "Hey, Bill, get one of these trench helmets and be prepared for the next hunting season"

Making It Emphatic

AFTER much reflection, Beryl had composed her telegram and handed it through the window to the clerk. She tripped out and the transaction seemed completed, but in a moment she returned to the window. The clerk wondered what she wanted this time.

"Let me have that telegram I wrote just now," she said. "I forgot something very important."

The clerk handed out the message. Whereupon Beryl added:

"I want to underscore 'perfectly lovely' in acknowledging the receipt of that lavallière. Will it cost anything extra?"

"No, miss," said the clerk, with a grin; and, as Beryl drew two heavy lines beneath the words, she sighed with content.

"Thanks so much for letting me do that; it will please Harold so much."

By Indirection

THE story is told of a bashful young darky who had not the courage to put the momentous question.

Finally, one Sunday night, he said, "Julia, yo' remembers dat I was heah Monday night?"

"Yes," Julia replied.

"An' dat I was heah Wednesday and Thursday?"

"Yes."

"And once mo' on Friday and ag'in last night?"

"So yo' was."

"And I is heah to-night."

"Yo' shore is."

At last, in desperation, he burst out with, "Say, woman, doesn't yo' smell a rat?"

Overdoing It

DURING the course of an after-dinner speech an official of the Department of Agriculture remarked:

"Gay enough now is the farm, with its automobile, its telephone, and its phonograph. The dull and dreary farm life of the past has disappeared.

"One fine spring morning in the old days a farm boy went eagerly to his father and begged:

"Dad, the circus comes to town to-day. Will you give me a quarter to go to see it?"

"I will not!" roared the farmer. "A quarter to go to see the circus, when only last winter I let you go to the top of Parker's Hill to see the eclipse of the moon! Do you think, young man, that life is one perpetual round of pleasure?"

Sparing His Feelings

MR. HAMILTON, invited by a friend in the country for some shooting, was much delighted with the invitation, although he was a poor shot.

The morning after his arrival his host took him out. Hamilton made a woeful exhibition and finally became discouraged. Finally a rabbit, about six yards in front, sat down broadside to him, and Hamilton proceeded to take slow and careful aim. He was convinced it was impossible for him to miss, and after the report he opened his eyes and asked his host, hopefully:

"Well, Sam, did I hit him?"

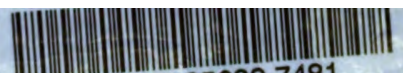
Sam, who was a typical countryman, scratched his ear for a moment, and then replied:

"I dunno, Jim, as I kin exactly say you hit him, but I certainly never seen a rabbit wuss scairt."

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